

Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES

VOL. X

December 1906 to November 1907



LONDON: 47 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED

EDINBURGH: 339 HIGH STREET

1907

Edinburgh: Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Limited.

INDEX

TALES AND STORIES.	T	A	L	E	S	A	N	D	S	T	0	R	I	E	S.
--------------------	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----

Adventure on the Amazon, An. By F. B.	Many Description PAGE
rorester 108	Miss Denison's Children. By Mrs J. H. Needell
APART. By J. Storer Clouston 8 25	201, 010, 001
Bai Luck of Kaptan Holar. The Ry I I	OPEN DOOR, AN. A Story of To-Day. I. In the Far East 209
Mai KR	I. In the Far East
DELIGIE NARDEN, THE. By Owen Oliver 200 245	III. Arthur Sidney
VALUE OF THE POLITED THE TO- C	IV. 'You'll Stay'
780 700 000	v. Discussions
COMPACT AND ITS CONGROUPERS	VI. The Struggle 236
THE THE LICENSE SON	VII. The Decision
Conversion of Conky, The	VIII. 'Cool, Clean England' 249
Destiny. By Owen Oliver Dispers Vern 604	IX. The Satong Murder
Digger's Yarn, A Elephant Councily An Brand 813	(D) (D))
Esphant Comedy, An. By Albert Dorrington 776 Lephode of the Bush, An. By Sabina Lewis 489 Esphant Comedy, An. By Sabina Lewis 489	XII. The Trial
Episode of the Footbille A. 489	XIII. Different Opinions
Great Colorado Diamond Swindle, The 632	XIV. Westminster Abbey
Height of the Occasion, The. By Samuel	XV. A Visitor
Bernit of Corp. No. 1	xvi. In After Years
	Peacemakers, The. By Captain Frank H.
Hidden Treasure. By J. L. Hornibrook . 758	Snaw, F.R.A.S
Hoppy. By Captain Cecil North 289, 309, 325 341, 360, 371, 392, 404, 422, 428, 449, 460, 460	Pink Hat, The. By Mrs Smart 380
7 7 200, 402, 468, 485	Red Geranium, The. By Helen Porter 477
Caraot Love a Communication 504, 516	RIVER PASS, THE. By W. Victor Cook . 353, 375
P. G. Affalo.	ROMANCE OF A FLOATING DOCK, THE BY
Line, The By Owen Oliver	Andrew Marshall . 561, 581, 596, 613, 628, 647
LOED OF THE MANOR, THE. By Fred M. White 1, 20, 41, 51, 68, 87, 100, 117, 129, 140, 161, 177, 187, 187, 187, 187, 187, 187, 18	660, 676, 692, 710, 723, 740
1, 20, 41, 51, 63, 87, 100, 117, 132, 149, 164, 179	RUTH; OR, THE CLOTHES-PINS. By Lady
Lost 'Lead,' The The State 197, 217, 229, 242, 258	Rolleston 417, 442, 458, 473
los 'Lead,' The. The Story of an Extra- ordinary Mining Venture Por	Salving of the Serena. The Ry Brow Molohan 748
the property of the property o	Ship's Bell, A. By W. E. Cule 651
and Of The (Con-	SLIOCH'S TREASURE. By D. M. Lewis
Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R. N. 295, 315	81, 104, 122, 137
Tun n_ Carry, R.N. 295, 315	SOME SORT OF A HERO. A South American
	Story. By Frank H. Shaw, F.R.A.S. 641, 665
	Thousandth Whale, The, Ry J. J. Rell 23
MIRIAGE OF CONTRACTOR	Touch and Go. By Archibald Dunn 704
MIRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE, A. By IXVI	Undercurrent, The. By J. J. Bell 188
OSTALOG CONVENIENCE, A. By Ixyl 569, 585, 601, 618 MALKEE MYSTERY, A. By Charles Edwardes	VENGEANCE IS MINE. By Commander E.
8 POLITA DEL SOLUMBIE	Hamilton Currey, R.N 705, 729
145, 168, 183	Without Declaration of War 541
ARTICLES OF THE	ON AND ENTERTAINMENT.
Archenta, Electrical	ON AND ENTERTAINMENT.
Viscont India Rubb	Agriculture Mt. N P
Micount Dillon The Kreekars or. By	Agriculture, The New. By Will H. Ogilvie . 231
President Description And I	Animal Collecting, The Romance of Wild . 718 Animals, The Passing of the. By Edward
dina India-Rabber. By Gilbert R. Red.	Vivian
arno, by T. Browl C. W. 318	Anniversary, A Notable. By Major-General
Jaru Collins . 231	W. Tweedie, C.S.I 673, 696

iv INDEX.

	PAGE	PAG	E
Ants, White	171	Dickens, Parallels between Scott and. By	
Apprenticeship in the Mercantile Marine. By		Percy Fitzgerald 80	7
Lieutenant D. M'G. Newton, R.N.R.	639	Diet of the Future, The. By Josiah Oldfield,	
Argentina's Prosperity: Is it Permanent? By	ŀ	M.D	2
Herbert H. Basset	38	Difficulties which brought Good Fortune, Ap-	
Arid Land in the United States, Reclamation of	155	parent	9
Armada, A Sequel to the	509	Diplomatist and Man of Letters 62	
Athleticism, The Modern Craze for. By F.		Dock, New Floating	
771.3.3	609	70 1 1 731	
	009		
Australia, The Conquest of. By Albert Dor-		Doctors Old and New	
rington, late of N.S.W., Australia	708	Dumb Speak, Making the	
Australia, The Monroe Doctrine of. By		Earthquakes and Life. By W. H. Simmonds . 37	
F. A. W. Gisborne	61	East, An Observer in the Near 63	
Balkans, Lake-Dwellers of the. By R. A.	l	Economy in Paris	6
Scott James	90	Engine, The Internal-Combustion 68	5
Balloon Trip from the Crystal Palace, A	823	Engine-Driver, The. By G. A. Sekon 21	2
Bargains in Old Oak, Some. By R. A. Gatty.	779	Engineering Notes. By W. O. Horsnaill,	
Birds, Some Pacific Islands. By Louis Becke.	742	A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.Mech.E 430, 82	7
Black Chanter of the Clan Chattan, The. By	, 22	Excursion Trains: Present and Past. By G. A.	•
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	107	·	7
the late Alex. Macpherson, F.S.A.Scot.	187		•
Books, Lovers of. By Lady Catherine Milnes		Exercise of the Future, The. By Eustace	_
Gaskell	565	Miles	
Breton Coast, Wreckers of the. By Clive		Fallacies in Statistics 41	
$\mathbf{Holland}$	582	Farming, Electric 82	7
British Colonial Methods, French and. By		Financial Panics. By H. W. Carter 29	9
Hermann G. Harris, B.A	103	Fires, Forest. By Day Allen Willey 48	8
British Museum, Library of the	93	'Fishing Liar' and his Verification, The. By	
Britons never will be Slaves. By R. A. Gatty	312	Louis Becke	7
Brixham	669	Fishing-Nets of Spiders' Webs 44	
Buenos Ayres. By a Resident	166	Florence: An Impression. By Lady Wynford 46	
Burford: A Town of many Memories	400	Footplate, Heroism on the. By G. A. Sekon . 16	
	. 200		
Burn-Fishing in the Highlands. By Ward			
	507	Formosan Camphor-Forests, In the 57	I
Bussa, Some Impressions of. By C. Larymore,		French and British Colonial Methods. By	
The Residency, Northern Nigeria	181	Hermann G. Harris, B.A 10	
Cabs, London. By W. J. Gordon	85	Fuel, Patent 37	8
Campden House Fire, The. By Hugh Childers	773	Gambling in Death. By T. W. Wilkinson . 53	5
Camphor-Forests, In the Formosan. An In-		Gander, Sauce for the. By G. G. Chatterton . 15	9
dustry at War. By an English Resident	- 1	Garibaldi: A Centenary Tribute. By George	
in Formosa	571	Pignatorre, Rome 418, 439, 46	0
Carrageen. By J. S. Redmayne, M.A	655	Gas for Power Purposes, The Distribution of . 43	
Ceuta, Christmas Eve in. By A. Francis	000	Gas-Producers for Boats and Ships 43	
Steuart	801	German Navy at Home, The	
Chambers's Journal, Seventy-Five Years of .	848		•
Chinaman and his Secret Societies. By One	040	Germany of To-Day. A Snapshot. By Mrs	_
who Knows Him		Alec Tweedie	o
	151	Ghost Stories, Some Old. By J. A. Mac-	
Christmas Eve in Ceuta. By A. Francis		Culloch	7
Steuart	801	Giant Sea-Ray in the Western Pacific, The	
Clan Chattan, The Black Chanter of the	187	Tarpon and the 20	3
Cocoa Firms, Rise of the Great	394	Glencoe, An Irish Parallel to the Massacre of.	
Colonial Methods, French and British. By		By A. Stodart Walker 15	7
Hermann G. Harris, B.A	103	Glencoe-In the Glen of Sad Memories 25	
Cottages, The Sacking of the. By Henry	- 1	Glen of Sad Memories, In the 25	
Leach	500	Great Men as Commercial Assets	
Coupling, A New Automatic Railway. By	-	Greys at Waterloo, The. Reminiscences of the	9
J. E. Whitby	999	Last Survivor of the Persons Channel D	
~ · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·		Last Survivor of the Famous Charge. By	
Curiosity-Hunting. By R. A. Gatty Dainties, Yorkshire	332	73 75 75 75 75 75 75 75 75 75 75 75 75 75	
	43	E. Bruce Low, M.A.	
Dakaitì in India, A. By Major-General W.		E. Bruce Low, M.A 11 Gyroscope and the Steadying of Ships. The . 43	1
Twoodia CCI	43 476	E. Bruce Low, M.A	1
Tweedie, C.S.I	43 476 465	E. Bruce Low, M.A	1
Tweedie, C.S.I	43 476 465 614	E. Bruce Low, M.A	1
Tweedie, C.S.I	43 476 465 614 663	E. Bruce Low, M.A	3
Tweedie, C.S.I. Dartmouth	43 476 465 614	E. Bruce Low, M.A	3
Tweedie, C.S.I. Dartmouth	43 476 465 614 663	E. Bruce Low, M.A	3
Tweedie, C.S.I. Dartmouth	43 476 465 614 663	E. Bruce Low, M.A	3

INDEX. v

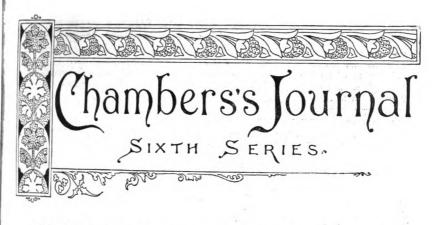
PAGE	PAGE
Highland Superstitions of the Present Day,	Maine Sunk in Havana Harbour, Raising the . 328
Some. By D. Macleod 13	Manjak, What is? By P. Carmody, F.I.C.,
Highlands, Burn-Fishing in the. By Ward	F.C.S., Trinidad 107
Mair 507	Massacre of Glencoe, An Irish Parallel to the.
Historians I have Known. By T. H. S.	By A. Stodart Walker 157
Escott	Measurements, Exact
Holiday Swindles. By T. C. Bridges 529	Medicine and Surgery, Some Wonders of. By
	Dr Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., &c 199
	Memories of Half a Century. By R. C Leh-
How the King Travels. By Henry W. Lucy . 49	mann, M.P 644, 721, 785, 817, 842
Iceland, Railways in. By D. A. Willey 678	Mercantile Marine, Apprenticeship in the. By
Impromptus, Some Happy	Lieutenant D. M'G. Newton, R.N.R 639
lacandescent Light, A New	Money-Mad. By T. C. Bridges 657
locome Tax Collection, Anomalies of 321	Monroe Doctrine of Australia, The. By F. A.
ladia, A Dakaiti in. By Major-General W.	W. Gisborne 61
Tweedie, C.S.I	Motor, The New Century Frictionless 446
India, Agitated. By George L. Jennings 620	
India-Rubber, African. By Gilbert R. Red-	
	New Britain, Some Wanderings about. By
ladia Rubber The Demonstrate To The	Louis Becke 219
ladia Rubber, The Romance of. By Thomas North Christie	New England Herring-Fleet, Hardships of the.
Indian Marian A 27	By P. T. M'Grath 593
Indian Mutiny—A Notable Anniversary 673, 696	Niagara, Water-Power at 430
mas, Edgish and Scottish	Noises, Unnecessary
Insurance Problem, The. By R. A. Gatty 649	Nova Scotia, More about Orcharding in. By
The second of the second secon	R. F. Dixon, Wolfville, N.S 433
reald, Wild. By Helen Powter	
HIERUID Scheme A CI	Novel To-Day, The. By James Milne 65
	Nubian Tribes of North Africa, With the. By
Jamaica Rarthonelte A Dem	Captain T. C. S. Speedy 523, 538
Jamaica Earthquake, A Reminiscence of the. By H. F. Abell	Oak, Some Bargains in Old. By R. A. Gatty . 779
	Observer in the Near East, An 630
John Chinaman and his Secret Societies. By	Oil Pipe-Line, Novel 827
	Old-Age Pensions in Germany. By Dr Andrew
(UNGREDETS'S) SOMETHING TO	Wilson, F. R. S. E., &c 366
	Old St Peter's and the New St Peter's Museum.
Journalism Jungary The Court Spa	
Chatterton	Opium, Concerning. By Algernon Warren . 119
Jury, Trial by	Orcharding in Nova Scotia. By R. F. Dixon . 53
Lacy Lacy By Henry W. 262	Orcharding in Nova Scotia, More about. By
Lacy . By Henry W.	R. F. Dixon, Wolfville, N.S 433
Kings, Some Out-of the Way. By Poultney	Pacific Islands Birds, Some. By Louis Becke . 742
Bigelow By Poultney	Panamá Canal, The. By Day Allen Willey . 388
Kreekan or Adventurers of 1523-24, The. By	Panics, Financial. By H. W. Carter 299
Viscount Dillon	Paris, Economy in
lake Dwellers of the Day	Paris Hotels and Restaurants. By W. A.
James Balkans. By R. A. Scott	Sommerville
Library, The World's Greatest. By William	Park (Mungo), Where he Died. Some Impres-
Sidebash World's Greatest. By William	
light, A New Incom	sions of Bussa. By C. Larymore, The
Light, A New Incandescent	Residency, Northern Nigeria 181
	Pearl-Fishing, The Story of Scottish. By Ian
ingworth Hedges, M.Inst. C. E., M.I. E. E.,	Buchanan
non. Secretary of Lightnian	Pear-Shaped Stars. By Alex. W. Roberts, B.Sc. 301
Committee Guilly Research	Perquisites, My Lord's 471
	Persian Soldier of To-Day, The 791
Literature, The Scottish Professor in Life and . 589 London at Night. By Lewis Melville.	Petrol, Famine in 828
	Physical Development of Women, The. By
wagon in the me	W. B. Tegetmeier
Robert V. The Of Romney Dr. W.	as a second control of
London, The Traffic Problem of. By Captain Leagn of B. C. Swinton, L.C.C.	Toronous, in this service
	Prince Rupert, The Western Terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway 89
George S. C. Swinton, L. C. C. Leven of Books, By Indian 5	
Gaskall By Lady Catherine Mary	Professor in Life and Literature, The Scottish . 589
latter p.	Quail, Fat. By 'Snaffle'
Lytten, Personal and Literary Letters of Robert, First Earl of	Racing-Launch, Remarkable 828
Robert, First Earl of 621	Railway Coupling, A New Automatic. By
621	J. E. Whitby

vi INDEX.

PAGE	PAGE
Railways in Iceland. By D. A. Willey 678	Sunshine, Did they Find the? 297
Reclamation of Arid Land 155	Superstitions of the Present Day, Some High-
Romance of India-Rubber, The 577	land. By D. Macleod 13
Romance of Wild Animal Collecting, The. An	Surgery, Some Wonders of Medicine and 199
Interview with Mr Carl Hagenbeck, the	Swindles, Holiday. By T. C. Bridges 529
World's Zoological Purveyor 718	Talking-Machine, The. By A. Lillingston . 406
Romney, London in the Time of	Tarpon and the Giant Sea-Ray in the Western
	l "no to man
Rubbish-Mounds of the Long Past, Recent	
Diggings into the. By Sarah Wilson . 555	Theatrical Company, Sunday with a 445
Rural Worthies. By Sir Alexander Muir Mac-	Thirty-three Years' Hard Labour at West-
kenzie, Bart	minster. By Henry W. Lucy 97, 135
Sacking of the Cottages, The. By Henry Leach 500	Three Devonian Towns. — I. Totnes 424
Sands, Conquering the. By David MacRitchie 398	II. Dartmouth . 614
Sant' Angelo: An Imperial Fortress. By E. S.	" " " III. Brixham 669
Rorison 344	Tobacco, The Home Cultivation of. By
Sauce for the Gander. By G. G. Chatterton . 159	George Stronach, M.A 799
Scott and Dickens, Parallels between. By	Topography of Scott, Skene of Rubislaw and
Percy Fitzgerald 807	the
Scott, Recent Criticism of. By J. H. Millar . 147	Totnes
Scott (Sir Walter), by Andrew Lang 147	Traction-Engine, Novel 828
Scott (Sir Walter), Life of, by G. Le G. Norgate 147	Traffic Problem of London, The. By Captain
	l m · ¬ ~ ~
Scottish Pearl-Fishing, The Story of. By Ian	Train Ferry Steamer
Buchanan	Trial by Jury
Scottish Professor in Life and Literature, The . 589	Trousers, The Early Hostility to. By William
Sea-Career, Why Boys Shun the 840	Andrews
'Seddon, Dick.' By Mrs Gorges 573	Wessels, Raising Sunken. By Day Allen
Shakespeare's Country, The Charm of 173	Willey 328
Shipyard, A Floating 255	Vessels Shipped Abroad, Home-Built 527
'Sixpenny,' The Wonderful. By James Milne 552	Waterloo, The Greys at. By E. Bruce Low,
Skene of Rubislaw and the Topography of Scott 733	M.A
Slaves, Britons never will be. By R. A. Gatty 312	Water-Power at Niagara 430
Snake-Venom as a Commercial Product 687	Wild Animal Collecting, The Romance of . 718
Somersets, A Student Scion of the 45	Wire-Rope Tester, Novel 828
Spain, A Little Tour in. By Lord Ronald	Women, The Physical Development of. By
Sutherland Gower 225, 250	
	W. B. Tegetmeier
	Wonders of Medicine and Surgery, Some 199
Spiders' Webs, Fishing-Nets of	Worthies, Rural
Stars, Pear-Shaped. By Alex. W. Roberts, B.Sc. 301	Wreckers of the Breton Coast. By Clive Hol-
Statistics, Fallacies in	land
St Peter's Museum, The Old and the New.	
By Douglas Sladen 17	Zoological Purveyor, The World's 718
	
PAR	TRY.
	1 A 1.
Almond Blossom 416	Indian, The
Australian Bush, The 640	Lines for an Album 800
Beggar, The	Lost
Blue Eyes	Mabel, To
Call of Nature, The	35 111 2 2 1
Castles in the Sands	(35 to 12 m)
	Mass of the Dead Lovers, The
Compensation 592	Message of Nature, The 480
Compensation 624 Contrary Love	Moonrise
	Nigella
Counterfeit	Night in the Bush
Cry of the Little Ones, The 672	Odd Man Out
Cuckoo's Call, The	Offing, In the
Everlasting Gods, The	One who Went Away, To 96
Exile, The	Outpost, An
Gardener, The	
	Passing of Summer, The
	Passing of Summer, The
Haunted	Passing of Summer, The

0 A- 011				PAGE	i	PAGE
Spinet, An Old	•	•		160	Toast, A	. 208
Spirit of Unrest, The	•	•		832	Top Shelf, The	. 64
Starland	•	•		528	Tryst-Day	. 384
Summer	•	•		432	War	. 32
Summer Dreams	•	•		560	Window, The	. 176
Thought in Autumn, A .	•	•		76 8	Yet, O Strange Heart!	. 80
T	42	M A X	TH:	6.01	TENOR AND ADD	
				201	ENCE AND ARTS.	
Adulterated Cocoa, An Easy	Met	hod o	of De-		Earth as a Steam-Boiler, The	951
locung.				701	Floatsia U	. 351
African Native Ironfoundry, A	n			76	Electric Lighting by Wind-Power	638
Alf-Compression, Hydrandic				558	Electric Trains on Steam Railroads	637
Alcohol from Peat, Denatured				701	Electrons	352
Amminum, Soldering of				415	Explosions under Roadways	414
Alundum				144	Follo of I	556
AMERICALLY TOT UICE A PRA			•	413	Falls of Iguazu	416
Assouan Dam, Raising of the		•	•	414	Ferro-Concrete Masts for Wireless Telegraphy	
Astronomy, A Century's Proc		in'	• •		Filament, Another New	280
Automatic Change-Giver, A N	Jaw (ank .	Dani.	77	Filter, An Electric	. 207
		Jan .	regis-		Fire-Extinguisher, A Handy	768
Balloonist's Records A	•	•		415	Fire-Grate, An Economical	702
Damboos, Seasoning	•	•		281	Flying-Machine, The Birth of the	207
Dalleties. The Care of Cham-	•	•		560	Flying-Machines, More	281
Daniel Daniel	•	•	• .	205	Food Values, Testing	495
Beetroot Coal Briquettes	•	•		142	Game and Game-Coverts	704
Beach-Vice, An Ingenious	•	•		766	Gas-Mantle, A Curious	557
Birds and the Man	•	•		766	Gas-Plants, Suction	207
Birds and the Woman	•			204	Greenwich Observatory	282
Boot-Cleaner An An				204	Gyroscope, Other Uses for the	493
Boot-Cleaner, An Automatic Boring through Quicksand				846	Gyroscope, Steering by	
				558	House Refuse, The Fertilising Properties of	414
Brake, A New Tramway				281		701
Breving, Ozone in Brillig Light, The Briquette Recommend				415	India, The Tourist's	416
Brighetten D				350	Internal Combustion First D. 1	559
Briquettes, Beetroot-Coal .				766	Internal Combustion Engine, Petrol, Liquid	
Bulbs, English Burford				351	Fuel, and the	208
Batter Tru		-	•	496	Lamp, The Uviol	414
Batter, The Best in the World			•	416	Lamp, The Tungsten	494
Calculating Machine, Another Canada, How it is Elling V			•		Lead-Eating Insect, A	556
Canada, How it is Filling Up	_		•	75	Lemonade, The Dangers of	703
Canadian Cheese		•	•	207	Life-Belt, A New Type of .	765
negister and Automatic C	!hone	· C:		78	Life-Saving Devices, Two .	77
Cash Register and Automatic C	меня	30-GIV	er, A		Lighthouse, A New	637
Cardy Decorated to	•	•	•	415	Liquid Fuel and the Internal Combustion	
Celluloid, Non-Inflammable	•	•	•	416	Engine	208
Chematograph in Education, T	· 4	•	•	78	Lusol Lamp, The	206
Cay, Synthetic .		•	•	495	Mail-Vans, To Abolish	283
Coalite	•	•		75	Malaria, Our Increasing Knowledge of	350
Cone, An Easy Method of I	•	• .		639		3, 639
terated.	Jetec	ting .	Adul-		Metals Melted in the San Francisco Fire	75
	•	• ,		701	Moth-Exterminator, An Efficient	767
Con-Counting Machine, A	•			352	Motor-Cor in Wowford The	283
Concrete, Another Use for	•	• .		845	Motor Com A Marie t	282
oupling, A New Railway		. ,		557	Motor Driven by Lightning, A	
ystala, Living	•			636	Naosaurus, The	76
Min The II				144	North See and Rollie Come Williams 641	558
bai, Opera and Drama for the	i	•		638	North Sea and Baltic Canal, Widening of the . 'Notograph,' The	638
Delines It with 101 the			•	845	(1) · (m)	767
UKINOPALL PAR OF AUL		. '	149	639	Okapi, The.	283
Dominica, Notes on					Oxygen Made at Home	703
Danels on			•	700	Ozone	557
Dust and T			144	559	Ozone in Brewing	415
Dut Pan, A New				350	Painting, Graded Illumination for	414
a er 146A		•	•	560	Panamá Canal, The	142
•			•	636	Paper Clothing	637

PA	
Paper from Cotton-Stalks	43 Soap from Petroleum
zupon, zwo mioro o nocina	
	96 Street Lamps, Automatically Lighting and
Petrol, Liquid Fuel, and the Internal-Com-	Extinguishing
	08 Suction Gas-Plants
	51 Sundial, An Up-to-Date 638
	03 Synthetic Clay
	35 Tabloid Refrigerating Agents 846
	Teapot, An Ingenious 635
	36 Tehuantepec Route, The Isthmus of
Porridge, The Decadence of 8	Telephony, Wireless 1,77,282
	16 Telephony, Wireless
	68 Telescope in the Waistcoat Pocket, A 206
	95 Tiles, Transparent
	05 Tinol
Railway-Carriage Doors, Automatic System for	Tramp's Note-Book, A
	65 Tungsten Lamp, The
	02 Uviol Lamp, The 414
	96 Vivisection
	Volcanoes, Harnessing 840 Wall-Covering, Artificial Silk
Ramie Production, A Remarkable Discovery	
	67 Weights and Measures
Rat, The Prolific Fecundity of the 7	02 Wellman Polar Expedition, The
Rat-Exterminator, A New 8	47 Wheat-Starch Adulteration, How to Detect . 760
	43 Wireless Telegraphy 143
Rock-Drill, Petrol-Operated 7	67 Wireless Telegraphy, A Forecast of 74
	93 Wireless Telegraphy in Central Africa 70
	Wireless Telephony
San Francisco Fire, Metals Melted in the	75 Wood Preservative
EXTRA CHRISTMA	AS NUMBER CONTENTS.
'BLACK FLAME' By Samuel	
Evensong By J. S. R	edmayne
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	L. Arnold
Cousins By F. C. A	
	S .
A T	ce B. Jupp
	Johnston 4
	ine Tynan
THE OLD HOME DEADON D. Marri	Adamson



THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

By FRED M. WHITE.

CHAPTER I.



ME was when the Castlerayne estates marched for miles along the Yorkshire coast. Not so long ago the Castleraynes were people of importance; indeed, the head of the House could claim that distinction now.

On second thoughts, he did not so much make the claim as look upon it as a natural and indisputable right. As a matter of fact, the vast estates had been thrown into the crucible of change; they had gone as lands and fields will do under the sway of three generations of spendthrifts. The 'First Gentleman in Europe' had been a friend of the present owner's grandfather, and, after that, little explanation of the family fallen fortunes is needed.

The old castle to-day is a mass of ivy-clad, picturesque ruins, standing high on the seaboard and commanding inland one of the most exquisite prospects in the North. So far as the passer-by can judge, the grounds about the ruins are beautifully kept, whereat the would-be picnicker wonders and envies, for none of his class are ever admitted within the sacred precincts of what had once been a great feddal castle.

If you are bold enough to explore the rugged walls, or fortunate enough to get beyond the sunken dike where the moat used to run, you will be equally surprised. You will cross a brown troutstream filled with great gold-and-white lily pads; ron will see a quiet stretch of velvet lawn, with the gim ivy-clad walls of the fortress for a background. Behind the ruins is a sloping hill covered to the summit with larches and birches and rowans—a marvellous setting to the picture. And then you will note why the ruins are so carefully guarded; ior, nestling amongst them, built from their very stones, and knit into their very frame, is a marvelloasly beautiful and picturesque house covered with creepers to the roof-ties. The house has every uppearance of great antiquity; it has latticed panes in the mullioned windows, the upper halves of which are stained glass. There is something very romantic and charming in this refined house, protected by the frowning fortress beyond; something very cooling in the brown stream where the lily pads flourish. Then, if you are discreet, you will make a bolt of it, being perfectly satisfied why the general public are excluded so rigidly from Castlerayne Towers.

As to the house itself, it is pure Elizabethan, though as a matter of fact it is not more than a century old. All the same, it was built—stone and timber—from the remains of the older keep; every bit of panelling, every carved ceiling and cornice, had come from the parent place. The house, together with some four thousand acres of sour, poor land, is all that remains of the Castlerayne property.

But, poor as the land is, it is wonderfully beautiful and picturesque. It lies for the most part fringing the North Sea, a rolling prairie of short thymy grass and heather, with here and there deep dells filled with bracken and blackberry, sand-dunes, and green lawns the turf of which has not been disturbed for centuries. Here and there are deep pits, with banks of refuse at the sides-refuse now covered with heather-where once the tenants of the estate extracted small doles of plumbago. But the plumbago vanished with the rest of the family prosperity, so that to-day there is no sign of commerce there. As for the rest, the greater part of the estates was useless save as a living for a few hundred hardy sheep. Still, the prospect was wonderful, the air brisk and bracing, so that folks came from Hardborough in the summer-time and picnicked there. The bathing was splendid-far more alluring than at Hardborough, the great fashionable and residential watering-place some few miles down the coast. There were still greater and more prosperous towns within twenty miles, and [All Rights Reserved.] DECEMBER 1, 1906.

there were people who avowed that Mr Rayne Castlerayne had the making of a fortune if he would but transform the Towers estate into a watering-place. But nobody ever ventured to make that suggestion to Mr Castlerayne, for nobody had the necessary courage.

For the man's poverty was only exceeded by his pride. For eight hundred years there had been a Castlerayne more or less ruling over these parts. They had been warriors, divines, statesmen, robbers, in turn. Rayne Castlerayne never forgot that; the reflection warmed him on cold days, and kept him from worrying about his creditors. The slight little man with the clean-shaven face and hooked nose was not in the least like the head of an ancient race; he was shy and diffident so long as you took no liberties and remembered what he was. His eldest daughter, Angela, on the other hand, was all that one might expect from the class of Vere de Veretall, dark, exceedingly handsome, the beauties of her face softened by a pleasing smile and a little mouth that sometimes had a pathetic droop in it. There was another daughter, May, who quite incontinently was a Radical. Nobody quite knew where her sentiments came from, whence sprang the spirit of modern commercialism—those terrible ideas. For the rest, she was a pretty blonde, with charming easy manners, and no idea of the family

As to the household itself, it was greatly swayed—one could not call it ruled—by Miss Gertrude Castlerayne, sister of the head of the family. Miss Gertrude was small, a little faded and nervous; the face was relieved by a pair of dark eyes and abundance of silver hair, the rich silver that has gold flecks in the sunshine. There are certain old maids who are as beautiful and charming as their younger sisters, and Miss Gertrude was one of them. Nobody called her aught but Miss Gertrude, and all loved her, as was fitting they should.

There was a canker in the rose, of course—there always is; and the canker in this rose was a prosaic inability to make both ends meet. The metaphor sounds trite and vulgar in the case of such exalted personages, but that is what it came to. The poor land and the equally poor sheep made but scanty provision for the Castleraynes; the scattered tenants on the estate with difficulty paid their rent, though the spirit was willing enough. As May frequently said, things could not go on like this much longer.

'What is the use of our fine old name?' she demanded. 'It does not pay old Morris for his milk and butter; it does not prevent us from owing Mrs Lacey more than we can ever pay for meat. Dad is fond of saying that honour and integrity no longer form part of the character of the English people. And then he goes on to tell Sutton that he will send him a cheque next week for those seedpotatoes. Now, he knows perfectly well that there is not the slightest chance of paying Sutton next week or next year. And perhaps Sutton will make

his arrangements on the strength of that promise. Angela, I ask you, is it honest?

Angela sighed gently as she proceeded to tie back a refractory verbena. The garden was a blaze of sunshine; the wide stretch of dune and heather and bank was flooded with it. The whole place might have been Tennyson's 'haunt of ancient peace.' If the canker was here, it was certainly not in the hearts of the crimson roses.

'I calculate that we are six hundred pounds in debt,' the remorseless May went on. 'We are living at present on the charity of Aunt Gertrude. And I know for a fact that she has spent all her money but a thousand pounds. And here is a chance of making a steady five hundred a year for the rest of our lives. It drops into our laps like a godsend, and dad puts it aside as if some horrid brewer had offered to turn the old house into a tavern. We can't afford to be independent.'

'I call it gross presumption,' Angela said with dignity. 'Surely you have not given the proposal proper consideration, dear. For some time past we have tolerated the visits of trippers and the like from Hardborough, who make use of the common. They come here with their baskets; they leave a horrid litter in the heather'—

'There are a great many rich people in Hardborough,' May interrupted; 'and a good many nice people too. They are not all trippers. Hardborough is the queen of watering-places. I should very much like to live there myself.'

Angela very properly ignored the atrocious senti-

'Our father put an end to that kind of thing. He has been too lenient. Then he gets the offer you speak of from the Imperial Hotel Company. They are desirous of taking the old Dower-House on a repairing lease, and opening it as a high-class hotel.'

'Well, why not? The Dower-House is at present in ruins. Put it in order and reduce the grounds to something like form, and there need be no more charming spot in England. It would not interfere with us in the least; it would only mean that the visitors had the right to reconnoitre on the sacred common, and we should be five hundred pounds a year better off. We should be able to pay our creditors then, and look the world in the face. And the pensioners would not have to go to the workhouse.'

Angela blushed slightly, for May had touched her on a tender spot. For the pensioners in question were dependent on the family bounty—a sacred thing, a tradition that had come down the grooves of the centuries. High up on the common stood ten small houses in which were ten old men and women who had served out the measure of their strong years on the estate; and those almshouses went back to the seventeenth century. To a certain extent, the common was theirs; it had been given them by the founder of the hospital as a means of revenue for keeping up the hospice, subject always to the rights of the Lord of the Manor. In those

days plumbago had been found on the common, and the proceeds from the sale thereof had endowed the outages. But the plumbago had failed, and the peasoners had fallen back on the hospitality of the family.

South to say, the pensioners were having an exceedingly hard time of it at present. Besides the plumbago, there had been a certain well or spring d water containing mineral qualities, a well which had a place in history, a stream with a romance of its own, and the better class of visitors from Hardborough and the like had come there and drunk the water and left largesse behind, so that week in and week out there was as much as keep body and soul together in the hospice. And now the well had suddenly fallen away because, so May said, of the prome fact that the new owner of the estate adjoining Carlenyne to the north had been draining his property along the fringe of the sea. May brought up the fact now. She was terribly practical in her arguments.

'The offer ought to be accepted,' she said, 'if only for the sake of the hospitallers. For all practical purposes, the common belongs to them—I mean those kw hundred acres of it—and they can do what they like with it. My dear Angela, I could not possibly si down and see a chance like this thrown away. It will be no fault of mine if the chance is lost. I have taken the bull by the horns and written to Mr (Liford Warrener.)

ingle blushed pink as the verbena she was still training in the way it should go.

'Mr Warener is almost a stranger,' she protested.
We only met him a few times during our visit to
looke in the spring. And he is actually engaged
a trade, May.'

Son. May said cheerfully—'household soap.

Liter all, that is an honest occupation. Soap is a

nimble seet in the nation's balance-sheet. Any
ry, I've written to Mr Warrener, and he has

esgraphed saying that he will be here to-morrow

tizmoon.'

CHAPTER IL

HOLD in my hand,' Mr Castlerayne said oracularly, a most extraordinary letter. It is from a firm of solicitors in Hardborough, and refers to the offer of the but company as to that preposterous suggestion to the opening of a licensed house here. be policitors are instructed by their client, Mr hand Craggs, to oppose any such action, and the that the rights of the common are vested in is inspitallers under the deed of 17th December This deed I am prepared to admit; and here the strange part of the letter. The hosrailen will resist any attempt to infringe their in and they claim the free lease of the common ader the said deed; and, further, they claim that in a systed the sole authority to admit or prevent

any building on the common or the use of the said common for any other purpose save the right of sheep-grazing. In other words, they claim that the common belongs to them. Really, my dear Gertrude, your protégé Sam Craggs is going too far. For a Radical cobbler to oppose me like this!

Miss Gertrude flushed faintly. If the expression might be permitted about so impeccable a lady, there was the suggestion of guilt about her.

'Samuel is eccentric,' she admitted; 'and he has dreadful revolutionary ideas. He is fond of reading Carlyle and Adam Smith, and all kinds of formidable books. Still, he would never have gone into the hospital had it not been for the rheumatism that crippled his hands. And, like most people, he had no desire to starve. I don't know who told him about the proposal from Hardborough, but he had heard of it some time ago. It was he who gave me the first intimation of it.'

'And, of course, he was heartily in favour of it,' Mr Castlerayne said bitterly. 'It is just the kind of Radical progress idea to please Samuel.'

'Those people are living on my bounty, and they know it,' Miss Gertrude reiterated. A retort with her was so rare that she blushed at her own temerity. 'Fifteen years ago I wanted to close the hospital and send the poor creatures to the workhouse. But you would not hear of it, Rayne; the family dignity prevented you. Craggs may be all that you say; but the bread of charity is bitter to him; he does not like the flavour of it. He would like to see the offer accepted; he would like to feel that his weekly dole comes from people who paid honestly for a remunerative privilege. And he was equally certain that you would refuse to entertain the offer. He had a rod in pickle for you, he said.'

'A rod in pickle!' Mr.Castlerayne groaned. 'For me? He actually said that?'

'He did. I am afraid that Samuel is no respecter of persons. This he told me. He has been looking up the family archives; he has been to Lancaster, and examined the deeds relating to the Crown lands and the manors of East Yorkshire. He says he is quite sure of his ground, and that the commoners here have a vested right in the income to arrive from that part of the common whence the plumbago originally came. On his own initiative he has placed the matter in the hands of those lawyers in Hardborough, and they advise him that he has a good case.'

'Ah!' Mr Castlerayne went on, with one of his rare flashes of illumination upon him. 'As I know to my cost, the lawyers are expensive friends. And Craggs has no money. Who has been providing him with funds for this disgraceful litigation, I should like to know?'

No reply came to the question. Miss Gertrude's head was bent, a little red spot on either of her pallid cheeks. It was perhaps fortunate that the head of the House did not repeat his question. He muttered something to the effect that he would have to consult his own lawyers. He had not the

slightest intention of accepting that hotel company's offer, nor was he disposed for a moment to admit the claim of the preposterous and revolutionary Craggs. The bare idea that an old tenant on his own estate should take this step filled him with pain.

Angela had listened languidly to the discussion. On the contrary, May was deeply interested. Her blue eyes sparkled with amusement. It was evident that her dignity was not touched. Sooth to say, the Radical cobbler was by way of being a favourite of hers. Dreadful as it sounds, those two had much in common. May placed her arm affectionately through that of her aunt and drew her out into the sunshine.

'Come as far as the trout-pool,' she said. 'I have something serious to say to you. Aunt Gertrude, you are a wicked old woman who is deliberately conspiring to upset the peace and dignity of a once happy family. It is a good thing that dad is so dazzled with his dignity that he can't see as far as I can. To save you from prosecution, I am going to make a double charge against you. It was you who found the money for Craggs's action!'

'He didn't tell you?' Aunt Gertrude exclaimed.
'He never so far forgot his promise'—

'Not a single word did he tell me. But you are such a transparent old darling! When you blushed just now I guessed it like a flash. Not that I blame you, dear. Ah no! It would be nothing less than downright dishonesty for my father to refuse this offer. And yet he is so blind, so eaten up with his family pride, that he would not hesitate. I only hope that Craggs is right. He is an obstinate old thing, but he is as honest as the day. The idea is to force dad into some compromise. And if he fails'—

'He will not fail,' Aunt Gertrude whispered. 'Everything is absolutely correct. And I found him the money. I have promised to let him have five hundred pounds. Only, you must not tell this to anybody. I dare say you will think that I am a poor, timid creature, and that I should have told your father everything. But he can be very hard when he is roused, and-and I am very fond of Angela and yourself, dear. I hate the idea of having strangers here as much as anybody; but, as you say, it would be criminal to refuse this offer. I have urged your father to sell the place; but nobody would buy it at anything beyond the landvalue of the house, for the land around is so poor. I had thought it over day and night, and I have prayed to do right. I think I have done what is right. At any rate, I have done what is best for the happiness of the people here. And not one word'

'Not one,' May said solemnly. 'And now, go back to your jams and preserves, and let me take a hand in the business. I hope you won't be shocked, Aunt Gertrude; but I am going up to the common to meet a young man. You have heard me speak of Clifford Warrener?'

'The gentleman you met in London?' Aunt

Gertrude asked. She spoke in a studied prim and cold voice. 'I should say that it is hardly the proper'—

'Oh yes, it is. Mr Warrener is a business man. We were great friends in London in the spring. We are all the greater friends because he does not admire me a bit, and because he is very much in love with Angels. She refuses to look at him because he is in trade. Just as if that makes any difference so long as the man is a gentleman! Well, I gave Mr Warrener a good deal of our family history. You see, he told me all about Angels, and that established a bond of sympathy between us. And he said that some day he would like to come down and discuss a proposal with dad when he had time. He seems to know all this part of the country very well. And he seemed quite familiar with the name.'

'That is quite possible,' Aunt Gertrude said quietly. 'You see, I was engaged to his father at one time. They were dreadfully poor at that period, and Mr Warrener incurred great odium by going into trade. I believe he made a mess of it, poor fellow! but I never saw him again. Still, as a girl I was very fond of him. How foolish I am!'

May bent and kissed the cheek of the faded little figure by her side. She knew the sweet nature of Aunt Gertrude. She knew the life of noble self-sacrifice her aunt had always led. And here in these few simple words was her life's romance, the turned-down page she had hidden from everybody. And May knew at last why Aunt Gertrude had never married.

'You are a darling!' she said; 'and I love you better than ever. Good-bye, dear.'

May went up the slope past the hollow where the ruins of the Dower-House lay, with its magnificent range of scenery inland and to the sea; past the trout-stream and on to the common, where the wind was blowing fresh and sweet, and her feet were deep in the purple heather. Away at the back, behind a stretch of great pines, lay the hospital.

It was not all gorse and bracken and heather here; there were wide gaps and tracks made ages ago by the workers in plumbago, and turf eaten short and thick by generations of sheep. The grass was wonderfully thick and level, broken here and there by banks of undergrowth, little ravines full of sand, and heathy rainpits where the plumbago had been mined. To the left was the glorious sea, to the right a panorama of the kind that only the British Isles can afford. It was an ideal spot, and May sighed as she looked at it. On the whole, despite the mutual advantages, the hotel idea was not pleasing.

A tall figure in Harris tweed came towards May and raised his cap. The sinister hand of trade had left no stain on Clifford Warrener. It occurred to May that her sister was an exceedingly fortunate young woman, if she had only the sense

to see it. Then, without further preamble, May plunged into the subject that was nearest her heart.

'I am deeply interested,' Warrener said—'far nore interested than you are even aware of. Let as walk as far as the Dower-House and back to that turf yonder. And you can tell me everything. After that I may have a proposal to make.'

May talked vivaciously and well. The dark eys of her companion watched her with admiration. He smiled from time to time. Before the recial was finished the empty shell of what had been the Dower-House was reached. Below it was a keel plain like a platform formed of heather and gorse, and there lay an even patch of grass, the bents growing compact and thick like the foliage of the carnation. There were acres of it there.

'So the Radical is abroad.' Warrener smiled.
'I fincy I shall be able to find the way to bring Caggs to reason. When I was quite a boy he instructed me in the art of poaching—fish-poaching, for he was too honest to touch game. If I were to make Craggs listen to me, I could make the istane of your family at the same time. All this poor land'—

'Int is the trouble,' May said dryly. 'If it we rich land we could let it. As it is, the while four thousand acres is worth nothing. In my imagination I try to think what would happen if we were to find gold here.'

'I also have an imagination.' Warrener smiled. 'It is a mistake to think that the business man is devoid of imagination. On the contrary, some of the richest men I know have made their money by the exercise of imagination. Some people call it foresight. Well, I have had a fine flash of foresight so far as this place is concerned. Look at that levely turf, those rolling hills, the little brook with its feathery ferns; look at those sand-dunes over there. Take in the lovely prospect from the Dower-House. My dear Miss May, I can see the gold fairly bubbling out of the ground. I can see all that fine fringe of gorse and heath and heather over there by the sea selling for its weight in silver. The whole thing came to me when I was waiting for you. There is the fortune crying aloud to be picked up and dropped in your pocketa.

'Coal!' May cried. 'Dirty gray coal! The hideous blotting of the landscape'—

'Nothing of the kind.' Warrener laughed.
'Nothing shall disturb the peaceful serenity of the scene; nothing shall move the firmness of the prospect. Let us go to the top of the common, and there, under the seal of secrecy, I will tell you of my discovery.'

(To be continued.)

THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM OF LONDON.

By Captain George S. C. SWINTON, L.C.C.



S in the frame of the animal, so in the body politic of the city, nothing is of more paramount importance than free circulation. In both, stoppage or even stagnation means disease and death. The largest the supples

and death. The larger the surface, the more complicated the functions, the more impartive it is that there should be ample facilities it the rapid passage throughout the whole system is life-blood. And the life-blood of a great mannity is its stream of labourers and of the int of their laboure

On this small spot of the earth which we call laston, all trades, almost every calling, by which as live and prosper have through the past come seather for their mutual gain, in order that they get the communicate the easier. It is interesting to use how and why a city grows. The waterway of it hanes invited a scaport, and the building of a large across that waterway fixed the site of the lowest hand the protecting shelter of the fortress of its lover gathered the trade. The Government is town and the trade prospered. Not only did to the country made London its headquarters, and its town and the trade prospered. Not only did to be controlled to the greatest. She grew to be the greatest

capital of the freest people, and the crowds gathered to her from far and near. Remember, always for their mutual advantage. Then came the railways, and with them congestion. Alongside their tracks there may be solitude, but at their halting-places, much more at their junctions, much more still at the termini, where all that they carry is shot out, thicker and thicker becomes the crush.

There arrives a moment when the advantage ceases. We have got to the position when our London is too swollen and too expensive. She has outgrown her arteries, with the result that the streets have become overcrowded to a point which hinders traffic. Intercommunication has become difficult; it takes too long; and the advantage of living in community has gone. Our problem to-day is to look to the restoration of that advantage. If we do not, trade will go and fashion will go. Every man and every industry to which time means money will move out. For what do they gain by remaining? Land and labour are cheaper outside, and rates are lower. Why should they stay? In the past, enterprise brought the best of everything to London. There is a danger that in the future enterprise will lead both brains and capital elsewhere. But the poor cannot easily migrate, and they will stay to starve.

This may sound a somewhat overdrawn picture; but it is necessary to look ahead, and no one can view the increase in the cost of living, the non-employment, and the poverty in our central area without grave disquietude. On the face it is ideal, this moving out of the great industries into healthier surroundings, if it were not that only the best workers go. The residue (the older people, the infirm, the weaklings) remain behind to find fresh work if they can, but anyway to face the ever-increasing burden of the rates. Therefore, whenever we talk of London problems the one paramount consideration which we should put above all others is the preservation of our trade. We must fight that nothing should be done to injure it, that everything should be done to increase it. With all the difficulties with which she has to contend, it is only on the very soundest finance that London can continue to thrive.

This is more especially the case because in all matters of locomotion we are to-day face to face with a revolution. The railways, running along expensive tracks huge trains which stop only at few points, have been, as I have said, the most fruitful cause of congestion. The electric-car on the railroad, even more the electric tramcar proceeding along the common thoroughfare, will help to spread the people, and in a smaller degree the workshops; but the results of both will be infinitesimal compared to what we may expect from the commercial motor-car of the future. Remember that it is still in its infancy, that the forces of science are only now getting to work upon it, and that it will become cheaper and more reliable every day. The motor is going to restore the pre-railroad conditions of an open land; with the further advantage that, whereas the horse's range back or fore was limited to some ten or twenty miles, its range is illimitable. It is not only fast, but untiring. It will bring into profitable use for industrial purposes, and for housing purposes, fresh land far and near. It will cause the formation of new ways of commerce and new centres of both work and pleasure. And it may well sound the death-knell of some of the older centres, where the conditions of life and trade have become difficult and costly. It is time that we woke up.

Now, what are the cheapest and the best ways of keeping London up to the mark, so that trade and fashion, with all the wealth which follows in their train—wealth for the masses as well as for the so-called classes—shall continue to use it as their fountain-head? We must undoubtedly rectify the congestion. Travelling has got into the blood. People wish to be in and out and about. And they demand to move fast. If we are to compete with the world in these days we must have no waste. We simply cannot afford to take twice as long as is necessary to get from place to place. A man's time, whether he be a plutocrat, a salaried official, or a workman at the trades-union rate of wages, is too valuable.

It is a question as to whether much can be done to increase the uses of our great waterway. The unfortunate results of the County Council's experiment in steamboats are not encouraging. go to show that the experts were right who said that passenger traffic on a tidal river cannot compete with the more up-to-date methods of locomotion along its banks. The estuary of the Thames will always help to feed London trade, but the distribution from the docks must take place mainly by land-carriage. On the river carriage may be cheap, but it must inevitably be Also, in nearly every case there must be With the railways, also, there transhipment. must perforce be much costly handling of goods. The deliberate action of Parliament in early days prevented the railway companies from coming in to the centre, and we shall for all time pay the penalty of this short-sighted policy. The ideal city would have a mighty railway junction at its heart, with lines radiating in every direction. We have to content ourselves with a series of connections by circles. We already have two, the Inner and the Outer, and we are now promised yet a third, farther out still. At the heart of the town our London clay has come to our rescue, and so far as passenger traffic is concerned the linking up of these different localities where country travellers arrive will shortly enable every man to compass the distances, though not under the best possible conditions. Nobody will spend his time underground for choice. Nor will it be very easy, though undoubtedly in the next few years it will be seriously attempted, to make any great use of the tubes for the carriage of goods. By the use of carriage-lifts it may be possible to obviate some of the cost of handling; but there will be difficulties to overcome. We must all, however, appreciate the private enterprise which has sunk sixteen million pounds in the depths of the earth to give us a hundred miles of fast service, and wish it a good return for its

It is when we get off the private tracks on to the public thoroughfares that we see the tendency to go back to first principles. In the streets of London, as it will soon be in the streets of all cities-one might almost say as it will soon be on the roads, big and little, of all civilised countries -we are face to face with a conflict of methods of transportation. Horses are going; what is to take their place? Is it to be rails or no rails? Are we to have vehicles dependent on a connection, run on a track and tied to that track, practically street railroads, cheap and comfortable for passenger use but of little value to commerce, of necessity slow in crowded districts, and a source of serious congestion? Or are we to have vehicles carrying with them their own motive-power, quite independent, capable of being employed on any errand, starting anywhere, going anywhere, stopping anywhere, ending up anywhere, as liquid as

vater, and, some would say, as unstable? From which are we going to get the best value, the most comfortable, the fastest, the cheapest service, and the least obstructive to other forms of traffic? In the interests of trade we must always consider the last. We must not sacrifice everything for the convenience of passengers.

There can be no question that the tramcar must be more comfortable than the omnibus, and safer. Equally there can be no denying that a tramway waten must be more obstructive to other vehicles. The rails on which it runs are useful and economical to the tramway, but harmful to everything cise, while the cars themselves cannot give way; nor can they pass each other when full, or run express. The slowest car sets the pace of all, and a breakdown of any description across the line, whether caused by tramway accident or any other spaces, blocks the whole procession. We must lay it down that in a congested district the motoroms, which can worm its way round all obstacles or change its route, must be the fastest.

There remains the question of cost; and that, so is as London is concerned, I believe resolves itself into the consideration of whether street widenings are or are not needed. Remember that a tramway is exceptional in that it requires at any rate a minimum width of fourteen feet for a double tack, and of nine and a half feet on either side for one line of traffic. That is the statutory width; but every really progressive reformer would hold that on either side there should always be room for two lines of traffic, so as to give the power of passing a vehicle standing by the kerb. If that ie admitted, then a tramway-road should be fifty lest wide, exclusive of the pavement, and I need bardly say that there are very few routes along which extensive widenings would not be necessary. have elsewhere pointed out that to widen the main streets of central London the width of a trancer works out at about half a million pounds a mile; and to show that this is not excessive I all quote two instances which came before the County Council in the space of one fortnight. To vien to an average of twelve feet, ten at one ad and fourteen at the other, a frontage of sixtyin feet in Piccadilly cost thirty-four thousand ponds, or at the rate of two million four hundred isonand pounds a mile. I shall be told that this in expensive central position, and has nothing b to with tramways; the other instance has. It at widening in Fulham High Street, some five the from Charing Cross, necessary in order that the transay should be run from Putney to Here, to throw one-seventeenth of a are into the roadway will cost sixty-four thouby pounds. When such figures as these have to e faced, even only occasionally, we are compelled Even the wealth of London cannot tad such luxuries as a complete tramway throughout the centre. As in most diffithe result will probably be a compromise.

In the suburbs, right out into the surrounding country, and along certain selected wide thoroughfares—it may come to making new ones, but for the moment the Embankment is the most notable instance—we shall depend on tramways. The linking up, the threading of the narrow streets, must be undertaken by something less obstructive, less costly, and more fluid.

When we have decided this we have at one stroke wiped out a nightmare of many millions. Instead of the inelastic minimum width, it becomes a question of dealing with a few points of congestion, with street-crossings, with individual trades; with the approaches to the railway stations, the docks, and the markets; with theatre traffic, and other considerations of fashion. In places costly widenings may still be required, but the money will be spent for the advantage of all kinds of vehicles with their varying uses. And much may be left to the police. They must be given fuller powers and encouraged to use them, while that encouragement must come from some permanent body always working quietly at the problem in all its changing aspects, a body which will look far ahead and far afield, up in the air and down into the bowels of the earth, dreaming of traffic and of how it can be improved. Such a body has been recommended by the Royal Commission, and a Bill on the lines they suggest has been brought in by Sir John Dickson Poynder, who was a member of the Commission. Unfortunately it will meet with much unreasoning opposition, principally, I fear, from County Council sources. Mr John Burns has already declared against it, saying that the Council can themselves do all the work. I hardly think that among his multifarious duties he has found time seriously to consider the question, for the arguments in favour of an independent Board are so overwhelming. It is only necessary to mention three. The work must be continuous, independent of the exigencies of party and the changes which are bound to occur in a body re-elected every three years. It will be necessary to look twenty years ahead, to anticipate movements of population and developments of property. Then the area to be considered must be far wider than that controlled by the London County Council. The Bill proposes, and wisely proposes, the inclusion of not only London but the whole of Middlesex, thirtynine parishes in Surrey, nineteen in Kent, and fifteen each in Essex and Hertfordshire. Lastly, and most convincing of all, the Council by taking over the tramways has entered into competition with every other form of traffic. A competitor can in no way be a judge.

When the Traffic Board has come into being a great step will have been taken to guard the future prosperity of London. It will be the Board's business to find facilities for every kind of vehicle to pass freely wherever it wishes to go. The question of the vehicles themselves, their comfort and their motive-power, above all their speed, we must leave to the inventive geniuses of the future.

APART.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON,

Author of The Lunatic at Large, Count Bunker, &c.

IN THREE CHAPTERS .-- CHAPTER I.



O tall beech, though it might stretch to touch the clouds and its boughs swing airily, was ever rooted more solidly to earth than Ralph Delane to the London pavements. He was Town incarnate—the Town of talk

and hum and gleaming carriages and brilliant crowds and shady parks and high club-windows. All through his life it had been his taste, or his destiny, rather to hear the mouse squeak than the lark sing; in many languages (for he had travelled widely) the voices of the busy world had buzzed in his ears since his early youth; among countless men and women he had walked on carpet and flagstone, as seldom silent and solitary as one of a cawing flight of rooks, till in his very smile there seemed to linger an echo of the voices he had heard, as a reminiscence of the ocean is imprisoned in a shell.

Till the age of twenty, the second son of a merchant-prince who collected pictures, endowed a chair of Medieval Music, and belonged to the Carlton; from twenty to thirty, a younger brother and dilettante author; from thirty to forty-one, sole possessor himself of the family fortune, he was now the most perfect man of leisure in London. Where so many are idle, this was high praise indeed; but had you seen him strolling through the summer sunshine, his slender figure perfectly habited, a smile-a trifle bored perhaps, but always kind-ever in his eyes and ready to descend to his lips at the first sight of an acquaintance, the touch of imperial (shot with gray) conferring on him a singular distinction where another must have pleaded a dimple to excuse it, you would begin to appreciate the description. had you further enjoyed his society for only halfan-hour, his charm of manner, his erudition in so many provinces of knowledge that no busy man could find the time to gather the half together, the detached philosophy of outlook and catholicity of taste impossible to a combatant in the arena—these would convince a Socialist.

Nor did the danger lurk for him which had waylaid so many of the leisured when the shadows lengthen—the emptiness of lonely age; for he was married to one of the most charming girls in London. True, she was even now but twenty-five and he one-and-forty; but no one among all their innumerable friends had seen a hint of difference, a symptom of discontent, on either side. Besides, it were too crude, too inartistic, to think of this fortunate couple as suffering from the mean anxieties of workaday mortals. They were rich and not conspicuously extravagant; so that the foundation

of all happiness was firm beneath their feet, they had no enemies, and they were even reported to possess the consolations of religion should any improbable mischance require their aid.

As a summer night was drawing in, this man so favoured of the gods paced westwards, through the hum of London and the glimmer of its lamps, arm-in-arm with his best of friends. Had they looked upwards they might have seen, in the lame of sky between the house-tops, a few pale stars piercing the perennial haze; but their eyes seemed more apt to study instead the flagstones that still exuded the heat they had gathered all through the sunny day—so apt that one would think their spirits drooped too. And this suspicion was rather confirmed than otherwise by the forced note of cheerfulness in his friend's voice when at last he broke a long interval of silence.

'Our world is not such a bad place after all, Ralph.'

'My dear Leonard, let us leave bad and good to the School Board. I say that I find it rather less amusing than Clapham Junction. That is all.'

'You merely mean you are bored.'

'Just as Charles the First might merely complain he was executed.'

'You may joke'---

'I was never more serious, Leonard. The parallel is exact, for I am being bored to death.'

He smiled himself, and it was Farrer who now looked doleful. This intimate and sympathetic friend was a burly, bearded man, dressed for warmth and decency without thought of the pain his sagging trousers caused an artistic soul, owner of a dreamy gray eye, and editor of an important periodical. He answered nothing, and in a moment Delane laughed rather sadly and spoke again.

'Surely there are enough ways of putting a man out of his misery without resorting to slow torture?' Farrer looked at him with the air of a family

physician.
 'Has it been going on for long?' he inquired gravely.

'For more years than I care to calculate.'

'My dear Ralph,' said Farrer earnestly, 'why not take up your pen again?'

'The motive, my friend—the motive. I am one of those who believe that if William Shakespeare had inherited one thousand pounds a year we should never have enjoyed *Hamlet*. And I have inherited a number of thousands.'

His friend pressed his arm persuasively.

'My dear Ralph, you know I can always make room for your things. For instance, those critical essays you used '——

'Used!' exclaimed Ralph. 'You have said it all. I used to take exercise when I feared fatness. Now that I know I am numbered among the chronically lean, have you ever seen me move at a trot? Not even to dodge a bus, Leonard.'

'What about dabbling in politics, then? It is

the idle Englishman's refuge.

'I am neither quite cynic nor quite fool enough.' 'But, Ralph, doesn't the thought of reputation'---

'I have seen how they are made.'

Or trying to do some good in the world?'

'I have observed the mischief that ensues.'

Farrer frowned thoughtfully. 'You have completely cut your connection with the business?' he asked

'That was my last serious intellectual exertion: againsting the sale of my interest in Delane and Son It was done within six months of poor George's death.' He looked at his friend quaintly. 'Do you know, Leonard, I believe my brother died to prove himself right. He always used to declare that I was happier as an impecunious dabbler in the arts than I'd ever have been as heir to our lather's fortune. For the same reason I feel conmed he kept himself a bachelor previously. Curious example of the pertinacious arguer, wasn't

For a few minutes Farrer made no reply. Then he mid, 'You hinted at taking some desperate

'Leonard, I am tired of this town.'

'Ired of this town!' cried Farrer. 'My dear fellow, you are this town !'

A busy man himself, basking in a fine evening's thenes, he could find no words adequately to upress his wonder. The delicious warmth, the arnad lights, the mysterious dark houses, the raispering young leaves, the spell of revelling samer London how they soothed and how they sired! While here was the essence of London

'Like Beelzebub,' smiled Ralph, 'London is trided against itself. Part-its silk hats and anibuses, its stucco and twopenny tubes-will tay where they are, near the Thames and not far me the infernal regions; the rest will retire to a er are and a leaky roof my father once bought I reland under the impression that his ancestors cold with a "y" and represented a line of

What! Not Bally-- What is it?

have no more idea than you. The last few riales will always elude me.

I thought it was a bog on the edge of the Linux.

'So it is.'

farrer stared at him.

What, in Heaven's name, will you do there? Think and breathe! You wouldn't imagine I a rest-cure ! My spirit does, Leonard-my an whatever you like to call it."

Leonard looked at him oddly out of the corner of his eye. Twice he seemed about to speak and then to hesitate. The third time the words came, blurted awkwardly as though his judgment knew not whether to let them escape or not: 'But-you haven't forgotten you are married?'

Delane seemed to stiffen his back a little.

'Am I likely to, with the name of Mrs Ralph Delane four times a week in the Morning Post, her photograph in three series of "Amateur English Beauties," and the bill for her last gown in my pocket at this moment?'

A look of physical pain passed over Leonard's face.

'Don't be cynical, Ralph, about '--- He hesitated.

'About marriage? My dear fellow, you talk as a reverential bachelor, standing beside the area railings of the happy Benedict's house and peeping enviously through the chinks in the curtains. It does look warm and comfortable inside-doesn't it? Never saw such a happy household before, did you?'

He laughed, but not infectiously. Indeed, it was in a very low and miserable voice that his friend said, 'I always thought your marriage perfect.

Ralph retained his perfect composure.

'Yes, it is true that there hasn't been a black eye yet between us. Negatively, Leonard, my marriage has been-as you surmised-perfect.'

'Is that really all you can say?'

At last Delane spoke as though he were moved.

'All I can say. What I feel-what I thinkwho can guess that has not loved so that the world's horizon was crimson with the fires of dawn, and then watched the colour slowly die out of the sky and the heavens change to London drab?'

Leonard pressed his arm more closely.

'Has anything happened-anything'-

'Absolutely nothing. She has danced in one direction, I have sauntered in another, till suddenly I have realised that between us we have covered several million miles. Now we are as far apart as an average pair of stars-or an average husband and wife.

On the surface, Farrer seemed the more moved of

'My dear fellow! my dear fellow!' were all the words he could frame; and then in a little, 'When do you leave London?'

'To-night.'

Farrer started.

'But Esther-I thought you told me she was going to Lady Wilsden's dance?'

'She will be putting on her diamonds at this moment.'

'Then she doesn't go with you?'

'I have not asked her yet. In fact, she doesn't know I am going.'

Leonard stopped short and turned himself to confront his friend.

This movement withdrew his arm from Ralph's; but instantly Delane slipped his through Farrer's and said in a tone of affectionate persuasion, 'My dear old Leonard, I have a very great favour to ask you. Of all my friends, you know Esther best. I want you to break this news to her.'

Farrer stared at him.

'What the deuce !--why can't you tell her yourself?'

'I hate scenes.'

'Do you imagine I enjoy them?'

'There will be none, I assure you. Esther is too well-bred to cause a scene with a man she isn't

Unheeding his friend's continued stare, he took a letter from his pocket and went on: 'In case you failed to turn up to-night I wrote you a letter explaining the situation. Take it, and quote any extract you please. It may make the iob simpler.'

'You actually wish me to do this?' demanded Farrer. 'You would leave such a thing to another man ?

'Leonard, old friend, don't you know me well enough to guess how impossible such a scene would be for me? I gave up shooting because I couldn't bear to see a wounded bird flutter. Do you think I can hurt Esther? When I contemplate itsaying the words I have said to you, tearing the veil of outward affection that has always hung between us and the dismal inward truth, I know I should break down. One tear, one cry of protest, and I should beg her pardon, kiss the tear away, and resume the old weary round. And we must get out of it somehow, Leonard. But how-but how? Honestly, I see no other way but leaving her. If she follows-well! If she doesn't-well again!'

Farrer gazed at him compassionately.

'Has she never realised all this herself?' he asked gently.

'No more than the dancing motes in a sunbeam realise it is frosty outside.'

'Ralph, tell me truly-do you care for her, or don't you?'

'I spoke just now as if love had died clean out; but would I feel so unhappy if it really had?

Farrer was silent for a moment; then he said, 'If I am going to see her, it should be at once. Suppose I turn up at Bertha Wilsden's? She's my cousin. I can tell her I want to study modern ballroom customs with a view to an editorial. I don't suppose she would mind much.'

'She will merely stipulate that you mention her by name in your article.'

Delane spoke like his quietly caustic self again; but as he pressed his friend's hand over the door of a cab his grip was more eloquent of gratitude than any phrase. All he remarked was, 'Don't forget your white gloves.'

'Thanks for reminding me,' said Leonard simply,

and drove off through the dusk in company with many thoughts.

'Man is certainly an odd kind of ape,' they ran. 'Here am I, a person of quiet tastes, a creature content in a library of books, an anomaly at balls, a foreigner to more than half the men at my club, and yet I am happy enough here; while Ralph Delane, the very essence of everything in town, runs away from it to meditate in a peat-bog. And all to escape from the most charming woman in England. Bachelors, beware!'

Meanwhile Ralph Delane strolled more and more slowly, as if he were lingering for some set purpose, till at last he drew near his home. This house stood in a long square where a fine show of tall trees and dark foliage towered in the midst of silent, white-walled mansions. A carriage stood by the kerb, and, as he approached, the vision of a white opera-cloak flitted from the house into it, the coachman whipped up, and a pair of horses rattled swiftly by him. He never turned his eyes towards this carriage as it passed; but when it was gone his step notably quickened.

His valet entered his study in answer to his ring.

'Mrs Delane gone out?' he inquired.

'This moment, sir.'

He seemed satisfied and not surprised.

'Nearly finished my packing?'

'Almost, sir.'

'That is all.'

He fell into a chair and took a cigar, but for a time sat there too absorbed in thought to light it. Then his eyes roved to the mantelshelf, and after gazing for some moments he rose and came up to look more closely. It was a small photograph that so riveted his fancy—the photograph of a girl. Delane stared at it, sat down, and then a few minutes later rose and stared again. Four times did he rise and sit, and then at last, moved by an impulse too strong for him, he picked it up and slipped it into his pocket.

'You fool!' he muttered, smiling wryly at his

He started as the door-handle turned, and placed himself instinctively to hide the gap where the photograph had stood. It was his butler who entered.

'A man to see you, sir,' said he.

'At this hour? What name?'

'He didn't give any, sir.'

'A gentleman?'

The butler hesitated.

'He might, sir, be described as such-nowadays.'

'What is he like?'

The butler hesitated still more.

'Begging your pardon, sir, he-he is not remarkably unlike yourself, sir.'

Ralph raised his brows and looked at his watch.

'All right. I shall see him.'

He returned the unlit cigar to the box and went down to the library.

(To be continued.)

FAT QUAIL

By 'SNAFFLE.'



OST people who are in the habit of passing through the streets of the west end of London must have noticed the words 'Fat Quail' posted up in the poulterers' shops; but few

of them have considered what is really involved in the existence of such notices. It used formerly to be the practice of such establishments to expose to the public view large flat crates, through the apertures of which the little heads of the smallest of the fowl-tribe were frequently protoided. This practice has, I believe, now entirely ceased, probably less from any humane notive than from an uneasy feeling on the part of the poulterer that he is undoubtedly breaking the law by being in possession of these birds at all

The law is often ambiguously set forth in Acts of Parliament; and to this fact the Acts relating to mimals and birds form no exception. Many readers will recollect the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt's expressed intention 'to put an end to all rabbit-trapping in the open' when he introduced the Ground Game Act. Yet the very first test can taken under the Act resulted in the decision that, as the preamble of the Act spoke of tenant-famers only, the provisions of the Act could not affect others; and there is to-day more trapping in the open than there was before the Act was passed.

In the same way there has been a doubt as to the construction of the Wild Birds Protection Acts, so is a they relate to the live-quail trade. In the first place, the original Act of 1880 undoubtedly sancioned this trade by making it illegal to expose wild and for sale unless the seller could prove that they bought or received from some person residing out of the United Kingdom. It was thus the law, however absurd, that a migrant bird, which would have arrived in England within a few hours, might raily be captured in Pas-de-Calais and sent to Lagand by the next steamer. But in the followof year this proviso was repealed, and a new time was passed which related to dead birds alone. therefore, the offences of exposing or offering for at or having control or possession of, any live bird recently taken have now no legal excepto that there should be no reasonable doubt is the London poulterer is liable, on a second contition, to a fine of five shillings for every live and on his premises. It is, therefore, not to be red at that they are no longer exposed to the view of the passer-by. But they are on the

There is moreover, a much simpler way to stop is illegal traffic. If the Society for the Protection is lively would make it its business to take action

at the docks where the birds are landed even concealment would be impossible. Rail and steamship companies would soon refuse the illegal consignments, and the trade must come to an end. The representative of the Protection of Birds Society might well be accompanied by an inspector of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who, I can assure the council of that society, would also find plenty to interest him in the crates. But this is a branch of the subject to which I will return later.

To come back to the question of law. The meaning of the words 'recently taken' has been disputed; but it seems to me clear enough. A bird recently taken is one that has been taken since the termination of the period during which it was lawful to take it in this country. It is sometimes difficult to prove that any particular bird is a wild bird, but less so with quail, which do not, I believe, breed in captivity. It has also been suggested to me that the 'taking' must be contrary to British law; but I think there can be no doubt that the Act of 1881 disposed of this point. The Act of 1880 made the exception which was expressly removed by that of the following year.

The quail is, as I have before mentioned, a species of the gallinaceous or fowl tribe. There are various kinds of quail, varying in size down to the tiny 'button' quail of tropical Asia; and of these the common quail is the largest. It may be well here to remark that the still larger 'American quail' or 'Bob White' is not a true quail at all. The common quail, which is found in most temperate parts of the Old World, is of course a British bird, though for reasons into which I shall presently enter it has become a rare one. The present writer, though familiar with the birds in many lands, has only once seen a 'bevy of quail'-this is the correct sporting term-in Britain. That was near Waddesdon in Buckinghamshire. But only last year he was fortunate enough to hear the bird's well-known call, 'Wet-your-lips! wet-yourlips!' within a dozen miles of London, in Essex. From its habits, the quail, like the landrail—which bird, by the way, the Germans quaintly entitle 'the king of the quails' (Wachtelkonig)-is more frequently heard than seen. I have often been amused by watching one of the enormously heavy, old-fashioned German pointers working backwards and forwards in a small potato-patch, with the result that perhaps two or three dead 'points' only resulted in one's discovering that the bird had crept off again. At last the dog would stand in a spot where there really hardly seemed cover for a black-beetle, but when one approached him, whirr! the bird got up. Quail-shooting, however, is but poor sport. The bird is not so much easy to hit as difficult to miss, so simple and straight-away is its flight. Moreover, if it does escape, it never goes far, and, with a good dog and plenty of patience, is sure to be flushed again. Every year a few are shot by our own partridge-seeking gunners, and, strange to say, more often in Ireland than in England. Some were so shot this year in Monmouthshire. As a rule, however, the lateness of the English harvest enables the bird to commence its southward migration before the gun is much en evidence in this country. In Ireland quail are legally protected until the 19th of September, which makes it quite remarkable that any should be shot there at all.

Quail winter, as a rule, to the southward of the Mediterranean, though I have met with a few birds right through the year in the island of Cyprus and elsewhere to the northward of that sea. Drawing together from the whole of upper Europe, the birds pass in great numbers-each flock being composed of one sex only, cocks or hens-along the peninsulas which project south, and then cross the sea, using the islands which dot the Mediterranean as intermediate halting-places. They are everywhere welcomed (?) by the local gunner; and, having regard to the time of year, one can hardly object to this. In fact, it comes under the head of legitimate sport, and if the birds were left alone on their southward journey, it would hardly have any appreciable affect on their numbers. Once across the sea, they may consider themselves fairly safe, though some are shot and snared during the winter in Africa, and especially by visitors to Egypt.

It was presumably in late autumn that the journeying Israelites fell in with the quails, which must have been exceedingly plentiful in those remote ages. Moses, as an educated man, would, of course, have understood, and even expected, the occurrence; but that the thing should strike the Israelites as wonderful seems quite incomprehensible when it is remembered that these people had been living for generations

in Egypt.

Centuries elapsed without in any way affecting the habits—which, indeed, are still unchanged—or the destinies of the quail. A certain number would be taken in nets and eaten, and some no doubt were despatched alive to figure in the banquets of ancient Rome. It is, however, improbable that even the general introduction of firearms much reduced their numbers. What did do so was the increased facility for rapid despatch to the great centres of population.

Let us follow them on their journey; and remember that it is a journey undertaken for the purposes of breeding—a fact which would, as a rule, extend the sympathy of the roughest classes of sportsmen to a bird. First of all they collect in Lower Egypt, and there the fellah is busy with his nets. But I propose to deal with Egypt separately. Across the sea go the little travellers;

and when they alight on the Greek islands they find them bristling with nets. In fact, a majority of the birds never do alight, but fly into the nets, and are promptly taken out and basketed. One of the first things that opened the eyes of the British public to the enormities of the quail traffic was a consular report showing the vast numbers of these birds annually exported from the island of Cerigo alone, an island not so long ago a British possession. It is said, and I fear with truth, that in the Greek islands the natives have a peculiarly cruel method of attracting the quail. The birds first caught are blinded and put in cages in the sun behind the nets, so that their cry may attract new arrivals. But where the whole traffic is so cruel it is hardly worth specifying any particular part of it. As a rule the quail-pipe is used to attract the flocks; and even this is not absolutely necessary, as if the nets are left quiet and undisturbed nature will bring victims to them. Many of those which escape the nets fall victims to the prowling Greek gunner; and indeed they are pursued ruthlessly right up the Adriatic shores. Once they reach central Europe they are safe for some months. Those who adopt the more westerly routes have equal troubles. They are netted on the coasts, and indeed inland. In Italy, to the eternal disgrace of a country calling itself civilised, battues are organised; and in April the Roman papers teem with accounts of the hundreds of quail shot by the Duca di - or the Marchese di it any wonder that, when we deduct the birds which stop to breed in France and Germany, few indeed are left to come on to England? Let us return to those which have fallen into the

seized-by hands not intentionally rough, indeed, for the live birds alone have a value, but hastyand crammed pell-mell into crates, which are shipped as quickly as possible on steamers and taken away. Some years ago it was said that France and Germany had agreed to prohibit the transit of live quail. Whether this was ever carried out I do not know; but if so, the birds brought to England come by the Bay of Biscay. In any case the obvious result of hunger, heat, want of air, and overcrowding is greatly to reduce the live contents of the crates. It would be interesting to have the figures of the live birds despatched and the live birds—out of the same crates—actually received in London. Yet I am told that 'to successfully prosecute for cruelty in packing and transit we should have to prove that it is "illegal" cruelty, and that it was done on our shores.' The idea of legal cruelty is, I confess, new to me; and if the birds are anybody's property when they land, that

owner should be responsible, and forfeiture of the

crates should be part of the penalty-one which

would catch the alien owner also. But, as I have said before, I am not without hope that the

existing law will put a stop to all consignments of

live quail to England. I am not sanguine enough

hands of the netters. The terrified creatures are

to expect to see the item of cailles-en-aspic disappear from the menu of all our summer 'functions,' beame, of course, it will be worth while to send a seamer with cold storage accommodation to a few principal points in April; but there will not be any market for live birds in England. And when we have put our own house in order, we can then with more reason approach other states. Italy has long been considered incorrigible in all matters relating to bird-life, and I am afraid with reason; but perhaps if we urge upon her the example of cirilised nations to the northward something may be done.

It has been said that, Egypt being to a certain citent under our control, England should interfere to sup the netting of quail in that country. In the first place, however, the entire administration of Egypt during the last quarter-century goes to show that we have always avoided as much as possible any interference with what may be called domestic matters in that country. In the second, if the Egyptian Government were asked to interfere,

they would no doubt point out that what they were being asked to do was to deprive their people of a certain amount of profit in order to increase that of the Greek peasants on the other side of the Mediterranean, but that the birds would be netted just the same.

The first thing to be done is to stop the traffic in live quails in this country, either by the application of the present law, or, if that prove insufficient, by the enactment of a new one. We shall then be in a position to approach Germany (a country always ready to enter into an equitable arrangement for the protection of game), France, and Austria. Italy would probably follow so strong a lead; and the thing might then be said to be done. No doubt once the netting of quail was put an end to an increasing number of these birds would find their way to our islands annually, though it is probable that some considerable time would elapse before our meadows and corn-fields would in spring everywhere echo the cry of 'Wet-yourlips! wet-your-lips!'

SOME HIGHLAND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

By D. MACLEOD.



N this solitary and exposed Highland hamlet by the North Minch where these lines are penned we are but little disturbed by the various public questions that agitate people in the great world. Whatever meagre

howledge we possess of the social, economic, and political problems that trouble the nations is gleaned hom the columns of our favourite weekly newspers. The clash of political arms that marked the last General Election reverberated for a time mong our quiet glens like the echoes of a distant hunderstorm, and created some little stir in the laid waters of our sequestered life. Then the Church question still forms a bone of bitter conention, especially on Sabbath-days, between neighbers who are in all other respects on the most rendly terms. As a community we are very constrative on all questions except those relatmy to the Land Laws, and on these we are red-hot dials to a man. For the rest, we are content blare things as they are. Innovation in any in we regard with suspicion and distrust. We mader it wiser to bear with the hardships and petr wornes to which we have grown accustomed than to invite others in a guise with which we are

Thus it is that we cling tenacionaly to habits and cutous of a past age. It is a common saying with a bat our ancestors were better men than we are, so it is a what was good enough for them is good enough for ma. But it is to be feared that this

philosophical dictum is often used to cover our apathetic attitude towards matters that clamour for immediate attention on our part. For we are by no means averse to changes that bring in their train greater personal comforts, so long as they do not exact too much individual effort. As a matter of fact, we are rapidly acquiring luxurious tastes and habits. This is one of the inevitable results of our position on the very fringe of civilisation. It has been said that the luxuries of one age become necessaries in the next; and we are proving the truth of the saying.

It is, however, in our beliefs and general habits of mind that our conservatism exhibits itself in the most marked degree. Our attitude towards religion is of the stern, uncompromising kind which the most extreme sect of the Covenanters adopted in the south of Scotland close on two hundred and fifty years ago. Our views regarding other aspects of the supernatural are being slowly modified by the spread of education. But we are still extremely superstitious in the vulgar sense. Not only do we believe in ghosts, goblins, and other products of second-sight; but we have among us a few old men and old women who can point out the hills and hollows where the fairies held their orgies when they themselves were lads and lasses, and they become quite garrulous on the subjects of waterkelpies, the 'evil-eye,' and various other uncanny things. If one had the time and inclination to write down the weird tales told by these survivors of a past age, one could easily compile a fat volume

of varied, and on the whole interesting, matter which would bring us wonderfully near the dark days when superstition held almost undisputed sway in this remote corner of Scotland. But for obvious reasons we must confine ourselves in this paper to forms of superstition that are still, or were until very recently, not uncommon in many out-of-the-way parts of the Highlands. We deal with three different aspects of the subject: the influence of the 'evil-eye' (to which was attributed many forms of illness), witchcraft, and second-sight.

'Bless you!' or its Gaelic equivalent, is an expression that frequently falls from the lips of a Highlander. It is not uttered as a mere purposeless exclamation, but rather as a genuine appeal to the Almighty in some one's behalf. Should you stumble when walking or choke in the act of swallowing a dry biscuit, your companion, if you have one, immediately shouts, 'Bless you!' The same words are also used to guard against the influence of the evil-eye. Indeed, they are equally potent in counteracting any malign influence that may consciously or unconsciously lurk in your own eye. If you comment on the size or beauty of a child, or count the individuals in a flock of sheep or in a herd of cattle, and not use the magic words, the chances are your hearers will look askance at you; and woe betide you should aught untoward befall the objects of your attention. Deiseil (sunwards, or turning from south to west according to the apparent course of the sun) has much the same significance as 'Bless you!' but in a limited sense. If, when you are in the act of eating, a crumb or other particle of food goes down 'the wrong way,' 'Deiseil!' is interjected as an antidote to any possible mishap. A Highland fisherman usually turns his boat (especially a rowing-boat) deiseil. At one time, when a birth took place in a family it was customary for a member of the household to walk seven times deiseil round the house, so as to oppose an invisible but impregnable barrier to any of the 'little folks' (fairies) who might have had designs on the new arrival. As a similar precaution, no fire or light could be taken out of the house before the infant was seven days old. A stye on the eye is charmed away by the use of a certain incantation in which the numbers one to seven and seven to one backwards are repeated without drawing breath, while the first finger of the right hand makes a pass over the affected organ as each number is repeated.

Most people have heard of the healing virtues attributed to a seventh son when no daughter has intervened to break the continuity of succession; but the cure for lumbago is perhaps one of the strangest, and to the patient frequently one of the most trying, that could well be imagined. The patient lies prone on his face, while one who has made an abnormal entrance into the world—that is to say, who has presented himself in the position in which human beings are usually conveyed to their

last resting-place—travels twice along his back, from the loins up to the shoulders, and back again to the starting-point. A few years ago the writer saw a woman of small proportions undergoing this drastic treatment, the leech being a man nearly siz feet high. Needless to say, he had his boots off. The experiment was tried in a field in the presence of several people, who seemed to expect great results from the remedy.

The cure for toothache is a species of faith-healing. In many of the crofting and fishing townships on the western seaboard of Ross and Sutherland, and in the Long Island, there is a 'specialist' in dental diseases. A friend of the writer, whose curiosity had got the better of his discretion, once visited a woman of this class with a pathetic account of his sufferings from toothache. The woman wrote some words on a piece of paper, which she then carefully folded up into small compass, and told the bogus patient to hide it where no one would be able to find it. He himself was threatened with pains and penalties should he either glance at the inscription or reveal the place of concealment. The prying rascal had no sooner got to a respectful distance from the woman's domicile than he eagerly examined the paper. In a sprawling, barely legible hand were written the words, 'Believe, Peter, and thou shalt never feel toothache.' As Peter was not the youth's name, he concluded that the magic sentence was intended to pass as a quotation from the New Testament. Bleeding from the nose or from a wound has also its 'specialists,' who, it is believed, can quench the flow of blood without even going to the trouble of seeing the sufferer. To prevent serious consequences from the bite of a mad dog, the wound is washed with water in which the animal's teeth have previously been cleaned. A somewhat gruesome remedy is that recommended for the cure of rheumatism. A live cock, the common domestic chanticleer, is cut lengthwise in two halves, and the ghastly pieces, while still warm, are applied to the affected parts. It is noteworthy that infectious diseases are not included in the list of ailments which are believed to yield to the influence of these novel methods of treatment. The omission is significant, for Highlanders are inordinately afraid of infection.

The sphere of witchcraft is a fertile field to explore, more especially that side of it which deals with the domestic animals. Of these last, the cow, being the most valuable, was naturally regarded as the most susceptible to the baneful effect of the evileye. The witch is a creature peculiar to no one country. The species is as cosmopolitan by right of birth and upbringing as the type is by virtue of her privilege to ride on the wings of the storm seated on a broomstick. Her mode of life differs with different countries. The power of aerial locomotion commonly attributed to her never, strangely enough, received recognition in Highland folklore; but she is credited with the power to transform herself, if the need arise, into one of the lower animals, a

hare by preference. The advantages accruing from being able to undergo a process of metamorphosis at will are obvious and manifold. Four feet can carry one out of danger more speedily than two, identification becomes difficult if not impossible, and a small object such as a hare can prowl about a cow-shed or among a herd of cattle grazing in the fields with a greater chance of escaping detection than a human being. A hare-that is, a witch in disguise-is invulnerable to an ordinary bullet. Nothing but silver can prove effective, and many stories are told of samekeepers having with a doubled-up sixpennypiece successfully wounded a suspicious hare which has proved itself bullet-proof. An incident of this kind which happened not long ago is worth telling. A crofter had reason to believe that one of his best cows had been bewitched, and being a notorious poscher and good shot, he loaded a gun with a bent supenny-bit and kept a patient and watchful eye on his cattle. For several days nothing happened. Then his vigilance was rewarded, for in the quiet dusk of an evening he surprised a hare moving in dose proximity to his cows. Taking careful aim, he fired and wounded the animal, which, however, impingly made off. Next day he learned that an oil woman who lived with a sister, also aged, in a small hut in the neighbourhood, and who had amed for herself an unenviable notoriety as a witch, The seriously ill. The crofter's suspicions were amply confirmed when it was discovered that the aster rigidly excluded all neighbours from the house until the patient had recovered.

But witches are generally too wary and too nimble to fall into a trap. So they must be met with rapons similar to their own. Baleful as is their power, its effects can be counteracted by pitting winst it an influence more potent still, but of a tind that acts for the good of humanity. It is the id, old story, as old as man, of good versus evil, and good eventually gaining the day. The usual remedy is a bewitched cow is as simple as it is efficacious a the estimation of its votaries. Silver is again he magic element in the ceremony. You put a alter coin or a silver ring into a basin of water, wi you sprinkle the cow with the sacred fluid. If it animal shakes itself—which it usually does, for are not over-fond of water except for internal *-you may reckon the treatment has been highly Rossful But you can never depend on bovine expensies, and once in a while it happens that a minal is either absolutely indifferent to the pention or follows it with large, pathetic eyes, tile elections the utmost care that the priceless type are not dissipated by the least movement on part. When this happens you substitute gold it siver, and repeat the experiment. Should the or sill continue obdurate there remains the final ad supreme remedy. You get a pail nearly filled The valer from a running stream, and into it you in teren blades. Note the frequent recurrence the mysic number. Should the cow remain iterent after a third shower, its case is hopeless in the extreme. But the probability is that the laziest and most docile type of the bovine species will resent so much embarrassing attention and shake itself dry. This last circumstance undoubtedly explains the reputed virtue of the 'water off seven blades,' as it is technically called. The blades in question are the cutting parts of seven different sharp instruments. The difficulty of securing such a large variety of weapons is avoided by the use of pointed instruments if necessary. Thus a pin, a needle, an awl, a knife, a pair of scissors, a sickle or reaping-hook, and a scythe-blade would complete the list. Instances have been known in which the goodwife-who invariably delegates to herself these rites-has utilised her husband's razor, and, omitting to dry it, allowed it to get encrusted with rust. The next time the husband attempted to get through the uncomfortable but necessary ordeal of the weekly shave, lurid language would permeate the house, and the goodwife would likely find it an easier task to overcome the pernicious effects of witchcraft than allay the righteous wrath of her husband.

The gift of second-sight may be put into a different category. While no special qualification is essential to the exorcist, only certain persons, the 'fairy-kissed,' possess the faculty of second-sight. Indeed, those who are endowed with the gift of prophetic vision are subject to eerie and unpleasant experiences. Few people, if any, are brave enough to meet a ghost—the spirit of a deceased person appearing in human form—without quailing; nor can one contemplate an encounter with a wraiththe spirit of a living person-with any degree of comfort when one knows that the prototype may, at the same moment, be a hundred miles away. Of ghost-stories there is no end, and those current in the Highlands are not materially different from those encountered in other countries. Belief in that phase of second-sight which consists in seeing wraiths or some event prior to its actual occurrence is not confined to any particular country or to the uneducated classes. Numerous instances could be given illustrative of the widespread belief among Highlanders in this form of second-sight; but two must suffice. Both are of comparatively recent date, and the writer is in a position to vouch for the accuracy of the main facts of each case. In a small township in the north-west Highlands there lives a young man who, on several occasions, announced to his startled friends that he had seen a vision. Two years ago a near relative of the youth was seriously ill. One night the latter, in the company of a friend, was returning home from a visit to his sick relation, when all at once he stopped, doffed his hat, and, to the awe and astonishment of his companion, explained that a funeral procession was marching down the road in front. He recognised and named several members of the ghostly company. A few days later the sick man died. On the day of burial the young seer, who with his companion of the night of the vision accompanied

the mourners, pointed out from among the funeral party the very men he had seen on the former occasion. This incident may perhaps be thus explained. The 'fairy-kissed' youth is neurotic and excitable, and a firm believer in second-sight. left his dying friend, his mind would doubtless stray towards ghosts and funerals. Likely enough he quite expected to see some vision, and his lively imagination did the rest. As to the individuals he recognised, they were near neighbours who would in all probability be present at the funeral.

But the most ingenious theorist will find it difficult to account for the following case. The scene is laid in Sutherlandshire. One evening a crofter was sitting outside his cottage door, when he saw a stranger coming along the high-road towards the house. He watched the man for some minutes till, leaving the main road, the traveller took a branch path leading to the crofter's door. The crofter then stepped inside for a moment to inform his wife of the approach of a visitor. On going out again he was more than puzzled to find that the stranger had in the brief interval completely vanished. The house stood, and still stands, on a slight eminence from which an unobstructed view can be had of the immediate neighbourhood. But though the astonished crofter looked on all sides he could see nothing further of the stranger. None of the villagers whose houses he must have passed had observed him. It is important to note that the crofter there and then gave a full description of the man to his wife and to a brother. In a short time the incident, uncanny though it was, was forgotten. Some months later a child of the same crofter was suddenly taken ill. The doctor, a young practitioner who had but recently come into the district, was sent for, and in the course of the day the father was standing at the door of his cottage waiting impatiently for the doctor's arrival, when at a bend of the road appeared the mysterious stranger of several months before. He turned out to be the expected doctor; but in features, dress, and appearance generally he was the exact counterpart of the individual who had formerly presented himself. On inquiry, it was ascertained that the doctor had never before been in the neighbourhood, and on the particular day in question had been in the south of Scotland. The crofter, his wife, and brother, most respectable and estimable people, are still hale and hearty, and fond of describing this remarkable incident.

It would be easy to multiply these examples of the varied character of present-day Highland superstition, the lingering symptoms of a darker age, the shortened, attenuated shadows of the morning which will vanish when the sun shall have reached its zenith. For education is slowly, but none the less surely, diffusing its generous, kindly light over the most solitary clachans of the Highlands and the most remote islands of the far Hebrides; and probably the next generation will laugh

at many of the strange customs to which their worthy, if untutored, forefathers pinned their faith.

THE EXILE.

THE wide and dazzling pinions crossed The moor and glen before my gaze. What mighty wind, what hungry frost, Has driven to the inland ways An exile through the hapless days, The sea-bird, lone and lost?

The sea-bird, wheeling o'er the plain, Or dipping to the tideless mere, Gives forth again and yet again-Forlornly strange upon the ear, In faltering sea-notes sad and clear-Its longing and its pain.

O sea-bird! though so fair appear The rolling moors, the pastures wide-With here a sounding stream, and here The splendour of the mountain-side-You hunger for the rising tide, For far horizons clear.

The rising and the falling deep, The tumult of the driven spray, Round coasts where winds and waters sleep In haunted caverns dim and gray: You hear the voices far away-Voices that call and weep.

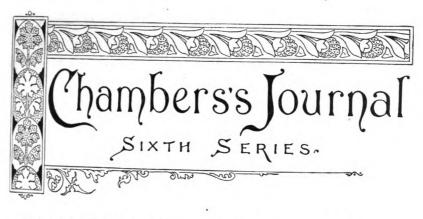
The glory of the lands have cast No spell to charm you to their rest. Strong be the tempest, fierce and fast, Shall seize and bear you on its breast Back to the wild and breaking crest, The tossing sea, at last!

What if the soul of man be blown O'er inland plains, bereft and lost; On faltering wings to soar alone, Flung from his far remembered coast, By some strange wind of fortune tossed, Some tempest all unknown?

How fair soe'er his fate befall, Far from these lands his heart is set; And restless sea-dreams still enthrall The soul whose pulse is thrilling yet, For spacious waters surge and fret Where sovereign voices call.

The secret hope he keeps entire Of high descent but half-divined, The spark of infinite desire That, fanned by some enchanted wind Through vast horizons of the mind, Flames to immortal fire.

Winds of the foam, give back once more The sea-bird to the ocean throng! Wind of the Breath of Life, restore The dreams that to the sea belong! O Winds of God, blow far and strong, And bear them to the shore! B. MAXTONE GRAHAM.



OLD ST PETER'S AND THE NEW ST PETER'S MUSEUM.

By Douglas Sladen.



AM able to announce on the authority of the most influential of the cardinals that the Pope intends to establish a St Peter's Museum like the Opera del Duomo at Florence and Sienna.

As the museum must consist chiefly of the remains of old St Peter's, I have been invited to recall all that is known of old St Peter's, and to sy something about the remains of it which are to be found in the crypt of the present church and elsewhere. The most important paintings of it are preserved in a little German capital, where a royal abless who was too infirm to make the pilgrimage to Rome was accorded the privilege of substituting visits to the church or convent embellished with these paintings. Various pictures of it, of course, erist in Rome, and there is a contemporary model of it preserved in the Vatican. But the chief ground we have to rely on for an idea of a museum of old St Peter's is the crypt of the present church. Until the present Pope's reign, the crypt of St Peter's was to the ordinary traveller a terra incogmia it was as difficult to see as the museum of the wealthy Torlonias, who, unlike the old Roman nobility, rigidly exclude the public from studyag their art-treasures. Leo XIII. for long would ther no one to visit it except by his personal emission. He believed that dynamitards wished a blow up St Peter's, though it is difficult to think but so holy a place would not be sacred even to a cuinal in search of advertisement; and any crimial though regardless of sacrilege, might be deterred by the superstition universally accredited that some threadous misfortune would happen to him who distanced the grave of St Peter. So firm is this bild that no attempt has ever been made to rethe to public view the glorious cross weighing one indeed and fifty pounds, of pure gold, which the Lapress Helena laid on the tomb sixteen centhis ago, and which Pope Clement VIII. (d. 1605) at all lying there when a portion of the roof

of the tomb fell in. Accompanied by Cardinals Bellarmin and Antoniano, he found that it bore the inscription, 'Constantinus Aug. et Helena Aug. hanc domum regalem (auro decorant quam) similifulgore coruscans aula circumdat.' He had at first the idea of clearing away the ruins and exposing the tomb, but was deterred, possibly by that superstition which is so universal at Rome that even if the Pope were to order the cross to be removed into the projected museum no Roman would take part in the work. Clement had the opening hurriedly closed and covered with a thick layer of masonry. This cross is the most valuable thing of its kind known to survive.

In Leo XIII.'s day the crypt could only be seen by torchlight, and it would have been easy for a miscreant to conceal himself in its dark recesses; but the Vatican authorities have now very wisely had it illuminated with electric light. Only—though proper persons are allowed to visit it—the regulations are so puzzling that few people ever achieve admission except under the wing of a high ecclesiastic or Mrs Pearde Beaufort, a persona grata at the Vatican, who lectures on the crypt.

The crypt of St Peter's is amazingly interesting, for the 'old grotte,' extending below St Peter's from the tomb to the entrance, are actually part of the original basilica of Constantine. You stand on the very pavement trodden by the feet of popes and kings and millions of the faithful for a thousand years. In it are preserved the grand old Gothic tombs of some of the greatest of the popes, and in it, fragrant with white roses laid on them by the adherents of the lost cause, are the tombs of the last three Stuart kings-James III., Charles III., and Henry IX.—unwieldy sarcophagi of painted plaster. These unhappy and unworthy princes rest here, and not beneath the elegant monument by Canova of an angel with tired wings, which George IV. had the good grace to erect to their memory on the first pier of the nave of St Peter's. When I say un-[All Rights Reserved.] DECEMBER 8, 1906.

worthy, I must record this in James III.'s honour, that had he seen fit to change his religion for the crown of England he would have reigned longer than any of our sovereigns, not excepting Queen Victoria, for he survived his father by more than sixty-four years. Not many in the history of the world have given up so much for their faith.

The 'old grotte' filling the space between the floor of old St Peter's and the present church will hardly let a tall man stand upright. Here are buried the great young Emperor Otho II. and such famous popes as Boniface VIII. (d. 1303), Hadrian IV. (d. 1159), Nicholas V. (d. 1455), Innocent III. (d. 1216), and Paul II. (d. 1471). The fine sarcophagi of Pius II. (Æneas Sylvius, the most lovable of the popes; d. 1464) and Alexander VI. (the least lovable; d. 1503) do not hold their bones; the latter never did. Hadrian IV., the only Englishman who ever grasped the keys of St Peter, lies in a mighty sarcophagus of Oriental granite. Paul II.—who had the finest tomb of all the Middle Ages, whose fragments, carved with incomparable grace by Mino da Fiesole, fill half the new grotte-lies in a plain sarcophagus with an inscription as close as a column of a newspaper; a very simple grave holds the first humanist, Nicholas V.; Otho lies in a plaster leviathan. Christina of Sweden, who gave up her crown to be converted, and Charlotte of Cyprus, who naïvely asked the Pope to make the conquering Mohammed II. disgorge her kingdom, lie under plain incised slabs. Only one woman not a queen rests in old St Peter's-Madame Agnes, the Colonna who married a Caetani.

The new grotte form the substructures of the dome, and are more in the nature of a museum than a cemetery. Most important in them are the frescoes of the old basilica and some of its glories, like the shrine of the Holy Lance. But there is a statue of St Peter older and more beautiful than the statue worshipped above. Its body was a Roman Consul, and its head was changed in the early days of Christianity. Near by is a beautiful inscription of Pope St Damasus-about the drainage, and the exquisite bas-reliefs from Nero's garden which were the inspiration of Mino da Fiesole, whose glorious sculptures, executed for the vast mausoleum of Paul II., fill, with the screen made by Matteo Pollaiuolo for the old confessio, half these new grotte. Mino never excelled his figure of Charity holding a chalice on Paul II.'s tomb. Matteo in his inspired moments approached Mino, in his uninspired moments was no better than Baroque. Beautiful, too, are the mosaics on Otho's tomb and the noble papal throne in which St Peter

What you can see of the tomb of St Peter in the crypt requires scant mention. You find nothing ancient, hardly anything medieval or worth remembering. It was inevitable that all its ancient features should be sacrificed to wealth and piety.

I must say no more about this rich museum of

old St Peter's. I must try to draw a picture of the basilica itself.

Like the Lateran, St Paul's Without the Walls, St Lorenzo, and St Agnese, it was one of the six basilicas erected by Constantine the Great. None of them have been suffered to continue in anything like their original state. Constantine (A.D. 324) made Christianity the official religion of the world, and his basilica lasted with ever-increasing splendour till after the Reformation. Eighty-six of the two hundred and seventy popes were buried in it, and one of them, Paul II., had the most glorious tomb in all Italy. I can hardly conceive a supreme artist like Bramante destroying it, but he did. He deserves his nickname of 'the ruiner.'

The church at Rome which gives us the best idea of old St Peter's would be San Clemente, if the Irish College kept the atrium open; but San Clemente, for all its beauty and immense antiquity, is a small affair. We can understand old St Peter's better by comparing it to the basilica of St Ambrogio at Milan. It was approached through a superb atrium (forecourt), which opened into a huge basilica consisting of a lofty nave terminating in an apse, four aisles, and a transept which projected slightly beyond the aisles and divided the nave from its apse. This transept was probably raised above the level of the nave, like the transept of the great friars' church of Santa Croce at Florence, and made the church a T-shape, not cruciform like our cathedrals. The nave was enormously high-one hundred and twenty-five feet-and lighted with a clerestory above the architrave, which rested on a hundred monolith columns of the most precious marbles taken from heathen temples. A double aisle on each side was divided by a row of columns; the roofs were of wood. The interior was a glory of mosaics and marbles, and in the preciousness of its materials, the flash of gold and mellowness of colour, must have rivalled the two gems of Christendom-St Mark's at Venice and the Royal Chapel of Palermo. Its facade was decorated with a mosaic representing the Lamb of God between animals symbolising the Evangelists; and at each end of its gable was a huge bronze peacock, the emblem of immortality. According to Klaczko, the atrium was filled with a profusion of flowers and trees-palms, cypresses, olives, and rosetrees-and ornamented on all sides with a handsome Corinthian portico. At the right of the church door rose a slender and lofty bell-tower of the age of Charlemagne, with a queer little pointed steeple; but its great feature was the famous cantharus, or fountain of lustration, in the centre. 'It was a magnificent fountain, surrounded by eight porphyry columns, and protected by a gilded roof with a great display of dolphins, peacocks, and dragons thereon. A colossal pine-cone in bronze, reputed to have been brought from Hadrian's mausoleum, formed the core of the fountain. Dante, to give a measure of the formidable Nimrod, the founder of Babylon, whom he encounters in the lowest circle of the

Iniemo, says that the giant's head appeared to him 'long and large as the pine-cone of St Peter's in Rome, and the rest of him to correspond.' This pine-cone and the peacocks are still preserved in the Garden of the Pigna, attached to the sculpture-galleries of the Vatican.

The atrium and narthez were used for those who were not full members of the Church, catechumens, penients, and others; the fountain was used for abintions, like the fountains in the courtyards of Tarkish meaques and Japanese temples. The nave and sizes were occupied at services by the laity who were full members of the Church, the raised transpt by the clergy and persons of distinction; the presbyters of the Church sat on a circular beach which ran round the wall of the apse, half to the right and half to the left of the bishop's throse, which occupied the exact centre, as it still does in more than one of the Roman basilicas.

The confessio, containing the tomb of the martyr (graerally sunk several feet below the level of the foor), here, as in St Giorgio in Velabro and other primitive basilicas at Rome, stood just in front of the spe. This is important, because the tomb of St Peter is, with the exception of the floor of the basica of Constantine, the only part of old St Peter's which exists undisturbed.

One must not imagine that the ninety-two superb gold lamps which burn in front of the burial-place of Peter, the rock whereon the Church was founded, or the glittering Oriental alabaster to be seen today, go back to the times of the old basilica, much less of Constantine; but the grille in front of the tomb, though not original, is of respectable uniquity, for it was put up by the last great pope, inscent III. (d. 1216), who imposed his tyrannical not only on our King John but on the mighty Palip Augustus of France, whom he separated hom his lovely and beloved Agnes of Méran; so re the Fenestella confessionis. Of the actual tomb d St Peter one can see nothing. It is more than the concealed since Clement VIII. had it walled or. It occupies approximately the spot beneath

The word basilica is only properly applied to the ucent Roman churches whose distinguishing mark the altar in the centre of the church, at which te clebrant stands facing the people, like the And altar in St Peter's. As a consequence, asing have their high alters at the west end. is the Middle Ages, Klaczko tells us, people were are very of endowing this tomb and alter with our maginable splendour of gold and gems; the tracrous spoliations they suffered from Saracen to even Christian invaders could not discourage is generous piety of the faithful. Narratives of keriod never cease dilating upon the immense tasares gathered there—tabernacles, ciboria, crosses, nes andelabra, cherubs, and statues. There was t pophyty belustrade surmounted by alabaster stams with an architrave of silver, decorated with win an architrave of silver, decorated with ven or so ventures, feur-de-lis, and translucent vases; in the had left its outline.

centre there was an arcade surmounted by a golden Christ attended by tall silver angels. The alabaster columns were spiral, and were surrounded by carved vine-sprays. Tradition said they came from the Temple of Solomon. It was these, says Klaczko, which gave Bernini the idea of his frightful baldacchino. He believes that Giulio Romano's fresco in the Vatican stanze, known as the Donation of Constantine, is a representation of the old St Peter's. 'The scene takes place in the old basilica. In the background, in front of the high altar, there are visible the twisted columns, standing upon a stylobate and supporting an architrave from which are suspended lamps. Is the reproduction exact at every point? This I should not dare to affirm; but it is the work of Giulio Romano and his companions; it dates from a time when the chancel was yet standing.' Raphael evidently had this balustrade in his mind in his tapestry of the Beautiful Gate of the Temple at Jerusalem.

Old St Peter's consisted then of a great courtyard, with a splendid fountain in its centre surrounded by a rich mass of vegetation as sad as cypresses and as gay as roses for its cloister garth, and with the cloister itself, like the narthex, filled with the tombs of ancient popes and kings. More than fourscore popes were buried in Sylvester's basilica, and it was only after the lapse of centuries that they were allowed to crowd into the church. The early Christians considered it irreverent to put tombs in the churches themselves. St Peter was buried in the ancient Roman fashion, alongside of one of the great roads leading out of Rome, the Via Cornelia, selected as the scene of his martyrdom. The façades of both atrium and church glittered with mosaics, like the façade of Santa Maria in Trastevere to-day. Against the exterior there was an applomeration of convents, minor churches, hospitals, and houses, clinging to it like barnacles to a rock submerged at high-tide. The whole stood on a lofty terrace approached by steps and backed by the towered and battlemented castle of the popes.

Inside the church the number of mosaics is inconceivable to those who have not seen Venice and Palermo, especially noteworthy, as we know from the paintings preserved of them in the crypt of St Peter's, being those of the Holy Lance. The mosaics of the great triumphal arch went back to Constantine, who placed upon it the inscription which recited the supremacy of St Peter. Five gates gave access to the nave and the four aisles: the Porta Judicii, by which funeral processions entered; the Porta Argentea, which was covered with silver plates; the Porta Sancta, only opened for a jubilee; the Porta Romana, for the women; and the Porta Ravenniana, for the inhabitants of Trastevere, whose ancestors were a garrison sent from Ravenna by the Exarch. The Porta Guidonea led to the oratory which contained the precious veil of St Veronica on which our Lord's dead face

Old St Peter's, with its atrium, was as long as the great church of to-day, and its width was not greatly less. It was venerable beyond all other churches in the world not only for its hoary architecture, majestic with the velvet touch of a thousand years, and its avenues of tombs of the great of the earth in mosaics and marbles; it was rich beyond all other churches in relics of martyrs and apostles-yea, even of the Saviour Himselfand the gold and silver offerings of the loyal and devout, which had accumulated in the centuries since the last sack of Rome. It was richest in sentiment and association, for it had been Christianity's Holy of Holies, where the successors of St Peter had been enthroned and had issued their messages to the world from the time, almost from the hour, that Constantine made Christianity the religion of the Empire over which he ruled. In it Gregory the Great (d. 604) was borne to the tomb inscribed with the conversion of England; in it Boniface VIII. (d. 1303)—who, though bound on a cross between two thieves by the Colonna, had survived with unbeaten pride-was laid in the incomparable altar-tomb by Arnolfo de Lapo which is still the glory of the crypt; and in it Innocent III. (d. 1216), while smiting Europe with a rod of iron, found time to leave noble monuments in bronze and mosaic.

Old St Peter's was the outward and visible sign of the Apostolic Succession. Here people could tread the stones trodden by the Christians in the day of Constantine, who exulted in the fulfilment of the prophecy that the earth should be the Lord's. It looked as if it had not been built by hands but moulded by time. The holiness which had accumulated in this building exceeded even the holiness of the Temple at Jerusalem, so many years, so many sacrifices, so many memories, so many remains of what was most sacred or most famous, had been garnered into it. It is hard to believe that any Christian man would have dared to lay his hand on the church where nearly a hundred of the successors of St Peter had been laid to rest till the last trump; but in the fifteenth century, the melting-pot of the Middle Ages, it began to be whispered that the old church was worn out and must come down. The best that can be said for those who repeated the whisper is that Nicholas V. (d. 1455), the founder of archæology, the first of all the popes to love and try to save the treasures of antiquity of which they were the ignorant heirs, believed it, and began to build a new church round the old. He broke off his work. Was it because his heart failed him? Julius II. (d. 1513) took up the work. To him nothing was sacred but the prestige of the popes. He was, like Nero, consumed with a desire to rebuild Rome on an unprecedented scale; and, by a curious coincidence, St Peter's stands on the site of the Gardens and Circus of Nero. Nero was accused of burning Rome to secure a site for his building operations. Julius II. did not go so far as that; he only broke up the church which had been the cradle of Christendom for a thousand years in such indecent haste that the tombs of eighty-six of his predecessors were reduced to rubbish-heaps. He could not even spare the masterpiece of Mino da Fiesole, the mausoleum of

With the destruction of old St Peter's the misfortunes predicted by the ancient superstition for any one who disturbed the tomb of St Peter overtook the papacy. Old St Peter's was the tabernacle of all Christendom, the present church is only the tabernacle of Roman Catholicism.

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER III.



ERHAPS you will wonder why I tell you this, Warrener said finally. He had been speaking for a long time; there was a fine glow of enthusiasm on his brown

face. 'In the first place, I was pretty sure that you would be in sympathy with my idea. You did not expect anything so poetic from a business man?'

'Why not?' May asked. The glow on Warrener's face was reflected on her own. 'Two of the most delightful and fanciful books I know are written by business men. Take The Golden Age, for instance. And I suppose there is romance in business?'

Warrener laughed. He seemed to be very pleased with himself.

'Of course,' he said. 'Take my own career, for instance. We manufacture our commercial necessity

in a village. That was my idea—the ideal working man in the ideal village! That was laughed at as a dream. But there it is-over two thousand workmen housed in model cottages covered with creepers-roomy, airy, efficient! We even have a theatre. We give pastoral plays in the park. And my people are getting enthusiastic as to Shakespeare! All that from prosaic soap! Oh, I can assure you there is much latent poetry in commerce. It was my education in this direction that first gave me my inspiration as to the common. But it is to remain a secret for the present. It is very fortunate for everybody that I am in time to avert the plans of those hotel people.'

'My father would never have consented,' May

'Probably not. But, you see, the matter is out of his hands. I am afraid that I am mainly

repossible for this Hampden-like attitude of Samuel Craggs. I had quite forgotten the place of my birth. I had hardly visited it since I was a boy. Pardon my egotism; but it is necessary to tell you these things. My early memories are not pleasant; there is too much sordid poverty in them. Do you know that at one time my inher wanted to marry your Aunt Gertrude?

'I only learnt the fact to-day,' May explained. 'That was a real romance for you! My people were as poor-well, as you are. It was the most dreadful kind of poverty. My father had the apportunity of going into business, and he took it. It was a shocking thing, of course, degrading and all that. And your father had no alternative. He was conscientious according to his lights. But he runed a very pretty and tender love-story. The tragic side of the medal lay in the fact that my lather was not in the least fitted for business. It was only a long struggle against the black wolf of ankruptcy. I learnt the lesson that my father hild to grasp. I threw myself heart and soul into the concern; I became a master of detail. And to day I have two thousand of the happiest employés n England and a fortune that is sweet and honest. Then I met you and your sister in London, and I iell in love with the daughter of my father's old head And when the time comes I am going to make Angela my wife."

There was a clear ring in the last part of the spech, a challenge in the flung-back head that May did not fall to notice. Really, Angela was a very intuate girl if she had only sense to see it. Yet lagels had been coldly polite to this highly scoomful trader; she had tolerated the emollient for the sake of the old family friendship. Angela squit as proud and foolish as her father. Warrener flung back his head and laughed at his wan theer conceit.

There, he said, 'I have made my confession; and I am not in the least ashamed, knowing what he sap has done. It has given my mother her all in the south of France, the only air that she as breathe; it has given my erstwhile little brother that Harrow and Cambridge can afford; and here are other things. Is that not better than the say contemplation of the family dignity and a set a supply the same of the same of

Mothing of the kind, sir.' May laughed. 'I like at all the better for it. But you have not told laded I haded I.

indeed I have. I have told you that I am sage to marry your asset. And I told you sometime of the romance of Aunt Gertrude. And the I discovered that Angela was the one girl see, I began to ask questions. Oh, I know all the industrial about the struggle to lay the ghost of is family pride, about the poor people at the instal I came down here and made friends in Sam Cragga. I found the emollient of the roses possible assistance then. The hotel pros-

pect I heard of in London. Then the Great Inspiration came on me like a flash. We could dispense with the hotel programme, which is by no means a pretty one. I bring back prosperity to the family at the same time, and that without spoiling the lovely spot or interfering with the seclusion of anybody. I may admit that Craggs gave me the first germ idea. For a long time past he has been pretty sure that your father would not listen to my suggestion. And yet I think that I have convinced you that here is a veritable goldmine.'

May nodded thoughtfully. She had been absolutely convinced. She was also absolutely convinced that her father would have nothing whatever to do with it. Still, if Craggs was right, happily Mr Castlerayne would not be in a position to interfere.

'Let us go and discuss it with Craggs,' Warrener suggested. 'I will tell him that you have come over to the side of the angels. He is very fond of you.'

On the crest of the hill, beyond the belt of pines, the hospital lay, a series of stone buildings with a chapel in the centre. The place was quite two centuries old; the stone part was ruddy and violet and saffron with the beating of bygone storms; on the green in front two good old cedars slanted in from the direction of the sea. There were hammerediron railings in front, with the device of the Castleraynes worked into them. There was something purely feudal about the idea of these pensioners on the bounty of the head of the clan. It would have been much purer still had the income been a regular one and not a precarious dripping of doles from the overlord, who was little better than a pauper himself.

Under one of the slanting cedars, guarded from the sunshine, sat an old man reading a big volume by the aid of a pair of round iron-rimmed spectacles. His face was grooved and knotted, filled with crossed lines like the rind of a melon. He had bushy eyebrows and a chin of aggressive obstinacy. His hands were drawn and knotted by chronic rheumatism. He put aside his book with a palpable sigh as he saw his visitors.

'Well, Craggs,' Warrener said cheerfully, 'I have brought Miss May to see you—brought another convert to the Great Conspiracy!'

'She always had the brains of the family, did Miss May,' Craggs said bluntly. 'Not that I'm going to say a word against Miss Gertrude. Spending her little fortune, she is, on we folks here, and makes me downright mad to think on. But these poor creatures here as would never go to the House, nor should they be asked to, seeing as the place rightly belongs to we. It was all right so long as the plumbago lasted; it was not so bad till our mineral spring gave out; but latterly it's the bread of charity, and right nasty stuff it is. But I'm going to stop all that.'

The speaker brought his knotted hands together

with a snap. The village cobbler seemed to be terribly in earnest. The others let him run on for the time.

'I found things out,' he said. 'This common belongs to us; and it comes hard if we can't get a living out of it and be independent of everybody. Time was when every rood of ground maintained its man. That's Goldsmith, as wrote the Deserted Village—a proper Radical he were, surely. And when I found out as every rood here belonged to us, I began to rack my brains for a way to turn it to account. Not as I liked the hotel idea; I liked it so little that I said nothing further, as the squire would have to put a stop to that. And then Mr Warrener here comes along with a good notion as tickles me dreadfully. I don't know whether he said anything to you about it, miss.'

'Mr Warrener has been so good as to take me into his confidence.' May smiled. 'I regard the scheme as a distinct inspiration. I wonder it has not been thought of before. But you are going to

be the man to bring it all about, Craggs.'

The old cobbler flushed with pride. The gray eyes twinkled under the bushy brows. Given scope and opportunity, Craggs would have been a great reformer, he would have been a good parliamentary debater; he had a rugged eloquence of his own. Strange that so great a Radical should have been in so uncongenial a soil. Yet he was conservative enough to dislike the idea of anything like constitutional change in the environment of his birth.

'I love the old place,' he said. 'For seventy years I've lived here. I buried my wife and my two children back yonder; and I came to the hospital feeling as I had earned my rest, not to eat the bread of charity. It lies too cold and sour in the stomach for me. What I want to see arising from the place is income; the unearned increment does not appeal to me. And yet I don't want to see the place cut up and spoilt. This is a place made by God Almighty for people to breathe the

fresh air and be grateful for the gift of life—a kind of sanatorium made natural. And Mr Warrener has found the way to do it, which comes of education and a proper use of the brain as Providence has given him.'

'That is very nice of you,' Warrener said gently.
'Your dream is pretty certain to come true, Craggs, provided that you are right as to your reading of the charter. According to your argument, the common belongs to the hospitallers to do as they

please with.'

'Not to sell it,' Craggs remarked. 'Let's be fair. The chief rights belong to the Lord of the Manor, which is Mr Castlerayne and his heirs for ever; but to work the place to the best advantage and to apply it to any legitimate purpose by means of which we can derive benefits by way of income. That's what my lawyers in Hardborough say, and they are prepared to fight the matter out for me. And the squire will fight us for certain. I've got five hundred pounds to go on with.'

Craggs paused and looked uncomfortable under the close gaze of May Castlerayne. He had a shrewd idea that she knew where the five hundred pounds

had come from.

'It won't be wasted, miss,' he said almost penitently. 'Like bread cast upon the waters, it will come back after many days—ay, and not so many days either., That money came from an angel, if ever there was one, and every coin of it is blessed. And who's the squire that he should stand like a stone in the path of progress?'

The latter question was flung like a missile at the head of May. She had no answer to the challenge.

She smiled in a pleased kind of way.

'When Craggs falls back on that frame of mind I always fear him,' she said. 'Let us go back to the house, Mr Warrener; you will come and have a cup of tea. My father would never forgive me if I allowed you to go without something, even if it is only a cup of tea.'

(To be continued.)

THE DIET OF THE FUTURE.

By Josiah Oldfield, M.D.



HE diet-problem of the human race is a very complex one, and it cannot be solved by thumb and rule, as if men were the furnaces of a steam-engine into which fuel is shovelled by the ton and calories

are produced to order. Climate, occupation, habit, heredity, are all disturbing factors, and the personal equation is perhaps the most variable of all.

None the less, now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, we have accumulated such a wealth of experience from nations who have risen and fallen, who have fought and endured, who have rested and grown enervated, who have persisted like the Jews through countless decimations, or who have disappeared like the Maories and Red Indians in the presence of advancing aliens, that we can gather some broad lines on which to begin the foundation of a picture portraying the ideal feeding of the race of men.

I am always struck by one great fact in connection with the evolution of the dietary of the human race which separates men off from all other animals. I mean sentiment! Call it Art, call it Culture, call it Romance, call it what you will, the fact remains that as men develop there is a sentiment which becomes more and more potent side by side with their development. A cat or

og vill nose out a bit of garbage from amidst the most unsavoury surroundings, and enjoy it with as much gusto as if it had been served on a Sèvres china dish. No historian suggests that Caligula's horse showed any appreciation of his oats being gilded. A pig will enjoy his antrent acorn quite as much whether he finds it at the bottom of a tub of sour wash or picks it up from among those crisp, clean autumn leaves which carpet the forest and are the most perfect of primeval platters.

There are, therefore, two great questions that have to be considered in thinking out the diet of humankind. There is the physiological problem of what will nourish the body-cells, and there is the interlinked mental problems of what will satisfy the aesthetic and artistic side of their nature. Most writers on diet ignore this latter problem, and are quite satisfied to talk about tables of nutrition and percentages of nitrogen and carbon as if these comprehended the diet-question. Those, however, who have studied human beings as living personalities and not as cog-wheels have discovered that sentiment plays a most important part in det, and its influence increases and is increasing pur passe with the evolution of higher art and higher ethics.

We of the medical profession are constantly iced with sentiment set on edge, and we are often tared to the uttermost to harmonise the physiological food which we want to prescribe and the sentimental objection to it which the patient most acutely manifests. There is the common illustration, which every one meets a broad times in a lifetime, of the girl whose fractions need much fat, but whose stomach rebels it he very thought of fat meat. The mother ires persussion and entreaty and threats and pealite, but nothing can overcome the artistic that in the girl's development which makes her viols at the bare idea of putting the fat piece of the stream of the sentence of the sentence

But since it is fat that is needed, and not fat and the antagonism that exists between physiooccal needs and artistic sentiment is got over by are who are endowed with sufficient commonene by obtaining the fat from a non-meaty same! Again and again I have said to a patient, Now, what you want is more fat. You must take jean of fat, 'Oh, but, doctor,' is so often the tower, 'I can't bear fat.' 'Don't you like butter?' hely, 'Oh yes, I like butter.' 'Well, did you the me any lean butter?' is my rejoinder. 'Oh to; but I thought you meant fat meat.' When erpain that cream, or butter, or cream-cheese, a good Camembert or Salop or Cheddar cheese, a pinekernels, or almonds, or olives, or Brazil the or a host of other things, will supply the at which is needed quite as well as fat meat, ind of pleased relief replaces the air of disgust, and a keen interest in securing the physiological dense that are required replaces that attitude of hostility which had been previously evoked by the prescription of 'more fat.'

This illustration may well form the basis of my apologia for advising the adoption of a fruitarian dietary by all who are so sufficiently developed on the artistic plane as to be conscious of a sense of repulsion when they are bidden to take of the carcass of a cow or a sheep or a pig, and to feed upon it.

There is no doubt about it, hide it as one may, there is something in the very idea of eating a dead body which is repulsive to the artistic man and woman, and which is attractive to the hysena and the tiger. The poet who recognised that there was a tiger-side to man recognised, too, that it was the lower and the evanescent and the transitional, and that there was also an angel-strain in the human race, and that this is the higher and the progressive and the permanent. The tendency of an advancing evolution is to war out the ferocity of the tiger and the vacuous imitativeness of the ape, and let the creative grace of the angel live.

This law holds as good of food as it does of all other fields of human activity. We are, therefore, perforce driven to face the problem of evolution in dietary, and to ask ourselves in what direction and on what lines this evolution tends. To me, the development of humaneness and sesthetics necessarily makes for an increasing bias towards a humane and æsthetic dietary. Whether we search in the majestic language of the prophets, or in the sweet melodies of great poets, or in the weighty thoughts of meditating philosophers, or in the fairy visions of romancers, or whether we turn to the brush-pictures of inspired painters, or to the imperishable mementoes of sculptors' dreams, we find that the aspiration of the upward-gazing man is towards the simpler life in food, and towards a bloodless, guiltless feast, and towards the products of the orchard and the harvest-field, and the vineyard and the olive-yard, and away from the shambles and the stockyards and the gore-stained slaughter-dens.

My opinion, after a quarter of a century's study of diet, is that the future lies with the fruitarian, and that the practice of flesh-eating will become more and more relegated to the lower classes and to the unimaginative-minded.

If, then, the inner voice of art calls towards the bloodless feast, it is necessary for science to determine whether the call can be responded to without physical injury. It is essential that the fathers and mothers of the next generation, to whom are entrusted the treasures and glories that their ancestors have won, should themselves be built up sound in limb and tireless in vitality.

Is fruitarianism sufficient for all this?

One may go to the lands of the Orient or the Occident, to the island-home of Japanese heroes or the great continent of Indian ascetics, to the sunscorched sands of Egypt or the wind-swept steppes of Tartary, to the mild Finns or the fiery Scots,

to the athletic gladiators training to fight for their lives in the gory Colosseum or to the seasoned veterans of Cæsar's army campaigning in the rigorous climate of Gaul; from all countries and under all conditions of great stress and toil the same experience is obtainable: that it is from the peasantry of the land, whose diet is very largely or almost wholly obtained from the vegetable kingdom, that the thews and sinews and dogged endurance of the race is obtained.

Meat may be an occasional savoury addition to the diet, eaten as a luxury; but no one with an eye to proportion could claim for the infrequently eaten morsel any value from a staminal point of view. I never forget those hardy old fighters of Cæsar threatening to mutiny because he fed them on mutton. 'Give us corn,' they clamoured—'corn, the food of men. How can you expect soldiers to fight on soft mutton?'

Scotchmen have built up their hardy physique, their untiring determination, their intellectual supremacy, upon a frugal fare of oatcake and kalebrose; and it is only too evident a fact that the attractions of the Saxon beef are having a deleterious and not a beneficial effect upon the Scottish constitution to-day. The largely mixed feeding Scot of to-day is not the staminal equal of the oat-fed Scot of the past.

The Lady Margaret Fruitarian Hospital at Bromley in Kent is a striking testimony to the physiological value of the fruitarian dietary for restoring weakly and debilitated and diseased conditions. It is found there that medical and surgical and midwifery cases do so excellently well that it has now become the routine practice, as the result of experience, to put all meat-eating patients who are admitted for serious surgical operations upon a fruitarian dietary for three weeks before operating.

The classical experiment undertaken this year by the Daily Express to prove that any ordinary man would improve by being put on a spare fruitarian dietary not costing more than fourpence per day was so conclusive under the most rigid conditions that it cannot now be gainsaid that in this climate, and under severe conditions of physical stress, men of any age can be suddenly and immediately put upon a strict, frugal fruitarian dietary with the result that they will improve in tone, weight, spirits, mental capacity, and general fitness.

I, therefore, have come to the conclusion that the future of the best races developing along lines of physical capacity and artistic evolution will tend more and more to conform to a carefully selected fruitarian dietary, and that flesh-eating will become a disappearing habit among them, and will be more and more relegated to the lower classes.

What, then, is the first step in the transition? It is the disuse of flesh food in toto. For a considerable number of people the objections to the use of fish are much less potent, and I contemplate, therefore, the use of clean fish for food being per-

petuated longer than the use of flesh food. By the greater proportion of thoughtful and artistic people, however, fish will also be abjured, and a stricter fruitarian dietary at once adopted.

For recipes and methods of cookery and general and particular advice as to the selection of seasonable foods and dietaries suitable for different constitutions recourse should be had to the various cookery-books and guides issued by the Fruitarian Society (New Kent Road, S.E.) and by the Order of the Golden Age (Paignton, South Devon).

The food of fruitarians is selected from the great class of fruits and salads and storage treasures prepared by the animal creation. The following are fairly typical of their class, and are merely specimens of foods of which the varieties are countless and can be modified and selected to suit every condition and age and constitution and climate and occupation:

The fruits of trees—for example, apples, oranges, plums, bananas; the fruits of bushes-for example, grapes, gooseberries, currants; the fruits of plants for example, tomatoes, melons, cucumbers, strawberries, bilberries; the root-fruits of vegetables -for example, potatoes, pea-nuts; the fruits of grasses-for example, wheat, rice, maize, oats; the fruits of leguminose-for example, beans, peas, lentils; the fruits of the nut-tribe-for example, walnuts, chestnuts, coco-nuts, butter-nuts, almonds, pine-kernels; the treasure-troves of animal and animal cell-activity - for example, milk, butter, eggs, cheese, honey; the treasure-trove of vegetable cell-activity-for example, carrots, arrowroot, parsnips; together with salads-for example, watercress, endive, lettuce, which are eaten by every animal at one time or another.

By the scientific combination of mastication, digestion, cooking, malting, and pulverisation, every one of these foods can be made to yield a food ready for absorption and specially well adapted for the nutrition of the human body, together with constituents most valuable for dissolving and eliminating waste products from the system.

Nuts and cheese, which are two very indigestible foods when eaten in the ordinary way at the close of a meaty meal, become readily assimilable and blandly digestible when nuts are put through an Orange's nut-mill or malted (as in the preparation of meatose), or when cheese is finely pulverised or cooked with a sufficiency of milk or partly predigested (as in the preparation of Greenfield's cheese), or when soft goat-milk cheeses are used (like fresh Camembert), or when fresh 'lime-cheese' is made at home as required.

The solution of the problems of dietary is so fascinating, and the possibilities that lie before the human race as the result of pioneer dietetics so gigantic, that I sometimes wonder how any sane man can be content to say, 'Roast-beef and plumpudding were good enough for my father, and so they're good enough for me.'

From my own observations of the changes and

modifications that can be made in a man by a few months' dieting, I am satisfied that many of the problems of crime and insanity and intemperance and hoggishness could be largely solved if one could control the dieting of the race for a hundred years.

The diet of the people is a national problem of the gravest importance and of the most far-reaching results, and I am of opinion that the welfare of the race lies along the tendency towards a fruitarian

APART

CHAPTER II.



VER the quivering floor-fired by the intoxicating crash of twenty instruments, by the perfumes, by the beauty, by the very spirit of Pan; pausing breathless, resuming to the

challenge of a glance—there they danced till the stars should be dead and the sarrows twittering. The room was packed; people stood four-deep against each wall, and in the midst the dancers were like the bubbles in a fountain. It was hot as an Indian afternoon, and the air no pure than deep down an ill-ventilated mine, yet on could see scarcely an eye that did not shine with pleasure.

'Am I in Bedlam or the neolithic age?' said farer to himself as he stood in that crowd untouched by its thrill, unmoved by any impulse to do more than accomplish his purpose and escape.

Such an one thrust suddenly into the heart of a ball feels something like a sober man in a drunken red Yet when Leonard caught sight of the face he coked for, some emotion did certainly show in his quet eye and remained there, rather heightening than vaning while his gaze followed it through the throng Swiftly turning, that which he watched was at one instant a fair face, at the next a pile of surt hair flashing with diamonds, and then a face sain. By glimpses he could see now the whole graceful figure of a girl (for she looked little nore) dressed in black, with sparkling jet and a dean of scarlet flowers, and again only a white soulder. How gracefully she moved! he thought; by lithely, and with what a superb abandon, and nt how like a queen! The man she danced with -ull, fair, and sunburnt—set her off to a miracle. is worth coming only to watch them! On and a they went, in and out through the densest of the cord without check or scarcely even a slackening; wither ever tiring, and she always with a slight all lighting the fairest face (the watcher was say to swear) in all England.

The intoxicating music died away, the mesmeras notion ceased, the dancers slowly struggled orange the doors, and the light passed out of lungs eye. The thought hit him on the heart that the had danced his friend's happiness away. Involity, thy name is woman!' said he.

at length he reached her side.

Legard! Is it possible?' she cried, throwing as a smile over that white shoulder. 'What, stadly coming to dance with me! Oh, something important? Well, keep me in sight; I'll listen if you're importunate enough.'

But it was not till she had danced through two more waltzes that he found his chance and led her out of the densest crowd to a seat a little apart.

'Be quick, my dear Leonard!' she said. 'Get it over and let me dance! Some one to-night gave me only three more seasons before I should turn blasé. I have no time to waste, you see !'

He looked at her in fresh wonder. She had spoken with her bright, restless eyes turned full upon him; but now they were dancing to and fro upon the crowd that moved before them, and she seemed intent only upon watching that panorama. A smile sat continually upon her lips, sometimes tempered for an instant by a little half-humorous frown that seemed called up by nothing but a passing thought, and then approaching a laugh in its brightness. Were these things all she cared for in the world? he wondered. The fascination of watching her tempted him to procrastinate.

'Who gave you three seasons?' he asked.

'Oh, only one of our hereditary legislators; no one wiser than that. But he is right ridiculously often. A man who never thinks has a most unfair advantage; he grows as clever as a woman. Don't you think so?

'Perhaps.

And there he is looking for me again! I have an intuition it is for me from something in the way his brow is wrinkled-or his coat, I don't know which. Make haste, Leonard, and tell your tiresome news.'

'Are you sure my news will be tiresome?' 'Positive!'

He stroked his beard indecisively, and then hesitatingly said, 'I have come with a message from Ralph.

She turned and stared at him.

'From Ralph! Why on earth couldn't he come himself? Is he ill?

There was a note of anxiety in her voice that a little encouraged him.

'In mind he is,' he answered gravely.

The anxiety vanished, and she cried lightly again, 'I recognise his delicate touch. For fear of disturbing me by the announcement that my account is horridly overdrawn, he sends you with the news! What a man he is! Is that it?'

'Not quite.'

He was tugging at his beard now, and at last

abruptly he exclaimed, 'I don't know how to tell you. I'd better read a passage from his letter.'

'His letter?'

'In case I couldn't meet him to-night he wrote me a letter. It explains why he is leaving you.'

Her eyes opened wide.

'Why he is leaving? Where is he going?'

'To Ireland.'

'To that fearful unpronounceable place of his?'

'Yes.'

'He has always loathed the thought of it! Why, in Heaven's name, is he going there?'

'This is what he says: "See Esther and give her any version you think advisable. I dare not trust myself to write to her, much less to see her. I might say something that might conceivably lead to a scene; and at least we have had no scenes yet. Either she might understand me and turn angry, or misunderstand me, when I might. I have been in love with her, you see."'

The colour rose to Esther's face, crimsoning her

'Been in love!' she cried. 'Then-then he is tired of me, and so Oh!'

Believe me, it isn't that! He only meansthat-that'-

What does he mean?' she interrupted.

'I think he means that you and he have gradually drifted apart.'

'And to bring us together he runs away! What a happy inspiration!'

Her eyes blazed with a flame of astonished, contemptuous indignation; the heavings of her breast followed one upon the other at a gallop; but she said nothing more. Gradually she grew calmer; her gaze became absent rather than angry, and at last she murmured, 'So that is his cure for it!'

Leonard stared at her.

'Did you know how-how you were drifting?' She returned his stare with interest.

'Does Ralph actually suppose I didn't?'

'He never dreamt you noticed it.'

'Noticed it!' she cried in a despair that yet had something comic in it. 'Oh, oh, oh!-and they allow men to go loose among the animals!'

He began to wish that this delicate mission had been entrusted to another of Ralph's friends.

'Do you actually think it possible that I never noticed the slow extinction of our first deep intimacy, the gradual return of Ralph to his old interests and companions, the dying out one by one of those wonderful moments that make marriagewell, that just make it? Did Ralph suppose I was more stupid than his dog? It would have felt such a change. Oh Leonard, you are as discerning as a pair of policemen!'

'But, my dear Esther,' he protested, flushing a little, 'if you never said anything, how could you

suppose he guessed your feelings?

What did he say? And yet I didn't have to guess—I knew everything. Her face darkened and her voice grew vehement. 'He was too |

polite to be honest, too considerate to treat me as a woman of sense, too fastidious to risk an escape of human nature for five blessed minutes -for they would have been blessed! And I was too young at first to show him the way; and then I started drifting, just as he did. And now he tactfully sends a friend to break the news that he is deserting me!'

But he wants you to go with him,' he said

eagerly.

When does he leave?

His face fell.

'To-night,' he stammered.

She laughed; but it was not a merry laugh to

'You mean that he wants me to run after him! No, thank you, Leonard. I'll go on dancing. It will keep up the jest better.'

He looked at her gravely.

'You are willing to return to-night-and find him gone?'

'Don't try to be pathetic, Leonard. I choose to treat it as a joke, and nobody shall prevent me.

'As a joke, Esther?'

'What is our life-Ralph's and mine-but a delicate joke—a piece of polished humour? We have neither of us anything to do but amuse ourselves; and we really don't need each other's help to do that. The idea of treating such a marriage seriously is absurd. In fact, we have so little real use for one another that I begin to think Ralph is right after all. Only, he ought to have come and told me himself.'

For an instant her voice had become serious again, and he was emboldened by this to try that

vein once more himself.

'It was out of consideration for you, remember.' She laughed the same mirthless laugh.

'It was out of consideration for two delicate plants that might have shed a petal if there had been a breath of wind! And here's my next partner. Good-night, Leonard, and thank you.'

She gave him a touch of the hand and a quick, friendly smile, and was off on the lightest foot in the room. For hours after he had left, that charming figure danced tireless through every waltz. Night had become morning and the London stars were fading from the day-sky when Esther Delane, her eyes brighter than a constellation of them, drove musing home to rest at last.

CHAPTER III.

STHER softly closed the front door behind her, and the lustre left her eyes. The hall was filled with the ghostly light of dawn, the house so silent that the twittering

of sparrows in the square sounded as though the fowls of the air inhabited her mansion with her. She felt like a visitor to some deserted Indian

palace where apes and cockatoos have usurped the place of man. Her husband was gone; the shell of their home stood chilly to the morning; and Esther, a she moved through its emptiness, trembled. At the stairfoot she stopped to listen to the insistent ticking of a clock, and to her apprehensive fancy each tick-tack seemed to ask, 'Whose fault?whose fault ?-- whose fault ?'

Slowly, with soft rustle and frequent pause, she mounted step by step. Then of a sudden she stopped altogether and leaned upon the wall, her eyes wide open, her lips parted. For out of the half-opened door of Ralph's study streamed the faint glow of lamplight, still just a little brighter than the shadowy dawn. Had he left the lamp burning to rebuke her with memories of other aights? An impulse begot of the silence prompted her to steal more softly and slowly yet till her hand was on the door, and then to push it very gradually so that, perhaps, she might deceive herself with iancies the longer.

No need to fancy further! For that was either his back, or his ghost's, or Satan's in his guise, bent over Ralph's deak. He moved, but it was only to dip his pen in the ink, and then went on writing so industriously that he never heard her as she tiptoed across the floor till she stood by his very shoulder. Already, she saw he had covered several sheets of foolscap.

Was this phenomenon of flesh or fantasy? Gen:ly she touched his shoulder and said, 'Ralph!'

He leaped round to confront her. Then, as of Yore, his eyes smiled pleasantly.

'You startled me horribly,' he confessed.

With the familiar voice her air altered and grew older. 'Then you haven't left yet?'

It seemed to her that for an instant he looked a take disconcerted; but as quickly he was his sauve

'Not yet, Esther.'

When is your train?

It has gone some hours ago. Sit down, dear. let me take your cloak. A cigarette? Something

the shook her head, and, wondering greatly, come a chair on the farther side of the fire from halph On both, the habit of considerate restraint the so strong that though each betrayed the agitaa clearly to the other's eye, neither spoke nor ated as if greatly stirred.

got your message, she began.

Por Leonard!' he replied. 'I hope you forgave lib '

'l forgave him,' she answered quietly. That is all I can expect."

He took a cigar, and this time cut and lit it; Laber Fatching him in silence with a torturing carried that at last could be stifled no longer.

Tell me, she cried, 'what has happened? Why te you still here ?

Laber, aid he, I am afraid I must ask you to is prepared for unpleasant news."

What?

'I came in just after you had gone, and about half-an-hour later, while Evans was finishing my packing and I-I was waiting, a man called to see me. He gave no name, and I went down to the library a little mystified, as I dare say you can imagine.'

As he hesitated in an odd way for him, she said impatiently, 'I can imagine perfectly. Who was he ?'

'He was young, well enough dressed, though he wore his clothes a trifle awkwardly, and evidently in a humour inclined towards the aggressive. "Whom have I the pleasure-et cetera?" I inquired. I am sorry I cannot imitate the Canadian accent, but in plain English his answer was "Ralph Delane."

'Ralph Delane!' cried she. 'I didn't know there was any other. What Delane?'

'My nephew, it appeara,'

Her restraint had vanished now.

'But you had only one brother!'

'He is George's son.'

'His! Oh, I see.'

Ralph's voice became singularly gentle.

'I'm afraid, Esther, you don't quite yet. It seems that George made a marriage of sorts in one of his Canadian trips. This Ralph is legitimate.'

'Then why haven't we heard of him before?' she asked quickly.

'His mother died when he was very young, and it was only lately that he learned the facts of his parentage, and what they entailed.

He said these last words in a tone so significant that she started uneasily.

'What do they entail?'

He was sitting opposite to her, and though he only bent forward in his chair, she felt sure that had it not been for that evening's work he would have been very close to her side as he answered, 'I've told you, I think, that George died very suddenly during a business visit to the States. He died intestate, and I succeeded as a matter of course to everything he possessed. Esther dear, equally, as a matter of course, this young man takes my place.

'And gets everything?'

'Except the few hundreds a year my father left me.

'But-people often dispute these things, don't

'He showed me the certificate of his mother's marriage, proof of his own identity, and so on. He'd been well primed by some enterprising solicitor, I assure you. Of course one could make a fight; but I'd certainly lose in the long-run; and besides - don't you think a squabble with one's nephew for a fortune, which one knows in one's heart really belongs to him, is a trifle-undignified or unchristian-whichever you like to call it?'

'Does he actually want it all?'

'Can I ask him that? If you saw the young

gentleman I don't fancy you would. Frankly, I didn't like him.'

She said nothing more, but gazed into the flowerpiled grate with an air so thoughtful that her late partners would have found it hard to believe that this was in truth the gay Mrs Ralph Delane.

'Then,' she asked almost in a whisper, 'we shall

be quite poor?'

'Quite poor, Esther.'

He looked at her as though he longed to come to her, but was kept in his chair by some force too

strong for him.

'And you will have to give up this house—and lose Hazel Hall too—and—and your bog in Ireland'—he seemed to catch a gleam of humour for an instant in her eye—'and give up three or four clubs—and your dinners—and probably some of your friends.'

'Seventy-five per cent.,' he said quietly.

'And everything that made your life what it has been?'

'As you say, I shall have to give up nearly everything that made my life—what it has been. But, Esther, I have been thinking chiefly of you. Do you realise what it means to you?'

She hardly seemed to hear this last question, for

her eyes were turned to the desk.

'Were you thinking chiefly of me when I came

in?' she asked with an innocent air.

'I had been; and that suggested the necessity for doing something. So I thought I'd take advantage of our friend Leonard, and try to rub the rust off my pen.'

'Already?'

His eyes gleamed with a brighter light than she had seen there for many a day.

'The sooner one begins to toughen one's hands the better, Esther. Don't you think so?'

She shot him one odd glance, but answered

nothing.

'Of course,' he went on, 'everything depends on you, and how you'd like to live, and how we are able to manage. I needn't refer again to what you heard to-night from Leonard; you understand what I mean. I was a discontented idler. You can decide how to treat me. I leave everything in your hands.'

He waited for her answer, but now she seemed engrossed in contemplation of the mantelpiece. Then suddenly, with a quick and keen regard, she

asked, 'Where is my photograph?'

He slowly put his hand into his breast-pocket.

'Did you burn it?' she cried. From his pocket he took it out.

'I have it here. I only meant to take it with

She averted her eyes quickly, but not before he had time to see that their expression had strangely altered. For a moment they both sat silent, and then with a smile a little humorous, but chiefly sad, he resumed the discussion.

'Esther, I'm afraid I haven't had much experience of cutting according to my own—or any one else's—cloth; so you had better decide everything for both of us. But I am afraid you are tired, dear. Would you rather advise me in the morning?

Suddenly she fell upon her knees beside his chair

and threw her arms about him.

'Dear Ralph!' she cried, 'at last we need each other.'

THE END.

GREAT MEN AS COMMERCIAL ASSETS.



REAT men are an extremely close corporation, and their commercial value to the country appears at first sight to be so microscopic as to be quite overshadowed by their literary or scientific value. But if the body

of 'great men' in its widest sense is comparatively small, the subject is inexhaustible; and the more it is considered the more clearly it appears that there is a distinct commercial value in that long roll of honoured names of which we are apt to say, with the pride of safe mediocrity, 'He was too clever to make money.' We associate money-making with anxious plodding, with a level-headed directness of outlook, with an office stool and a monotonous daily routine; not with poet's dreams or scientific speculation, not even with accomplished work outside the daily mill! These have their reward in honour, not money; but in this estimate so many side-issues crop up that it is worth while pausing for a moment to consider them. And in regard

to literary men at least, it is certainly true that during their lifetime their monetary value is very generally a negligible quantity, and it is only succeeding generations who realise that they are in any way a commercial asset.

We who have grown accustomed to the thousands of visitors who make their yearly pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon-not because of its intrinsic beauty or for its Elizabethan buildings, but because Shakespeare was born there, and went 'unwillingly' along its streets to the old school, and made the cottage at Shottery immortal-can hardly realise what the demure little country town would be like if all remembrance of him could be swept away; or, to go a step farther, what a national loss it would be, not only of fame but of money, if the names of all our great men could suddenly be blotted out, with the places that they had rendered famous! How the towns and villages would sink back into unimportance, and the tide of travel be dried up at its source! Except for natural beauty,

there would be nothing to mark out Stratford-on-Avon from Ealing or Matoppo from Portobello, and no one would dream that either one or the other could be made a paying investment, except by the prosaic growth of flats and villas. Shakespeare himself would be probably quite as bewildered ss any one else if he could realise that he had dowered his country with an ever-increasing commercial value, if he could see the careful treasuring of the relics of his simple life in the town that is sacred to his name. Great literature does not always pay those who create it, but it always pays its heira Many painters of great pictures have lived unrewarded; the writers of great poems have sold their copyright for a bare subsistence, and been thankful to get it; and we can often only measure their commercial value by contrasting the places that produced them as we know them with what they would have been without them.

So the value of Scott as a commercial asset has risen enormously since his death, and is steadily increasing, until the hordes of visitors who follow in his wake seem fairly to rival the standing population. The sentiment that clings to Abbotsford has spread through the length and breadth of Scotland, and at the touch of that magic pen the Sleeping Beauty has been stirred to life and has become a living, breathing soul. The Wizard's rod made of dead places a great and haunting radity-Melrose and the Trossachs, Abbotsford and Edinburgh, have felt that powerful influence; and now the Wizard himself, after the awful threr of his later life, lies sleeping peacefully enough in Dryburgh Abbey. To the Scotch were committed those ten talents of his genius, and, like the thrifty men that they are, they made of them ret ten other talents, not hidden in the ground, but bearing interest a hundredfold; but so great to them appears Scott's literary value that perhaps ther do not fully realise how enormously he counts

The royal road to Edinburgh is a pilgrims' way transled by the jealous footsteps of the lovers of bott; and though his value to literature may perhaps be tested by the great company of his ration, his commercial value is altogether incalclable. Posterity would have paid the claims of as creditors in a very short time by the profit from us books and the gate-money of Abbotsford alone; or nost of those who knew him in those days of porty and hopelessness and failing health were at the seeing enough to prophesy it. He was eakrapt, and it is common knowledge that literain does not pay.' Time has proved the fallacy. lit countripped his compeers and won the race; the Saul, he stood head and shoulders above his chorn, and it may fairly be claimed for him that to be outreached all other writers since Shake-Pare. He vitalised the characters he created, and take them living beings more real than the men ad women we meet and pass on the road of everyar lik. He wrote in pain and trouble, sometimes

with the haste of an impressionist, haunted by dreams of his creditors, and very likely he gauged his own success, as others gauged it, by the sums paid to him for his novels; but long after that 'romance in stone' had ceased to keep open its hospitable doors, long after he had reached the limits of his endurance and lain down to rest, the pilgrims of his genius trod, and are still treading, the way he went.

What is there to mark out from the ordinary labourer's cottage that small house near Ayr where Burns was born? If he had not written immortal verse, would one person in a hundred have turned aside to visit the village or the Kirk o' Alloway, which still echoes to the hoof-beats of Tam o' Shanter's mare? Perhaps the monetary value of his association with Ayr is hardly appreciated, so great is his literary value. He was a genius and a Scotchman. Could Scotland ask more of him than that? Though farming did not pay him particularly well, and though in the Excise his salary never rose to more than seventy pounds a year, still literature does not 'pay,' and it was only what his worshippers expected. They were proud of his poems, of his genius, of his poverty; and yet now, by the mere magic of his name, he has directed into the small community in which he was born and laboured, a tide of travel that is a direct and enormous gain to his country.

So, also, the 'cult of the Brontës,' which in Haworth has taken to itself some of the mystery and the strength of the mysterious moorland on which the sisters lived and died, gives thousands of worshippers to that shrine on which their genius conferred not only immortality, but also a definite monetary value which increases year by year.

And so the living streams swell into a river, and pour their tributary waters into that ocean of accomplished work, the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. There great statesmen, great divines, great poets, all that we include in the idea of great men, jostle in sculptured marble and in enduring brass; and, amongst the thousands who visit the place, very few are attracted by its architectural beauty or its artistic expression. They go to stand bareheaded amongst that vast company of the great whom England has delighted to honour. It has a value quite its own, of which dry statistics give ample proof, equal to the literary and scientific value of that tremendous roll of honour which includes all great lives, great thoughts, great heroisms.

Beyond and above the great men of literature and of art there are, of course, great men of science and practical great men about whose monetary value there has never been any doubt, who pay directly into the Exchequer of their country money forged with their brains and stamped with the superscription of genius. The man, for instance, who made three blades of wheat to grow where one grew before not only deserved well of his country, but paid her well. The man who affirms that in

the near future he is going to prove that the old, clumsy method of farming by means of a rotation of crops is absurd and obsolete, who by a bacteriological injection into the roots of cereals will introduce nitrogen direct into the soil instead of by the system of leguminous crops, where the land lies fallow, with a waste of one year in three—that man is going to be a far-reaching commercial asset.

The thinkers of great thoughts, the writers of great books, and again the books about books, the biographies, the lectures, the cheap reprints, the reproductions of splendid pictures, all express the monetary value of great men, and are part of the fortune they have bequeathed to their country.

And so, to sum up, it appears that life and death—the birthplaces and the tombs of the great—form their principal asset from the commercial point of view. Great men may starve in Grub Street, or in its modern equivalent; they may struggle against

disease or live in bad climates through a weary lifetime, wresting the jealously guarded secrets of Nature from her unwilling hold; but whatever life may have meant to them, death will set things square. Great literature will become classic, and time will only increase its value.

Sometimes this does not appear to be the case. We see the apparent failure of great hopes, great powers, premature death, and obscure graves which hide the tragedies of genius; but each fleeting dream may have meant a nearer approach to an ideal that will be realised by-and-by: the indirect influence on others of some suggestion, traced perhaps to a forgotten book that never even paid for its printing; the first impulse towards some great discovery, obscure fancies; all the trivial, unremembered, unrequited labour which helps towards the finished building—these are all impulses towards the stream of accomplished work which, though it does not always pay the workers, pays such immense returns to other people.

THE LOST 'LEAD.'

THE STORY OF AN EXTRAORDINARY MINING VENTURE.

By J. L. HORNIBROOK.



aine no

ACK in the early eighties, two travellers—miners, both of them—were tramping across the great plain which lies to the south of Cañon City, Colorado. Being what is commonly called 'down on their

luck,' they were heading towards the latter city in the hope of striking something there. They were destined, however, to 'strike' something on the way, and that of a very surprising and remarkable description.

During the midday halt, and while they were speculating rather dolefully on the somewhat precarious prospect before them, one of them happened to pull up a tuft of rank grass. Judge of his surprise, his gasp of astonishment, when he found beneath it a shining white substance which proved to be a nodule of almost pure silver. He held it up to his companion, who immediately sprang to his feet. They had made an unexpected, an astonishing discovery. Both men were fired by the thought that silver—silver in an almost pure state—lay around them in unknown quantities.

Needless to say, they went no farther. They set to work at once, pulling up the tufts of grass with feverish haste; and under almost every one of them they found little lumps of the same precious metal. The place seemed to be literally teeming with silver. They had only to pick it up like pebbles off a beach. That night, after toiling hard all day, these two homeless wanderers lay down with the comforting assurance that they were worth something like one thousand pounds.

They talked over their remarkable discovery, and of course decided to keep it secret. To prevent others from encroaching upon their rights they staked off a claim where the silver appeared to be richest. They had, as they conceived, an immense fortune within their grasp.

They were not, however, left long in sole possession of this silver field, as it may appropriately be termed. In some way, news of the extraordinary 'find' leaked out, and people came hurrying from Cañon City and all parts around; they arrived in units, in batches, until the whole place was overrun with eager searchers. In a very short time there were thousands on the spot. Speculators, too, with gangs of miners at their backs. made their appearance on the scene, staked out claims, and started what is known as 'surface' mines, for the ore was never found at any great depth. With almost incredible swiftness a busy town sprang up, connected by a railway line with Cañon City. The place was not inappropriately named Silver Cliff.

A considerable quantity of silver, amounting in value to some fifty thousand pounds, was extracted from these surface mines, and then, as if by magic, the ore gave out. Experienced miners on the spot declared that it was merely a 'pocket,' and their conclusion proved to be right. Ore was only found within a limited area, deposited amongst soil which had all the appearance of being volcanic. The supply, so far as could be ascertained, was now at an end.

Still the main body of workers did not despair.

The search was continued; 'prospect' holes were driven into the ground in every direction, and miles of trenches dug. Ore was found at a distance of some miles, but it proved to be of very inferior quality, and totally dissimilar to that which had given Silver Cliff its name.

The prospectors ranged farther afield. The hills in the vicinity were explored and tunnelled, and every effort made to trace the source from which the silver had originally come. It was in vain. They failed to discover the lost 'lead.' Finally, when abour and money had been freely expended, the search was abandoned, Silver Cliff deserted, and in a few months' time the last of its inhabitants had quitted it for good.

Several years passed, the story of the lost 'lead'
vas almost forgotten, and Silver Cliff was reduced
to a mere rubbish-heap.
Then a new figure appeared upon the scene.

This was one Caleb Johnson, a miner from California, and a miner, too, of great knowledge and experience. He had heard of the lost 'lead' and the vain quest of those who had laboured to find it. The story appealed to him. He determined to take up the search himself.

Johnson, though he had started as a rough miner, was a man of considerable ability. He had gained a lair knowledge of geology, which had often aided in in locating a rich vein, and was looked upon as an expert in all questions relating to mining. Moreover, he was noted for the dogged persistency with which he pursued any enterprise he happened to take up. He journeyed to Silver Cliff and proceeded to examine the disused workings. He provide about there day after day studying the soil and the surroundings, and endeavouring to solve the mystery of the lost 'lead'—a mystery which had baffled so many others. At last he trivied at a remarkable and distinctly novel coaclasion.

From his observations he was of opinion that the ore had come from a considerable distance; that, in fact, at some remote period it had been that, in fact, at some remote period it had been like the forth from the fiery throat of a volcano. Similarly high into the air, it had described a long it to the south, and settled in the stream of lava which had flowed down into the plain. There it had remained hidden for centuries until accident reals it to the two minera.

Following up the theory he had formed, his ten problem was to discover this extinct volcano. It calculated as closely as possible the arc which it or must have described through the air, and calculy piched upon a rugged hill seven miles ally harled.

He proceeded to explore the hill in question, but here, as yet, he found little to support his beet. There was no evidence to show that it really was an extinct volcano. The crater, if there ever was one, had been choked up long ago. You did the ground, which was broken and

rocky, display any indications of the presence of silver.

Still he held firmly to his opinion. So great was his belief in it, indeed, that he journeyed to Boston, and laid the whole matter before one or two mining magnates in that city. They listened to him with the closest attention. His story was fascinating. The idea of a prehistoric volcano which, instead of stones and ashes, poured forth masses of silver appealed to the imagination. If this man's theory was right, enormous wealth lay hidden somewhere in the heart of that mountain. Finally Johnson said, 'The silver is there. You may take my word for that. We may have to bore a mile into the hill before we find it; but, once we do, we can quarry it out like stone. It may cost thousands of pounds before we strike the ore. I admit that it is a chance. We may fail or we may win. The chances are that we shall win.'

His earnest, straightforward manner, the facts which he brought to bear, carried conviction. A syndicate was formed, and Johnson was sent back to Colorado to commence mining operations, with ample funds at his disposal.

He began by driving into the hill a tunnel fifty feet wide and eight feet high. It was slow, laborious work, for in many places they had to bore through the solid rock. But as yet there were no indications of silver. And then, after months of labour, when they had penetrated several hundred feet into the hill, the first surprise came. One day Johnson picked up a small nodule of silver, weighing perhaps an ounce, and of almost pure quality. He hastened to compare it with a specimen found at Silver Cliff. They were identical. It was enough for him. It proved conclusively that his theory was correct. He immediately suspended operations and hurried back to Boston. Laying the specimen on the table before his principals, he said, 'This shows I am right. The silver is there. Now we can go ahead and search for it.'

Before they give their sanction, however, the books of the syndicate were produced; and it was found that something like thirty thousand pounds had been expended in procuring that single ounce of silver.

Nothing daunted, the members of the syndicate determined to persevere; for by this time they were ready to pin their faith to the bold miner, more especially as he had produced such striking evidence in support of his theory. Johnson was practically given a free hand, the whole direction of the enterprise being left to him.

Before returning to the scene of his labours he displayed a map of the mountain, and showed where he proposed to sink his shaft; for he had made up his mind to abandon the tunnel. He stated his belief that they would find indications of ore at a depth of about fifteen hundred feet, but would probably have to penetrate to more than double that distance before striking the lode. It was agreed that he should be allowed to bore to a depth of five thousand feet before there was any question of the enterprise being abandoned.

Backed up with ample capital, Johnson returned to Colorado and commenced operations on a new scale. He procured air-drills and other mining machinery, erected a shaft-house, and engaged a staff of seventy-five experienced miners. The men were to work in eight-hour shifts, twenty-five at a time; so that the sinking of the shaft was to go on without intermission night and day.

That was at the end of the eighties. The work went steadily on month after month, year after year, and people flocked from all parts of Colorado to see this wonderful mine. The powerful drills were grinding continuously through the rocks, though as yet there was no trace of ore in sight. Down, down went the big shaft, two steel cages passing each other day and night.

For five years the work was continued without interruption, and a little settlement grew up around the mine. Then came the slump in silver coinage in the States. The members of the syndicate grew alarmed. Johnson was summoned in haste to Boston. Would the mine pay now? Johnson, sanguine as ever, declared that it would; for in his mind's eye he still saw those masses of solid silver buried in the depths of the hill.

Again he went back to the scene of his labours. The limit of five thousand feet had not yet been reached, and until then he would not give up hope. Even after all these years he had still implicit faith in his theory.

A year or two later a great streak of silverbearing mineral was discovered. Men were set to work upon it, and followed the dip of the vein for over one thousand feet. Sometimes the ore was rich in silver, sometimes it hardly yielded any. It is estimated, however, that about fifty thousand pounds was brought back to the coffers of the syndicate, though exact particulars were never allowed to leak out. The officials at the mine, including Johnson himself, were extremely reticent. Even at the headquarters in Boston no information was obtainable.

Eight years ago the shaft had reached a depth of over two thousand feet. The vein had not yet been exhausted, for it was found to have many windings; and it is supposed that the silver brought to the surface was enough to recoup the syndicate for their initial outlay.

And so, presumably, the work goes on to the present day; though whether Johnson's dream of those solid masses of silver down below will ever be realised it is impossible to say.

WAR.

LIAU-YANG.

Swift through his antercom the sun Strides to his throne from out the east, And in one short-lived dawning hour Day opens like some gorgeous tropic flower.

Wakes now to life a little farm, That crowns a hillock overgrown With orchards all fruit-laden yet— An isle midst seas of golden corn-fields set.

Beyond, a circling stream that flows
Through rocky gorges in and out
The ridges that enclose this scene,
And hold a thousand such their crests between.

And this the checkerboard on which Th' unhallowed game of war is played, Leaving a desert seared with fiame, Torn by the ghastly customs of the game.

Here, stretched in long, thin lines of black, Across the descrated fields, Men wait for death with pride or fear Till, flung from far, red death is busy here.

Here men must stand, or swiftly move, As ordered by some unloved man; And even break God's law, and kill, Till they themselves lie stained with blood, and still. What glory do these soldiers gain
That fight not knowing how or why;
The coward ranking with the brave,
All heaped unknown into a common grave?

Men play with death and men as pawns—
By some mad king the game prepared;
Nor rue they in their eager play
Th' unnumbered thousands that must mourn some day.

And while the pawns drop from the board The fields in distant lands are bare, And starving children cry for bread When he, for whose return they pray, lies dead.

The battle to the north has rolled,
And Pain and Death stalk grinning here;
The bodies in the trampled wheat,
And burning farm with ghastly mirth to greet.

How slow the burning sun sinks down!
For thirst the wounded cannot cry;
Yet still the tide of men streams past,
And leaves no help for those here dying fast.

No matter. It is ended now.

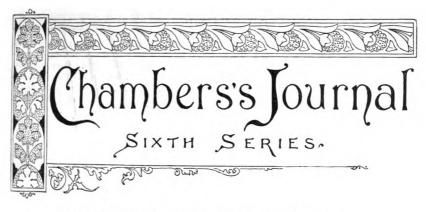
Swift night, with cool and kindly hand,

Draws her dark veil across the ground

Where these at last their prayed-for peace have found.

N. R.

N. B.



THE THOUSANDTH WHALE.

By J. J. BELL.



PON the moderate swell rolling into the ice-formed bay from the open Arctic Sea the *Thorgrim* lay and swung in a sullen fashion, her ninety feet of dingy-green hull dipping into the gray water till the scuppers gurgled.

Across her narrow deck the clammy mist was blown like smoke, while the bitter wind drew longsustained tenor notes from her slim ochre funnel. To starboard, the shape of a small berg, perhaps thirty feet in height at its highest point, was dimly visible, and Sigurd, the mate in the steering-box of the Thorgrim, found no other object as he slowly turned his keen eyes round the limited circle which the fog left to them. Yet less than five hundred yards away rose the sound of breakers, the rhythmic crash of the surf against the edge of the ice, the mosning echo from the icy waste that stretched through scores of miles to Greenland. The moaning echo is a weird thing, but Sigurd the mate was used to it. He listened for nigh a minute, then sharply jerked the cord of the fog-horn.

\$-\$-poop! cried the horn shortly, and the ice gave back echoes innumerable.

Almost immediately the captain appeared at the door of the tiny deck-house above the cabin, and made his way to the steering-box. He received his mate's report, verified it by listening for himself, and nodded. The mate took the wheel, and called down the speaking-tube to the engineer. For five nimits the Thorgrim moved slowly ahead, then take to rest and resumed her rolling.

Tell Ové to take your place, and come you to the cabin, said the captain as he descended the expendicular steps to the deck. 'Tell Hansen to bring coffee,' he added. 'We shall soon have work to do. The weather will clear within an hour.'

In an hour, kaptan! exclaimed the mate, taring; but the other was already entering the dek-house.

The time was two o'clock on the last afternoon of August, and the *Thorgrim* had lain in and catiously dodged about the ice-bay since the even-No. 472.—Vol. X.

ing of the 23rd. Storm had forced her to seek that precarious shelter; fog had helped to imprison her there. She was about seventy miles north of the mouth of Isafjord, the great indentation in the great north-west promontory of Iceland—so the captain guessed, and the mate hoped he was right. The business of the *Thorgrim* and the eleven Norwegians on board her was to chase, kill, and capture finner-whales, and tow the carcasses to the company's station, with its flensing-slips and oil-factory, in Isafjord. But the hunting season, which begins in mid-April or early May, was now at its fag-end. Indeed, the 15th of August had seen its close so far as the majority of the competing companies were concerned.

When Sigurd the mate came into the cabin, which was heated to a high temperature by the almost red-hot stove, he flung himself without a word on the port locker, loosened his muffler, set his pipe going, and began to read a Norsk illustrated journal, ragged and stained and four months old. Kaptan Svendsen did not like to be disturbed when he was playing 'patience,' for he gained inspiration as well as mere amusement from his wellthumbed pack of cards. Now his strong, steady hand laid down card after card, while his fine blue-gray eyes-under their heavy, almost white, brows-watched each one as if for some important development. Presently Sigurd threw aside the journal, every word of which he had read twenty times, and began to watch also, resting his forearms on the edge of the small triangular table, with its peg-holes for use in rough weather.

A puff of cold air rushed into the cabin, and the cook came cautiously down the steep and narrow stair bearing a tray.

'Coffee, kaptan,' he said, handing a large mug half-filled with the fluid to the card-player.

'Tak!' briefly returned the old man.—'Sigurd!' he said without looking up.

afternoon
n in and
the even[All Rights Reserved.]

The mate took the mug, laid it within reach of
the captain's hand, and secured it on the table with
four wooden pegs which he found on the ledge of
DECEMBER 15, 1906.

the bunk at his back. Then he took in turn his own mug, a basin of sugar, and a tin of condensed milk from the tray, pegging each to the swaying table.

'Biscuits,' murmured the captain, holding out an

impatient hand.

'The fine biscuits are finished, kaptan. I have nothing but these,' said Hansen, laying a wooden bowl of ordinary ship's biscuits on the table.

'What?'

'We have been at the sea twelve days. It is not usual,' replied Hansen sulkily. 'The milk also is finished—all but what is in that tin. There is also but little beef left, and you cannot have any more sweet soup—nothing but brown bean, and the beans also will soon be done.'

But Kaptan Svendsen had gone back to his cards. 'It is all right, Hansen,' he said pleasantly, without looking up. 'We shall be at the station in time for dinner to-morrow. It will be clear weather in less than one hour.'

The cook took his own mug of coffee and a biscuit, and seated himself on the locker beside the mate.

'So, kaptan?' he said. 'But if we leave in an hour we shall be at the station in time for breakfast.' He spoke as if the captain required to be humoured. 'For breakfast, kaptan,' he repeated.

Sigurd nudged him to be silent. The old man appeared to be making a calculation from the rows

of cards in front of him.

At last he looked up and bundled the cards together, laughing as he did so. He put sugar in his coffee, added milk from the jagged hole punched in the top edge of the tin, and took a long draught of the almost cool mixture.

'For dinner, Hansen,' he said quietly. 'The

Thorgrim will have a whale in tow.'

'Kaptan,' said Hansen, respectfully enough, 'we saw no whales all the four days before we came into the ice. Are not all the whales gone south by now? Besides, it is ill weather for hunting. And —and the food grows scarce. Ten—eleven days—it is unusual. I—I was not warned.'

Sigurd nudged him admonishingly; but Kaptan Svendsen took his cook's remarks calmly.

'You have food for all for eight days yet, according to the rules of the company,' he said. 'Have you not?'

Hansen began to stammer. He had known that this was to be the last trip of the season. He had been led to understand, also, that it was to be a run to the ice and back, only one day to be allowed for looking for whales. He had considered one-half of the usual stores more than sufficient. He said a great deal more, but all to the same effect.

The old man let him finish.

'So!' he said, and turned to the mate: 'Sigurd, go on deck, and bring me word of the weather.'

'Ja, kaptan,' answered Sigurd, and, knotting his muffler, left the cabin.

'Hansen,' said the captain, gazing earnestly at the sullen middle-aged man opposite him, 'do you sail on a whale-steamer next year?' 'Unless anybody prevents me,' muttered Hansen.

'I will not prevent you, but I require your promise—your oath—that you will never again break the rules of the company. You promise? You swear? Good! I know you will not fail again.'

'I am sorry, kaptan,' murmured the cook, honest

regret in his voice and expression.

'That is finished, Hansen. We speak of it no more. It is our last trip together.'

'Ah! You do not come again to Iceland, kaptan?'
'Nej. I retire,' answered the old man, smiling.
'I stay at home with my children and grandchildren in Sandefjord. I kill no more whales—but one. One more. My—— Well, Sigurd?'

The mate entered quickly, beaming. 'The weather clears, the wind falls, kaptan!'

Svendsen nodded with a pleased air. 'I shall soon kill my last whale—my thousandth whale! May he be a great bull—a king blaa-hval!'

'A thousand whales!' gasped the cook.
'Nine hundred and ninety-nine have I killed for my company,' said the old man proudly. 'Shall I go home to rest and tell my grandchildren of my life before I kill the thousandth—Sigurd—Hansen?'

He held out his great hand.

Sigurd shook it, laughing. 'The glory will be mine also, kaptan. I have told you so before.'

'Ah, yes, you knew it was to be the thousandth whale this trip, my Sigurd.—But you, Hansen—you will wish me luck?'

But the cook smote his hand on the table and cursed himself. What if his carelessness in the matter of provisions should force a return to the station ere the thousandth whale could be captured?

'Have I not told you that I will kill my whale before night?' said the old man, still holding out his hand.

Shamefacedly, Hansen took it. 'I have plenty of flour. I will bake extra bread now,' he muttered as he rose.

'If you like, Hansen—if you like. But it will not be required.'

For a moment the cook looked at the mate. Then he saluted the captain and left the cabin.

'Let us go on deck,' said Svendsen five minutes later. 'You and I will load the gun. Do you get forward the new harpoon that we took on board last week. I will not use an old one on my thousandth whale.'

The wind had dropped, and the sun was already piercing the mist, which was thinning so rapidly that bergs and sheets of ice came into view like objects on a photographic plate in the developing-bath. The crew appeared on deck smiling; but the smiles vanished when they saw the preparations for loading the gun. They had counted on a quick run back to Isafjord.

Kaptan Svendsen, fondling a cotton bag containing about a kilogramme of powder, nodded pleasantly as he passed them on his way to the bows. To two of them he gave instructions to

remove the tarpaulins from the powerful doublewinch immediately abaft the foremast, and to see that its machinery was in perfect working order.

Sigurd was already waiting on the foot-high platform in the bows beside the short, thick-set, sariet-painted cannon, the horrible harpoon on his left shoulder, a ramrod and a supply of wads in as right hand. Kaptan Svendsen examined the harpoon-every inch of its five-foot slotted shaft, in which ran the ring for carrying the cable; each one of the four hinged barbs, now lying against the shaft, but ready to open umbrella-wise within the victim. So far the harpoon was without a point.

The captain expressed himself satisfied, and Signed laid the hundredweight of metal on the platform. Then the gun was uncovered and unashed, and slewed round on its pivot for loading. lasly, Sigurd went below, to return speedily, bearing something resembling a torpedo in shape, tet about twelve inches in length, and sharp-nosed. This was screwed on to the end of the harpoon, we projecting from the gun's muzzle; and the arpoon was complete—pointed with a bomb that would explode shortly after striking.

it four o'clock the Thorgrim left her refuge, iolging the larger fragments of half-rotten ice, saouldering aside the smaller. Outside the bay, and for several miles from the ice-sheet, ice-pans hom one to a hundred square yards in extent based on the still heavy swell, their surfaces descring white, their sides glowing sapphire above is rater-line, and pale, cold green just below it. The ware-tops were brilliant in the sunshine, and every plunge great clouds of spray burst over the Theorems bows, battering the canvas shelter of a steering-box, rattling and hissing upon the innel and flooding the deck to the very stern. i srendsen laughed aloud as he guided the little camer among the pans southward. Ove, the exceed mate, who was steering, caught the infection the high spirits and came out of his sulky

The sea falls, kaptan,' he remarked cheerfully. We have luck with us.

Sgard, muffled to the eyes, his hands in heavy rollen, fingerless gloves, was already in the long, and barrel high up on the foremast. No eyes this could be trusted to detect the rising or conting of a finner on that tumbling expanse. Take he had little hope of seeing another pearlyby 'pout' rising from the water that season, and his captain's confidence and enthusiasm, he arched the surface of the sea as he had never artief it before. For surely the thousandth this rould be a very great thing for the old man and grandchildren.

and even as he thought of it, behold! two miles the solur n of watery vapour rose twenty feet the air, and as it began to drift away there had above the surface, moving leisurely westnga tounded, glistening, dark object—the back da whale It sank

Sigurd turned in the crow's nest and roared 'Hval!' at the steering-box, following up the word with directions to the steersman. Then his eyes went back to the sea.

Almost immediately the whale came up again, showing first the crown of his head, which was submerged ere the back appeared. He sounded as if melting into the water, only to reappear three minutes later. At each of these risings he blew, but not so heavily as on his first appearance. Then he went down once more, and Sigurd did not expect to see him again for fifteen or twenty minutes. But he had judged his course, and already the Thorgrim was doing her twelve knots and executing a flanking movement.

Svendsen had taken his stand on the gunplatform, and was making final tests of the bearings upon which the weapon rested. He smoked in an unemotional fashion.

'Kaptan!'

The old man looked up.

Sigurd was grinning over the edge of the barrel. 'It is the thousandth whale!' he cried. 'And it is as you desired—a blaa-hval, sure!—a great blaa-hval !-- a solitary--a bull !'

'So!' said Kaptan Svendsen contentedly.

The cook came forward and saluted apologeti-

'Well, Hansen, how goes the baking?' inquired Svendsen merrily.

'I come to wish you good luck, kaptan,' said the other. 'Also, there is little coffee and no sugar for the men. I-I am afraid of some of the men, kaptan.'

'Are you afraid to tell them that there is no sugar, and that there is also ten kroner for each man from myself when we reach the station? I ask you to tell the men that, Hansen.'

Hansen's reply was incoherent.

'Tell the men also,' said the old man, 'that yonder is my thousandth whale. They will understand and have patience with their kaptan. Go now, Hansen.'

Hansen obeyed, and having told the men, retired to the galley and resumed the manufacture of bread as if his life depended on turning out so many loaves ere nightfall. He was thinking of all the whales he had seen escape.

The whale rose again, but he had quickened his pace during his submersion, and appeared farther west than the mate had anticipated. The course of the Thorgrim was altered, and the engineer managed to cram another half-knot on to her speed, whereat her excited quivering was increased to frantic quaking, and the waves burst heavily over her bows, drenching Svendsen to the waist. It was no weather for hunting, thought Sigurd as he described great irregular arcs in the air, but one could not expect to choose the weather when fortune had sent the Thousandth Whale.

An hour passed, and still the 'blue' unconsciously dodged his pursuers, changing his course of speed, so that once Sigurd thought him lost, and five minutes later beheld him in such a position that the Thorgrim must have actually passed over him. Moreover, it was a race with time, for the light would soon be failing, and Sigurd smelt snow.

The captain kept his stand on the bowplatform, his drowned pipe in his teeth, his face running with spray. From time to time Hansen brought him dry gloves, for a numbed finger at the critical moment might mean a bad shot. The men attending the winches stood stolidly at their posts, thinking perhaps of the ti kroner which each would receive, and-perhaps not so selfishly-of the old man and his thousandth whale.

Suddenly Sigurd shouted and pointed. The 'blue' was rising not a hundred yards away on the port bow. The wind dissipated the cloud of vapour from his blow-hole as his head went down and his enormous back heaved up amid the waves, slid forward, and was submerged. Already the captain's left hand had shot up, and the steersman had called to the engineer for 'dead slow.' The course was altered ever so little, and the Thorgrim moved slowly forward, and then lay wallowing, awaiting the second rising of the 'blue.'

Captain Svendsen's gloves were gone; his big hand gripped the short stock of the gun; his forefinger was crooked on the trigger. His pipe was still between his teeth.

And then, not five yards distant, and almost straight ahead, with a snorting, hissing sound, the head of the 'blue' broke the surface. Two seconds later the gunner let fly, aiming-if that were possible in such a sea-for the most vital region six to ten feet behind the flipper. A whale stricken nearer the tail may give trouble for many hours.

So the gun crashed out its dreadful bolt, and the monstrous tail of the 'blue' rose high in the air, fell, and disappeared in a boiling whirlpool. And almost at the same instant Kaptan Svendsen turned on his heel in the smoke, signed to the men to clap the brakes on the winch, and left the platform. Without a look to right or left he walked swiftly aft.

Sigurd came down from his perch, his face set, and took charge. He had seen the harpoon glance across the 'blue's' back and plunge into the sea fifty feet beyond, the bomb bursting like a silly rocket. Somehow he had never dreamed of the captain missing his thousandth whale-not even in a hurricane.

In silence the men hauled the cable and spent harpoon on board, while Sigurd saw that the gun was covered and lashed in position. On his way to the cabin he looked into the galley. Hansen was sitting with his face in his floury bands, weeping.

'Bring coffee,' said Sigurd quietly, and passed on. He found the old man playing 'patience,' and sat down without speaking.

Presently, with his eyes on the cards, the captain

said casually, 'If the weather does not change, we shall be at Isafjord for dinner to-morrow.'

'Ja, kaptan.

Svendsen laid out another row of cards, and Sigurd picked up his tattered journal.

'The course is sou'-sou'-east,' remarked the captain after a silence. 'Order full speed now. I will come on deck soon.'

The mate left the cabin. At the top of the stair he met the cook.

Twenty minutes later the twain, accompanied by the engineer, entered the cabin. The old man was still fingering his cards.

'Why have you not ordered full speed?' he asked. Then, noticing the engineer, 'Is anything wrong?'

The engineer shook his head. 'The engines are all right,' he said, 'and there is coal for twentyfour hours.'

'Kaptan,' said Sigurd, 'the men say that they do not wish to return to the station yet. And we say

'I-I do not understand,' said the old man, staring at a ragged queen.

'Ah, kaptan, kaptan,' cried the cook, his voice fluttering, 'your thousandth whale-you must have it yet, kaptan.'

The cards dropped from the old man's fingers.

'So!' he said very softly.

'I go to bring coffee,' said Hansen abruptly, and fled from the cabin.

'So!' murmured the captain again, and a pleased smile came to his lips. But the smile faded. 'The risk is too great,' he said gravely.

The engineer spoke. 'If the Thorgrim does not reach the station to-morrow they will send the other whaler or the big steamer to look for us. It is quite safe.'

'And when would they find us, my good Olaf? In many days perhaps.'

'Hansen has bread for about four days,' put in

Sigurd. 'We are all content with bread.' But if the bad weather comes, and we have to

wait in the ice?'

'Let us hunt for one day more, kaptan.'

The old man wavered. The temptation was very

'I will speak to the men,' he said at last, rising and gathering up his cards methodically.

Ere the long twilight ended in black night the Thorgrim was once more idly rolling in an ice bay, waiting for another chance. And that chance, thanks to a grievous change in the weather, was full three days in coming.

'They will be searching for us now,' said the men one to another, and scanned the sea anxiously, for bread and water is depressing diet within the

Arctic Circle.

During the fourth night the wind died, and early the following morning the Thorgrim left the ice for comparatively calm water. The captain went into the steering-box to relieve the mate.

'Turn in, Sigurd,' he said. 'There will be

acting to do on deck. Hansen will give you the last up of coffee. I thought it was finished, but be found enough for two cups this morning. He is like a baby, is Hansen.'

'I do not need coffee. I will turn in there,' the mate replied, pointing to the crow's nest.

Srendsen lifted a protesting hand. 'It is no use-no use,' he said sadly. 'We go as straight as we can to the station. We shall all be starving when we get there. May the fog keep away!'

Sigurd descended to the deck. As if it were an aterthought, he remarked, 'I will look out for the stamer and the other whaler,' and went forward.

'That,' said the old man, 'is a wise thought, Sigurd.' He gave a direction to the steersman, and at down in the corner of the box, gazing listlessly shead.

But Sigurd, in the crow's nest, kept his eyes on the near waters.

At midday the sun came forth, and Svendsen took is slitted and worked out the Thorgrim's position. He was about forty miles farther from home than he had guessed. The discovery annoyed rather than alarmei him, and he was about to summon the mate from the masthead when the latter threw up his arms with an exultant yell:

'Hval! Hval!'

In less than a minute the old man was on the pation uncovering and unlashing the gun. To its suprise, it was already unloaded. He heard Sgud's laugh, and he looked up and laughed in reum.

'My good Sigard !'

Hanen, looking like a ghost, peeped from the galler, and the men took their places by the

The whale rose again, and Sigurd yelled that he was bigger than the one which had escaped. The hangy men at the winches grinned. They were sect to whale-hunting; but this—

Kaptan Svendsen set his pipe going. He was kinself again. He fondled his gun.

At Signut's direction, the steersman had sent the Region right about, and she was now running before the smooth waves. On board excitement, are my to patience. The captain called Hansen, but despatched him to a locker in the cabin, there is find a tin of cocce—the last food on the *Thorgrin*. I mag for every man,' said the captain.

About two o'clock the whaler had been maceurred to within striking distance of the talk The 'blue' rose on the starboard bow, and rose again nearer, sank, and finally rose so doe under the Thorgrim that the gun when fired to the talk at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The cable flashed over the bow-wheel for thirty sonal; then its speed slackened, and the brakes were gradually applied to the winch until it stopped maning. The cable between the winch and the way was rigid as steel, but the *Thorgrim* street not. Her nose was deep in the water and

her propeller showed a dry blade. Death hung deep in the sea at the end of the cable; no wounded life struggled there. The shot had been a sure one. A hundred tons, perhaps, of living matter had plunged madly for the depth, and, plunging, had died, heart and lungs wrecked by the exploding shell.

Three hours were occupied in hoisting the carcass to the surface, lashing it alongside, cutting the mighty flukes from the tail, and inflating the body with air pumped by the engine through a hollow lance. Then a chain was rove through and around the tail-stump, and the carcass was cast astern, attached to the *Thorgrim* by thirty fathoms of a twelve-inch hawser. Already hundreds of sea-birds were screeching above the dead, while Greenland sharks took their toll beneath.

'Full speed!' cried the captain down the tube, and immediately the homeward run began.

But the old man's triumph flickered out.

He went down to the cabin, after summoning the engineer.

'How many hours' coal have you now?' he asked.

'Fourteen and a half, kaptan,' answered Olaf, who had just been figuring it out.

'And we are about twelve hours from the tation.'

'Good!' said the engineer.

'Twelve hours going at full speed, Olaf.'

'I have full speed now, kaptan.'

'Ja. Your engine is doing full speed, but the Thorgrim is doing little more than half. It is the whale'——

The engineer's face fell.

The mate looked out of his bunk.

'We are farther from the station than you thought, kaptan,' said he.

'I meant to tell you, Sigurd,' returned Svendsen, 'but the whale came. When the whale came I forgot everything else. I was foolish to take the whale, and now I must let it go. It is no use. We cannot take the whale to the station. Let it go now, and do you take charge, Sigurd.'

'But, kaptan'--- began the mate.

'I say it is no use,' interrupted Svendsen. 'Do as I tell you—now. Leave me. I am tired. I am an old man, and an old fool. I have been risking my men and my ship for my own conceit. I tell you that, Sigurd; and you also, Olaf. I thank you and every one for standing by this silly old man, but I will take no more risks. Go now. I would sleep. It is long since I have slept well.'

'I beg to know what distance we are from the station, kaptan,' said the engineer respectfully from the doorway.

Svendsen told him shortly, and waved him and the mate away.

In a little while the *Thorgrim* stopped, and the old man in his bunk heard the tramping of feet above him.

'They are casting off my thousandth whale,' he

said to himself. 'So!' And soon with sheer weariness he fell asleep.

Sigurd the mate stood in the crow's nest. It was growing dark, and the wind was bitter though the sea was calm. Sigurd had been up there for four hours, which is a long spell for a well-fed man. For the third time he sent for the engineer, who for the third time came to the foot of the mast.

'How long now, Olaf?'

'One hour-no more, Sigurd.'

'Kaptan is still sleeping?'

'Ja. Hansen watches him. Wonderful Hansen! He has discovered one more cup of coffee for the kaptan! It is cold up there?'

'Ja.

'But no one else has your sight. I will tell you when the time is up.' The engineer departed,

Sigurd drew his muffler over his mouth and resumed his search. The stars came out, and a fine, dry snow drifted down. It soon ceased, but Sigurd knew there was much more to come erelong.

The time, despite his miserable situation, passed all too quickly, and the engineer's voice came up to him, saying, 'The hour has gone.'

'Can you not allow half-an-hour longer, Olaf?'

' Nej.'

'Quarter?'

'Nej, nej. We can do no more.'

'Then it must be,' said Sigurd, struggling with his cramped limbs, and taking a last look about him.

A cry broke from him. 'Quick, Olaf! The blue light! I am frozen here. I cannot move yet. Fire the light, and help me afterwards.'

Soon the *Thorgrim* and the sea around her were bathed in a ghastly glare. The engineer swarmed up the rigging to assist the mate, and even as he reached him an answering flare, small but certain, appeared away in the east.

'It is the steamer!' yelled Sigurd. 'Tell the

kaptan. Do not wait.'

But the engineer insisted that it was Sigurd's duty, and so five minutes later the latter staggered into the cabin where the old man was sleeping, watched by the cook.

'Kaptan, the steamer comes. I have signalled her, and she has replied.'

'So!' said Svendsen, getting up slowly. 'If I had been sure of the steamer I would not'-

The cook could contain himself no longer.

'You have the whale still!' he cried. 'Oh kaptan, you have your thousandth whale!'

'Mutiny on my last trip!' said Captain Svendsen when he learned from Sigurd how his officers and crew had arranged, against his orders, to keep the whale in tow till the last possible moment. 'Mutiny on my last trip!' But his eyes were kind.

As the *Thorgrim* steamed to meet the rapidly approaching steamer the old man stood on the afterdeck peering at the huge, dim shape wallowing

astern.

Hansen approached.

'The last of the coffee, kaptan,' he said respectfully, presenting a steaming mug.

'Then you will drink it yourself, Hansen.'

The cook protested.

'I have now drunk the last of the coffee five times,' said Svendsen. 'When did you taste coffee last?' he suddenly demanded.

'Four days ago, kaptan. It is nothing.'

'So! Then you have saved your own coffee for me! Have you any more left?'

Hansen looked guiltily miserable. 'Enough for two mugs,' he stammered at last.

'For me?'

'Surely, kaptan.'

'Then I drink this, and you will go now and take the two mugs yourself. The steamer will give us plenty soon. Now, go. No more mutiny.'

The cook went, but halted half-way to the

galley and retraced his steps.

'Kaptan, you—you will soon be telling your children and grandchildren about your thousandth

'My thousandth whale,' said Kaptan Svendsen, smiling reflectively. He laid his hand on the other's shoulder. 'Yes, it will be a fine story to tell. But I think, my good Hansen, the finest part of the fine story will be about my men on the Thorgrim.'

And Hansen retired, rubbing his eyes, yet so pleased with all things that he divided the last of the coffee between Sigurd and the engineer.

IS ARGENTINA'S PROSPERITY PERMANENT?

By HERBERT H. BASSET.



BOUT eight years ago, when the aftergloom of the Baring crisis still hung heavily over the land of Argentina, I ventured to write an optimistic article in these columns on 'The Coming Revival of South

America.' Argentine Government bonds were then selling at a discount of from 20 to 30 per cent., and

are now over par; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway shares were about 65, and are now 118; whilst land companies' shares which were bought at a few shillings apiece have jumped in value to many pounds. These comparisons are made for the purpose of indicating the enormous change in values during the past decade. Equally marked improvement has been shown in Chile, Brazil, and

Peru, and in the Central American states, as well as in Merico. As the interests of British investors in Argentina and South America generally now run into some hundreds of millions of pounds, it is well worth a moment's thought in order to analyse the causes of the change and to estimate the permanent character of the prosperity which now rules throughout the South American continent.

Argentina, with which republic we are mainly concerned, as British capital is invested more largely there than in the other states, owes all its prosperity to a remarkable series of bountiful harvests. Much is attributed to the absence of revolution and civil warfare, but this was not the original cause of the prosperity. It is poverty which begets sedition and revolution; and volatile s the Latin-American may be, yet he has no desire for revolution when his granaries are overflowing, his cattle growing in number day by day, and his stancia generally a picture of increasing wealth and content. There have been ample excuses for revolution if the desire had been there. The increasing taxation of the labouring classes in Buenos Ayres, such as exists to-day, would ten years ago have bred a provincial outbreak in a very short time; but, despite the presence in the 'Queen City' of some scores of the worst class of European labour agitators, the political and civil world is comparatively untroubled. The profits made by the farmers, stock-breeders, and merchants have natly increased their spending power, and they have laid out large sums on new buildings and improved agricultural implements and up-to-date machinery, the great bulk of which has gone to the Intel Kingdom; whilst the railway wagon-makers of this country have been unable to keep pace with the big orders received from Argentine railway companies. The railway companies (all controlled by British capital) have made enormous profits a the carriage of the grain; indeed, there are ler departments of trade connected with the River Plate that have not been enriched as the result of the bumper harvests which have annually seconded each other for the past six or seven

It is unnecessary to observe that I claim no great breaght in having predicted this revival. To any the having regard for the existence of trade and unal cycles, it was obvious that but a few years pas before prosperity again came to the conting as a result of improved harvests. It is beause Argentina depends, not partially but wholly, n is gain producing and stock-raising powers that is well to consider its economic position at the Power time in order to gauge the future prospects the country. Bad harvests, even a succession of ben, nay occur at any time, whilst the locusts are drift an incipient evil, and rinderpest is not an BLOWN Scourge Is Argentina's financial and traomic position such that it could pass through misfortanes without any serious depreciation thing place in the enormous capital which the

British investor and manufacturer have lavished upon the country?

In order to answer this question satisfactorily it is necessary to assume the existence of the troubles mentioned. The first year would doubtless pass lightly over the estancieros, as reserves hidden away during the days of prosperity would prove ample to meet any difficulties; but a repetition would at once necessitate a limitation of expenditure, the reduction of labour, and the consequent curtailing of employment throughout the country. Whilst this would not have been a serious matter ten years ago, it would have an important bearing on the position to-day. During the past decade thousands of Italians, Germans, and peasants from southern Europe have poured into the country, and there has been a constant flow of immigration from South Africa since the Boer war. There is probably a more mixed population of nationalities in Argentina to-day in proportion to its total strength than in any country in the world. There has been no restriction placed on the class of immigrants admitted to the country; and, whilst it is believed in official quarters that there was no need for this restriction, it is yet a matter of common knowledge that a very large proportion of the worst class of immigrants has not gone beyond the city of Buenos Ayres, whilst many of the better-intentioned immigrants have been caught by the beauty and riches of Buenos Ayres, have spent their little capital in the Parisian attractions of the place, and have become one of a great mass of flotsam and jetsam that seeks a doubtful livelihood in the 'Queen City.' Any restriction of employment in the provinces would cause a general drift to the city, and here there are so-called 'labour leaders' and political office-seekers only too ready to use the unemployed in any time of trouble in order to foment agitation and political disturbance.

The economist will point out that such incidents are common to the development of every new country, and their effect may be alleviated by sound government, especially where, as is the case in Argentina, the nation has amassed considerable cash resources. Thus we are brought to consider the question of how far the Argentine Government has used or is using the immense wealth which has flowed into the Exchequer for the purpose of consolidating its financial position and rendering a repetition of the Murrietta failures and pre-Baring days impossible. If the reader can conceive of the Imperial Exchequer of Britain overflowing with gold as the result of years of prosperous trade, whilst the Manchester and Liverpool Corporations are defaulting in the payment of interest on loans borrowed from German investors, he will acquire some idea of the anomalous position in which the Argentine Government stands to-day. The Argentine Government claims that it is not responsible for debts incurred by the provinces. Nor is the Imperial Government of Great Britain responsible for the payment of the debts of Manchester or Liverpool; but if the British Government were seeking to rehabilitate its financial position and national credit in the eyes of the world, it is inconceivable that it would not recognise moral responsibility for the debts of its children, and take such steps for control over their future borrowings as might be necessary. Yet the Argentine Government has refused to recognise either legal or moral responsibility for the defaulting states of the nation, or to introduce any legislation by which a repetition of the disgraceful Cedula default might be made impossible. In industrial matters its legislative activity has been equally non-existent. Labour troubles are more or less to be expected; but no effort has been made to remedy the treatment which has more than once been served out to British companies operating railways in the republic, when the Government has openly encouraged strike movements. Those industries, which were welcomed in the days of Argentina's gloom, are now being used by the provincial authorities for the purpose of raising money by taxation. As an example of the heavy taxation, it may be mentioned that bread is more expensive in Argentina than in those countries to which it exports its surplus wheat-stock of about two and a half million tons. First of all, there is the tax on the transport of wheat, then comes the millers' tax, and the heavy charges that the bakers have to pay, all of which mount up to a considerable item in the cost of an ordinary loaf of bread. Taxation of this kind can be understood when the national Exchequer is hard pressed to find funds, but it is not an indication of sound government when the country has some millions of gold locked up in the national till.

In social matters it is only necessary to point to the existence of the 'white slave traffic' of Buenos Ayres, and the constant comments which appear in the local press on the impossibility of any lady passing through the streets of Buenos Ayres city without molestation. In public works there has been neither enterprise nor wisdom exhibited. Whilst the Government has expended money in constructing handsome and palatial buildings, it has done nothing towards remedying the many evils under which shipping arriving in the port of Buenos Ayres suffers, whilst it can with safety be said that there is not a single highway throughout the whole country that would not become impassable after a few hours' rain. It has, on the other hand, outlined a lavish programme by which it proposes to spend six million five hundred thousand pounds in building large warships and providing floating batteries along the River Plate-bellicose move-

ments highly unnecessary and impolitic in view of the Government's agreement a few years ago with Chile, when the navies of the two countries were simultaneously reduced. Every movement of the Government of Argentina points towards a personal or national aggrandisement without consideration for those necessary measures of wise statesmanship which are vital if the country is to secure that solidity which alone can carry it through a period of non-prosperity.

Argentina is, as I pointed out in my previous article, a country full of natural resources. When Nature shines upon it all is well, and Nature has shone upon it of recent years with unparalleled generosity. But what will happen when drought, the locust, and cattle disease play havoc with the natural productions of the country? Looking through a copy of an Argentine paper to hand by a recent mail, I observed that the locusts had invaded one part of the country, and a stock-raiser had set out in figures the approximate amount which he had been forced to expend on dry food for cattle. I reproduce the figures as given:

IUI Cature.	2 2 0 P 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	•		
	maire at 50 della	ars per ton	15,000	dolla
300 tons or	limize at 40 dollar	s per ton	6,000	**
150 tons of	pran at 40 donar	dollars per ton	13,500	**
450 tons of	ary allalla at to	on, &c	5,000	н
- 1 !			3,500	
Labour, &c	s of troughs at 3	dollars per mètre	3,000	, ,,

46,000 dollars.

The correspondent concludes: 'Add to this the value of our own twenty-eight stacks of alfalfa and the purchase of steam-engine and maize-crusher, &c., and you have got what a seven months' drought and a visitation of locusts means.' The locust fiend is the most dreaded evil among the estancieros. They sweep across large tracts of verdant grass covering an acreage equal to Great Britain; and, unless a strong wind drives them onwards and maybe out to sea, they leave behind them in a very short space of time devastation of pasturage and possible ruin to the farmer.

In investment matters there is a time to buy and a time to sell. The man who can select the psychological moment does not exist. But it is well that British investors, who have at stake in Argentina many millions of pounds, should recognise that this is not an injudicious moment to scan their investment risks in this quarter of the globe. If my previous article resulted happily for those readers of this Journal who embarked capital in Argentina eight years ago, it is possible they may be glad to have this short summary of what I believe to be the outlook at the present moment in the land of La Plata.



THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER IV.



Snatters turned out, Clifford Warrener was destined to something besides the conventional meal temptingly offered by May Castlerayne. He had come down to stay for a day

or two with some friends in the seighbourhood; he had telegraphed to say that her might expect him about dinner-time; his kitbug had gone on in advance. Outside the gate of the Towers a messenger awaited him with a note. It appeared that the telegram had been delayed, the which is a pleasing malady with the average railway sation telegraph-office, where labour is scanty and electric message importunity of little favour. There vas nobody at home at The Haven, and the butler, who had been away all day, had taken the liberty st opening the telegram. A wandering gamekeeper ad chanced to see Mr Warrener, and thus his movements had been recorded. Meanwhile, the inhag and its contents awaited the good pleasure d the owner thereof.

Veryawkward, Clifford muttered. 'The Marchnonts are all away. I did not know that when I degraphed last night. Perhaps I had better have my lag sent over to the Royal Hotel at Hardlowegh. There is a train about six, and '——

'indeed, you will do nothing of the kind,' May aid with decision. 'We will send the donkey-cart lick your bag, and you will stay here to-night.—

'int Gerrude, will you be so good as to neglect par precious flowers for a moment? This is Mr Warrene, who is belated and stranded by the way, the past for the sole of his dress-slippers, so to sak tome and persuade him to dine and spend is night here.'

Aunt Certrude came slowly down the grass path klor the rose-bushes. There was a flush on her ple fac, a questioning in her eyes as they fell may Warrener's tall figure. She seemed to be ioning into the past, beyond the events of the cold, and year. She breathed just a little faster; her is true parted.

an glad to see you, she said. 'My dear boy, to we very, very like your father.'

Warener took the alim hand extended to him his dit to his lips.

I am more than pleased to meet you,' he said. have heard so much of you from my father. He said a dilude so frequently to the Towers. He spoke it as one of the most charming houses he had set been in, and I am bound to say that he did so traggerate. After the rush and fret of a great war, this is utterly restful and soothing.'

Called spoke with a deep sincerity in his voice. Is gate wandered from the short, thick turf at his to the rose-garden, and from the garden to the cap talk of the house in its frame of deeper, more

frowning gray, and the vivid trees beyond. Verily, here was a place to be envied. It looked as if trouble and war could not live here, as if the burdens of the world had been left on the other side of the stream.

But Warrener knew better than that; he knew of the grim poverty that lurked behind the smiling flowers. He knew of the pride that pinches, the pitiful arrogance of the decaying race. And he was in a position to alter this with a wave of his wand. He could scatter aside all those carking cares and take the wrinkles out of Mr Castlerayne's brows. He would not have been sanguine but for the forces arrayed behind him.

'Mr Warrener is going to stay here to-night,' May said. 'There has been a mistake over a telegram, and he is stranded here. I will send the donkey-cart over to The Haven for the luggage.'

'Of course,' Aunt Gertrude observed as if it were the most natural thing in the world, 'it is a genuine pleasure to have a Warrener here. Your father and my brother were such great friends in the past. Come into the hall and have some tea.'

Warrener hesitated. It was hard not to see Angela again; it was equally hard to stay there and partake of the hospitality of a man whose prejudices the guest was going to violate ruthlessly and mercilessly a little later on. But the great oak door of the hall opened at the same moment, and Angela stood there with the amber light of the fading sun on her face. She stood there tall and fair and stately, a slender figure in white. She started, and her face coloured strangely as she saw Warrener. It seemed to him that her look was one of cold surprise.

'I did not expect to see you down here,' she said.
'We are ever the sport of circumstance,' Warrener replied lightly. 'I have been over the Common with your sister. My idea was to stay with the Marchmonts to-night; but I find that they are away from home. Miss Castlerayne has very kindly offered to put me up this evening. I feel like an intruder, really; but'—

Angela smiled gloriously. Whatever her feelings might have been, a lack of hospitality certainly was not one of them. A Castlerayne could not possibly have been guilty of that failing. The girl extended her hand to Warrener quite warmly.

'Of course you will stay the night,' she said. 'I was just coming to call the others in to tea. You have certainly arrived at the psychological moment.'

Warrener passed into the dim hall, full of cool brown shadows and sweetly fragrant of roses. The light filtered through the stained-glass windows; it fell on the dainty tea-service, flickered on the facets of old silver that shone as only old silver can. There were comfortable lounges here and there, the suggestion of comfort that only a refined English

home can give. Warrener abandoned himself to the exquisite pleasure of the moment.

Mr Castlerayne was glad to see him when he came presently from the study. It was a great pleasure to him to have the son of his old friend under his roof. Perhaps the host was secretly surprised to find that contamination with trade had left no brand on Warrener. Perhaps he had expected to see a man in loud clothes, with a loud voice, who talked a jargon of discounts and par values and the fluctuation of stocks and shares. So far as Warrener was concerned, he, like Gallio, might have cared for none of these things.

Tea came to an end at length. There was a lovely hour spent in the garden, and then dinner. It was a plain dinner, though the wine was excellent; so, too, were the peaches and nectarines gathered fresh and ruddy from the ripe south wall of the garden. Warrener lingered afterwards over a cigarette and a glass of claret the like of which he had never tasted before. He felt just a little ashamed of himself; he was a kind of traitor in the camp. He wandered off presently to the drawing-room, where the lamps were not yet lit. Angela was alone there, playing some soft and soothing melody on the piano.

'We did not expect you quite so soon,' the girl said. 'The others are in the garden. Shall we join them? Really, it is a most exquisite night.'

It was indeed an exquisite night, full and warm, and gently lighted by a crescent moon. A pearly diaphanous mist was rising over the Common. Beyond it the great belt of pines loomed out like the masts of ships in a summer sea.

'The Common always looks like a pearly land at this time,' Angela said. 'It seems almost a pity to get near enough to destroy the illusion.'

'All people do not take the same view of it.' Warrener laughed. They had paused before the old sundial. Angela stood leaning on it with an arm that gleamed like ivory in the moonlight. 'I am told that there are prosaic eyes on the sacred spot.'

'I suppose you got that from May,' Angela said a little coldly. 'Some people in Hardborough want to start a hotel here. Of course the idea is preposterous. Fancy our Common being made the abidoing-place of Saturday till Monday people, who smoke cheap cigars and drink beer! My father would never listen to such a suggestion.'

The speaker looked proud and scornful in the moonlight. Lady Clare Vere de Vere might have presented no more contemptuous a figure. She seemed a being of another world, a race apart. And yet in its way it was not devoid of cheapness, the juggling of theatrical show. Angela had no sympathy with the lower classes, yet she did not so much mind being dependent on these creatures for little things she could not pay for.

'Is your father likely to have the last word?'
Warrener asked.

'Well, really, I suppose so,' Angela said. 'I dare say May has told you everything. There is a man

called Craggs who has advanced some preposterous claim'——

'I would not run away with that idea if I were you. I believe that Craggs and the hospitallers are quite within their rights in this claim. I have gone into the matter carefully. To do Craggs justice, he is as much averse to the hotel idea as you are. At the same time, he naturally looks the Common to provide the money income to keep up the hospital. Poor old Craggs is just as proud in his way as you are.'

'My dear Mr Warrener, does the moonlight always make you talk nonsense?'

'I am talking no nonsense,' Clifford repeated. 'Do you know what I would do with you if I had my own way? I would make you get your own living amongst the people whom in your heart of hearts you so despise! You should go amongst them and discover for yourself that there is as much pride and dignity in labour as there is in the caste. I have seen enough of it, and I ought to know. When I was quite a young man I lodged for a time in the cottage of an artisan—I could afford no better quarters. That man taught me more than I ever learnt at school. His feelings and sentiments were those of a refined gentleman; his wife was his equal in every way. He is one of my managers to-day, respected and liked by all who know him. It is only a matter of refinement and education. Craggs would have been a statesman and a Cabinet Minister if he had only had the chance of the modern boy. If you took a little girl from the slums of London—the child of the gutter, I mean-and educated her properly, do you suppose that anybody could guess what her parentage had been?'

Angela smiled faintly, with her proud head uplifted to the stars. It was strange how this man always thrilled her, how exalted she always felt in his company. The girl regarded his lapse into trade as an obsession, the backsliding of a gentleman. Perhaps it was contamination with soap that made him talk in that way.

'I should not be in the least interested,' she said. 'I am quite content with my lot.'

'But how long is it likely to be your lot?' Warrener proceeded. 'Forgive me if I speak too plainly; only recollect the interest I take in your future welfare. Have you ever thought what is likely to take place if anything happens to your father? He may die at any time—we all have to die sooner or later. I understand the estate'—

'It is very polite of you to call it by that name,' Angela said with some bitterness.

'Goes to the next of kin. It passes from you altogether. Angela, have you'----

The girl faced round on Warrener almost angrily. Her eyes were blazing.

'Really,' she said—'really, Mr Warrener, you forget yourself! Your only excuse'—

'Is the excuse that every man has in the presence of the woman he loves. I have never told you that I cared for you, for the simple reason that there is so necessity. You know it. If you can look me in the face and say honestly that you did not know it'—

'I think that will do,' Angela interrupted. 'We had better go and find the others.'

She flung her glorious head high in the air. The dignity of her manner was queenly, and yet down in her heart was a certain wealth of gladness; her lips, red and full, were curved in a little smile.

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITY-HUNTING.

By R. A. GATTY.



HE rage for collecting was never more fully developed than at the present time. No matter where you go, every one you meet seems to have some craze after things beautiful

and rare, from postage-stamps to problem, and curiosity-hunting is a recognised form of sport. Nevertheless, there is perpetual grunbling on the part of collectors that things grow scarce and dearer, while frauds and fakes abound on all sides, demanding greater care and cation on the part of would-be purchasers. This sall very true in a general sense; but it must be remembered that the world contains more treasures than erer it did, for each generation in turn bequeaths its valuables onwards, never removing anything as it passes away, but always adding to the world speak speak store.

It will be found that fashion is answerable for a good many of the fluctuations affecting the curiositymarket. Some one brings forward a fresh idea, sch as old pewter, and farmhouses and cottages are assacted, and a boom begins, till the prices run m to a preposterous height far beyond the worth d the article. In the same way, what was once at the top of the market may find itself displaced by one fashionable craze, just as Chippendale now the precedence of old oak furniture. The coleder never knows how long public favour will or what will be its next development. This particularly refers to letters and relics of distinraised persons. A few years ago no one would an imagined that an unsigned letter of Nelson's, ration to Lady Hamilton, would realise over one bound pounds at public auction; and it will be toned that a good many Nelson relics have changed and lately owing to this rise in prices.

is a wonderful what quantities of curiosities at discovered each year by excavations, notably a Egypt; and when you think what has been lost a kepst, it is curious that so little seems to be smelled in England, which has always been largely produced. The real fact is that nobody looks, and a tarthing ever is picked up it is due to a chance and it is a labourer in the fields. Some years ago, a Vortabire, a man went to a farm for a day's toright with the farmer. In the morning, as they as smoopany them. The sporting friend noticed is; attached to the dog's collar was apparently

a brass ring, which the farmer explained his servant had ploughed up the day before and tied to the collar. When the ring was removed the friend pronounced it to be gold, and he offered to take it into town and get it valued. The farmer assented, but he said he would rather have some silver spoons than money. These the jeweller readily agreed to give, and he afterwards sold the ring for twenty pounds. The next time the ring changed hands it fetched three hundred and fifty pounds, and it is now in the British Museum. It is a Saxon ring, having in enamel the words, 'Ethelswyth Regina.'

It may be said that this is quite an exceptional case, and a man might live to be a hundred and never get such a chance; but how many people ever make the attempt? It is slow and tedious work to walk up and down the furrows of a ploughed field, or to pace methodically an autumn-sown wheat-field that has been well washed by the winter rains; but it is not altogether fruitless. I have never known flint implements fail, even in districts far removed from the chalk in which flints are found; and the following is a list of things I gathered from a particular field, but not all on the same day: I had more than two-score flints and several arrowheads among them, a few gun-flints (bringing the use of flint up to modern times), a coin of Constantine (showing that the Romans had probably been on the ground), a shilling of Charles I. and a shilling gun-money of James II., a prehistoric jet ornament, a stone spindle-whorl, and a penny token of 1788. In places where Roman camps have been, or Saxon villages, remains of both periods are turned up again and again by the plough, and quite a nice collection might be made if people only searched the ground.

It is certainly easier to frequent curiosity-shops in town; but to be able to do this with satisfactory results you must be an expert. It is not much use merely to be a perfect judge of one thing which you may collect. To get any good out of curiosity-shopping you must know something about everything worth buying; in fact, you must know more, if possible, than the dealer from whom you are about to buy. I remember once being in a well-known jeweller's shop, and while I was looking at some old rings and trinkets my eye caught sight of a ring which had in it a stone with a lion cut on it, and above the lion a single star. I knew it

1

as a Roman gem, and it was the constellation Leo. When I asked the price the dealer hesitated; and, looking hard at me, he asked me if it was a Roman gem. I replied that was what I wanted to know from him. He tried all ways to get me to confess I knew about such things, and when I presently put down the ring, and was going out, he told me he wanted thirty shillings for it as it was, but if it was a Roman gem he wanted more. I took advantage of his offer and bought the ring.

It is always advisable to turn over the loose stones you sometimes see exposed in the window of a small jeweller's shop, generally lying in a saucer. They represent the stones taken from rings at various times, when a customer has sold or parted with his ring in exchange for some other ornament. If you know an antique gem when you see it, you may possibly come across one in such a place, as I have done more than once. It is impossible to say who may have gone into the shop and parted with his gold ring. The stone would be certain to be removed to ascertain the weight of metal, and thrown into the saucer. That stone may have come from Greece or Italy, and may be worth pounds. The jeweller is pretty sure to be ignorant of the fact, and he will let you take any stone you like for the modest sum of one or perhaps two shillings. I got in that way a head which was appearing out of a bath. The stone was a yellow carnelian; but just where the neck was there was an accidental streak of brilliant red in the stone representing blood very faithfully. It proved to be a Roman gem, and is now, I believe, in the Ashmolean Museum. Antique gems are not commonly met with even abroad, and this way of picking them up in England is worth trying when you are hunting up curiosities.

It may be generally taken as an axiom that dealers have some weak point on which their expert knowledge is at fault. If you are cleverer than they are you may be able to get things at very little cost; but, as I have said, you must have an all-round education. Perhaps you are not collecting gems, and you may not trouble about them, or china, or Sheffield plate; but surely if you can secure a valuable article which you can sell again, or exchange, it is worth while buying it.

I was one day bargaining for some bits of old silver, and I noticed what I thought was a sort of medal. It was not in my line, but I was attracted by seeing a lighthouse upon it, and below the words, 'Eddystone resurgit.' The price was only five shillings, and I added it to my purchases. The medal proved a very curious thing. When the Eddystone lighthouse was being rebuilt, the pressgangs used to seize the workmen who went out from the shore each tide to work on the foundations. This became a great nuisance, and hindered the progress of the lighthouse; so an appeal was made to the Government, and silver medals were made for the foremen and officers, and copper ones for the ordinary workmen. I had lighted on one of the former, and the London dealer to whom I sent it, and who paid me as much for it as I had given for all my silver purchases, informed me he would give much more if I could secure a copper specimen, for these were particularly rare, as the men had neglected them and thrown them away.

Many years ago it was not uncommon to see in out-of-the-way homesteads old Delft plates in the kitchen, showing that this Dutch ware was formerly imported into this country in quantity. In the same way a good deal of English ware crossed the water into Holland. A member of the great Wedgwood firm told me that in their old books were entries showing how their best manufactures had been sent abroad, and he had a theory that Holland might be ransacked with satisfactory results, and it might be possible to discover some of their best work hidden away in that country. I tried once in Amsterdam, and found an old Dutch shop which had a room upstairs full of discarded English porcelain, which the owner was ready to sell for an old song. Unfortunately I could find none of the blue-and-white Wedgwood; but I got a good deal of the black ware, and three large crates were sent over to England containing a miscellaneous assortment, including both Bristol printed ware and some nice old Worcester. I was astonished to find the value the Dutch put on old Delft ware which I was accustomed to buy in England very cheaply. To them, no doubt, it was enhanced by being the manufacture of their own country, whereas a perfect Worcester tea-set with the Dr Wall mark was priced at one guinea.

Times have altered since then, and the Dutch dealers are now wide awake, and understand English values as well as their own. Sometimes even now you find an unsophisticated dealer, and I happened recently to be in a shop in Antwerp where, among some old brass pans and kettles, which were shortly to be beaten out into antique curios, I saw three very black-looking breakfast-dishes which I recognised as old Sheffield plate. I was offered the lot for fifteen francs, and was pleased with my bargain. A few days afterwards, when I visited the shop again, the dealer told me he had since been at a sale where he discovered people bidding high prices for this same old Sheffield plate, and he laughingly told me I had made what he called bon marché.

I have always found it the best plan never to show your hand when you enter a curiosity-shop. Look at everything and speak of anything but the article you are really after. If a dealer thinks you want a thing you may be sure its value will rise as your desire is shown, and he is also led to believe there must be something more in it, otherwise you would not be so anxious to have it. You may be certain you will not hurt his pocket, but he may very seriously damage yours. It is distressing sometimes to see how people are taken in. This is nowhere so common as in Egypt, where scarabs made in Birmingham and bronze deities forged by the cartload in Germany are purchased by tourists recklessly, when a little previous education in such

matters would have saved them from loss and disappointment. It would be a grand thing if our museums could be used as training-places for collectors, and a course of such education would be invaluable for those who take up curiosity-hunting. It is a mistake to suppose there is any real dearth of good things. We none of us hold our possessions for long, and there is a perpetual ebbing and flowing of collections, which become spread and squandered all over the world. I am not writing about great works of art, which are all well known and earmarked, but the commoner treasures which the ordinary man of small means pursues with as much kenness and pleasure as the millionaire who can write cheques for everything he fancies. If we come to analyse the feelings of curiosity-hunting, they are really composed of a kind of sporting instinct, of a desire to capture something which rquires skill and sacrifice of time and money. This is very different from the order given to a saler to attend an auction sale and bid up to a certain sum for a particular book or picture or piece d plate. I really think the pleasure of collecting is more in the pursuit than in the thing itself, and the passion is not merely one of sordid acquisitheness or miserly sentiment.

There is always a difficulty over controlling the sope of collecting. You begin, and as time goes the accumulations become almost burdensome. it is only by experience that you find out what rou ought to buy and what you ought to let alone. The great thing is to make up your mind, and stick le otte particular line, whether in furniture or china anything else, and follow it up. Imperfect colctions are of little value, whereas a complete series lustrating a certain period will always fetch a good

l remember that many years ago, after some revotion in Japan, when, I believe, a form of worship ru changed, a quantity of religious offerings were out of the temples. The captain of an lag th ship over there bought as old metal tons d bronze looking glasses and other articles, which rere shipped to Liverpool. A friend of mine hapand accidentally to see these being taken out the ship and thrown on the dockside, and he remaind a considerable amount very cheap. I rat to Liverpool shortly afterwards, and found at the price had gone up considerably, and what

was at first sold by the ton was now selling for so much per pound, for the bronze votive mirrors were recognised as works of art. They were some of them more than this, for they had a peculiar socalled magic property, as they threw the shadow of the figures or decorations on the back of the mirror from the silver polished front when held in the light. I believe no satisfactory explanation has been given of the property of these mirrors, as some experts think there is a faint impression under the silvered surface of the front, and others say the sides of the mirror have been treated with a distorting rod, and the angles so formed that the image on the back is able to project itself. However this may be, it stimulated me to acquire some of these bronze curiosities; but as I never was able to pursue the collection of Japanese things, they remain as mere specimens of metal-work.

I think everybody goes through phases of curiosityhunting. Coins are things which young people take up, and in a way they are highly educational and of great assistance in acquiring a liking for history. I found Roman coins particularly useful when reading the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. It inspires you when you have a good first brass coin of Domitian or Nero to refer to while studying the events of these emperors' reigns. But later on, when I had taken up other interests, I stopped my pursuit of Roman coins, with the result that the Imperial Roman series was never finished, and in consequence the collection is of no value at all. I think you come to realise in later life that you have to specialise, and make up your mind to stick to one line only, otherwise your house becomes merely a curiosity-shop, and you find things will not mix and harmonise. Nothing is nicer than a room furnished with old oak; but when Chippendale chairs and sideboards are mingled with sixteenthcentury furniture the result is not artistic. It is a pity, however, not to know something about everything worth collecting. It adds an interest not only for your own benefit, but wherever you go you find kindred spirits glad to exchange ideas with you. Curiosity-hunting is an education in itself; and though there may be people who sneer at what they call a silly craze, they none the less envy your taste, and probably wish they possessed the beautiful things your skill and experience have gathered together.

A STUDENT SCION OF THE SOMERSETS.



HUNDRED years ago it was somewhat unusual to find scions of the aristocracy wholly given over to study and self-improvement, so many instances could be more easily given wherein they were wholly given over h and that was less elevating. Many afterwards Singuished men went direct from Oxford to the

more bracing and stimulating atmosphere of Edinburgh University; John W. Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, whose Letters to Ivy (Mrs Dugald Stewart) have only recently appeared, was one of them, and gives sure reasons for so doing. To the Bishop of Llandaff he wrote in 1814 of that enormous evil of which for so many years Oxford was the cause: that of teaching little else but idleness and drunkenness 'to half the young men in the country.' Besides Lord Dudley, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Melbourne, and Lord John Russell, as it has been remarked, approached statesmanship with knowledge acquired from Edinburgh professors. Henry Petty-Fitzmaurice, afterwards third Marquis of Lansdowne, came with Lord Ashburton to Edinburgh on the advice of Jeremy Bentham. He attended Professor Dugald Stewart's lectures with Henry John Temple, afterwards third Viscount Palmerston.

We have another example in the recently published Correspondence of Two Brothers: Edward Adolphus, eleventh Duke of Somerset, and his Brother, Lord Webb Seymour, 1800-19 (Longmans), edited by Lady Guendolen Ramsden. The volume is of some historical and literary importance, although each reader must reconstruct from trifling facts and stray hints the picture of the studious and the ducal lives herein only broadly hinted at. The letters are printed mainly from the archives at Bulstrode. Lord Webb Seymour went to Edinburgh in 1797, as he thought for a few years, for purposes of study and congenial society; he remained there for the most part until his too early death in 1819. Every letter and entry in his journal bears witness to the perseverance he exercised in the pursuit of knowledge and of companionship with men who could best help and stimulate him. And yet, beyond these letters and a few scentific papers, the intellectual fruitage of his life is slender, save for the excellent example to his friends and contemporaries, which is well worthy of being perpetuated. According to Henry Hallam, a love of truth and desire for self-improvement were his distinguishing characteristics, and he was a man of the most untainted honour and scrupulous integrity, of the greatest benevolence and warmest attachment to his friends. He seems scarcely to have known anger or any of the violent passions.

His brother, Edward Adolphus Seymour, eleventh Duke of Somerset (1775-1855), was devoted to science and mathematics when at Oxford, was a member of many scientific societies, and president of the Royal Institution for many years. If with no outstanding ability, he was handsome, kind, and genial, and a patron of science and letters, as well as a model landlord. The chapter giving the Duke's 'Dreams, Visions, and Prescience' interest many. Lord Cockburn used to envy Professor Playfair and Lord Webb Seymour their walks and geological excursions from Edinburgh to the Pentlands and the Highlands. In his Memorials he records that Seymour was 'slow, thoughtful, reserved, and very gentle; he promoted the philosophical taste even of Horner, and enjoyed quietly the jocularity of [Sydney] Smith, and tried gravely to refute the argumentative levities of Jeffrey. His special associate was Playfair. They used to be called husband and wife; and in congeniality and affection no union could be more complete. Geology was their favourite pursuit.' This reminds one of the friendship of Tennyson and Arthur Hallam, about whom we hear something in the book. Horner appreciated Seymour's passion for knowledge and his habit of study, intense, 'almost plodding,' while they read Bacon's essays and scientific treatises together, or discussed philosophical questions.

Webb John Seymour was born in 1777, and at the conclusion of his studies at Oxford resolved to cultivate his mind according to his own preconceived scheme of study, which, as Hallam says in his masterly biographical sketch of him in Horner's Life, is rare in a young man of his rank, and was much more so at that time. His equals in rank and intelligence at Oxford thought him wanting in geniality when he did not attend their wine-parties and lived his own life. He read slowly and carefully, and retained what he did read; loved truth above all things, and was earnest in its pursuit. He acquired some knowledge of anatomy and chemistry at Oxford, as well as of philosophy, but had no natural bent for mathematics. The reputation of Edinburgh for moral and physical philosophy drew him to that centre in 1797, with the design of getting into touch with some of the remarkable men of that period. Practically the rest of his life was spent there, in the congenial society of the most learned men of the period. He had the society of Jeffrey and other early Edinburgh Reviewers; of Professor Dugald Stewart, Thomas Reid, Playfair, Francis Horner, Henry Mackenzie, and Sir James Hall; while he had an open door from his relatives in Hamilton Palace, at Dunglass, and many another Scottish seat.

The scare of a French invasion drew him south in 1803 to take command of a battalion of volunteers in Devonshire. He was back in Edinburgh by the autumn of 1805, but in poor health caused by weak digestion, which induced languor of mind and body. In 1810 he purchased the estate of Glenarbach, near Dumbarton, which he reckoned a snug retreat for himself, his books, and friends, for he had the idea that 'nobody can do anything in London.' He tried to sell it in 1812; but Glasgow was suffering then from a stagnation in trade and manufactures. Two years later he sold the estate for thirteen thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. 'In the course of the autumn,' he wrote to the Duke, 'I shall remove to Hailes, a place near the village of Colington, about four miles to the south-west of Edinburgh. It is an entailed place, belonging to Sir Thomas Carmichael, and I have taken a lease of it. The house is not large, but comfortable, and the country near it rather pretty.' In June 1815 it was full of workpeople rendering it comfortable for occupation. Before going to Hailes he dated from Princes Street or 2 Abercromby Place, Edinburgh.

As the editor of the volume does not say anything about Hailes, we have pleasure in giving a few details regarding it. The house, which is situated in the north-west of Colinton parish, between Slateford and Juniper Green, now belongs to an

Edinburgh lawyer. The plain mansion, dating from the end of the eighteenth century, is surrounded by fine, well-grown trees, and to the southast the ground slopes towards Colinton Dell, is the Water of Leith valley, and the Balerno nilway. There is a well-tower (disused) and some rains which lend colour to the statement that Hailes or Colinton Church was once situated here, and that it was the site of a monastery. It is in keeping with the irony of history that it is said that the Duke of Somerset's invasion of 1544-45 destroyed Hailes Church. Hailes was once inabited by Samuel Anderson, banker, who left a small endowment to the poor of Colinton parish. To the north once stood Easter Hailes, the residence d George Drummond, six times Lord Provost of Limburgh, who began that series of city improvenexus of which the end is not yet, and founded the Boral Infirmary.

Hailes Quarry, in the vicinity, when the building com was in progress in Edinburgh from 1820 to 132, produced daily about six hundred cartloads i the hard gray stone, yielding the proprietor that nine thousand pounds a year. The quarry in back for many years, but lately there has en a revival. Lord Cockburn set up his houseand gods at Bonaly, on the Pentland slopes, two way, in 1811. Colinton House, once the existence of Lord Dunfermline, on the opposite the Water of Leith, is the scene of In Oliphant's ghost-story The Open Door. Sir Alliam Forbes, once a resident, married Sir Walter Souts first love. At Colinton Manse lived Dr Lewis kallour, maternal grandfather of R. L. Stevenson, has perpetuated the memory of the valley and s grandiather in Memories and Portraits. Henry Arkentie was once resident at Colinton. Old House had memories of the stout siege ten the laird held out against Cromwell, who so inited his prowess that he let him go free. John whirter, the landscape artist, is a native of daging, the son of an Inglis Green bleacher. et Pollok, author of the Course of Time, resided a time with Dr Belfrage at Slateford. Emeritusdesor Masson was once resident at Juniper David Malloch or Mallet was a tutor to the of Dreghorn when he wrote the ballad of and Margaret.' Beyond the remark that accentry around was pretty, we have no wordfrom Lord Webb, who does gush a little a the English Lakes with Playfair, but is

the citior has missed a story creditable to Lord like sucressity related in Archibald Constable and like sucressity related in Archibald Constable and like sucressity related in the Dugald Stewart managed an annauensis to him, to whom he can be sucressed to give seventy or eighty pounds a year in his employment, and fifty pounds a venue in his employment, and fifty pounds a venue to working for him. He proved the provided when the provided him is the provided him is the provided him in the provided him is pages of abuse and insult, and called Lord him is the most penurious of men, although he had

paid him four hundred pounds for doing practically nothing. Lord Webb continued, while he lived, a payment of fifty pounds a year to the man, although out of his employ, but refused to recommend him to anybody else.

In a letter to the Duke in 1816 he asks: 'Have you the little old book which gives an account of the Protector's march into Scotland? It sells, I believe, at an enormous price. It has amused me sometimes as a mark of the change in the relation of the two countries to think that two places in which I have passed some of my happiest days in Scotland were both destroyed by my ancestor, Minto and Dunglass. There is now a villa upon the ground where the Protector encamped the night before the battle of Pinkie, which I looked over within these two years, having some thought of taking it.' The book he mentions is probably Patten's Expedicion into Scotland (1548). Minto is a seat of the Elliots, on the Teviot, four miles below Hawick, built in the Italian or Tuscan villa style. Dunglass, in Berwickshire, was the seat of his friend Sir James Hall, where he arrived once after his long tour in England with Playfair, and found himself 'in the enjoyment of every blessing that I can desire in the world. The time flew fast, cruelly fast.' Sir James Hall's son, Captain Basil Hall, brought home an Eskimo, whom Lord Webb went to Leith harbour to see manœuvring his canoe. Basil Hall was coming into fame as the author of Voyages and Travels. The track of Seymour's great ancestor the Protector, the Earl of Hertford and Duke of Somerset, sent to invade Scotland in 1545, was marked by desolation and the destruction of castles, monasteries, farms, and cottages. In pursuance of the policy to bring about a marriage between Edward of England and Mary of Scotland, Somerset crossed the Border and defeated the Scots at Pinkiecleugh, Musselburgh. Hence the references in the letter to Pinkie and the destruction of Minto and Dunglass.

Another residence in which Lord Webb was also much at home was that of Professor Dugald Stewart when he retired to Kinneil House, near Bo'ness. It was hither, on the invitation of a former tenant, Dr John Roebuck, founder of the Carron Ironworks, that James Watt came from Glasgow to develop his pumping-engine. The outhouse still stands which he used as a workshop. Kinneil, which belongs to the Duke of Hamilton, affords fine views of the Firth of Forth from the leads, but is now untenanted save by jackdaws. We find Lord Webb in Arran, and at Dunmore Park, where he met Patrick Nasmyth the landscape painter. When his brother the Duke bought Lord Rosebery's house in Park Lane, London, Lord Webb passes on the advice that it is best to buy some large estate sold in a lump by the impoverished descendant of an old family. Then he records having spent a morning at Barnbougle with Lord Rosebery, 'choosing the site of a house and planning improvements on the grounds.' The house would be Dalmeny Park. He reports in

1817 that 'there are now no less than fourteen steamboats upon the Clyde.' The practice of weekends is not quite modern, for a Glasgow steamer went to Inveraray on Saturday, remained over Sunday, and returned on Monday. The crowd she brought to Inveraray rendered it difficult to procure beds or anything to eat.

A letter is given from the Grand Duchess Catharine, who tells her brother Alexander the First of Russia that she could have been the wife of Napoleon. She writes the catalogue of his crimes, and gives, pointedly enough, her reasons: 'In order to show my determination is not the rash act of a light, giddy, and inconsiderate girl, I am under the necessity of trespassing a little on your Majesty's goodness. Although the blood-stained annals of modern Europe are in themselves the private history of Napoleon Buonaparte, I have endeavoured to trace more particularly the character and conduct of the man pointed out to me as my new Sovereign and future lord and master. Alas! Sire, in the long catalogue of his exploits not a single virtue is discoverable that could even extenuate his numerous crimes. He was already an assassin while I was yet but an infant, and every year of my advancement towards womanhood records his perpetration of some fresh and shocking atrocity on the innocent and unresisting.'

The Duke gives us this glimpse of Madame de Staël when in London: 'She was just going out as I got to the door; and but for Mr Rogers, who was coming out as I went in, I should not have gained admittance. There were many persons with her, and she was running about and talking as fast as possible. Her dress and manners are very extraordinary. The news of Lord Wellington's victory [Vittoria] had just arrived, and she descanted upon it with much animation. I cannot better describe to you the bustle she makes than by saying that after leaving her the streets of London seemed solitary.'

Lord Webb and his brother the Duke seem strangely indifferent to literature and literary men. There is no remark in the journal about Walter Scott after meeting him at Elizabeth Hamilton's. When the Lord of the Isles appeared Lord Webb was in no hurry to read it. Waverley, he thought, had many offensive errors in point of taste. He acknowledged merit in the delineation of Scottish character, but two or three of the characters seemed to him caricatures. The Duke liked his fiction best in verse, and when he dined with the Literary Society in London, heard nothing of Walter Scott's new poem but much of Southey's Roderick. Hallam also makes the inept criticism that he found dull parts in Guy Mannering and the Antiquary. Lord Webb mentioned that he had a high opinion of Jeffrey's conversational powers; the Duke retorted that his cleverness was not of the kind he most valued. He was more interested in the origin of language, and subscribed for Dr Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary.

Lord Webb was fortunate in his friendships. Lord Dudley said of Seymour's intimate friend Francis Horner, who, like himself, passed away all too soon, that he was the best and wisest man with whose friendship he had ever been honoured. Professor Playfair, mathematician and geologist, who had Carlyle as a pupil, was devoid of pretension, and a generous and cheerful companion. He felt at Lord Webb's burial service at Holyrood as if he had lost a son. With Henry Mackenzie Lord Webb would discuss legal subjects, and philosophy with Professor Thomas Brown; and when he met casually with Thomas Telford the engineer they talked of Highland problems. In a coach journey in England Lord Webb read Duncan's Logic; while at Keswick, before starting to climb Skiddaw at 12.30 A.M., he had been reading Ossian's poems. His friend Lord Dudley was immensely amused to find that Seymour's holiday reading at Worthing was Bacon's Novum Organum and the Edinburgh

We have too many books about books nowadays, and their multiplication keeps many readers from reaching the really great and good literature by master-minds. But the world is always the better of any truly noble example, which is the main thing left by Lord Webb Seymour.

THE INCOMMUNICABLE MESSAGE.

I stood by the dark margin of the sea,
Its waters weiled in summer dusk from me;
The unseen waves in rhythmic beat
Broke in soft murmurs at my feet,
While all familiar things were lost to sight
In a strange, unknown, empty world, devoid of light.

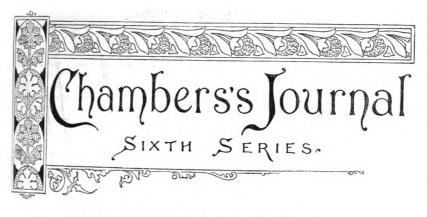
A chill night-wind the only other sound Voicing through space the mystery around; Its soft touch on my lips and eyes, With little sobs and stifled crica, Strove in unguessed-at ways to bring to me Some incommunicable message of the sea.

Cleaving its way through spaces vague and vast, That message reached me from the far-off Past.

It comes, I said, direct to me
From those who crossed this unknown sea—
From those whose barks set sail long time before,
And left me ever mourning on this hither shore.

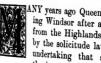
But all in vain above the breaking wave,
I cried, 'Send back the answer that I crave.'
Hidden the winged mystery
That brooded o'er the unseen sea,
And in a language hard to understand
Was bearer of the message from that distant land.

And afterwards I knew that still despair,
Blown by the wind against my lips and hair,
Owed not to those bold souls its birth
Whose venturous boats had left this earth,
But was an echo of the ceaseless pain
From which my lonely heart will ne'er be free again
AUTHOR OF 'MISS MOLLY.'



HOW THE KING TRAVELS.

By HENRY W. LUCY.



NY years ago Queen Victoria, reaching Windsor after a restful journey from the Highlands, was so touched by the solicitude lavished upon the undertaking that she commanded

the issue of a circular letter to the managers of the lines she was accustomed to use, legging that 'the railway journeys of the meanest of her subjects' might be watched over with equal diligence. Precisely what answer was made by the milway managers to this characteristically thoughtful suggestion I do not know. Talking it over, even at this day, they loyally but ineffectually attempt to repress a smile. It was an observation, like several of Captain Bunsby's, 'the bearings of which lays in the application thereof.' the gentle reader is made acquainted with parimlars of royal journeys by rail he will be in a position to decide how far the ordinary third-class sanger may expect to be dealt with under similar

The accession of King Edward VII. to the throne narked a difference in the use of royal trains. In Vacan Victoria's time journeys within the United lingion ran on almost monotonous lines. The ven travelled either to and from Windsor to hallater for Balmoral, or between Windsor and Assort for Osborne. The latter has been absolutely bundoned as a royal residence, being transformed to a home for sick warriors, their helmets now time for bees.' Though Windsor Castle is retained ad kept in order in anticipation of a royal visit, k King is rarely seen there. When in residence, nd laving occasion to repair to London, he

This habit literally places on a siding the the directors of the Great Western Com-My specially built in commemoration of the completion of the sixtieth year of the late Senis reign. Infinite care and no end of money the lavished on the tribute. The royal train to composed of six carriages, coupled by gangoming a convenient corridor from end

to end of the train. Twenty-four years earlier a saloon carriage was built for the accommodation of Her Majesty when travelling to and fro between London and Windsor. With the affection for old familiar things deeply rooted in her character, the Queen insisted on retaining this old servant. It was a little difficult, since it was out of scale and proportion to the other carriages. The difficulty was got over by taking thought and adding eleven feet to its length. This train is at the disposal of His Majesty, and is kept swept and garnished, but is rarely called into use. If His Majesty travels by rail between Windsor and London, accompanied only by his private equerry, he makes use of the ordinary train, to which a special saloon is attached.

When the King goes to Scotland he travels by the North-Western Company's line. The limited, and therefore precious, area of Great Britain being cut up among the various railroad systems, it is not possible on the longer journeys to keep to one line. Nevertheless, the royal train being made up at the point of departure, it proceeds to its destination, changing engine and guards when it arrives at the terminus of one line and enters upon the territory of another. Going north, His Majesty always travels at night. The train is fitted not only with the vacuum brake but with the Westinghouse, so that if one fails the other comes into operation. Saloon and sleeping berths are lighted by electricity. Between each carriage and the guard's van there is electrical communication, in addition to a special cord placing the guard and the driver instantly in communication. In a carriage in the rear of the train rides one of the principal officers of the company and the carriage superintendent. They are in command of a full complement of artificers, ready to meet every one of the almost impossible emergencies that might arise on the jealously guarded journey.

As soon as the date and hour of the King's journey is fixed, the railway officials begin elaborate preparations. Every detail is considered with [All Rights Reserved.] DECEMBER 22, 1906.

anxious care. The locomotive superintendent personally selects the engine, having first informed himself as to the number of carriages that will constitute the train, the approximate weight of the luggage, and the number of passengers. These particulars before him, having intimate knowledge of the capabilities of the various engines at his command, he selects one most precisely qualified for the work. He also chooses the drivers and stokers, alike for the pilot-engine and the royal train, picking them out from among the most steady and experienced men familiar with every turn of the road.

Some idea of the extreme solicitude which watches over these railway journeys may be gained from consideration of a single fact. In Queen Victoria's time the saloon carriage built for Her Majesty by the Great Western Railway Company was kept at Paddington. With due notice it could be prepared and taken down to Windsor in time to receive the royal passenger. But Her Majesty had royal notions about time. In her opinion, it was made not for Sovereigns but for subjects. It not infrequently happened that only within the last hour before the train must start the Queen's private secretary, who on these matters communicated with the railway manager, was enabled to submit precise particulars of the journey. In order to meet this contingency, the Great Western Railway Company kept another royal saloon carriage at Windsor. Partly to avoid damage to its costly upholstery, partly to avert danger to the royal passenger from possible damp, it was kept all through the year in a shed, the temperature being maintained at a fixed height, just as if it were a rare orchid or a sick child.

In addition to the artificers, a gang of telegraphists, officered by the telegraph superintendent, accompany the royal train. They carry with them instruments and appliances whereby, in case of sudden need, communication can be established at any point of the line. The artificers include fitters, lampmen, and greasers, with plentiful store of grease and oil to be used in the carriage-boxes and the lamps. Like every one else connected with the service of the train that carries Cæsar and his fortunes, these men are the pick of the company's staff. While travelling they keep a constant watch on each side of the train, looking out for defect or irregularity in the running. Whenever the train stops they jump out, carefully examine the carriages, and test, and if necessary grease, the axle-boxes.

A lookout man stands on the engine-tender. Differing from the lookout man on board a ship, he turns his back to the approaching prospect, keeping watch towards the rear of the train, ready to note any signal that may be given. There are two guards, one in the front van and one in the rear. It would be supposed that with all these precautions, and others yet to be described, the royal train might be left to make its own way. That is not the view taken by those

responsible for the King's safety. Fifteen minutes in advance of the royal train runs a pilot engine. If there be any danger in the way it will bear the brunt, and timely warning will be given. A person of fertile, not to say criminal, imagination might suppose that, accidentally or designedly, the rail could be blocked within the space marked by the passage of the pilot engine and the arrival of the royal train. This would be found impossible. The intervening space, at distances not exceeding a quarter of a mile, is guarded by a line of platelayers provided with hand-signals and detonators. Each on his beat carefully examines the line before the royal train approaches. By an exaggeration of caution, the object of which is not immediately apparent, every man must remain at his post ten minutes after the royal train flashing by has disappeared in the mirk of the night. Each keeps within sight of his fellow on the right hand and on the left. So they stretch, a living link of the prime of British workmen, all the way from Euston station to Ballater in the far-off Highlands.

Even these elaborate precautions do not satisfy the anxiety of royalty's guardians. It will be seen that the line on which the King travels is kept under surveillance for at least ten miles ahead, the distance at which the pilot engine leads the way. But there is the possibility that a train passing southward as the King journeys northward may break down within the limit of this jealously guarded ten miles and obstruct the parallel line. The contingency is met by a simple peremptory edict. The up rail or the down parallel with that on which the King's train runs is temporarily devastated of traffic, not only at the actual hour the royal train will pass but for a precedent interval. For thirty minutes before it is due to pass a given point, no engine, train, or vehicle is allowed to proceed along or across the line. Heavy traffic is temporarily paralysed, it being decreed that for a similar period all shunting operations on lines adjoining the main road must be suspended.

When, in the early days of Queen Victoria's journeys to Scotland, these rules were drawn up, it was ordered that no trains or engines might be allowed to travel between any two stations from the time the pilot engine was due until the royal train had passed—that is to say, for a period of fifteen minutes. This regulation proved a little too drastic even for so loyal a body of men as those who sit at the board of railway direction. The order was modified by an exception in favour of passenger-trains and of fish-trains, with respect to which a special arrangement is made for rapid unloading at the termini. Obviously, it would be a serious thing for a train laden with cod and soles to be pulled up for a bad quarter of an hour whilst Billingsgate, only partially succeeding in mollifying the language of its commentary, was waiting for the contents.

But whilst these trains moving southward are

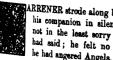
allowed to come between the wind and the King's regulty, the drivers are enjoined when approaching asy point towards which the royal train is advancing to bring their trains, whether containing fish or passengers—soles or souls—to a speed not exceeding thirty miles an hour. Moreover, they must refrain from steam-whistling when anywhere near the presence of royalty. Drivers of trains standing in sight waiting for the passage of the royal train must, on pain of instant dismissal, prevent their engines from blowing off steam or whistling. Ordinary traffic is finally paralysed by the bolting and padlocking of all facing points

or switches over which the pilot engine and royal train pass. As for the gates of level or grade crossings where there are no gatekeepers, they are locked one hour before the royal train is due, the county roadside traffic meanwhile getting along as best it may. Finally, the public are studiously kept out of any station at which the royal train may stop to take water or other refreshment.

Thus, over a desolated railway track, through barricaded stations, past a living hedge of ablebodied workmen, His Majesty King Edward VII. securely travels between his pleasure-houses.

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER V.



ARRENER strode along by the side of his companion in silence. He was not in the least sorry for what he had said; he felt no dismay that he had angered Angela. He did not fail to recognise her good qualities,

www he blind to her faults. After all, it was a wish and useless life that she was leading. And, ann, it was one thing to be Miss Castlerayne of The lowers, but it would be quite another to be the anghter of the late Rayne Castlerayne. What wald the girls do when they had to leave their mostal home! These things troubled Warrener. is the same silence they walked down the garden, rih the house behind them. It stood out sharply the moonlight like a nocturne—gray, graceful, ithresque. The air was heavy with the fragrance the roses. Nothing was needed to make the Marcane complete. But all that Warrener could see or was the hollowness of it all.

A restic bridge led from the garden to the fringe the Common beyond. Something white flittered the gone, and Warrener made out the forms of and Gertrude and May. The upland slope was eler and saffron in the moonlight.

What a glorious evening! May cried. 'Posiinly it is a crime to go in yet. I am going as far it he pines to look at the sea.

Won't it be rather damp?' Miss Castlerayne

bit May waved the suggestion aside. With a accord they turned their faces to the slope, They came at length to the belt Ping Between the rugged boles and the shadow the silver-gray of the sea. Far beyond the is a light flashed from time to time. The cold aty of it all kept the little party silent for a te It was May who spoke first.

let us go round by the hospital, she suggested, ed over the headland, and so home by way of the

he heary flow of the sea glittered and flashed in and prove of the sea glittered and manned to socialish. Work and bustle and the fret of

life seemed wonderfully far away. A dull light moved in one of the windows of the hospital, and a door opened. A faint moan came like a jarring note on the air.

'Somebody is ill!' May exclaimed. 'They are trying to get Craggs up. It looks as if Mrs Masters was having one of her bad turns.'

Craggs emerged into the moonlight presently. Evidently he had just tumbled out of bed. He was listening with patience to what his visitor had to say. The angel of mercy was no more than a child, a little girl with a mass of shining curls.

'Granny's bad,' she said simply in reply to May's questions. 'She has some of her pains again; and she wants Dr Marfell.'

'Then you go back to granny, and say that Dr Marfell is coming,' May said .- 'I know exactly what is the matter with the poor old thing. A little brandy and a mustard-leaf is all that she requires. Aunt Gertrude, let us go and get the medicine.

'She's really bad this time,' Craggs explained. 'I saw her last thing to-night. Always was a bit of a grumbler was Martha; but to-night she's suffering terrible.'

'We'll fetch the doctor,' Warrener volunteered. He turned to find that Miss Castlerayne and May had already vanished .- 'Will you show me the way, Miss Angels?

'It is on the way home,' Angela explained. 'We might just as well take that path as any other. Mrs Masters has a wonderful recuperative faculty.

The girl shrugged her shoulders slightly and led the way. Evidently she had but little sympathy with the sufferings of Mrs Masters. Also, she was not disposed to amiable conversation. She carried her head still higher in the air. She pointed presently to a pretty white-creeper-covered cottage, and intimated that here was the residence of Dr

In response to Warrener's ring a little man came to the door. He was short in his manner. His white closely cropped hair stood on his head like a scrubbing-brush.

'Who are you, and what do you require?' he asked .- 'Good-evening, Miss Castlerayne. Hope there is nothing wrong, for I'm dog-tired. Out for two nights in succession, out all day to-day, and no food since breakfast.'

'It's at the hospital,' Warrener explained curtly. He rather resented the shortness of the other's manner. 'A Mrs Masters, I believe. If you will be so kind'-

'I won't be so kind,' the doctor cried. 'I don't know who you are, sir, but I decline to be ordered about in this manner. And as to that old woman, I tell you plainly that there is nothing whatever the matter with her. Besides, why should I work for nothing? I'm supposed to be doctor to the hospital. I'm supposed to get a fee of thirty guineas per annum to look after the health of these people—that is supposed to be Mr Castlerayne's affair-and not one penny have I had for the last eight years.'

The words sounded rude enough; they were abrupt to the verge of brutality, and yet there was nothing of the savage in the little doctor's expression. There was even a suggestion of a humorous twinkle in his eyes. And Warrener could not know that here was a man who worked hard for a poor pittance, and who never listened unmoved to a story of distress. Perhaps he was too familiar with the idiosyncrasies of Mrs Masters.

'I am sorry to disturb you,' Warrener said coldly, 'but I am under the impression that the poor woman is really ill. Samuel Craggs says so.

'There, don't be huffy,' Marfell cried. 'How would you like to be dragged away from your first meal to attend an obstinate old woman who will eat nuts when she has been told over and over again that they are not good for her? Not that I withdraw a single word as to my longbelated fees, and my giving up my one luxury, my cigar, to keep my boy at his London hospital. I'll go.'

'I shall be very happy to pay your fee,' Warrener

'You pay my fee when I ask for it,' Marfell snapped. 'Confound the old woman !- Miss Castlerayne, I'm positively ashamed to have so far forgotten myself in your presence. It was very wrong of me.

'An apology is hardly necessary, Dr Marfell,' Angela said coldly. 'I dare say'-

'My dear young lady, I am not apologising,' the doctor cried. 'The way I am being treated over the hospital fees is disgraceful. I have told your father so. I am a great fool not to have put him in the county court long ago.' Without another word the speaker bustled away up the path below the rolling gorse.

Warrener could see that the face of his companion was flaming with shame and anger.

'You must not take Dr Marfell too seriously,' she said. 'He is really one of the best and kindest of men. He has been known to give his own dinner to a poor patient in need of a meal. And, really, old Mrs Masters is a confirmed grumbler. Shall we get along a little faster? It is very late.'

Warrener increased his pace as desired. On the whole, he was not sorry to see Angela lifted from her lofty pedestal in this way. It was all very well to be a Castlerayne of Castlerayne Towers, but less exalted people might have questioned the honesty of that distinguished family. And Warrener had gone through all that in his younger days. But there was a lesson in store for Angela.

In the porch of the house Rayne Castlerayne stood. He looked quite the patrician in his evening-dress, the typical master of broad acres; also, he was smoking a cigar of most excellent quality.

'Where have you all been?' he asked. 'It is past ten o'clock. Angela, your aunt and May have gone out again on some ridiculous errand to the hospital. Somebody ill, or something of that kind. Really, those poor people are most inconsiderate. They wait till the very last thing at night, and then think nothing of keeping everybody up for hours. Why could they not have sent for Marfell?'

'They did,' Angela said with a vexed laugh. 'Mr Warrener kindly went for him. And he was most rude. He volunteered to Mr Warrener, who is a perfect stranger, that he had had no fees in reference to the hospital for eight years, and that he was very foolish not to have put you in the county court long ago.'

No glow of shame tinged the cheeks of the listener. On the contrary, he smiled as if some-

thing amused him.

'Capital fellow Marfell, when you know him, he said with a faint air of patronage. 'And, upor my word, it really is time I paid that hospita The same remark applies to man; account. others of those tradesmen's bills.—Come and have a cigar, Warrener. I have a new sort down from London to-day; a little expensive, but an excellen cigar.'

Warrener declined the tempting offer. If hi host would excuse him, he would go along the Common again and meet Miss Castlerayne comin back.

They came presently with the information the the patient was really ill this time, and that I Marfell had promised to stay for some time. Mi Castlerayne laid a detaining hand on Warrenes arm, so that May might precede her into the hous She looked white and anxious.

'Why does the matter trouble you so?' Warren asked.

'Because I am to blame,' Miss Castlerayne sai 'Dr Marfell says that the symptoms point to typho fever. He has told me over and over again to ha the drains at the hospital thoroughly renovated

he had threatened to report me to the authorities : and I have not the money. I actually sold some jewellery to find the money for Cragge. It is a dreadful thing that I should be conspiring against my own family in this way, but what can I do? have exhausted my little capital on the hospital. I dared not let those poor people want. They look brward to the hospital for their old age as a sacred night, which it is; and now I have nothing further w give them. It is useless to approach my brother, for the simple reason that he has practically nothing broud his debts. If he were not Rayne Castlerayne of The Towers he would have been sold up without meny years ago. Oh! I am tired and weary of his kind of pride-pride that lives on other people's credulity, and which revolts from the idea of making the place a paying property. That is why I flung a my lot with Cragge, why I pray that he should but my brother and bring us prosperity. I hate that hotel idea myself; but what can we do? And tow it is absolutely necessary to spend at least four hundred pounds on the hospital. If it isn't done I shall feel like a murderess.'

'Let me do it,' Warrener said eagerly. 'Let me find the money. And permit me to have the pleasure of advancing the necessary funds to keep the hospital going. It is only for a time. Believe me, you can repay every penny later on if you like. Am I mistaken in understanding that under your father's will a certain portion of the income of the estate comes to you?'

'Eight hundred a year,' Aunt Gertrude said with a faint smile. 'Which is just twice what my brother's revenue amounts to. The mockery of it!'

'Not at all,' Warrener said coolly. 'You shall have your income. The great conspiracy is going to be successful if it costs me half my fortune. But there will be a sharp lesson first, and Angela shall have her share of it. It will be exceedingly good for Angela.'

(To be continued.)

ORCHARDING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

By R. F. DIXON.



HE maritime provinces of Canada, owing to the tremendous rush to the North-west, are under a temporary cloud. Half-forgotten by the people of the rest of this continent, and

almost wholly so by the British peblit, they would seem to stand for everything hat is backward and unprogressive. People think them as communities that have seen their best his and that have no future before them worth peaking of. They lie in the backwash of the resten rolling tide of immigration, and, if not stully drifting back on their course, they remain it best in a sort of negative condition, holding her own with difficulty, or, if perceptibly advances at all doing so at a pace outdistanced, or all events equalled, by the most conservative wiffer communities in the Old World.

and yet, more than half-true as this is, it is chiul whether there is a region in North therica which offers so many and so varied coings for the investment of capital and as the attractions as a place of residence or settleas the good old province of Nova Scotia. is the extent and variety of its natural resources an challenge favourable comparison with any province in the Dominion, and, it may be sided with any single state in the Union. Its fabries are probably unsurpassed by in the world; its vast areas of coal and iron to be effectively worked) in those of Great Britain; its fruit-lands produce bet hard 'keeping' apples on the continent; great forests of spruce, pine, and birch, and or virginis suitable for lumber or pulp, extend over hundreds of thousands of acres. Nearly all the commoner metals are found in paying quantities. Gold is profitably mined in many parts of the province, and the industry is only awaiting the investment of sufficient capital and the application of up-to-date methods to make it, in the opinion of experts, as profitable as quartzmining in any other part of the world. The country is, moreover, well adapted to ordinary mixed farming, as carried on in Great Britain. When we consider, in addition to all this, the peculiarly favourable position of Nova Scotialying as it does in closer proximity to the European markets than any other region on the continent-and the existence of its many noble harbours, the truth of what at first might appear a somewhat wild statement begins to become apparent.

While, of course, the vast prairies of the northwest provinces, with their 'magnificent distances' and practically illimitable wheat-growing areas, offer, and will continue to offer for many a day to come, overpowering inducements to the enterprising young Briton, Nova Scotia as a field for a certain class of settlers possesses advantages that, taking it altogether, it would be hard to match in any other portion of the Dominion. refer especially to fruit-raising, which can be carried on in this province under almost ideal conditions. A pleasanter life than that of the Nova Scotia orchardist it would be difficult to conceive for any one not hopelessly enamouredas some young Britons unfortunately both for themselves and the country are—of the joys and delights of the 'wild life' of the West.

Orcharding in Nova Scotia has of late years risen almost to the dignity of a science. The old, wasteful, hap-hazard, rule-of-thumb methods have been very generally abandoned, and apple-growing is rapidly entering upon a new era, in which it bids fair eventually to become one of the learned professions. The 'off' and the 'on' years, when enormous and exhausting crops alternated with absolutely lean years, and the prices correspondingly fell to zero or rose to famine height, are now almost things of the

Orchards are now being managed in such a way as to secure moderate and lucrative annual crops, and apples in an increasing number of cases are being produced with almost the regularity of the output of a factory. Prices are consequently acquiring a comparative stability like that of the great staples. At all events, the range of their fluctuation in price is being gradually contracted, from the time when the year in which they could not be given away was followed by that in which they could scarcely be had for love or money. This desirable state of things, the result of vastly improved and generally applied methods of pruning, spraying, and fertilising, has been supplemented by another marked advance in an equally important department of the industry. The system of apple storage has been revolutionised. 'Apple-houses,' in which great quantities of fruit can be kept at an even temperature for months, and shipped to the European markets according to demand, are springing up in all parts of the country. And, furthermore, in the vitally important matter of transportation great developments and improvements have taken place, which, however comparatively advanced, are as yet only in their infancy. The industry in all its departments is being every year increasingly run on strict business principles, and it is in this respect far ahead of farming, whose day, however, is most assuredly coming.

Orcharding in this province, as a means of immediate livelihood, requires capital, the limit of which I may place at fifteen hundred pounds (seven thousand five hundred dollars). This is the sum in my estimation sufficient to start a man as a fullfledged orchardist-that is, for the purchase of an orchard of, say, three hundred trees in full bearing, with a dwelling-house. An orchard of this description, properly managed, should yield an average income of from one hundred and eighty pounds to two hundred pounds per annum. Properties with more or less productive orchards, provided with comfortable dwellings, may be bought for considerably less than the sum I have mentioned, where farming may be carried on in conjunction with fruit-raising. For this eight hundred pounds or one thousand pounds, and even in some cases considerably less, would suffice; but prices vary considerably in the orchard region of Nova Scotia. I know some large properties, beautifully situated some little distance from the railroad, that could be had at much lower figures.

I do not, however, recommend the joining of farming with fruit-raising. Farming is a profession in itself, much harder to learn and infinitely more risky than fruit-raising. In no occupation is money literally 'sunk' so easily and hopelessly as in farming. The farm eats up the orchard. I would, therefore, strongly dissuade Old Country men from attempting the combined occupation, which, though no doubt carried on with fair success by some of the 'native born,' is almost certain in their case to end in disastrous failure, as a very large number of cases that have come under my own personal observation most conclusively tend to prove. It is so much easier to lose money in farming than in orcharding. Fruit-raising, though now, as I have shown, almost reduced to a science, is much easier learned than farming. A man possessed of average judgment and common-sense can with a very slight preliminary training take hold of an old-established orchard in full bearing and make a living at once. Fruit-raising is a stereotyped process. It consists in doing exactly the same thing in the same way over and over again. Farming, on the other hand, is never the same thing two years together. Emergencies are continually arising which tax the experience and the judgment, and for which there is no precedent. What may be the only safe course at one time may be the height of folly at another. And then farming involves a much greater outlay than orcharding in running expenses and upkeep. While your trees remain with you year in and year out, your crop and stock are continually coming and going, and their renewal is a periodical drain upon your resources, which must be met as the seasons come round.

The apple-raising region of Nova Scotia comprises the district rather vaguely known as the Annapolis Valley, which, roughly speaking, begins at the old university town of Windsor and ends at the pretty little town of Digby. The distance between these towns is about ninety miles, and the average breadth of the 'valley' may be reckoned at about seven miles, giving it an area of, say, six hundred square miles. Nearly every acre of the Annapolis Valley is eminently, and perhaps exceptionally, suited for apple-growing. Apples of the best qualities can be, and are most undoubtedly, raised all over Nova Scotia; but in no district do they take so kindly to the soil and climate with such uniformly good results as in this beautiful region, which has been called by an eminent horticulturist 'the home of the apple.'

It is in the production of hard 'keeping' apples that Nova Scotia especially shines, of such standard varieties as baldwins, golden russets, nonpareil, king of tomkins, falawater, Rhode Island greenings, &c., which will retain their flavour and freshness as late as April and May, and are often quite palatable long after midsummer. Cases are on record where some of these varieties have been kept in

fairly good condition for fifteen months, and the keeping of apples over from one season to another is quite common. These, of all kinds of apples, can be the most profitably handled, as they can be held for months for a rising market, and need not in any case be sacrificed at the opening of the season. They are the true apples of commerce, and worth accomparably more than the finest varieties of 'soft' fruit, which must be marketed in a hurry and for whatever price that can be obtained. It is a well-known fact that the farther north any kind of fruit, grain, or vegetable can be successfully nised the better and more durable the quality. Grown in a cool, moderately damp climate, in which there is a strong infusion of sea-air, and in a soil that is both 'heavy and light,' a sort of gravelly clay, and which seems exceptionally adapted to its healthy and rapid development, the Nova Scotia apple, like the 'No. 1 hard' wheat of Manitoba, is commercially the king of the 'king of fruits,' and ban handling and change of climate better than my other apple that crosses the Atlantic.

Before purchasing an orchard and going to work, at least two years should be spent in acquiring some knowledge of the conditions. Even more important than this is the necessity for guarding spinst the imposition of an exorbitant price. Most Old Country men who in my experience have come to grief in Nova Scotia as farmers or fruit-raisers have been wrecked on this rock. They have purchased good properties, but have crippled themselves from the start by paying from 25 to 50 per cat too much for them. I have known many instances in my residence in this country where Toung Englishmen have not only expended every dollar of their available capital but have borrowed money on their newly acquired properties sold to isem at a price far above their real value. They are thus started hopelessly handicapped from the ins, with a mortgage drawing 6 or 7 or even 8 per can eating like a cancer into their property. The ad in every case has been the same. The farm, acumbered with the mortgage and accumulated charges, has been sold at its real value—say, 25 per cat below what it cost—and the unfortunate seller as found himself, after squaring up, minus his equal, his property, his 'improvements,' and his ine, and face to face with life with a stock of aperience too dearly bought, and bought too

One cannot, therefore, too earnestly impress upon the propertive British orchardist the vital importance of caution in this initial step. The advice of periody disinterested people should always be freely said. It is important to remember in connection on this that the opinion of neighbouring landwars is always apt to be biassed. They are saidly anious to keep up the price of land in ker own vicinity, and to be able to say to some propertive purchaser, 'That farm sold for so much, and sine is just as good.' The opinion, therefore, a same one or of several neither directly nor in-

directly interested in keeping up the price of land should be always taken. Our Nova Scotian farmers are thoroughly good fellows, and for a law-abiding, moral, kindly, hospitable race their superiors, I am convinced, cannot be found in any English-speaking community; but they are no more proof against the temptation of over-valuing their property than are any other class of people. A man always gives his landed property the benefit of the doubt; for the sale of land, unlike that of every other saleable commodity, is not regulated by free competition, and so as long as the world stands, or as long as the institution of private property in land endures, people will continue to overestimate what to them has a unique and undefined value.

This two years' experience on a fruit-farm should. if possible, be obtained in the capacity of a hired man. Board and lodging in exchange for such unskilled labour as the new-comer can supply can in almost every case be easily obtained. Not infrequently a small wage will be paid in addition. I strongly discourage the payment of fees for learning the business. Where a man gives his labour or receives wages, the employer is anxious to teach him to be really useful, so as to recoup himself. As a boarder he is very apt to be left to his own devices, and his chances of acquiring really useful knowledge and of learning how to do things himself are not so good as in the case of the former class, who must be taught to pay for their keep or wages.

After a couple of years' experience of the right kind a man should be able to start apple-raising on his own account. Provided he pays a reasonable price for his orchard there should be little risk.

In orcharding there is very little scope for making disastrous mistakes. It is a case of follow my leader. Everybody is practically doing the same thing; everybody prunes, fertilises, packs, and ships apples in the same way, for there is virtually only one way of doing them, and unless a man is bent upon some course of wild and weird extravagance he cannot go wrong. This I know from personal experience. Of course I am speaking of the technique of the business. Good native judgment is just as essential in this as in any other calling.

Apples, as I have already pointed out, have a uniform price. The question never is, 'What is So-and-so asking for his apples?' but 'What are apples worth?' Their marketing, therefore, like that of lumber or wheat or any other of the great staples, is a very simple operation. The price is decided for you, and you can take it or leave it. Apples on these terms can be sold to buyers who scour the country during the season, or they can be shipped through the agents of the great English fruit-dealers, who take full charge of them the moment they leave the growers' hands.

All the small fruits of Great Britain can be successfully raised in Nova Scotia. Plums, in

spite of the prevalence of the 'black knot,' do exceedingly well, and are grown profitably all over the province. Pears of almost every variety come to perfection, and can generally be sold to advantage. Certain kinds of early and hardy peaches also do well. Grapes, with the exception of two or three varieties, have not as yet proved a success. Cherries do magnificently, and are grown in great profusion in certain districts. Better strawberries in any essential respect cannot be grown the world over. This may also be said of currants, gooseberries, and raspberries.

All the British vegetables come to perfection in Nova Scotia, and several other kinds not so commonly found there, such as tomatoes, cucumbers, and squash. Potatoes take very kindly to the soil, and are an important article of commerce with the West Indies. Indian corn often ripens in Nova Scotia, and always attains sufficient growth

for table use.

The life of the fruit-grower in the Annapolis Valley, so far as the comforts and reasonable pleasures of life go, leaves little to be desired. He lives amid delightful scenic surroundings, in an excellent climate, temperate, bracing, and sunny, among peaceable, kind-hearted neighbours of his own speech and blood, under British laws and institutions. He is well within ten days' journey of home, and two of Boston, New York, and other great American centres. All the modern comforts are easily attainable—telephones, house-water service, heating, &c., and a daily mail and daily newspapers. The educational advantages are excellent. Besides the primary schools in every

rural section, there are at Wolfville and Windsor respectively two chartered universities (Acadia College and King's College), and four boarding-schools for girls and boys, all in the highest state of efficiency. At Halifax, about sixty miles distant is Dalhousie College, carried on under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church (a most admirably conducted institution), also a flourishing girls' school and several boys' schools.

Excellent fishing can be had within reasonable distance of any part of the 'valley,' and a little farther off good partridge and duck shooting. Still farther off the lordly moose, the monarch of our forests, can be hunted with fair prospect of success, and occasionally the caribou, an ex-

ceptionally shy animal.

I may say, in conclusion, that Nova Scotia offers some inducements worth considering to the practical farmer of small means. A man who thoroughly understood farming, and who could command a few hundred pounds, might in my opinion go farther and fare decidedly worse than in Nova Scotia. Farms of several hundreds of acres, with good buildings, in close proximity to good markets, and in an excellent state of cultivation, can be purchased very cheaply in all parts of the province. Such farms could be gradually turned into orchards. But this is a matter that cannot be satisfactorily treated of within the limited space at my disposal, and all I can say on this head is that in my opinion it would pay an intending settler who had a practical knowledge of farming to take a run through the province before going farther west.

THE BAD LUCK OF KAPTAN HOLAR.

By J. J. BELL.



HE Norwegian steamer Ole Bull, carrying seven hundred tons of coal and sundry stores from Leith to her company's hvalstation on the northeast coast of Iceland, was jogging past the Faroe Islands at her average

speed of nine knots. It was eleven o'clock on an evening towards the end of June, and had the weather been clear the sun would have still been visible in the north. A wet fog blanketed the Faroes, some six miles to port; only the strange peaks of Fugloe and Svinoe loomed dimly above the vapour-bank. On the sea, however, the fog was thinning, and the captain of the Ole Bull sighted the little whaler in time to avoid the necessity of an abrupt change of course. He spoke to the man at the wheel, and telegraphed an order to the engine-room.

The engines were slowed, stopped, and reversed a couple of turns, and the Ole Bull came to rest within hailing distance of the whaler-steamer Gisli, which was wallowing idly in the heavy oily swell. The captains—one on his high, narrow bridge, the other in his little, square steering-box—bawled cheerfully across the water. They were old friends from Tonsberg, but their courses seldom met or crossed during the whaling season.

'It is a lucky meeting, Bjarni,' the captain of the Ole Bull shouted, after he had asked concerning the Gisli's recent hunting and got an unsatisfactory reply. 'I bring you luck. I am glad I met you. It is not ten minutes since we sighted a cachalot.'

The young captain of the Gisli fairly jumped. 'Cachalot!' he yelled. Then, 'You are sure?'

'Do I not know a cachalot when I see him? His head—his rising—his spout? And he was going slow—very slow—south. And he was the biggest'——

But the young captain was already giving orders to his crew and calling down the tube to his engineer. He waved his hand to his friend, bawled his thanks, promised a merry meeting at Tonsberg in October, and turned to his business. For the achalot is a rare visitor to these waters, and is worth several large rorquals-the 'finner' whales on which the Norwegians make much war and some profit; and young Kaptan Andersen had never yet had the fortune to encounter such a

So the Ok Bull resumed her journey north, and the Guli went dancing south, her thin black funnel belching smoke, her eighty-five feet of deck quivering Kaptan Andersen sang softly as he inspected the gun in the bow, ready charged and loaded with the big bomb pointed harpoon. His was good luck indeed! Good luck to have met the Ole Bull; good lack that the cachalot should appear at a time of year when there was no dark night. A little more good luck, and the prize would be his; for the wather was clearing quickly; the man in the crows nest had the eyes of a hawk; the sea, though welling, was smooth; and he did not doubt his own skill with the gun. Good luck indeed! He repeated the words aloud.

It is bad luck, kaptan,' said the voice of his irs mate behind him. The man, who had just ome on deck from his bunk, spoke sadly and

Kaptan Andersen wheeled round.

What is bad luck?' he asked sharply. Then he largied pleasantly. You have broken your coffeemng again, Holar; that is the trouble."

Holar shook his head. He was a big man, koking much older than his years, and melancholy of countenance; often he seemed to be brooding over some tremendous disappointment.

have broken nothing, kaptan,' he said slowly. Neither have I been dreaming dreams. But I tell out is bad luck to get news of a cachalot from Luptan Bjornsen of the Ole Bull.'

So you have heard about the cachalot. Well, Holar, I say to you that any news of a cachalot, then we have been a week without even a sej-hoad, spudluck; and when we have killed our cachalot

Kaptan, said the other solemnly, 'you will not mni this cachalot ?

indersen stared at his mate. What foolish it is this, Holar, about bad luck and Kaptan men! he demanded impatiently. He was on the older man, to whom he had allowed makenble latitude of speech in the past; but the going too far. What kind of talk is this

The mate's gloomy gray eyes looked straight the captain's angry blue ones.

It is for your sake, kaptan, that I speak what a call foolishness,' said Holar quietly. 'Will a listen, kaptan ?

Wat is it?' Andersen rapped out. His eyes The now turned to the sea ahead. log have heard, began the mate in a low

oz, that I also was once a kaptan of a

lare heard, Holar, said Andersen more

gently. 'You had bad luck when you were hunting from Finmarken. Was it not so?'

'It was bad luck,' continued the mate-'bad luck such as has never happened to a Norsk whaler since old Svend Foyn showed us how to take the great blaa-hval with the bomb-harpoon from the little steamer. My steamer, the Ulf, was sunk by a whale that I had struck and made fast.

'I know it, Holar.'

'Every one in Norge knows it, for such a thing never happened before or since. But every one does not know that the whale-the last whale I hunted, I who have killed hundreds-the whale was a cachalot.'

'Ah!' said Andersen, 'I had not heard that.'

'It was twelve years ago.'

'So you think it is unlucky to strike a cachalot, Holar,' said the captain, suppressing a smile. 'A goodly number of cachalots have been safely taken since then, and nearly all from the small boats?

'The ill-luck is not in the cachalot, but in the way the cachalot is found. Listen, kaptan. Twelve years ago I was cruising for blaa-hval and fin-hval and Nordkappers, and getting few of any. And on a night such as this a steamer going to Tromsö came a little out of her course to tell me about a cachalot-a big bull-that was not four miles away. The steamer was the Helga.'

'Not the Ole Bull,' said Andersen, turning to

him with a light laugh.

'No; but the Helga's kaptan was Kaptan Bjornsen, now of the Ole Bull.

The captain of the Gisli uttered an exclamation. 'That is queer, Holar,' he admitted presently; 'but it means nothing.'

'Nothing but bad luck,' said the mate stolidly.

'For me?' asked Andersen with a short laugh. 'For you, kaptan. There is no luck for me now

-neither bad nor good,' Holar muttered sadly. 'But I would not that you should ever be as I. It is not good to be second after one has been first. It is not good to see another fire the gun. It is hell. And so I beg you, kaptan-you who have forgiven me much and been patient—to let this cursed '-

'Hval! Hval!' came the alarm from the man in the crow's-nest.

Kaptan Andersen gave a shout of satisfaction. The whale, however, had risen far away, and the chase, in the meantime, would be directed from the masthead.

'Let him go, kaptan; let him go!' the mate pleaded. 'Do not risk everything.'

Once more Andersen laughed. 'It is doubtless the very cachalot that sank the Ulf, my good Holar,' he said jestingly.

'It is no other,' said the mate in a hoarse whisper.

Somehow Andersen did not laugh this time. He was afraid of no whale in the sea, but he was troubled about his mate. Was the latter getting a little mad?

'It is surely a strange happening,' he said after a pause. 'But how do you know it is the same cachalot? It is likely that your cachalot died in the Arctic.'

'I shot him badly—too near the tail. He got a coil of the cable round his flukes, and the cable went snap as if it had been wool. Then he went mad and came for the *Ulf. Nej*, kaptan, he lives yet; and there is now a devil in him that entered with my harpoon. Let him go, kaptan; let him swim away to the south, to his '——

'How can you tell he is the same?' Andersen interrupted irritably. 'How would you know'——

'On the crown of his great head there is a large, whitish blotch. It is like the map of Island [Iceland] on the chart, the shape of it.'

'Good!' said Andersen. 'I will look for it when the time comes,' he added firmly.

'And you will find it, kaptan,' returned the other in a dull voice. He perceived that nothing he could say would move the young man from his purpose, and he turned away, for it was time to relieve the man at the wheel.

'Stay!' the captain called, his voice gentle again.

Holar halted.

'See here, my good Holar,' said the captain.
'Suppose that yonder cachalot is really your old enemy. What then? Has not the day come for your revenge? Think of that, and cheer up!'

'My revenge! What have I to do with it?' asked the mate moodily.

Andersen flushed with anger, and turned again to the gun. It was not his fault that Holar was serving in a secondary position. It had always been a trial, his shipboard relation with a mate old enough to be his father. He had borne with the old man for three seasons, but he was coming to the end of his patience. Holar, with his grievance that insinuated itself into half his conversation, was becoming unbearable.

And now Kaptan Andersen thought he saw through the old man and his cry of 'bad luck.' The old man had pretended that his anxiety was all for his skipper and his skipper's reputation. So! And what would the old man do if he were suddenly put in the skipper's place? Would be let the cachalot go? Andersen muttered a curse or two, reviling himself for his previous indulgence to his mate. And an ugly question leapt up in his mind: could he even trust Holar in the steeringbox when the Gieli and the cachalot came to close quarters?

He looked behind him, but the mate had gone aft. A couple of sailors were standing at their posts beside the winches carrying the cables, to one of which was attached the harpoon. But he did not send a sailor for the mate, as he thought of first doing. The Gisli was still far from the cachalot; she was taking a curved course that

would eventually, if the lookout's calculations were correct, bring her close and at right angles to the whale's line of progress and somewhat in advance of the whale, there to await his approach. There was, therefore, no immediate need for the gun.

Kaptan Andersen went aft. In the steering-box he found the second-mate, who informed him that Holar had gone below, promising to return to take charge in a few minutes. At this Andersen's resentment was not lessened. The old man had taken one liberty too many. What could he be doing below at such a time?

The young man went into the tiny deck-house and quietly descended the narrow stair. At the last step he halted and peeped into the cabin.

The mate was sitting on his locker, crouching over the table, his face bowed on his arms.

'Holar,' said Andersen sternly, 'are you asleep? It is time for you to take the wheel.'

With a start the mate rose, squeezed past the captain without look or word, and climbed the stair.

Andersen entered the cabin, feeling uneasy. A crumpled, closely and badly written letter was lying on the locker. He picked it up, and ere he knew what he was doing these words were ringing in his mind: 'You must not give up hope, dear husband. Would not the young kaptan who is so kind speak for you to the company?'

Andersen dropped the letter and sat down on the locker. His wrath died; pity rose again. He began to understand something of what the ex-captain must have suffered during his twelve years' mateship; something of what the old woman at home must have endured as year after year went past without restoring her husband to the position that had seemed so grand to them both. And twelve years without firing a harpoon! Perhaps that appealed to the young gunner more than did anything else in the tragedy. Twelve years' blank on the top of, perhaps, twenty years' full existence, for Holar had been a famous gunner in his day.

Andersen felt sick of himself. He had pitied the old man, but had he ever really done aught to help him? Was he not a nephew of the largest share holder in the company? Yet he had never spokel a word on Holar's behalf—he, 'the young kapta: who was so kind!'

The second-mate summoned him, and he hurrie on deck.

'Take the wheel, and send Holar to me,' he sai briefly, and went forward to the gun. The un suspecting cachalot, after a long submersion, we coming leisurely towards the Gisli, and would mo probably cross her bows.

The captain signalled with his hand for 'der slow.'

Presently Holar stood beside him. The old may was trembling.

'You mean to strike him, kaptan?' he whispere

Andersen nodded. 'How could I go back to the sation and tell them I had let a cachalot go from mader my gun? Are you afraid, Holar?'

'For you, kaptan. You will lose your ship.'
Andersen bit off an oath. The old man's croaking
was maddening.

The whale came nearer, and suddenly Holar whispered, 'Look! See!—the whitish blotch on his head!'

'Ah!' The young man drew a long breath. He hid his right hand on the stock of the gun, and agasled with his left for a turn ahead. The spreme moment was nigh. Already he saw the Gui, with all her flags and bunting flying, arriving at the Farce healtation with the cachalot in tow; siredy he heard the managing director's praise and the congratulations of brother-captains.

The mate sighed, the sigh of a man growing old without hope.

Saptan Andersen stepped from the gun-platform.

"Bolar,' he said rapidly, 'I give you charge. Take
the gun—and your revenge. I go to take the
"bled. Good luck."

Holar went white as death.

'Are you afraid?' asked the captain.

'Ainad! But I think of you. What will they ar at the station?'

Oh, I have a little accident to my right hand,' relied Andersen. 'But now I have given you tour orders. Quick, Holar! Look out!'

Lite a boy, Holar sprang to the gun. His fee was still ghastly, but his limbs had become still.

Holar takes charge, said Andersen to the wondering salors, and ran aft to the steering-box, there to truthe instructions of his mate.

But Holar seemed mate no longer. With the Maked stock of the short swivel-cannon on his plan, he was captain in everything but name. The wide dreary years were blotted out in the joy all erulation of the moment. He signalled his seen without hesitation; he swung his weapon a its bearings with friendly familiarity.

The cachalot appeared to be half-asleep, so lazily id be forge through the water, his head with its scalar marking showing from time to time.

Swidenly the creature seemed as if he suspected inget. He moved forward with a rush. But ere a could sound, Holar's finger had pressed the state of the hundredweight harpoon and its four feet length in the great greasy flank. These with the crash of the cannon the awful tail state dots, and amid the roaring and foaming of the time of the state of the sta

In the tame of whirring and clanking wheels the picker benpen cable flashed from the winch and set the bow. Ninety fathoms poured into the sea set Holz gave orders to check the wheels with the static wooden brakes—lightly at first, then heavily set at last the cable ceased to flow, and the Gisli, so are at rest, glided through the water. Between

the wind and the bow the cable stretched, taut as a fiddle-string, a foot above the deck. Holar stood with one foot resting on it while he searched the sea ahead.

In seven minutes, perhaps, the cachalot rose. He had gone down with but half-filled lungs, and ere he broke the surface the carbonic gases burst from his blow-hole and carried a watery spout high in the air. Again he blew tremendously and sucked in fresh air, rolling from side to side, lashing out with his tail. The cable slackened ever so little under Holar's foot; but he felt the change, and immediately the donkey-engine went to work. Not for long, however. The cachalot set off once more, towing the Gisli at the rate of six knots an hour, and swimming at or near the surface.

In the steering-box Kaptan Andersen felt anxious. It was plain to him that the bomb on the harpoon had failed to explode. A long struggle was therefore likely, and it looked as if lancing would be necessary before the end could be reached. He glanced at the two small boats belonging to the Gisli, and shrank from the thought of risking his inexperienced men in them alongside an infuriated whale. It was a rare experience indeed to use the lance in rorqual-hunting-so rare that little or no provision was made for such an emergency. Andersen remembered that, a year before, three men belonging to an Iceland station had left the whaler to lance a wounded blaa-hval and had not returned. It almost seemed as if the 'bad luck' had come after all, and he could only hope that by some happy chance the bomb might yet explode, or that Holar, who was already reloading the gun, might somehow get a second shot home.

Two hours had passed, but the cachalot, though slower in his movements, was far from being exhausted. Several times, too, he had just missed getting a kink of cable round his tail, which would have ended matters so far as the company was concerned.

Forwards and backwards ran the wheels, as the cable was let out or hauled in, and once the Gisli was sent 'full astern' to overcome a sudden slackening.

Holar's eyes had become feverishly alert, but the colour had not returned to his face. The crisis had yet to come. He knew it. He dared not leave his post for a moment, otherwise he would have run aft to whisper a single sentence to the captain: 'Kaptan, it is for you more than for myself.'

Of a sudden the cachalot sounded.

'Steady!' muttered Holar to the men at the winch, who were ready to let out more cable. 'Hold on!'

He pressed his foot on the cable—once—twice—thrice.

'Full ahead! Hard astarboard!' he yelled. Beneath his foot the cable became elastic, then easy to bend. The deck quivered as the Gisli shot forward in a curve, the cable trailing from her port bow as though she were a stricken monster running away with the line.

A groan burst from Kaptan Andersen's throat. Had Holar gone mad? He opened his mouth to shout, when the second-mate at his side screeched and pointed astern.

There, from the shattered sea, burst the monstrous head; and, as the men gaped, the cachalot heaved his frightful bulk half out of the water and across the still bubbling track of the Gisli.

Down he went again, raising a tempest of spray and leaving a whirlpool of foam. And Holar laughed aloud, for he saw that the spray and foam were ruddy, and he knew he had beaten his enemy at the game of twelve years ago.

'Stop! Full astern!' he bawled. A minute later the cable was once more safely ahead of the

'Stop!' The cable went rigid.

'Half-speed ahead!'

At the same time the donkey-engine was set to reel in the cable at a moderate pace.

Fifty fathoms away the cachalot came to the surface in a fury, and blew fountains of blood skywards. The bomb had done its work after all.

The Gisli crept nearer, and Holar was again at

he gun.

The cachalot lashed out madly with his tail. Once he raised it as if to sound, but it fell with a futile thunder-clap on the crimson water. He lay still.

The Gisli crept nearer. Holar pointed the gun. He wanted to make sure.

Suddenly a convulsion seized the enormous bulk. It rolled over, exposing the gaping jaws, the shallow pointed under jaw with its row of great teeth, the cavernous upper jaw with its empty sockets. Then a shudder like an earthquake passed over it; then quietness. A flipper fluttered the surface feebly for a few seconds, and was still.

Holar took his hand from the gun. It was not required. On his side, almost completely sub-

merged, the cachalot lay dead.

'It is enough,' murmured Holar, and sat down

on the gun-platform, shaking painfully.

'Is he killed?' asked a young sailor, who had never seen a cachalot before. 'He still floats.' The young sailor was used to rorquals, and they sink immediately after death.

Holar did not appear to hear, and the young sailor, with a curious look, left him.

Kaptan Andersen came along and laid his hand on his mate's shoulder. Youth is humble once in a while.

'You were right, Holar,' he said. 'I should have lost my ship.'

Thirty-six hours later the cachalot lay on the flensing-slip of one of the Faroe hvalstations. Men were labouring on the carcass with keen curved knives, attached to six-foot handles, and sharp spades. Standing in two inches of thick yellow grease and inhaling an odour beyond description, Holar the mate waited impatiently while a couple of men delved deep into the carcass at a spot which he had indicated.

'Have you not found it yet?' he asked.

'Not yet. Ah, here are the barbs!' cried one of the men. 'I must get an axe. It is jammed in the ribs.'

Holar clambered on to the carcass and peeped into the cavity. He laughed softly, almost boyishly.

The man returned with the axe, and fell to work on the obstruction. Presently he and his fellow hauled forth a harpoon seemingly formed out of rust. They wiped it roughly with some waste.

Holar's eyes glistened. He gave each man a silver coin, and carried his prize towards the little pier against which lay the Gisli and another whaler that had just brought in a fine blaa-hval.

On his way he met the manager of the station coming from the Gisli.

The manager laughed very pleasantly. It was cheerful to have a cachalot and a sixty-barrel 'blue' on the slip yonder. 'What is that you carry, Holar?'

Holar laughed also. 'You did not believe me this morning when I said I had met the same cachalot long ago.'

'Ah, well, Holar, you know I hear so many wonderful stories from my whalers. And I have heard of marks on whales before too.'

The mate rested the barbs of the weapon on the ground and took out his knife. He carefully scraped the rust from the edge of the slotted shaft near its butt.

'Of course you know all the whaling companies' marks?' he said quietly at last. 'And you know the mark of the company owning the *Ulf*, which I—I lost twelve years ago?'

The manager nodded and made a sympathetic remark.

'Then, please, look at this,' said the mate.

The manager inspected the metal. 'Ah, so! It is the mark of your old Finmarken company. It is wonderful!' he said. 'Come with me to the house, Holar, and drink a glass of wine with me, so that I may swallow my unbelieving words of the morning.'

They went to the house together. The manager was truly in an extraordinarily gracious humour.

'You have heard that our company is building a new whaler for next season,' he remarked as he poured out the wine. 'It is perhaps a little early to drink to her success, but we will do so, and also to the health of her kaptan.'

'Kaptan Andersen,' murmured the mate, raising his glass. 'He deserves it. The new steamer and

Kaptan Andersen. Skaal!'

'No. Kaptain Holar,' said the manager, holding out his hand.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE OF AUSTRALIA.

By F. A. W. GISBORNE.



HE term 'White Australia' is, no doubt, fairly familiar by this time to the ordinary Englishman at home.

If brevity may be regarded as the soul of statecraft as well as of wit, the originator of the expression

extainly achieved a triumph. Inspired by his succes, others have attempted to increase the succes, others have attempted to increase the number of similar convenient catchwords whose utility in democratic communities the popular politician fully recognises. Australian papers and sariamentary speeches abound nowadays not only with references to a 'White Australia' but to a 'White Ocean,' and even—so daring, but lost ball sense of humour, have become our reformers—to a 'White South Africa' as well. One almost repressed towards a 'White Antarctic Continent' (140); possibly even a 'White China.' But these here not yet entered even our Labour Party's exensive domain of practical politics.

'White Australia,' however, is what an American rould call a 'live' question; and beyond a doubt the phrase gives crude expression to a policy which s dominant, with certain limitations, as much among the educated as among the uneducated classes of the great southern continent. is a general resolve that, so far as is possible, it wall remain the heritage of white men. No internal conflict of races, happily, now exists. The riginal British settlers in Australia were so fortenate as to find an immense habitable territory hing practically empty. There was no prolific he native to the soil, as in South Africa, to challenge the right of the invaders to enter into Mession of their new domains. The aboriginal thes were too degraded to be any serious source Atrouble, and they are rapidly dying out. Shielded The strong arm of Great Britain, the Australian chonies became populous and flourishing comamilies within the first century after their foun-Happily, the baneful system of slavery, at has poisoned the life-blood of America and ingless a coming convulsion to the inhabitants the United States, was never introduced into Isralia. The sword of retribution is not susand over her head, nor does she contain within orders a vast alien population that cherishes mories of ancestral wrong.

Nevertheless, in spite of her seeming security, a serict uneasiness has persistently lurked in the naise of all far-seeing colonists, and the cause of its disquiet the map reveals to us. Lying at the its disaid, australia has in her neighbourhood the see populous countries in the world. Territories or populous countries in the world. Territories in the world in the property of the world in the property of the world in the world in

desirable region that remains still to a great extent devoid of human life. The portions of that region, too, that lie nearest Asia are those which are least inhabited, and by reason of their climate and other advantages offer the strongest attractions to the people of the neighbouring continent. The latter may fairly argue that less than five million human beings in Australia have no right to the exclusive possession of territories as large as those which support five hundred millions in Asia; even if he require the manger, the dog is not entitled to appropriate the whole stable.

Fortunately for Australia, in the days of her infancy she was doubly protected against a whole-sale human inundation. The British fleet has guarded her, and continues to guard her, against the forcible seizure of any part of her territories. British rule in India has restrained some three hundred million Asiatics from emigrating to other portions of the Empire where they would by no means have been welcomed. The Malay race has ample room for expansion in the great archipelago to the north of the island-continent, and Polynesia is not sufficiently populous or advanced to threaten danger.

The Chinaman has throughout been the enemy most dreaded. In the days of the early golddiggings he and his fellows swarmed into Australia, and by diligent and objectionable industry gently shouldered the white working-man from many a profitable Tom Tiddler's ground. Returning home with their spoils, the first Celestial adventurers incited others of their countrymen to follow their example. It is by their mastery of the policy of 'pacific penetration' that the Chinese make themselves such formidable neighbours. They are not warlike. No Chinese 'Invincible Armada' is ever likely to disturb the peace of the Eastern world. But they are prolific, and possess qualities of industry and quiet tenacity of purpose which render their methods of insidious invasion trebly dangerous. Like the little monk of the Italian fable, they come first as suppliants, and then, if not restrained, take possession of the whole establishment. M. Huc tells us how, long ago, the Tartars of Manchuria and Mongolia were being gradually pressed northwards by hordes of Chinese cultivators, who continually encroached on their pasture-grounds. Similarly, in south-eastern Siberia to-day the Russians are striving vainly to check a similar pacific invasion.

We see, also, the Chinese becoming yearly more and more in numbers the dominant race throughout the Malay Peninsula and portions of the East Indies. Every year they are thronging in increasing numbers to the very threshold of Australia; and Australia, fearful lest the yellow stream

should flow farther southwards, has resolutely shut her doors and denied admittance.

Many years ago the possibility of a future vellow peril was foreseen by thoughtful colonists. Before the fear assumed legislative expression, the white diggers took summary measures to show the busy little yellow men, whose pertinacious activity gave such great offence, that they were not wanted. Forcible ejectment, without legal process, was practised on most of the diggings. Poor John Chinaman was not only forbidden in many cases to dig for gold; he might not cook, wash, or grow vegetables either. The writer remembers a case where a bank manager in a mining township was boycotted for weeks because he employed a Chinese cook, and was finally compelled to discharge him. Miners' law was soon strengthened by legislation, and in some of the colonies a heavy poll-tax was imposed on each Chinaman who entered the country.

A singular incident that occurred at Maryborough in Queensland some twenty-five years ago, when the writer first visited that colony, will show that the law was not allowed to be a dead letter. The steamer he was on was the only one on which Chinese were allowed to work; as, after a long strike, the company owning it and many others had been obliged to substitute white for yellow crews on all the rest of their vessels. An unlucky Chinaman ventured to take a stroll on the wharf. He was at once pounced on by a couple of Customs officials, who demanded payment of the poll-tax of fifty pounds. An animated but incoherent discussion followed, and it was only after much protest that the zealous functionaries yielded to the captain's contention that a wharf was not terra-firma, and that therefore no legal claim to the tax could exist. Poor John ever afterwards confined his excursions to the deck.

In spite of the stringency of the law and the strength of the sentiment it expresses, it is singular, by-the-by, to note certain inconsistencies in the attitude of many 'White Australia' advocates towards the races they denounce. In the course of a long period of residence in tropical Australia the writer observed again and again cases where the wives of white working-men invariably bought their requirements from Chinese stores in preference to European, on account of their cheapness. Their husbands, who, while blatant denouncers of the 'yellow vermin' so long as they worked for wages, often, when they had saved a little money and taken up land, engaged members of the despised race to work for them, leaving their white brothers to walk the streets unemployed. Many small selectors in the state referred to employ Kanakas and coloured men still, although a recent Federal Act has done much to discourage the practice by offering a substantial bonus to the producer of sugar who employs only white labour.

For a long time it was the law in Queensland that coloured men might only be employed in growing

tropical products. Humorous results often followed. A Kanaka caught digging English potatoes instead of sweet potatoes would bring his employer into trouble. Several unlucky settlers were heavily fined from time to time for the heinous transgression of permitting their coloured assistants to cut wood, milk cows, mend fences, and the like. A Kanaka or Chinaman might load a cart with sugar-cane, but he was not allowed to drive it. Naturally, regulations such as these were continually evaded. The movements of the inspectors were carefully observed, and whenever one of the class approached a selector's house the whole coloured staff would be found industriously engaged in hoeing among the pineapples or sugar-cane. After the gratified and refreshed official had left, the tropical agriculturists would be suddenly re-transformed into cooks, milkmen, woodcutters, and fencers again.

By the decree of the Commonwealth Parliament a 'White Australia' policy is henceforth to be rigidly enforced. Members of coloured races now living in Australia are, with certain exceptions, to be deported erelong to their native countries, and no more are to be admitted as permanent residents. If it be attempted to restore all the dusky settlers in Queensland, Western Australia, and the Northern Territory to the bosoms of their families at home, the officials charged with such duty will have a very embarrassing task before them. Including Chinese, Malays, Kanakas, &c., scattered over half a continent, some twelve or fifteen thousand unwilling emigrants at least will have to be collected, and an extensive fleet provided for their accommodation. Then will follow the yet more difficult question of deciding where to take them. The names by which South Sea Islanders know their islands are often quite unfamiliar to white men, and to land a Kanaka on the wrong island would mean frequently that the grateful residents would enjoy an unexpected feast. It is tolerably certain, however, that when the time comes saner counsels will prevail, and that even the wildest enthusiast for a 'White Australia' will hesitate to recommend the forcible expulsion, in defiance of the common law and of common justice, of thousands of innocent aliens. The ruin of great industries such as the pearling industry and, partially at any rate, the production of sugar would inevitably follow such an act of mad injustice.

To one who has some acquaintance with the conditions that exist throughout the tropical portions of the Australian continent, the fact is obvious that a rigid adherence to the 'White Australian' doctrine would mean industrial death to a large portion of its surface. It would, indeed, be an entire mistake to assert that the whole of the vast region north of the tropic of Capricorn is quite unfit for permanent white settlement. The mountains and tablelands there enjoy a climate admirably adapted to the European constitution, and there is hardly a locality throughout the continent where the writer met with men engaged in hard manual work more vigorous

and healthy than in the Herberton district of North Queensland. There, at an elevation of about four thousand feet above sea-level, in a latitude corresponding to that of Jamaica, a wholesome and delightful climate prevailed, very different from the enervating, steamy heat that made life at Cairns, on the coast, only forty miles distant, almost unesdurable during the summer months. The region of dry heat, too, embracing the vast inland plains, is quite fitted for pastoral settlement by white men. But the region of moist heat, the whole littoral from Keppel Bay in Queensland to King Sound in Western Australia, is not adapted to the constitution of a white race; and unmistakable signs of degeneration are now to be observed among the progeny of the early settlers on the northern mas. As in India and West Africa, conditions of stificial comfort are there essential to the maintenmee of health. Without these the healthy Europen working-man must within the space of a few years degenerate into a cadaverous, yellow, listless secures of his kind, quite unfit for sustained

The present policy of the Commonwealth Government of offering a substantial bonus to growers d signs who employ only white labour is likely, il persisted in, to lead to the deplorable result installimately the tropical coast-belt will become peopled by a race of mean whites, to support whom the independent cultivator of the temperate portions if the continent will be heavily taxed. Governments that often lavish large sums to improve their ined of horses, cattle, and sheep are scarcely conexent or wise in expending yet greater sums in rining their breed of men. It may be confidently seemed that, in regard to the tropical coast-lands of lustralia, if these be reserved exclusively for white Den, there are but two alternatives: either a large prices of the continent possessed of enormous tain resources will remain a wilderness, with here and there perhaps a cattle-station or miningbed; or the people in one part of the continent and be heavily taxed to promote racial deteriora-

There is, however, a yet more serious consideration to be taken into account. The filtration into latarilia of unwarlike races like the Chinese may be the checked by costly legislation, though there are other ways of entering a house than by the door; and the most vigilant patrolling of the sorten coast could hardly prevent the landing a coasional bodies of aliens when the centrifugal irras that result from congestion of population in assistancing countries become irresistible.

No hotile invasion, either, would be attempted to long as Great Britain retained the command is the sea and the Commonwealth continued to a province of the Empire. But if, like ancient kee, the mother-country should ever be completed to recall be legions and fleets from distant long from the mother country should ever be completed to recall be legions and fleets from distant authority and the legions are shattered, and the legions are shattered,

Australia's position would become exceedingly precarious. However populous and wealthy her southern states might then be, the north would certainly, if its development were prevented meanwhile by a fatuous course of policy, lie open to the attacks of an enterprising maritime people like the Japanese.

If the Commonwealth were an independent state to-day, and if, as would be only too probable, she gave wanton provocation to the Power that now ranks first in Asia and among the first in the world, it is indisputable that Japan could with the greatest ease occupy and annex any portion of tropical Australia that she pleased. The Commonwealth possesses no fleet, and modern armies cannot be marched across continents. Even if the transcontinental line from Adelaide to Port Darwin were completed, a campaign in the Northern Territory would be as difficult a business for Australia as the war in Manchuria has recently proved to Russia. Two thousand miles and more of coast affording hundreds of landing-places could not, however, be adequately protected against a powerful enemy by any naval or military force that the non-tropical portions of Australia will be able to maintain for the next century.

The via media, the path that promises both safety and prosperity, seems obvious. Brown races should be utilised as a barrier against the yellow. India affords a boundless supply of the class of labour that is exactly suited to the needs of a tropical region, and with her help a luxuriant wilderness might be converted into a wealthproducing garden. North Australia is peculiarly adapted for the cultivation of cotton. Sir W. Mitchell, a leading authority on the subject, stated some time ago that he never saw better cotton than that grown at Caravonica, near Cairns, in Queensland, and a large French spinner offered to take all that he could be supplied with at one shilling and sixpence per pound, a price far in excess of the ordinary value of American cotton. Expert opinion declares that the Northern Territory contains millions of acres of land of the finest possible description for cotton-growing.

Besides sugar (already grown to the extent of about one hundred thousand tons annually in Queensland), tropical fruits of all kinds, coffee, tea, rice, cocoa, cinchona, and many other such products have been experimentally grown with success. The introduction of Indian coolies under the indenture system that exists in British Guiana and elsewhere would confer a double benefit on both India and Australia. After his term of service had expired the coolie would be sent home with a sum that represented a modest fortune to him. The engagement of many thousands of labourers yearly would afford appreciable relief to the congested districts of India. But a comparatively short passage would be necessary to take the coolies to the plantations and home again, and freights would therefore be low. Climatic conditions are similar, and it would soon become a matter of indifference to the Hindu labourer whether he worked for an Englishman in India or for an Englishman in Australia. His right to fair treatment would be conserved by strictly enforced regulations, and there would not be the slightest danger of the growth of a system of disguised slavery.

Besides Indian coolies, a certain number of Kanakas, and perhaps New Guinea natives, might be engaged on similar terms. The former make excellent labourers; the latter, so far, have not proved very satisfactory, but no doubt they will adapt themselves to discipline and steady work as they become civilised. Orientals of a superior class might be admitted without restriction within the well-defined areas to which the employment of coloured races would be confined; but certain disabilities as to ownership of land, &c., might be imposed to check the abuse of this privilege. Under such a condition of things the gain to Australia would be enormous. Capital that now shuns the northern regions of the continent would flow in abundantly, and soon transform what are now waste places into populous and rich thriving centres of human industry.

The complete failure of the 'White Australia' policy as applied to the tropics is fully demonstrated by the lamentable history of the Northern Territory, which remains to this day a heavy burden on the revenues of the state that has throughout so grievously mismanaged it.

Even under the unsatisfactory conditions formerly attendant on the Kanaka supply in Queensland, the latter state, on the other hand, has greatly developed its tropical industries, though these are already beginning to suffer under the paralysing influence of the Commonwealth Legislature. The guarantee of a certain supply of suitable labour at reasonable rates, coupled with a liberal land policy and improvement and extension of means of communication-in particular, the speedy completion of the transcontinental railway-would soon transform the Cinderella of Australia into the princess. The Northern Territory could alone in a comparatively brief space of time relieve the Lancashire millowner and operative from all fear of a future cotton famine, and the Empire, so far as one at least of the prime industrial necessaries was concerned, would become self-supporting. White heads being required to direct brown and black arms, a large field for profitable employment would be provided for enterprising young Australians and Englishmen on the plantations, and they would be enabled to live under such conditions of comfort as would ensure immunity from the attacks of The shipping industry would be the climate. particularly stimulated, and the pastoralists of the northern plains, now completely isolated from the southern markets, would find profitable customers close at hand. The state, too, would draw largely increased revenues from the planting districts, and

would be able by defence works, and perhaps the creation of a fleet, to take effective measures to protect the back-door of Australia from forcible entry. The encouragement of settlement along the northern coast would, however, afford the surest guarantee against successful attack.

٠h

V

We venture to say that Australia must modify her Monroe doctrine very essentially if she wishes to ensure her future prosperity and safety. Nature herself opposes it. Ordinary justice condemns the monopoly of a vast and fertile territory by a people, scanty in numbers, who will never be able to profitably utilise it, while millions of their fellowsubjects in a neighbouring continent periodically suffer the horrors of famine for want of sufficient land on which to grow food. Colour-prejudice, unfortunately, is strong in Australia at the present time, and the democratic politician, who always advocates what is popular rather than what is wise, does his best to inflame it. Nations, however, outgrow in time the arrogance of youth, and the Australian Commonwealth, after sowing its wild oats, will, we may hope, settle down eventually to the task of wisely and soberly guiding the nation's destinies and of developing its vast inheritance in a spirit of prudent compromise rather than one of narrow selfishness and racial jealousy.

THE TOP SHELF.

'OLD books are best,' a poet sometime said,
And surely rightly;

But, then, he meant the books which still are read
And praised politely.

I sing of books—those other, duller tomes, Neglected, dusty—

Which find on topmost shelves their final homes, Mildewed and musty.

Their day is done. No reader nowadays

Seems aye to need them;

E'en I, who love all olden things to praise,

Could never read them.

Yet, none the less, I love to think that they, Just as their betters,

Were works of love to those who in their day Were men of letters.

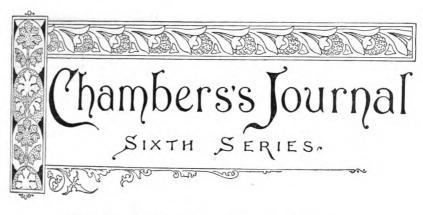
The white-haired parson who in joy would frame Those sermons dreary,

The poet whose poor verses (writ for fame) Served but to weary,

The scholar, liar, jester—one and all—
Who of their dreaming
Fashioned these books, to each was given the call;
For, to my seeming,

The magic of an olden book is this.—
Time cannot fade it.—
That keen, swift joy, the writer's highest bliss:

'My book. I made it.'
F. W. SAUNDERSON.



THE NOVEL T O-D A Y.

By JAMES MILNE, Editor of The Book Monthly.



LL you give me the latest novel?' said a bright young woman as she walked into a London circulating library the other forenoon. 'Which one ?' asked the attendant. 'We have had eight new novels

in this morning.' 'Oh,' quoth she, 'then I'll have the one that came last.'

The story is illustrative of the swiftness of the stream of modern fiction. Often it is written quickly, mostly it is read quickly, and in the great proportion of cases it dies quickly. In fact, the nodern novel has become a thing characteristic of the strenuous, hustling age in which we live. It may, therefore, be claimed for it that it reflects life, however it may stand in regard to literature. But il you ask men who are always reviewing novels, they will tell you that the average quality of them a probably higher than it has ever been. There is plenty of talent about, gifts of undoubted quality; it is originality that is so scarce, genius that is hardly to be found at all. In a word, the story made by but skilled craftsmen is in the ascendant, but we igh for the masterpieces, and they do not come.

Much has happened in the fiction-mart since the three volume novel was snuffed out some fifteen ters ago. It had been created by the circulating library, an institution which, in effect, was invented by Madie, and which is still more or less peculiar b this country. The 'three-decker' was a suitable, profitable form of book for the circulating libraries to long as the number of novels was not excessive. Then, increasing by 'leaps and bounds,' the number become excessive, the libraries were in despair, not knowing what to do with all this stuff. You could into the catacombs, say, of Mudie's, and see loads of three-volume novels which had had their brief ty and become useless for any purpose—'scrapped,' a the American phrase goes. Readers ate up 'three buners'-which, mind you, were published at a Stines and a half, although the libraries got them a guinea or less in a day or so, and cried for True, there were plenty more, but that was not everything. The life of the three-volume novel got shorter and shorter, and ultimately the libraries said, 'We really cannot stand this any longer. We suggest that the solution of what has become a serious problem is the publication of novels in a single volume at six shillings.' The passing of the 'three-decker,' which had been the 'only certain packet to the Islands of the Blest' for many an author, was not exactly so rapid as this, nor was the coming of the single-volume novel, as we know it now, just so expeditious; but practically both

events happened together.

We have seen, too, why they did happen-because there had uprisen a public of novel-readers so great that the creaking machinery of the clumsy threevolume novel could not minister to its wants on what may be termed a profitable basis. This public has been growing ever since, and indeed we now and then hear the alarm that, as a people, we are getting to read nothing but fiction. That alarm is generally based on the figures of some popular library, but if they were carefully analysed they would appear in rather a different light. We are told, quite accurately, that 60, 70, or even 80 per cent. of the books issued through a circulating library-and one takes it rather than a free library -are stories of one kind or another. Even so, we should bear in mind that a story is read much more quickly than a serious book, is exchanged far oftener. It is exchanges that are counted, and so, in figures, the novel acquires a predominance which it really does not have in fact. In the old days, when book-readers were more limited, they were also, it may be, of a higher class, taking them as a whole-few but fit. They read fiction, and a good deal of it, too; but they also read other books, and fiction did not become the red rag of danger which it has seemed to be in later years. We still have a similar old guard of readers, people who love and buy books as well as borrow them; but they are outnumbered by the great army of newer readers who turn to the printed page merely for recreation.

[All Rights Reserved.]

DECEMBER 29, 1906.

It may safely be said that if there were no novels these people would read nothing at all except perhaps the births, the deaths, and marriages, and the society paragraphs in the daily newspapers. You will learn at a London West End library that there are great ladies who call almost every afternoon for a new novel or two, just as they might go forth to choose a new bonnet. The chances are that those ladies turn to the first page of a story and then to the last page, and on that evidence decide whether they shall read it through or not. Has it some problem that will interest them? Perhaps not. Back it goes without being read. Has it a happy ending? Perhaps not. Back, also, it goes next day-for every woman likes a novel to end happily-and thus the lottery of fiction-reading goes on with the constant patron: 'constant reader' one had almost said, but the phrase is singularly inapplicable.

There we get a side-light on the huge consumption of new fiction, for the process is not limited to any single class of society. Men eminent in politics, in lnw, and in other walks of life are often keen novel-readers. A judge, after a hard day's work administering justice, will call at his bookseller's on the way home and ask for a good novel. 'You see,' he will say, 'I have been seeing the seamy side of life all day, and I want something which will brighten me up in the evening after dinner.' It is the same with busy doctors, and with business men who find themselves too tired after the day's work to do anything but read the lightest of literature.

The growth of the modern novel has not been without its causes, and how could it? Nothing arises from nothing. On the one hand we have a prosperous world, working harder and harder every year, and on that account driven to seek in its reading something of a 'rest cure.' It was Mrs Cecil Thurston who first used that expression in explanation of the great vogue of light fiction, and it was happy and just. Then, on the other hand, we have the mass of new readers which the Board schools have been turning out—readers whose literary taste thus far centre in fiction, with a preference for the sensational kind, and in cheap reprints of books which have become classics.

All this merely means that the times have changed, that we live differently from our fathers and grandfathers; that, as a whole, we have less leisure, and, in particular, that learned leisure is not to be found so much about. But of reading of some sort there is far more than ever there was; and, if one can estimate the signs, the demand for books promises to be greater and greater as the years go on. Partly it is this outlook which has caused a controversy during the present winter as to whether new novels might not well be published more cheaply. The three-volume novel, you will be told, had its day and generation, and disappeared never to return; the six-shilling novel, its successor, has had a good run, and has the time not come for something still

cheaper? These things settle themselves by a process of evolution rather than as a result of direct action by the author, the publisher, or the bookseller. Public taste and demand are the influences which ultimately tell, or, to express it in other words, there comes a day of ripeness for change, and with that, or very soon after, the change itself, which then seems both natural and inevitable. Is the time ripe for the issuing of full-blown new novels at, say, half-a-crown? At present you actually pay four shillings and sixpence for a story, if you buy it at all, which probably you don't, because it can always be got at the handy library.

That is a point which has to be steadily borne in mind in any estimate of the future evolution of the novel. Our habit, as a nation, is to borrow fiction and read it, not to buy a novel outright, as the French people do, or as, mostly, the The circulating library is an Americans do. integral part of our book-world, and it could scarcely have become so if it did not suit British tastes. If everybody who borrows a novel suddenly came to the resolution to buy it, then the halfcrown new novel might arrive to-morrow and be a tremendous success. But that will not happen, and there are good reasons in the interest of literature itself why it should not happen. Apart from anything else, the circulating library acts as a sort of sifting-machine for current literature. Suppose you take books out for a year, and then on Christmas morning look over the list of them, how many of those books do you want to buy and keep? Perhaps three; perhaps half-a-dozen. Here you have the cream of the year's new books selected for you, as it were. You can buy them, knowing that you are not wasting your money on volumes which, if you have any real regard for literature, you would not put on your bookshelves.

In France, of course, most books are issued with paper covers, and so the buyer can either throw them away when he has read them, or he can have them bound in cloth—in leather if he wishes to be extravagant - and put into his bookcase. Small experiments in the publication of paper-bound books have been made in this country, but they have never succeeded, and by all appearance they never will succeed. The British reader has only one view of a book which is bound in papernamely, that it is to be read and left in the railway carriage or thrown away. The bookseller will tell you that in a dirty atmosphere like that of London, Manchester, or Glasgow, paper-bound books rapidly become 'bad stock'-that is to say, get soiled and unsaleable. Discuss those matters by all means, but it is to the music of the grand army of novel-readers as they march to the libraries, there to borrow their books without ever a thought of buying them. The truth is-and it may be said gently-that as a nation we are not exactly a book-buying people. Edinburgh is the best book-buying town in the world, having regard to its population; Scotland buys more largely than any other division of the Empire; but neither Einburgh nor Scotland stands for the whole union. One wishes, in a book-sense, that they did, just as one regrets that, in a book-sense, there is so much black country. Football is the deadly enemy of reading in winter—yes, it even hurts the rading of sensational novels; and summer calls people out of doors.

We return to this, that the popular library is the great channel of custom for the popular novelist, and that without it he-or she-could not get the high royalties which he is paid unless, indeed-and ever this is the barrier-he could agrest novel-borrowers into novel-buyers. An enthor's royalty of one shilling and sixpence on a strabilling novel is frequent nowadays, and in a itw instances as much as two shillings has been paid to novel-writers. Broadly speaking, a pubinher will get three shillings and sixpence for sch copy of that novel, and thus he has one shilling and sixpence with which to manufacture ", alvertise it, meet his office expenses, and make i little profit for himself. He can only do so viere the sale of a story goes into many thousands, and those that do so are few and far between. The trange novel sells between one thousand and two copies; a story that reaches a sale of are thousand copies achieves high success; when one runs to ten thousand copies then the word 'bom' may be applied to it.

Carly, it would be a tremendous casting of bread ipm the waters to bring out the average novel at two killings and sixpence right away. It would be all nat ii, by some chance, it managed to catch the Pilic ear; only that chance is very remote. When Doors first appeared it went very slowly. M: Sampson Low, who published the romance, beand absolutely in it, and he determined to give as second chance. Accordingly, he brought it out a ingle-volume form—hitherto it had been in three sines about the time of the marriage of the Augus of Lorne to Princess Louise. The great inish public got it into its head that the romance at smething to do with the Royal marriage, and success of a fine book was made by that mere But such a bit of luck is not to be lighted arren day; and, knowing that, most novelists are titled to say, There is a living wage in the sixthe novel when it has a moderate circulation; 13 miles when it goes to a large circulation. There act be a living wage in a half-crown novel with a small circulation, and to rely upon a huge circulation, as things are at present in the reading world, would be to gamble exceedingly. We had better, therefore, go on with the six-shilling novel, which, after all, is a self-respecting form of literature.' The bookseller adds, with a twinkle in his eye, that he is willing, good man, to let anybody have any six-shilling novel for four shillings and sixpence—surely a large discount; and don't we all like to make a bargain?

We may even choose our particular fancy in novels and not pay any more-choose as a woman chooses from the fashions in clothes. Moreover, there are fashions in fiction. Twenty years ago the romance of history, the mere adventure story, and the domestic tale were the current brands, and readers sought no others. To-day the novel is much more varied, more comprehensive in its subjects, more resolute in its character-painting. We have had the sea-novel, the novel of social life, the novel of modern science, and what you will, including, more recently, the motor-novel. The good soldier is he who can go anywhere and do anything; well, the modern novel can go anywhere and do anything. It need not, like the soldier, be good; but that is a detail.

Two chief impulses there have been in the broadening out of the story as a form of literature—one from within, the other from without. We have had the triumphant rise of the woman-novelist, and we have had the demand of readers for studies of life as it appears to the woman's mind. The two impulses, therefore, are really one, and the result finds us at this, that quite half the stories of the time are written by women, and often theirs is the best work. Is it the story of a soulful heroine—the type of the heroine who is just now the height of fashion? Then the woman's pen, at its best, penetrates deeper, cuts cleaner, does its work more deftly, than the man's, if often less justly. But women are rarely humorists, and perhaps we owe it to their very triumph in fiction-writing that there are so few good, humorous novels. Satire you get, wit perhaps, rarely merry humour such as characterises some of the great novels of English literature.

It is a chance this for whoever would be a novelist—a successful novelist, courted by the literary agents, the publishers, and the public. Let that person sit down and write quickly a really humorous novel, and it will be welcomed as if it were sunshine on a winter morning.



MANOR. ТHЕ LORD O F тнЕ

CHAPTER VI.



NT GERTRUDE started and quivered; there was a faint pink on her faded cheeks. Warrener turned to see the cause of this sudden display of emotion. He saw that

Angela was standing there pale and cold in the moonlight. She said nothing, she asked no question, though clearly she must have heard what was said. She ignored Clifford as if she had been absolutely unaware of his existence.

'You must come in, Aunt Gertrude,' she said.

'The night is getting chilly.'

Miss Castlerayne followed with the meek obedience of a little child who is detected in a fault. In her heart of hearts she was terribly afraid of Angela. Warrener walked behind, with a smile on his lips. So far as he was concerned, he had not the slightest doubt as to the ultimate issue. He could see the sword of Damocles hanging in the air; he was prepared to cut the suspending thread if the weapon did not fall as quickly as he desired. He would root this senseless, selfish pride out once and for all.

He was just as set of purpose the next morning as he came across the Common before breakfast from a long interview with Samuel Craggs. He had found the old reformer in a savage state of mind. Craggs had been talking to Marfell.

'We are being murdered here,' he had said, 'poisoned. It's the drains. I told the squire all about them years ago. But where the money is coming from '-

Warrener explained where the money was coming from. Also, Craggs need be under no fear as to the future of the hospital.

'It is merely money borrowed,' he said. 'I shall get it all back again as soon as you win your action, so there need be no outrage of your sturdy Radicalism. I want you to press your action on as keenly as possible. The squire will fight you, and he will be badly beaten. And he will not be in a position to pay the costs of the fight. Really, I am very much in love with the little scheme of mine. I'm going into Hardborough as soon as I have breakfasted, and I shall hope to meet you there after luncheon. And I hope you have the grace to be very much ashamed of yourself, Craggs.'

'I ain't,' Craggs said stolidly. 'Not a bit of it. On the whole, though I'm what you call Socialist, not to say iconoclast, I like your scheme better than mine, sir. I love the place too well to see a hotel here.'

'To say nothing of the fact that we can do so much better, Craggs. What would my friends in the City say if they could see me losing such a glorious chance of making money? Instead of which, I am wasting my time putting it in the pockets of other people !'

Perhaps it was the glow of a clear conscience that enabled Clifford to eat so good a breakfast. He walked in the rose-garden afterwards, enjoying his cigarette. Aunt Gertrude was not down yet, and May was not to be seen. Presently to Clifford came Angela. She looked very fair and dainty in her white print dress, with plain cuffs and collar. It was a beautiful face, Warrener thought; it would be all the more levely still without the cold expression. It was quite evident that the girl had something serious to say to her companion.

'Been helping to make the beds?' he asked cheerfully. Like most utterly bald remarks, it had its effect. In the presence of the commonplace, even dignity turns its face. 'If ever I am so fortunate as to win a wife, I hope she will not be above helping with the beds. I wonder if you could make a tart, Miss Angela-a raspberry and red-currant tart. I'm told that it is a real art properly to boil a potato.'

The ghost of a smile curved Angela's lips for a moment. Really, she had not expected to find Clifford Warrener vulgar. 'I know nothing of what you say,' she replied.

'I did not come from the house to discuss domestic economy with you. I wanted to allude to a little conversation I overheard last night between Aunt Gertrude and yourself. You seem to have made a friend of Aunt Gertrude.'

Warrener bent down and sniffed at the red heart of a rose. So Angela had heard. All her queenly dignity had come back to her; she was once more a Castlerayne of The Towers sweetly condescending to a glorified tradesman who had forgotten the calls of his order. It became necessary, therefore, to be harsh once more.

'I should say that anybody would,' he said. 'Are you aware that at one time your aunt was engaged to my father? When my father decided to go into trade the match was broken off. My mother is one of the best and dearest of women; my father's affection for her was warm and sincere; but his heart was Aunt Gertrude's. When I think of it I am filled with the most bitter contempt for those who interfered. But, of course, it could not be; it was quite impossible that your blood could be contaminated with trade. Miss Angela, I am going to speak very plainly to you.'

Angela gave a little gasp; she faltered before the blazing fire in Warrener's eyes. Verily, the interview was not working out quite so smoothly as she had planned it. She was going to be cold and disnified, sarcastic, but always as befitted her father's child. She was going to insist upon a proper explanation of Warrener's cryptic words of the night before. She had made up her mind to forgive him if he were duly penitent. And now-

'Really,' she faltered, 'I am quite at a loss to understand why?

'Then I had better hasten to explain. I won't meak about your early life, but about mine. My father decided to go into trade because he was an bonest man. He had an eccentric weakness for paying his debts. He could not understand why my grandfather never paid anybody. The fact that my father was a very unsuccessful business man has nothing to do with the story. Suffice it to say that be brought me up to share that eccentric weakness of his, and that I have never regretted it. When some twelve years of age I went to stay with my gundlather. We were poor enough, and often we lived the life of the keenest anxiety; but it was letter than the life at the other place. My grandisther lived in a very cycle of debt; all his nicest selings were warped. My grandfather counted the cost of nothing so long as he got all he wanted. He was a fine gentleman; he was a man of honour; be was a Warrener, in short; but that did not pretent three of his victims from dying in a workhouse and one of them from committing suicide. I tell 100, no swindling scoundrel in the City was more egraded in my eyes than my grandfather. I hated and loathed it all. I got away from it as soon as I could, and I was only a boy at the time. To think of those poor, patient creatures being robbed so that the good name of the family for hospitality could be kept up! Nothing was paid for. It was no letter than picking pockets. And there was the man who spoke in tones of the deepest regret for his son who had gone into business! But I dare ay rou are wondering why I tell you this. Let as ask you a question: Do you know any houseand where exactly the same kind of thing is going

angela's face flamed crimson; the cruel tell-tale Lie famed over her features; the tiny ears were its with an agony of shame. Warrener had struck one, and he had struck hard.

You are going too far,' the girl said. Her voice kok; her eyes were full of tears. 'It is not fair t sy this when you are under the shadow of our bee. And it is not true.'

hutrue, Warrener said slowly. 'Oh, I know at this talk of mine is inconsistent—that it aceds the bounds of what society calls good la ordinary circumstances I should say where to you and go; but I can't say good-bye Angela, because I love you, and because tag day I hope to call you my wife. There is denthing that is good and sweet under that namer of yours; but the time has to come than you shall realise that to be Miss Castlerayne "The Towers is not everything."

appose you mean to pay me a compliment, agela cried. 'If that is your idea '-

it it I am paying you the highest com-Final a man can pay to a woman. The remark a trite, but it is true, all the same. And I tell an glad that you are going to have your lesson. Before long The Towers will cease to belong to you.'

'Really, is this part of the lesson that you have arranged for me?

'The lesson is no doing of mine. Later on you will thank Craggs for that. It sounds like a wild and impossible situation from some play, Miss Castlerayne being ousted from her high estate by Craggs the Radical shoemaker! Craggs will fight your father to the end, and he will win his action. He is certain to succeed in proving the rights of the hospital to the Common. I have been all through his claim, and there is not a flaw in it. On the other hand, your father will fight as bitterly and as obstinately. He will lose, and the action will cost every penny of two thousand pounds. It won't be for Craggs to forgo these expenses, because they will form part of the costs of his solicitors; and solicitors keep their offices open for the specific purpose of making costs. They will bring a further action against your father for the raising of this money. They will make a bankrupt of him if he does not pay. Then everything here will be sold and the house will have to be let. May I ask, Miss Angela, what is going to become of you then?'

Angela looked at the speaker with dull eyes. She was trying to comprehend what all those hard, cold words meant. The full force of the picture was coming to her slowly. She tried to smile, but the smile faded from her lips. All her dignity was gone now; she was merely a very pretty girl mutely asking for a strong man's protection.

'And this is your lesson?' she faltered. 'This is what you hope will happen?

'It is your own lesson,' Warrener retorted, 'brought about by yourself. And you will be the better for it. Still, there is an alternative.'

'I am glad to hear that. Will you be so good as to tell me what it is?'

'Not at present-that would spoil the actual beauty of the story. But one thing you may be sure of: this lovely spot will not be defiled by a hotel. There is a far better way out of the difficulty than that. I would suggest it to your father to-day, but I feel quite sure he would not listen to me. He also will have to learn his lesson at the hands of the immovable Craggs. After the lesson is learnt, I shall come in again as a kind of fairy godfather and put things right. I shall put things right mainly by the use of the money that I have made in my despised trade. Where my model village stands to-day was once desolation and misery and demons in drink. To-day the place blooms like a rose. In this lovely spot is anxiety and doubt and despair; when I have done with it all those demons will be gone. I can't tell you more, Angela, because if I did so I should spoil the romance of the story. There is one thing that I ask: that you will give me credit for a sincere desire to'-

Angela looked up swiftly. She had forgotten that she had had all the worst of the argument. She saw the high resolution that shone in Clifford's eyes; she felt like one who is in the presence of a prophet. Her heart was curiously warm and light; she felt strangely drawn towards this masterful man.

'I do,' she cried impetuously. 'Perhaps I am utterly wrong. Perhaps we have lived in far too narrow a circle here. Mr Warrener, let us shake hands. Though we are to be foes we may respect each other. And if you can convert me'-

(To be continued.)

77

THE PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT OF WOMEN.

By W. B. TEGETMEIER.



HE disadvantages of old age are very great, and are hardly compensated by the fact that persons greatly advanced in years, possessing their memory and faculties, have some advantages that cannot be possessed

by younger persons. It is exceedingly interesting to them to recall the conditions of life in the earlier part of last century, and compare them with the extraordinary development that has taken place in its latter half and the beginning of the twentieth century. To those who recollect the time when distant travel was performed on coaches, and that never a hard winter occurred but the bodies of some outside passengers were conveyed to their destination, life being extinct; when railways were not only unknown but undreamt of, and a man who had journeyed between the capitals of the three kingdoms was regarded as an experienced traveller, the alterations in the physical attributes of women are very remarkable. They are unquestionably much taller, more vigorous, more healthy, and in consequence more active than they were half a century ago. The number of tall women seen walking in the streets of London or any large town is, to those who recollect the first half of last century, exceedingly remarkable.

Now, it may be asked, to what circumstances is this alteration in the physical stature of women to be attributed, because its existence is undeniable? Frederick the Great, did he now exist as a tyrannical monarch, would have no difficulty whatever in finding wives of suitable stature and physical abilities for his regiment of Guards that he designed to be succeeded by children of a larger growth. There is but one answer: it is to the alterations of the conditions of life. Formerly women followed sedentary habits; they were in the great majority of cases simply domestic drudges. Now the practice of healthy outdoor exercises has not only largely increased amongst men, but has extended to the other sex. Take, for example, the practice of bicycling, not merely as an amusement, but as an economical, rapid, and advantageous means of locomotion. When bicycles were first established in the seventies, men only rode on them, and I can recall how a lady of my acquaintance, who was one of the first to utilise these machines on the introduction of the present type, was accosted, not offensively, but in the most demonstrative manner,

by a gentleman, who told her as she rode by my side, 'Madam, you are a disgrace to your sex.' Such narrow-minded opinions have passed away, and the man who insulted a woman in such language now would rather be regarded as one who

was a disgrace to his own sex.

The physical advantage of bicycling to women is enormous, the exercise being regarded as a healthy occupation; they ride infinitely better than the ordinary run of men. It is rare to see a woman on a bicycle leaning forward in a crouching attitude, with hunched back, compressed chest, lessened lungspace, and constricted abdominal viscera, which is the usual attitude of those silly riders who think that, because racing men assume it in consequence of the reduced atmospheric resistance it offers in the extremity of a race, it is the right attitude to affect in ordinary riding. Countless thousands of women ride with due regard to the inflation of their lungs and the proper exercise of their muscles, and their health, stature, and physical development are improved thereby. Then, again, it is the practice now for women to indulge to a great extent in outdoor games, which have gradually been improved in character so as to afford due physical exercise. Croquet, which was formerly the only game generally indulged in by women, is one of a more inactive character, and calls for no great amount of physical exertion, although it has the advantage of being played in the open air. This has given place to lawn-tennis, a much finer exercise, which in its turn has been succeeded or accompanied by hockey, golf, and cricket; and even football has been played by some advanced women; but it is obvious that the latter is not a game which is adapted either to female dress or attributes. Formerly even those women most fortunate in their position in life and in their opportunities of taking exercise were confined to riding, or possibly, if favourably situated, to rowing or paddling on the river, and the result was that the physical stature of women had few chances of being developed. Now this is changed to a very great extent, and the result is that we see finer, taller women, more upright, and much superior in muscular and bodily development. There is no reason why the muscles of a woman should not be developed as well as those of a man; they are capable of becoming so to an extraordinary degree if properly exercised. If any person doubts this capability, let him examine the hand of a female professional pianist, who plays, possibly, several hours a day, when the muscles of the hand and forearm will be found developed to a degree of firmness greatly superior to those of the majority of men.

Now comes the question, is this increased development in women advantageous or otherwise? Does it in any way interfere with their mental character, or is it purchased at any loss of any other

desirable power? The answer to this is decidedly in the negative. Women thus exercised, regarded from a mere physical point of view, are stronger and healthier, and would be the mothers of stronger and more healthy children, than they otherwise would be; and this cultivation of the stature, muscular power, and healthy action of the respiratory and digestive organs of women cannot but be regarded with satisfaction.

HISTORIANS I HAVE KNOWN.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.



ROM Brobdingnag to Lilliput is a phrase that describes one aspect of the relations between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. In the worlds of thought and action, of art,

letters, science, and politics, the great laters had disappeared before the close of the Victorian age. The opening years of the Edwardian en brought no successors to fill the empty places. When, about the period at which household suffrage learne the law of the land, the present writer's london life began, the literary system was dominated by perhaps the two most representative writers the ever flourished simultaneously in England. These were Lord Stanhope, the biographer of Pitt, ad Edward Bulwer, first Lord Lytton. Many as were the points of difference between the two en their intellectual operations often proceeded on much the same lines. They shared the distinction of being the patrons as well as princes of their prolesson. The industrial methods of both possessed areal resemblances: each died within a short time d the other, on the same southern shores of Engand Bulwer Lytton at Torquay in 1873, Stanhope two years afterwards at Bournemouth; both also remained students as well as authors to the last, equing fresh knowledge quite as much from nd love of learning as with a view to its relegization in print; both also had been, during man part of their lives, not merely members d Parliament but practical politicians and active theren. In the midst of these employments act found time practically to display his interest a the craft of literature, as well as in whatever aghi concern the welfare and dignity of its proworkers. Both, too, though in different degrees and manners, belonged to the company of asoning, some of whose personal traits are now to

To most persons these men are known only by its vitings which have become the world's posterious. What, then, were the processes involved in the delivery to an earlier generation of their respective assess by the littérateurs who took all thought draiter who brought the eighteenth century into the form assumed by the finished re-

sult in each case was very different. The labour expended on it had been, in both instances, ordered after the same fashion. Bulwer Lytton's professedly historical writings are few. His pieces on England and the English, or on Athens: its Riss and Fall, are rather literary studies than formal attempts to present familiar facts in a new light or to enlarge by original research the popular knowledge of a remote period and its people. The historically useful portion of Bulwer Lytton's work is to be found in those of his novels whose periods and personages he had 'read up' in much the same way that an undergraduate prepares his books for the schools.

The present writer very clearly remembers a conversational vindication by Lord Lytton of the intellectual dignity of the novelist's and storywriter's occupation. At some length and with much enthusiasm he dwelt upon the clearness and tenacity of brain necessary not only for the invention of plot and underplot, but for keeping the one general motive of the whole steadily in view, as well as in developing the characters, each in his or her natural place, to work the machinery of the narrative. The novels which show Bulwer Lytton's historical aptitudes at their best are still less known than his later romances of domestic life or than his earlier fictions, whose atmosphere is that of fashionable or fast society. The novelist himself always considered Zanoni, with its sketches of the French Revolution, to be his best work.

It was, I believe, at a dinner of the Literary Fund, to which both men rendered signal service, that Stanhope, referring to the accurate knowledge of men and events, early medieval or modern, shown in Bulwer's novels-from Harold as a story of pre-Norman England, or Rienzi as a picture of fourteenth-century Europe, to Devereux as a true account of the Queen Anne period, of which Stanhope was more specially cognisant—claimed for the author of these romances the title of historian. 'When,' Bulwer used to say, 'I meditate a novel, a poem, or a play, whose chief scenes are in a particular country, and whose characters belong to certain periods, I begin, so far as is practicable, by steeping myself in the local colour of the lands wherein the creatures of my imagination live and move. If this can be done

by actual residence in the country itself I make my habitation there. There, too, I generally discover persons I can press into my service by making them unconsciously sit for their portraits. In other cases, I pass days, weeks, months, sometimes even years, among the most authentic documents I can lay hands upon. But in either case I seldom attempt to transfer to paper my matured and circumstantial impressions till some time after the assimilation of the material has been completed. I then write the thing piecemeal, sometimes not more than a hundred lines at a sitting, putting down the pen, or more often the scribbling pencil, directly I feel the freshness of thought passing off. Later on I review the results of each separate writing and redact them into paragraphs, chapters, scenes, or acts, as the case may be.' Lord Stanhope's mode of composition was not dissimilar. He wrote down, generally in pencil, and in a sort of shorthand of his own invention, as much as he had mentally prepared, with the aid perhaps of many days' consultation of authorities. Later in the same day, but never later than the next, he made a fair and full copy of this. If he left it for more than twelve hours he was apt to find a difficulty in deciphering his notes.

Neither Bulwer nor Stanhope ostensibly led the life of a man of letters. The historian, after an hour or two of composition, found a pleasant change in going to her sitting-room and chatting with his wife. For some years during certain periods of the day, his horse could be brought round at a moment's notice, ready saddled, from the stable. Going up Grosvenor Place into the Park, he rode till he felt thoroughly reinvigorated, and then returned to his desk. Or he walked to the Athenæum Club; after chatting with acquaintances in the morningroom, or as often overhauling any new books in the library, he went back to finish his day's labour. Bulwer occasionally found the same sort of refreshment, but less frequently when in town than in the country. The noise and bustle of the London streets, or the demand on his energies made by club-talk, broke, he said, the continuity of his thoughts. He returned to his library only to find that he had to begin again from the

Till his health first showed signs of failing, Bulwer made a point of going to some London theatre once a week. Stanhope was only a playgoer because it seemed a duty to encourage the stage as an institution; but the only time I saw these two distinguished persons together was at a performance in the old Adelphi of Tom Taylor's Green Bushes. They were then seated in adjoining stalls. Of the two, perhaps from the greater novelty to him of the piece, Stanhope watched the stage with the closer attention. Once more they must have been at a theatre again in each other's company. One December evening in the later sixties I happened to be at the St James's when Henry Irving made one of his earliest bows to a London audience

in a 'character' piece that could not have fitted his special genius better had it been written for him. This was Hunted Down. The chief parts were taken by the then Miss Herbert and by Henry Irving respectively. Going into the corridor, I passed the novelist and historian issuing from their box. Lord Stanhope was rubbing his hands in glee. 'Capital! capital!' was his single comment; he seemed to be going to another part where George Eliot and George Henry Lewes had witnessed the representation. The illustrious trio, I afterwards heard, agreed that Irving's rise marked a new theatrical epoch. Both Bulwer Lytton and Stanhope were in general society silent men. Bulwer, when he consorted with London littérateurs, seemed to prefer those who shared his theatrical interests. Stanhope chose the historians; his particular intimate was always Macaulay.

That remarkable man had passed away before my time; but during the years I now recall, when driving by Clapham Common, I recollect seeing Broomfield, Zachary Macaulay's house, or, to speak strictly, the house belonging to William Wilberforce, where the historian's father regularly forgathered with other leaders of the Clapham Sect : Charles Grant, Granville Sharp, Henry Thornton. There was pointed out to me in the garden the particular tree under which were appended the signatures to the Anti-Slavery Petition. As a very small child, I had heard something about all this from no other than Lord Lyndhurst. He, in his youth, had seen much of the Claphamites. A few years before his death he occasionally visited the house of a relative where I was being brought up. From him also I heard all that I know of Lord Macaulay's conversation. He repeated, I remember, a saying of Brougham's that Melbourne objected to Macaulay in the Cabinet because he did not like 'ten parrots and the chime of bells.'

'A conversational cannonade with seldom a pause for fresh ammunition.' Such was the estimate of Macaulay's talk given me by another historian as famous as himself, with whom, during several years, circumstances placed me on terms of intimacy. This was J. A. Froude. Supposing this account to be accurate, there could have been no greater social or personal contrast than that between the apologist of the Tudors and the panegyrist in many volumes of the Whigs. Froude could be, when he was in the humour, a delightful companion. To those who had cultivated the taste for appreciating him, he was always a most interesting one. Socially, he suggested the flavour of green figs, olive, or caviare. These are all luxuries, but not equally acceptable to every palate. In like manner, Froude, in his social moments, suffused his conversation with a sort of bitter-sweet taste which intellectual listeners might admire, but which did not give the same pleasure to all. The truth is that, notwithstanding the gulf which separated his early life, his sacred calling, and his associations from the employments, the ruling ideas, and the sympathies of his after-years, in manner at least, as well as to

some extent in general tone, Froude never ceased to be a High Church clergyman and an Oxford don. Between the historian and his brother Hurrell Froude, the colleague of Pusey and Newman in the 'Oxford Movement' of the thirties, there existed the same spiritual contrast as that which distingaished the future Cardinal John Henry Newman from his consummately clever brother Francis. Just also as J. H. Newman, when cardinal, never acquired the social bearing of a Roman priest, but aways remained an English clergyman with a grougly perceptible flavour of the Oriel commonnom; so James Anthony Froude, throughout all the years which followed the divestiture of his English orders, might have been mistaken by a stanger for a ritualistic vicar or a sacramentallyminded curate meditating the offensive against the Juicial Committee of the Privy Council. As to the accuracy of Froude's declarations on some of the controversial points touched by him in his asor, no opinion need be expressed here. The elisacrificing labour taken by him to inform him-Mi, from the original sources, on all such topics is matter of personal knowledge to the present TRUE. In view of his chapters about the sixteenth and seventeenth century relations of Spain and England, I have seen in his library in Onslow Gariens the piles of manuscript books in which be condensed the notes of his reading for weeks and months in the archives of the Escorial. When I mentioned this to Lord Acton, then living almost within a stone's throw of Froude, in what is to-day Mr Chamberlain's house, 40 Prince's Gardens, I recollect Acton's comment, or that of some other pandit in his presence, to have been, 'Even so Manlay, when on the Indian Council, discovered a the Government book-room fourteen volumes, Great folios, of Chrysostom's works; he read zarly all of them, and knew no more of the select at the end than he had done at the

During my undergraduate days at Oxford, no Enler of the examining body excited more dread ul aversion than E. A. Freeman of Trinity. Cardidates for Honours in the History Schools enely prayed that they might be spared enocatering this most Rhadamanthine of inquisiin a rice roce. For Froude, Freeman of course the contempt born of an absolute distraining of intellectual temperament. Neither the Saturday Review dinners nor in the comlais in which I have met Freeman at Wells did k often show himself a genial companion. His tag for snubbing amounted to a craze; his catacy to contradiction on every possible opporany altogether exceeded that even of 'Bob' Lowe, lor Sherbrooke, himself. Freeman was more agreethe to encounter in the open air than at a dinnerin the Mendip district, whenever I heard those shoots pelting along some piece of turf by tradside, and a voice singing the refrain of the old Cavalier song, I knew that if I looked

round I should see the historian pounding along on a sturdy nag which, according to tradition, in a burst of generosity he once offered to Carlyle as a gift. As to that philosopher, whom Ecclefechan presented to Chelsea, and who for a generation preached the gospel of silence in some fifty volumes at Cheyne Walk, I owed my very slight acquaintance with him to my old Oxford tutor, John Nichol of Balliol, also Professor of Belles Lettres at Glasgow, or to my earliest magazine editor in London, David Masson of Macmillan's. In those days I was very young and perhaps rather green. Some opening remark of his had encouraged me to talk to the Sage. 'I dare say,' he said, 'people have told you that I am a regular bear of a man. That is only when I do not get exactly what I like, or am out of sorts. But when there is no cold on the liver of me, and everything goes exactly as I would have the people upstairs order it, I am little less than an angel.' After this, my host showing, as I thought, a disposition to hear about me, I mentioned that the Saturday Review, then edited by another Scotchman, the Aberdonian John Douglas Cook, had just published my first newspaper 'Eh, but, young man,' the philosopher article. rejoined, 'let me tell you you are in a fair way of treading the broad path that leads to intellectual perdition.'

'I know something; Stubbs knows everything.' The remark was made of the former Bishop of Oxford by the only other man who ever lived and could possibly have said the words. This speaker was of course Freeman. The two did not pretend to deny that they constituted a very select mutual admiration society. They were both hit off by another Oxford historian in a couplet that will bear quotation:

See, from alternate tubs, Stubbs butters Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs.

These lines were written by another Oxford historian with whom I read logic as an undergraduate, and whom I afterwards succeeded in the Logic Chair at King's College, London. James Edwin Thorold Rogers owes his place to a monumental work on agriculture and prices in England. Together with the late T. B. Potter of Rochdale, he may claim to have been a founder of the Cobden Club. In a period before Oxford had quite ceased to be cloister, and when married Fellows were the very rare exception, J. E. T. Rogers had the appearance, the conversational tastes, and the social habits of a country gentleman who looked after his own estate and did all his own business himself, rather than of an academic. an intimate friend of President Lincoln, with good stories about whom he diversified his lectures on Aldrich and Aristotle. For this veritable Colossus of the nineteenth century Church of England was a remarkable man, with a personality of his own more distinctly defined than had been possessed by any of his predecessors in the Oxford diocese since Samuel Wilberforce, before the latter's

translation to Winchester. A tall, powerfully made, massive, yet active man, he suggested in his presence at once the power and the agility of the mind within. Intellectually, he was keen and hard as steel; morally, he was tender-hearted, as full of kindliness as of learning, and ever ready to enable others to profit by his knowledge. The present writer, occupied at the time on a socio-personal history of the House of Commons, on the strength of a then slight acquaintance asked Dr Stubbs to read in manuscript certain passages connected with constitutional questions. The bishop was preparing his charge at the time, but as time pressed with me he insisted on my sending the sheets at once; he returned them, with several suggestions showing the thoroughness of his revision, within a few posts.

When he died he was confirming for himself on the episcopal bench much the same place that Bishop Wilberforce had once occupied. But where the earlier prelate plied the rapier, his successor was apt to use the bludgeon. A model guest in the vicarages of his clergy during his visitation tours, he yet habitually said to his clerical flock the most maladroit things in the most inconsiderate manner. Wherever he had given offence, he showed himself promptly ready with the amende. At a public dinner one of his rural deans proposed the prelate's health in a somewhat lengthy speech. The bishop, sitting opposite, dangled his watch ostentatiously before the speaker, who presently collapsed. Before the last postal delivery the next day the prolix parson received two letters of contrite regret from his bishop. Here was, at the Oxonian episcopal palace, the exact antithesis of the contemporary Jowett of the neighbouring Balliol, with his 'never retract, never apologise, never explain, and let them howl.' 'No one man has so vividly impressed a mark so enduring upon a whole course of reading for the History Schools.' Such was Froude's tribute to the bishop's educational work, uttered to me just as Froude himself was preparing to fill the chair of Modern History to which Lord Salisbury had appointed him. To the tedious, the impertinent, the pretentious, and the indifferent Stubbs could |

be peremptory enough. To those who, even without any right to approach him, like the present writer, wished to profit for some useful purpose by his huge brain and even huger knowledge, he showed himself the kindest of friends as well as the most serviceable of sages.

In social manner W. E. H. Lecky was not unlike J. A. Froude. Both conveyed an idea of shrinking sensibility; flavoured, however, in the case of Froude with a soft sarcasm and a mocking irony, which were replaced in Lecky by a subdued Hibernian gentleness which made him a universally likeable man. Both these historians were never seen to more advantage than when they were the guests of a host who did much for the historical education of the generation which was then rising and which is to-day in its maturity. This was the Dr Smith of universal handbook and dictionary fame. I first knew him as editor of the Quarterly Review. Whether in London club and drawing-room or at his own dinner-table, Sir William Smith, as towards the close of his life he became, ever seemed to me among the kindest, most considerate, agreeable, and instructive of men. Smith became editor of the Quarterly in 1867. The appointment was attacked by a section of literary Tories, then very articulate in the press, on the ground that the new conductor of the historic organ of Church and State was a man whose politics were those of the Trades Union, whose religion was that of Little Bethel, and whose education was that of the Mechanics' Institute. The clever and bitter phrasemaker who coined this sentence some years afterwards wanted a word spoken for him with the Quarterly publisher and proprietor, John Murray of Albemarle Street. The needed service could only be-done by Dr Smith. To him, by a common friend, the application was made. Smith, without a moment's hesitation, ignoring the ancient insult, did the required good turn. At home, in the Harley Street district, Smith invested his dinnertable with a diversity of social and cosmopolitan attractions that recalled the hospitalities of Lord Stanhope when he was yet Lord Mahon, or of Lord Houghton while still known and loved by all as Dicky Milnes.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A FORECAST OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.



CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to the following forecast of wireless telegraphy which appeared in Chamber's Journal, vol. xi., for 1849: 'Those who propose to cross the Atlantic with wires say that it can

only be done by the route of the Orkneys, Faroe Islands, and Iceland, to New Brunswick—equivalent to pronouncing the scheme to be impracticable or indefinitely deferred. But more sanguine or more

skilful experimentalists affirm it to be possible to establish a telegraphic communication through the sea without wires; earth and water, it appears, are quite sufficient for the purpose. The fact that such a communication has already been effected across the Thames is quite enough to cause the parties now in motion to persevere. The modus operandi, generally stated, would be this: A galvanic battery is placed at Dover, from one end of which a wire passes to a sheet of zinc or copper buried in the sea beyond low-water mark; from the other end the wire is led into a coil, from which it is continued

to a greater distance along the shore than to the opposite coast, and there terminates in a metallic plate also under water. A similar arrangement would be made at Calais; and the conclusion, as far as yet worked out, is that the resistance being less letween shore and shore than between the extremities of the wires on the respective coasts, the electric corrent would find its way across in sufficient force to deflect a needle. The idea is most ingenious, and if carried out as anticipated will obviate the difficulty presented by liability of submerged wires to fracture.' Of course, the wireless telegraphy with which we are to-day familiar is quite a different thing from that forecasted above. Wireless telegnphy, as we now understand it, is based upon the discoveries of Hertz. A discharge of high-tension electricity causes a wave of radiant electricity to fly est into space, and this radiant force is capable of affecting suitably designed apparatus at a distance. Seither earth nor water has anything to do with it for the electricity is not conducted, but is proated through space precisely in the manner of ght. The earlier experiments mentioned above depended for their results upon the conductive properties of water, and this method presented the mat disadvantage that a length of wire greater can the distance to be traversed had to be laid on either shore. The advantage hoped for the Fishern was that it obviated the then apparently mammountable difficulties of laying a continuous able across the bottom of the sea. But the scheme age to maught because these difficulties were suravented, and the direct cable seemed to be the most premising method of reaching a foreign shore.

MIALS WELTED IN THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE.

Mer the great fire in San Francisco, hundreds of the of lead and zinc and other metals were found hard into a solid mass, four or five feet thick, arraing the entire foundation of the ruins of an dishot-tower. This represents a large money-value; troring to its enormous size and weight it is quite ujosable to make use of the metal by any ordiun means. It has been decided, therefore, to cut he metal up into blocks weighing about one ton each, cothis work is now being accomplished by means a electric arc. All the men who are engaged in change or melting the channels through the mass thetal have their faces covered with canvas to rect them from the blinding glare of light. It believed that the work will occupy the whole of ruler, for it is estimated that over two huncoi tons of lead, zinc, and tin still remain to be

ANOTHER CALCULATING-MACHINE.

in exceedingly simple and effective instrument adding columns of pounds, shillings, and pence untily and expeditiously has been brought to The instrument is called 'The British facilition; and, unlike most calculating-machines, Laccedingly small and compact, for it is in the

form of a disc the thickness of an ordinary watch, and measuring not more than five and a half inches in diameter. In the face of this disc are three concentric slots divided and figured; the outer slot being for pence and halfpence, the middle one for shillings, and the inner one for pounds. Behind the slots are what appear to be three concentric cogwheels, and the notches in these wheels correspond with the figures engraved upon the brass plate over them. The instrument is operated by inserting an ivory style, very like a cribbage-marker in appearance, in the notch behind any required figure, and moving the wheel in the indicated direction until further progress is stopped by the style reaching the end of its groove. The style is then withdrawn and reinserted beneath the next figure to be added, and the same operation repeated. The result appears in a little window at one side of the machine. When pence are added the machine repeats after elevenpence halfpenny, and the completed shilling is automatically carried forward by the next wheel and shown in the window corresponding to shillings. In the same way every completed pound is indicated in the next window, and every completed fifty pounds recorded in the next. It is stated that after a little practice a speed of one item a second-pounds, shillings, and pence—is easily attained. Certainly, the instrument is exceedingly easy to operate, and without any previous practice whatever results are attained more quickly and more accurately than by ordinary mental process, unless the operator be one specially trained to figures. And it is easy to see that with a little practice even those who are used to rapid addition can work more rapidly still with this machine. This remarkably ingenious little instrument is so simple in construction that it is hardly likely to get out of order, and as it is low in price its utility should appeal to all who have to do with the addition of money-columns. Even in the household, that bugbear to all good housewives, the housekeepingaccount, may lose all its terrors; and in this connection the little instrument commends itself to those who are searching for an acceptable Christmas present. The calculator, which is stated to be of British manufacture throughout, is being placed upon the market by a syndicate formed for the purpose, having offices at 9 Coleman Street, E.C.

SYNTHETIC CLAY.

A Norwegian sculptor, Christen Daz Magelssen, has invented a synthetic clay for modelling purposes which is claimed to be vastly superior to the natural clay commonly used. According to an interesting account in the Scientific American, Mr Magelssen has for a very long period been studying the clay models known as Tanagra figurines. These have always been a puzzle to sculptors, who have vainly endeavoured to produce similar results in modellers' clay. One curious feature was noted in all these figures, and that was a large orifice generally supposed to be provided for the purpose of supporting the figure on a nail or hook, although it has been sometimes found that the orifice is very unsuitably placed for this purpose. Mr Magelssen, after prolonged study, came to the conclusion that these ancient statues were moulded in soft clay upon a combustible core, which was afterwards removed by burning out; but for a long time he was unable to reproduce the same thing himself. Ordinary clay invariably cracks when built over a core of iron or wood and subsequently fired, and it was found that this cracking was due to impurities such as organic matter always present in natural clay. The Norwegian sculptor then conceived the idea of making a perfect and pure clay by synthesis. To do this he chooses any natural rock, such as granite or gneiss, which is rich in silicates and alumina, and reduces it by crushing to a fine powder. This powder is then mixed with iron sulphate and sulphuric acid, and thus produces a soft, plastic material similar in character to moulders' clay, but without its imperfections. It is believed that, besides its great use to sculptors, this new synthetic clay will be of great importance industrially, for from it may be shaped coils, thin pipes, and thin and light vessels of almost any size or shape.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Wireless telegraphy is to play an important part in the linking up of the continent of Africa. In the Cape to Cairo telegraphic system, started by Cecil Rhodes in 1892, the original scheme was to join these extremities of the continent by means of an overhead wire, and the scheme would probably have been carried out but for the advantage offered by the new system in one portion of the route. The work has proceeded northwards as far as Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, and from this point communication with the southern extremity of the northern wire at Port Victoria on the Victoria Nyanza will probably be completed by the wireless system. The country in this region is almost entirely unknown, but it is exceedingly broken and rugged, and would present enormous difficulties to the establishment and maintenance of an overhead wire. The distance in a direct line is about four hundred and fifty miles, and the spanning of this space by wireless telegraphy should be comparatively easy and very much cheaper than by the original scheme.

A MOTOR DRIVEN BY LIGHTNING.

So many people have became familiar with the word 'motor' as an abbreviated term for automatically propelled vehicles that the title of this paragraph may excite fantastic visions of auto-cars driven along our roads by the power which now runs to waste in thunderstorms. That it may come to this is possible, though very far from probable. Still, an actual motor has been constructed and caused to rotate by electricity derived

from the clouds, and it is suggested in an interesting article in the Scientific American that the principle may be utilised to give power in sufficient quantity to be of practical use. Without actually subscribing to this, we may note with interest the ingenious construction of the toy-for that is all it is at present, at all events. Its working depends upon the mutual repulsion and attraction of bodies having a similar or dissimilar charge of static electricity. Every one is familiar with the slight attractive force which causes a small piece of paper to adhere to a stick of sealing-wax which has been vigorously rubbed, and with the repulsive force which makes the hairs on a cat's back fly apart under similar cou-Imagine a very delicately poised disc of some light and non-conductive material having ditions. segments of tinfoil pasted upon it. Opposite this disc are stationary pole-pieces connected with a The charge in source of high-tension electricity. these poles will induce an opposite charge in the insulated segments, which will consequently be attracted towards them and cause the wheel to rotate. If each segment as it comes opposite the pole piece makes momentary contact with it, the opposite charge will be exchanged for a like charge, attraction will give place to repulsion, and the disc will continue to revolve in the same direction. Such a motor has been actually constructed in America and connected with the aerials of a wireless telegraphy system, with the result that during a thunderstorm the motor was found to revolve rapidly under the influence of the induced electricity from distant lightning-flashes. Whether such a motor could ever be made of sufficient size to be of practical utility is decidedly questionable, but the application of the principle is interesting.

AN AFRICAN NATIVE IRONFOUNDRY.

An interesting article in the World's Work gives particulars and excellent photographs of a hitherto unsuspected native ironwork situated in the hinterland of Lagos, on the West Coast of Africa. Here, in a little village of about one hundred and twenty inhabitants, the iron ore is extracted from the earth and smelted after the manner of the ancient Britons in the tin-mines of Cornwall and Devon. The soil containing the iron ore is hewn out by a rough pick made by the natives from their own iron, and roasted over a fire all night. The following morning it is ready for the next process, which consists in pounding it to a fine powder in a wooden mortar. This is the work of the women and children. It then passes through a succession of sieves operated by women, and thoroughly washed to separate the iron from the other substances. The smelting-houses, of which there are eleven in the village, are big sheds with a furnace in the centre of each. The furnaces are built of clay wound round with creeper vines to prevent cracking under the intense heat of the fire, and have clay tubes at intervals for the admission of air to form a powerful draught for the fire.

Charcoal is the fuel employed, and when the fire is well established it is cleaned by the addition of a quantity of slag or flux left over from the previous operation. The original source of the flux is shrouded in mystery; but as it increases in quantity at every operation there is always sufficient of this absolutely indispensable material left over to make a fresh start. Each smelting occupies about thirty-six hours; and considering that the snelters have no instruments whatever at their disposal (they cannot even weigh the charge of ore), it is marvellous that they are able to obtain such remarkable results. It is said that the iron produced in this exceedingly primitive manner is far superior in quality to that which can be obtained from civilised nations. At all events, this appears to be the opinion of the natives who use the material, for these savage blacksmiths cannot be induced to use any other iron if they can obtain some of local production.

WIRELESS TELEPHONY.

It is perhaps a natural consequence of the great amount of attention which has been attracted to telegraphy without wires that the dreams of inrentors should turn towards telephones similarly spented. So far, the results have given rise to to very significant hopes of success; but now, according to reports in the French papers, M. Maiche as made a remarkable discovery in this direction. Particulars of the invention are not to hand, but it s sated that conversations can be carried on with as between two small experimental stations one handred feet apart. Each station consists, it is said, of a telephone battery, a special form of inductionoil, and a frame-like contrivance consisting of a number of insulated wires. It is believed that the distance between the posts can be increased adefinitely by augmenting the power employed in is operation of the instrument. Presumably, howeret, the wireless telephone will be subject to the ane well-marked disadvantage that besets the tegraphic systems dependent upon the radiant of electricity for their operation. The station, it is to a sapposed, will radiate therefrom in all direcas about equally, and will be equally heard at the receiving stations within the sphere of influence. la this case there can be no sort of privacy about is conversations; but that is not the worst, for spoing half-a-dozen transmitting stations to be twing simultaneously, the corresponding halfin receiving stations will each receive six tenger at once, and the resultant confusion of bages would put to shame even the worst inaction noises on the telephone systems with which te are already familiar. If, however, wireless telethey comes to be accomplished it will no doubt bi a sphere of usefulness quite apart from the The fixens at present in use, just as wireless kigraphy has done. It is said, for instance, that he has system will be applicable to submarine vessels, and if for that reason alone its development will be awaited with anxious interest.

TWO LIFE-SAVING DEVICES.

Simultaneously two inventors, Wilhelm Lampé of Germany and John Holm of New York, have announced a portable and extensible tower for saving life from burning buildings and for facilitating the operations of firemen in extinguishing or limiting the conflagration. Both of these inventions are based upon the principle of the lazytongs, that lattice-like arrangement familiar to many in some toys of the Jack-in-the-box order. Although both patents are identical in principle, Holm's is of a lighter and more portable but less complete character. The Lampé tower is, on the other hand, very completely equipped for all emergencies likely to be encountered. In its folded form it is about the height of an ordinary omnibus, and it may be drawn by horses in the ordinary way or fitted with motors for automatic propulsion. At the back of the car is a system of hand-operated cranks by which the tower can be gradually extended to the height of the building to be operated upon. When erected, four light telescopic bracerods are used to steady it, and it then presents the appearance of a solid ladder-like structure with platforms at intervals all the way up, stretching out like drawbridges, to provide a safe and easy means of escape from any window of the building. These platforms may all be used at one time if required, while at the summit of the tower the firemen can project streams of water upon the blazing building from an advantageous position.

'A CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN ASTRONOMY.'

Under the above title, Mr Hector Macpherson, junior, has published through Messrs Blackwood a volume into which he has compressed a large amount of valuable information on the marvellous. progress made in astronomical knowledge during the past hundred years. William Herschel's work as a pioneer, to whom in the main this advance is due, receives adequate notice, as well as what has. been done since in connection with the sun, moon, inner and outer planets, comets, meteors, and stars. Our understanding reels at the thought that our universe is but a point in the infinite. Since Herschel thought the sun was a cool, dark globe, surrounded by luminous atmosphere, our conception of it has changed to that of a vast central world over a million times larger than the earth, probably a world of gases, where most of the metals and. metallic bases that we know exist only as vapours, even at the sun's surface hotter than any furnace on earth, and getting still fiercer heat for every mile of descent. There a mighty conflict goes on unceasingly between imprisoned and expanding gases, and we are told that for millions of years uprushes and downrushes of the white-hot materials have been proceeding on the white photosphere which gives us light and looks such a picture of. calm and quiescence. In the catalogue of names we find that of our contributor Mr Alexander W. Roberts, D.Sc., of Lovedale, the value of whose work was acknowledged by the president of the British Association.

NON-INFLAMMABLE CELLULOID.

A substance which shall possess the valuable properties of celluloid without the very great disadvantage of almost explosive combustibility has long been the dream of inventors. According to a note in the English Mechanic, the problem has recently been attacked with success in a manner which appears to have the charm of simplicity. The process apparently consists in adding to the celluloid during manufacture, and while it is in its most liquid condition, a quantity of some salt, such as bicarbonate of amnionia or magnesium, which has the property of evolving under the influence of heat a quantity of gas which stops the process of combustion. It need hardly be said that if a non-inflammable celluloid can be manufactured as easily as this it will be of the greatest industrial importance; but it has been several times pointed out in these columns that celluloid is virtually an explosive, for it possesses in itself all the materials necessary to combustion, and therefore does not depend upon the oxygen of the air. It is plain, therefore, that if burning celluloid is swamped in carbonic acid gas it will still continue to burn, and the gas will have but little quenching effect upon it. It appears very questionable whether the new material will be as non-inflammable as it has been claimed to be.

CANADIAN CHEESE.

There is one of our products of which Canadians have no doubt, and that is cheese, writes Miss Jean Graham in the Canadian Magazine. Denmark may be able to show a better record for butter; but when the subject is cheese, Canada knows that it is unmistakably, if not easily, first. At home we are using cheese in a variety of ways unknown to our grandmothers. Its desirable qualities in any of the dishes known as 'savouries' are becoming known, and the demand for all the finer varieties of cheese has increased fourfold in the last ten years. We all know that Welsh rabbit has been considered as dangerous a midnight dainty as threatens the human digestion. But this is all a sad mistake, an idle prejudice. Properly made, the Welsh rabbit is a thing of deliciousness and a joy for ever. Every one knows that macaroni demands cheese, and that apple-pie simply craves such an accompaniment. Celery also is a lonely course without a small jar of delectable creamcheese in the neighbourhood. But tomatoes, especially when baked, are especially enjoyed by many vegetarians if there be just a suspicion of grated cheese; in fact, this dairy product is just beginning to come into its culinary own, and is going to find its way into salads, savouries, and even soups to an extent undreamed of in the comparatively cheeseless days of the past. The traditions of Cheshire may yet yield to the modern wonders of the Canadian product.

ST PAUL'S.

There is no cathedral, if we except Canterbury perhaps, which holds a warmer place in the affection and interest of the English people at least than St Paul's, London. Our literature alone confirms this statement, for it abounds in descriptions and references to the traditions and legends of the old church and its environs. Remembering this, and the innumerable books written on the subject, we must conclude there is small excuse for ignorance on the part of any one; still less, some may think, for another volume. Yet it is good to have a concise history in a handy, readable form. The average man's ideas, however wide his historical range, are too often vague and but ill-arranged when he comes to particulars. Hence Methuen's Little Guide to St Paul's, by Mr George Clinch, is peculiarly acceptable in supplying this need. The book does not claim to be original or contain any new matter, but only to gather information from the various sources, and present a clear, useful, and comprehensive account of the church which will be interesting not only to those on a first visit but also to those who are already familiar with this 'ancient, holy, and sequestered pile.' This Mr Clinch does most admirably, and the volume, including illustrations, is no unworthy successor to the other Little Guides of the series.

A TRAMP'S NOTE-BOOK.

George Borrow, Jefferies, R. L. Stevenson, Thoreau, and John Burroughs have all written with insight and enthusiasm of an open-air life. It has been pointed out that the most living books of the world have been written by tramps. The Rev. A. N. Cooper, vicar of Filey, Yorkshire, by his long tramps and by the books which he has written about them, has come to be called 'The Walking Parson. In a characteristic article, 'A Tramp's Lesson-Book, in Chamber's Journal for July 1906, he related how he had educated himself by walking over the greater part of Europe, and therein he dropped some useful hints as to keeping one's eyes open and picking up knowledge by the way. His latest volume, With Knapsack and Note-Book (A. Brown & Sons, Hull), is also suggestive and entertaining as he travels lightly from one place and one subject to another, dropping shrewd remarks in passing. He points out how fond Germans and Danes are of eating and drinking; he describes how he climbed Ben Nevis, walked round Holland, and how he fared in Belgium and on the Rhine. He mentions the remarkable case of a young lady over whom he read the prayers for the dying, and whom he afterwards met as a happy bride in Italy. A residence at Brixen, a town in the Tyrol

on the Brenner railway, had worked wonders. Being blessed with excellent health himself, he is interested in those who are trying to find what he never lost. This young lady found life and

health by open-air, cold baths, and Spartan treatment at a hydro at Brixen. 'The Walking Purson' is a cheerful, healthy-minded person in print, as on tramp.

MAKING THE SPEAK. DUMB



T was the 1st of November, and behaving 'as sich,' when my friend and I wended our way to the School for Deaf and Dumb at No. 11 Fitzroy Square. We were too early

for our appointment, but knocked at the door nevertheless, preferring the cosy miting-room and its newspapers to the muddy sreus for the quarter-hour we had miscalculated. There, accordingly, we deposited ourselves and Jory, a stuffed New Zealand paroquet which ar friend had brought for behoof of the pupils.

While waiting we had incidentally our first Exerction of the 'oral' method. Some one was teaching in an adjoining room—a lady with a dar, telling voice and a perfect enunciation. She rs sying, 'Some of the berries we find in the size are wholesome and some are poisonous. The sentence is stamped for ever on our brains. in the hedges-berries -iemes-berries.' Dull, inarticulate echoings from ateni voices. 'No, not perries - berries. What in lemes? More responsive murmuring. 'Yes, right Berries! Some of the berries we in the hedges-berries we find-find-findic bernes we find in the hedges—in the hedges the hedges-hedges-the berries we in the hedges'— And so on, and so on, id so on, over and over and over again, till we ta in paroxysms of silent laughter; though, oked, it was no laughing matter, but rather a ind of the truth of the saying, 'For the successful sking of the deaf three gifts are necessary: is patience; second, patience; third, patience. ent on to another never-to-be-forgotten about the mantelpiece being made of table, but came back to their berries again and sa; and when the appointed time came and n at the waiting room, we were followed upstairs the clear, insistent statement that 'Some of rice berries berries we find find find is hedges—in the hedges are itizane, and some are poisonous.' Neither of ever forget the fact.

la his cosy study, hung with pictures drawn tris papils, we found the director, Mr Van Renial, frank, and kind, the man who he done more than any other for the teaching designates in England. Since 1867 he has tireated the system in London, and since 1872 be been director of the school and trainingfor teachers established by the Association by the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

'Deaf and dumb,' however, is a misleading phrase, as Mr Van Praagh is constantly pointing out. Very few human beings are 'dumb,' in the sense of being voiceless. The voice is there; but, owing to deafness, the child cannot-except by such a system as this-learn to control it or use it in articulate speech. Our old familiar friend the 'deaf-and-dumb alphabet,' beloved of schoolboys far from dumb, has no place in the oral system, nor are signs of any sort used. The children are taught to observe the motions of the speaker's lips, throat, and face, and by imitating these to produce the same sounds, and so at length to speak articulately. As an ordinary little child learns to speak by imitating what it hears, so do these little deaf children learn to speak by imitating what they see. How perfectly

they do it is a miracle!

The choice of beginning at the highest or lowest class being given us, we preferred the lowest, and were accordingly shown into a room where three little girls of five or six were having their first lessons. One was only a beginner and had scarcely begun to articulate. She gobbled and mouthed in the painful fashion of dumb children; but though she showed much demonstrative affection for the director, she refused to illustrate the system. Though, indeed, I am not sure that she did not. I was told by one of the staff that this power of winning the affection of his pupils has all along had much to do with Mr Van Praagh's remarkable success, and I found myself wondering whether the eager little person had not given us the keynote of the system after all! However, as she refused to be disciplined, she was sent back and another little one brought forward. She had acquired the art of breathing properly, and had learned, by blowing little paper windmills, some control of her lips and breath. She could say ah-ah-ah, and even put a p before it, and say pa-pa, the first and easiest sound to be acquired. I heard a pathetic story of a gentleman from a distance, whose little dumb daughter had been boarded in London in order to attend this school. After a time he came to see her, sorrowful enough, and not daring to expect much; and when he came into the room she ran up to him, looked up in his face, and said quite clearly, 'Papa,' The effect on him was such that my friend's voice faltered in telling of it.

But our little girl, though she could not say much, could hear a great deal, deaf as she was. 'Open the door,' said Mr Van Praagh, and she ran to do it; 'Go to the window,' and off she trotted, then came back and fixed her bright little eyes on his face, waiting expectantly for the next order. It reminded one of an intelligent doggie asking to have another stick thrown for him to fetch. 'Bring me some soap.' Off she ran to the shelves where lie all sorts of articles used in giving object-lessons, and after a little searching and climbing on a chair to reach the higher shelf the soap was found and brought. 'Now, write it down;' and she took a piece of chalk and wrote 's-o-a-p' on the blackboard. The first child, roused to emulation, now indicated a wish to show what she could do, and after several attempts managed to approximate to ah-ah-ah. It was enough to show that she could learn.

In the next class the children were writing, and we read some of their compositions, neatly written, creditable productions. Farther on was an arithmetic class where questions of the 'How-manyounces-in-a-hundredweight' type were not only heard (or, rather, lip-read) but answered with amazing alacrity. One boy, on being told our names, wrote them both down in chalk. The R was first understood as L, but at a second repetition the mistake was corrected. It was curious to see Mr Van Praagh once or twice talking to them without using the voice, reminding us of what it was very easy to forget-that sound did not exist for them, and that to frame a sentence with the lips was all that was wanted.

To one young class the director showed his watch, asking what it was made of. They seemed at a loss, but one hazarded 'Wood.' 'No, no. A metal.' 'Tin,' suggested somebody, to Mr Van Praagh's pretended indignation. It was explained, however, that they had not yet learned the word 'gold;' and the director thereupon taught it to them, repeating it over and over until every one had caught the pronunciation, telling and showing them its colour, and finally making them write it. So their vocabulary was the richer for the incident.

In the highest class a lesson in physics was going forward, and the movements of the heavenly bodies were the theme of discourse. The pupils at this stage spoke quite frankly and readily, though in some cases with a monotonous and peculiar intonation. I had some conversation with a bright-looking boy who brought me a sheaf of paintings to look over. Only once he said, 'I do not understand,' and then I found that I had been speaking with my face partly hidden behind the illuminated sheet I was examining. He understood at once when he could see either front or side face.

The pupils, of course, cannot be grouped according to age, as some have only begun after being well-grown. We saw one young man with a budding moustache painfully tracing his letters, poor fellow! beside some merry little grigs of nine or ten. In the highest class, after eliciting the fact that the earth went round the sun once a year, the teacher asked one or two of them, 'Then, how often have you been round the sun?' One answered, 'Seventeen

times; 'another, 'Eleven.' There is, of course, no method of calling the attention of any one you wish to speak to except by touch, or by making some peremptory motion that will catch a wandering eye. But once they know they are being addressed their eager eyes scan one's face with a watchfulness which I could fancy to be almost embarrassing if one did not know the reason.

The drawing and painting, the boys' woodcarving, and the girls' needlework have, of course, nothing to do with speech or hearing, and are merely part of the ordinary school curriculum. Mr Van Praagh aims at turning out lads and girls equipped in all points for an ordinary share in ordinary life. For this reason he prefers dayschools to boarding-schools. Boys and girls who live at home are under the charge of their parents, their natural and responsible guardians; also, they have fuller opportunities of becoming familiar with ordinary everyday life and of reading the lips of all sorts of speakers, and of developing into normal members of society. It is marvellous that it should be possible, and only seems the more marvellous when one sees the actual process. For my part, when I thought of the deaf-mute of former days, untaught, undeveloped, scarcely to be known from an imbecile, and then looked at these intelligent, companionable young men and women, I felt a kind of reverence for a labour which is almost like the creating of human souls.

YET, O STRANGE HEART!

HERE, hemmed by mighty mountains, and by trees, A winding valley opens far along; Here the height-sweeping storm becomes a breeze, The cascade's distant plunge a drowsy song. Here flocks and herds wax jubilant and strong On Nature's wild profusion, broadly sown; The cows, which up the river-pathway throng, Their cumbrous udders feelingly bemoan: A land of rural bliss, to poverty unknown!

Yet, O swift river! could thy course be mine; Yet, O strange heart! still yearning wistfully; O restless eyes! that range the rugged line Of peaks majestic-longing for the sea-That low, dull stretch of uniformity Which laps the solemn strand where I was born: Gray Shetland! thy grim spell takes hold of me. Here dwell I, right by Amalthea's Horn, Grandeur and joy around, yet inwardly forlorn. ERIC DUNCAN.

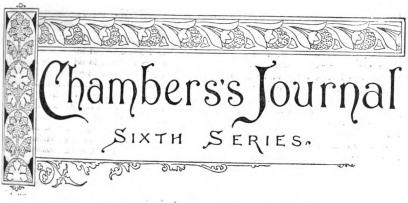
BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

t. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.' 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamp

should accompany every manuscript. 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice of otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a terribution should invariably be panied by a stamped and directed envelope.



SLIOCH'S TREASURE.

By D. M. LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.



boys are to leave our home in London early next week to pay their first visit to Scotland, and I have promised that they shall carry with them my one story—the story of the finding of the old sea-wolf Slioch's

treasure, properly set forth in black-and-white, for the delectation of their cousins. I have told, my loys that, as they have heard the tale so often, they sight to be able to repeat it themselves; but Jack starily maintains that he never can remember that happened before 'Commander Hardy dived into the sea and didn't come up again for hours and lours, and Charlie says he always comes to the bit about the skeleton far too soon. It is evident there say; and this, then, the account of what happened dring my first visit to Scotland, is what my boys at to carry with them on their journey north. They are good lads, but I am glad to think they are tat going to stay near the sea.

Once upon a time—they will like the familiar unmencement—I stepped from the gangway of the di Cananan into the gig of the steam-yacht Senta, binging to my father's cousin, Admiral Benbow, is whose shooting lodge at the head of Loch E-The Clansman had stopped about a alk outside a wild and desolate-looking shore, and belies feeling of being uncomfortably near the ruler, and a strong desire to clutch at anything, passed me as I saw her smooth black hull slide ing from our rocking boat. About a hundred luis away lay the Senta, and as I stepped on her tel lelt a confidence in myself and a contempt wak-kneed humanity I had been a stranger to ally a moment before. The captain grinned as Feeted me, and, with a smothered apology, lamply turned away and mounted the bridge. A Marat more and we were heading straight for the lad, where a line of towering black and broken da compelled the eye's undivided attention, and the appeared to draw the yacht inshore as with

the insistence of a magnet. Soon the eye was no longer the only sense enthralled. A note stole into the ear, full and soft at first, but growing ever deeper and harsher as we approached the cliffs, till soon the very rocks seemed to bellow for us as their prey. One short minute more and it seemed to me our reckless course straight to destruction would be run. I turned to the captain with a shout in my throat barely stifled as I saw him watching me with another of his confounded grins. He calmly expectorated almost into the surf as he said soothingly, 'Ay, it's a kittle place;' and as he spoke he slightly raised his left hand. I dimly heard the whir of the wheel as the vessel turned sharply on her heel, as if in disdain for all the rocks in creation, and then realised that we were swiftly steaming at right angles to our former course. Soon we entered a broad channel between two reefs of partially submerged rocks; and, watching the gulls circling in the bright sunshine, I felt my recent fears shelling off. But a last trial of my fortitude awaited me. The channel was rapidly becoming narrower, and now, little more than a stone's-throw from the bow, seemed to be obliterated by the reefs closing together with the snap as of the jaws of a shark. I again caught the captain's eye in the course of his monotonous tramp, but this time no grin shamed me into courage. His face was stern and set, and at what seemed but a single word (so rapidly was the order given) two sailors stood by the man at the wheel. Intently these men watched the captain as they held the spokes of life or death motionless in their grasp.

For a breathing-space I turned sick and dizzy as, with the spray of the breakers falling on her deck, the yacht faced the hungry rocks. As in a vision I heard terse orders ringing with insistence, and saw the great wheel spin round from port to starboard, from starboard to port, as if in a frantic effort to wrench itself free from the doomed vessel. Then, for a second, the silence of the grave, and we were safe!

tion, and As my eyes cleared, two of the sailors had left the as with wheel and were sauntering for ard. The one left [All Rights Reserved.]

As my eyes cleared, two of the sailors had left the sail

was cutting a quid of tobacco, with no eye but for its noble proportions; and the captain was at my elbow suggesting an adjournment to the cabin for lunch. Bewildered, I looked round, and saw we were gliding into a loch of heaven-reflecting smoothness. Behind, indeed, snarled the rocks we had just won through; but in front smiling hills with gracious rounded bosoms stooped down to welcome the dalliance of the waters, and elemental strife seemed for ever ended in the clinging embrace of land and sea.

Reluctantly I followed the captain to the cabin, where, reassured by the peaceful scene I had just left, I did ample justice to a substantial lunch. That finished, we returned on deck to smoke, and I found we were now heading up a winding sea-loch. But what a changed scene met my eyes! The hills had grown into mountains, and, as if with advancing age, had become wrinkled and rugged. Above, they sullenly barred out the sun; below, they defiantly thrust themselves out against the sea. And she too had changed. No longer with softest murmur did she seek the shore; but, with the blind vindictiveness of a woman scorned, she struck blow after blow at that earth which would now fain cast her off, and raged and fretted in her impotence. Now the earth gaped wide as some dark cavern showed black against the advancing foam. A moment later, and the sea, thundering in her wrath, leaped in at the breach. Then earth put forth his strength, and, bellowing, spat back the sea with scorning spume. But not always did he thus repulse the ceaseless sea. There, like one of earth's mighty hands stretched out to choke her, but palsied by her stroke, lay a huge rock, stricken and helpless save for some faint struggle which only served to weave a shroud of white against its death.

Shuddering, I turned away from the monumental embodiment of human strife, and eagerly looked ahead for some more peaceful scene. Nor was I long to be disappointed; for, as we slipped round a projecting headland, there, full in the cheerful sunlight, nestled a small village, with cottages lying like shells on the sandy beach at the head of the loch. My eyes were hardly accustomed to the kaleidoscopic change when I heard the anchor rattle out the cable; and a hail from an approaching boat announced the coming of my great friend Jack, Admiral Benbow's son, to welcome me to Eriboll. As I thanked the captain and said good-bye, the boat came alongside; and soon, seated beside Jack, I was pulled to a small pier on which stood the Admiral waiting to receive me. He gave me a most hearty welcome, and at once introduced me to his companion, a very uncommon-looking man, apparently about forty years of age. 'Hardy, let me introduce Charlie, the son of my cousin John Murdoch, to you.—Charlie, this is Commander Hardy, who served under me for many years. He is staying with us just now, and, upon my word, he can tell you more about the place than I can.'

As Commander Hardy cordially shook hands with me I felt a curious sense of physical smallnesscurious because I looked down on a man at least four inches less than my six feet. I puzzled over the feeling I for the moment could not understand; but as, sauntering up to the Lodge, I took in the breadth and depth of the man walking before me, I felt that I was in the presence of indeed a strong man. The huge bulk of his body, most remarkable at the chest, was carried by legs like the quarters of a horse, terminating in a pair of the largest and flattest feet I ever saw. His arms were long, with the forearm very fully developed, and the hands short but broad, thick, and muscular. His build so occupied my attention that it was only when I sat opposite him at dinner that I noticed his face. It was plain and pronouncedly Scotch, but pleasant withal, the principal features being the eyes (big, deep-set, and of light blue) and the nose (large, with unusually wide nostrils).

That evening, as we sat in the smoking-room after Mrs Benbow had said good-night, I (as the Admiral assured me all new-comers did) asked about the dangers apparently attending the access to the loch from the sea.

'Ay,' replied the Admiral, 'I have no doubt, Charlie, you got a fright coming in. To tell the truth, the only drawback to this place is the access from the sea. It used to be much more difficult before the channel was buoyed; but even now it is sometimes ticklish work bringing in a yacht, unless, indeed, like Captain Corbett, you have known every inch of the channel at all states of the tide for years. I never saw a more puzzling entrance to any safe anchorage; but when you really know all its outs and ins it is quite safe. How, however, any one could constantly use the channel before it was buoyed I don't know, and yet they say it was used for years and in all weathers by that ancient sea-wolf Slioch. If so, I can easily understand how, apparently miraculously, he used to give his pursuers the slip.'

'How long ago is that?' I asked.

'I believe his career ended about the end of last century; but Commander Hardy knows far more about him than I do. Last summer, when he was here for the first time, he was immensely interested in all he could hear about the old ruffian, and spent a small fortune in tea and tobacco trying to collect information from the old people in the district. I've no doubt that much that he heard was told him more out of gratitude for his presents than regard for the truth; but during the winter he has managed to get from various authentic records some definite information which certainly points to Slioch having been a most successful old pirate. Most interesting of all, though, just before he came here he ascertained by the help of a friend in the Admiralty Office that beyond a doubt Slioch was killed and his vessel destroyed near the head of the loch in September 1790.

'Come on, Hardy,' finished the Admiral; 'this is study night, and we are never rash at rising or Sanday morning. Let's have a full, true, and particular account of all you have found out about ice old scoundrel and his works.'

The Commander smiled for a moment, and then turned grave. 'I have done little or nothing but think of Slicch and his treasure since I came here, he said almost as if to himself, and sat eying a sacient sword on the wall as if unconscious of our presence. In a second or two he gave a short high, and speaking very earnestly, and as if deeply micrested in the subject, said:

'Leaving out in the meantime all that is merely traditional, it is indisputably true that in the year 1788, if not before, there began a series of aviserious disappearances of vessels, which abruptly ealed in the autumn of 1790. All the vessels disspeared between Cape Wrath and Loch Ewe, and sem generally to have been missed towards the care itheday. At first nothing more seems to have ben known than that certain vessels whose course ky through the Minch were never heard of after Maing Cape Wrath, and it was not till 1789 that ESPICION Was definitely aroused that the disapparasee of these vessels might be due to other than ext of God. In that year a Captain Macdonald mated that he had been chased and fired at off Let Enard by a comparatively small vessel, which, Lan quite near him, had abandoned the pursuit to mespectedly as she had commenced it. News, action travelled slowly in those days, and vessels all continued to disappear without any organised n pair being made. It was not till the beginning C the year 1790 that the disappearance of certain cases came to be associated with the presence of a ha lying ressel, painted light gray and very heavily pared, occasionally seen by fishermen off Loch Land At length the Admiralty was induced to kai a large brig, commanded by a Captain Vincent, a purol the north-west coast; but for some time the Fere missing, although not nearly so fre-Faily a before Every nook—as Captain Vincent aght-between Cape Wrath and Kyleakin was satisfic without a trace of anything larger than a tag loss being found, and officers and men alike at their wits end, when a midshipman in comand of a boat sent ashore for fresh-water reported that a sailor named Johnstone (one of the crew of is missing vessel) was living in the village a Redeal Captain Vincent at once landed, and is merriew with the man disclosed the following

Johnsone was boatswain of the schooner Martha at May, which about an hour before sunset a saiding in towards the land on the star-wards. When about two miles from the shore is an on the lookout reported a sail on the wards. When a minute all on board saw a saying gray in a minute all on board saw a region of canvas coming towards them from the sac. Presently she shot past; but as soon as she

got the schooner between her and the shore she put about and fired a broadside at the Martha and Mary, which carried away the mainmast, killing two men and totally disabling the schooner. Spinning round like a greyhound when puss doubles, the yawl ran alongside. Grappling-irons were thrown out and the schooner boarded by a rush of men, who, after a feeble resistance, killed all on board with the exception of the boatswain, who had been knocked overboard at the first onslaught, and afterwards picked up by a fishing-boat and brought to Badeal. All this had happened only three days before; but no further information could be got except that, though the fishermen who had rescued Johnstone had heard the sound of guns, they had not seen any vessel. However, from the boatswain's information, the precise spot on the shore from which the yawl had suddenly emerged was definitely ascertained; and next day the brig dropped anchor as nearly as may be at the place where the fight had taken place. Three boats were sent off thoroughly to explore the shore, and two of them returned towards sunset without having discovered any place capable of sheltering even a dingy; but when, about an hour later, the third boat came back, the officer in command of her had an extraordinary story to tell. He had, he said, reached, as he thought, the end of a channel parallel to the shore, and the men were lying on their oars while he took a final look round before giving the order to return to the brig. Just as he was about to sit down, he was startled by noticing that the boat was slowly drifting nearer the rocks at the end of the channel, as if carried by a regular current. Stationing two men in the bow with boat-hooks, he allowed the boat to drift on, and just as the rocks seemed about to close in the channel a sudden swerve of the boat disclosed the entrance to a loch. He made a careful examination of the passage, and ascertained beyond a doubt that it was possible for a vessel to enter the loch from the sea

'By daybreak a strong force was despatched in boats to explore the loch; and as Captain Vincent tersely describes it in his despatch : "We sighted a low-lying, gray-painted yawl at anchor near the side of the loch, and were at once fired upon, losing two men. Dividing our force in two, we boarded the yawl at bow and stern, and after severe fighting captured her, with the loss of sixteen men. All her crew were either killed or severely wounded, with the exception of one man, who at the very last jumped overboard and swam towards the shore. He was not seen to land. I was on the point of telling off a party to search the yawl when she began to sink by the stern, and we had just time to take to the boats when she went down, having evidently been scuttled."

'This, of course, ended old Slioch's career of piracy, during which it was estimated by the Admiralty that at least fifty vessels had been captured and sunk by him. The plunder obtained must have been very great, but no trace of it has ever been found.

'So much for facts; and only three points need I trouble you with of tradition. The first is that he who would find the treasure must first find the yawl; the second, that the treasure, though hidden on dry land, can only be reached by swimmingthese points run through all the verbosity of the very old people about here who profess to remember hearing the treasure discussed in their youth; the third is, that the man who escaped from the yawl returned to the village after the departure of the gunboat, and lived there idle, but apparently prosperous, for more than a year. During that time he occasionally disappeared for two days, but would give no account of where he had been. He finally disappeared for good and all about fifteen months after the capture of the yawl, and was never heard of again. Old Malcolm is said to be no other than the only son of this man.'

I broke the silence which ensued after Commander Hardy finished by asking who Malcolm was.

'Old Malcolm?' replied the Admiral, as he knocked the ash out of his pipe. 'Well, you'll see him to-morrow; but even Hardy can't make anything out of him. He was for a great many years the captain of the yacht which belonged to the former owner of this place, and was pensioned off about fifteen years ago. He lives in a small cottage on the shore, and is supposed to be well over ninety years old. I believe he sleeps all through the winter, and only comes out when my yacht arrives. Then every day he sits on a seat near the small pier watching the loch, and mumbling occasionally to himself. He will thank you if you give him some tobacco or (what he evidently likes better) a "dram," but beyond that you can make nothing of him.

'And now, if you don't want another smoke, I think we should all retire. Be sure you dream where the treasure is, Charlie, and we'll get it on Monday.'

I awoke early next morning (Sunday), and getting downstairs nearly an hour before breakfast-time, sauntered down to the shore. It was struck at once with the feeling of the air. It was stagnant, hot, and dry, as if it surrounded some unseen furnace. It was not the healthy heat of heavenly sunshine; it felt rather as if it came from below—as if the earth's crust had suddenly thinned, and you felt the glow of its eternal fires. Dark masses of cloud lay huddled together, as if from fright, in the far east. In the west, the loch shone like copper. North and south were claimed by the towering hills, and my eyes rested upon them with a quick sense of protection. As I gained the beach I noticed that the yacht was not lying at her moorings, but at anchor

about two hundred yards farther out; and as I watched her I saw a boat put off and make for the landing-place. There I waited; and after seeing the boat made fast, the captain joined me, and as we walked up towards the house together he explained that all hands, with the exception of two left in charge on board, had come ashore for the purpose of attending communion service in the parish church. As the church was about six miles away, I expressed my surprise that so many of the men were willing to walk so far on such a hot day; but the captain, in terms which echoed rebuke, assured me that, whatever the heat might be, not only his men but every man, woman, and child in the village would be found at the church that day. 'All the same,' he continued, 'we might be in the China Sea just before a cyclone; and yet the glass is high and fairly steady. Darn me if I like the looks of the weather anyhow.'

'If,' I queried, 'a storm does come on, is the yacht quite safe with only two men on board? I see you have anchored her outside the moorings.'

'Yes,' he nodded; 'I did that to make quite sure, for the first thing we do to-morrow is to overhaul the moorings. The collier that brought the coal up on Friday didn't do them any good. But safe? Why, no breeze that ever blew in this country can stir her, unless it comes over the top of old Ben Beannach, and that never happened yet.'

'Well,' I replied, 'I hope the road to church will be as safe. And now, as it's about breakfast-time, I must go in. Are you starting soon?'

'Ay; we sailors are slow walkers. You'll be driven, so you needn't start for a while yet. Well, good-morning, sir.'

At breakfast the conversation naturally turned to the weather; but in the face of the high barometer no one seemed to have any great anxiety about the day. Commander Hardy, it is true, seemed to think some serious change imminent; but the Admiral pooh-poohed the idea of anything but heat, and remarked that if we had seen all the extraordinary skies he had seen at Loch E- we should be content to admire them. By-and-by the wagonette in which we were to be driven to church came to the door, and-with the exception of the Admiral's wife (who felt unable to face the long service on such a hot day) and Commander Hardy (who compounded with the Admiral by entrusting him with a sovereign for the plate)—we all started a little before eleven o'clock. Little did we think of any change of scene as a turn of the road shut out from view the placid loch mirroring the yacht lying idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

(To be continued.)



LONDON CABS.

By W. J. GORDON.



THE London cab-trade is in a bad way. It is being crushed out of existence by the railways, the trams, the omnibuses, and—so some of those in the trade would have us believe—the taxation of twopence a day which

every cab has to pay. Think of it : plate-license, two pounds; wheel-tax, fifteen shillings; driver's hense, five shillings-three pounds a year in all. When the trade 'cannot stand that' things must be shiry indeed. Evidently matters are urgent, and Ladon is in danger of becoming a cabless city, as it vs before Captain Bayley started his hackney carrags in the Strand some three hundred years ago. it is a curious trade, a sort of jobmastering issues limited by license. The driver is not trated with a cab until he has passed an examinabe in London topography—'unnecessarily severe,' omplain the masters; 34 per cent. of the candidates ar seat back, some of them slipping through after is fith or sixth attempt. Here is a subject for a bustness presentation-plate that has escaped the Mice of our artists: 'Studying for an Exam.'a rould be cabman poring over a map of London, is it is by the map that the candidate is tested. and why should there not be a map of the county and varnished on the roof of every hansom is a help to him when he is in the business?

la his license his personal appearance is described, ort of vague description that would serve for ems of men; but this it is proposed to alter, and is the future he is to be photographed at the exhas of the police to prevent his badge from being ted by an unlicensed man. He takes his license the cabmaster, leaves it as a security for payment, oisgren a cab ready for work, for which on an tage throughout the year he pays eleven shillings of threepence a day should it be a hansom, and ul a guinea should it be a four-wheeler.

How much he earns is a mystery. It used to sense nearly three pounds a week; but since the sund of 1894 there may have been a change, and of the drivers now work only five days a tet, and seem to thrive on it, though the masters n ad, for the basis of that award was that each the should return a margin of profit of a shilling a at alcolated on a working week of six days, and is tre. The masters, however, do not do all the Take; of the three thousand licensed cab-owners and handred and sixty seven own three or more as the bulk of the business being in the hands of mail men who drive their own. The cabs are citally eleven thousand in number, the hansoms tagivice as numerous as the four-wheelers; and stated drivers number about twelve thousand immdred not enough, say the masters, allowing is stress and holidays, to take the cabs out.

Really, the profit is little; and, be the causes what they may, the masters are fewer every year, the cabs are fewer, and the drivers fewer. At the same time, the London cabs were never so good as now, thanks to competition and police inspection; and the average value of hansoms and four-wheelers, new and second hand, taking them all together, is not less than a hundred pounds, of which thirty are accounted for by the horse and the rest by the cab and harness. When new, the hansom alone may have cost a hundred guineas.

But no stock of cabs can be worked with one horse apiece, for no horse can be kept going for more than six days a week, and there must always be a spare one or two for emergencies. And a cabhorse has to be well fed-a hansom-horse will take a sack of corn a week, and necessarily so, for it is a poor week in which he does not travel over two hundred miles with his half-ton weight behind him-and an increase in the price of forage makes all the difference between a profit and a loss. It used to take two horses a day to work a cab, the man returning for a fresh horse during the afternoon; but in these days, when the cab comes back it remains, and one horse a day is enough for it. This, however, does not hold good in railway work under the privilege system, where the master is under contract to supply a fresh horse whenever required.

The privilege system arose owing to the difficulty experienced by railway passengers in obtaining an adequate supply of cabs at all hours on every day of the week. To get the passengers and their luggage away from the stations the railway companies contract with certain cab-owners to supply so many cabs for this special purpose throughout the year, these being the only cabs allowed to stand on the company's premises. The system has the advantage of providing a good supply of cabs for all trains, and the disadvantage of arousing the envy of every cabman who brings a passenger to a station and has to drive empty away, except when there happens to be more work than the privileged cabs can cope with, when he may be called in to assist.

The owners pay for the privilege, and the terms vary considerably. At Clapham Junction, for instance, a lump sum of forty pounds per year is paid for supplying fifteen cabs. At most stations the charge is three shillings a week. At Paddington it is three shillings a week (with one pound deposit, returnable when the privilege ends), at St Pancras it is two shillings a week, at Euston and Marylebone it is eighteenpence a week, at Waterloo (South Station) it is two shillings a week, while at Waterloo (Main Line) and Vauxhall there are no contracts, and any cab can take its place on the rank on payment of one penny. The peculiar

arrangements at Waterloo are explained by its nearness to the Strand, where cabs are plentiful, those calling in at the Main-Line Station averaging nearly a thousand a day; but cabmen neglect the South Station, where the cab-riders are neither so numerous nor so profitable, and hence the privilege method had to be introduced there. The largest privilege station is Paddington, which has two hundred and ninety cabs; Euston has one hundred and eighty-two; Victoria (Brighton) has—like Charing Cross—one hundred and sixty; King's Cross has one hundred and thirty, St Pancras one hundred. Formerly a privilege cab taking a passenger to another station had to return from thence empty; but now, owing to the railway companies working together, it can line up with those that are there. One of the recommendations of the recent parliamentary Committee on London Cabs and Omnibuses is that the privilege system should be suspended for a year in order to see if the railway work can be satisfactorily done without it, as the unprivileged cabmen say that it can.

The report of this committee tells the public many things of interest not generally known, and the reason thereof. For instance, the radius mystery is now made clear. Within the four-mile circle round the Charles the First statue at Charing Cross the fare is sixpence a mile; outside it the fare is a shilling a mile. Nothing could be simpler; but if you hire your cab outside the radius the fare is a shilling a mile all the way. Thus it costs you three shillings and sixpence to go from Charing Cross to Highgate, and five shillings to come from Highgate to Charing Cross. Further, the shilling rate begins, not at the radius, but at the last completed mile within it, and in this way is accounted for the scarcity of cabs within the half-mile inside the radial boundary compared with their numbers on the other side of it. Strangely enough, several of the committee were unacquainted with the radiusmarks, and the inquiry seems to have been held in a room in which there was no map of London with the radius shown, so that some time was wasted in asking questions which could have been solved at a glance. The committee recommend the retention of the radius, and on the matter of fares refer the reader to paragraphs 89-108; reference for which he is not likely to be as thankful as expected, owing to the paragraphs of the report not being numbered. The table of fares proposed is, however, easily discoverable. Shortly stated, it means sixpence for the first half-mile and a penny for every additional sixth of a mile. So the first mile will

cost ninepence, two miles fifteenpence, three miles one shilling and ninepence, and so on. One would like to see the face of the cabman when a rider alighting within three and a sixth miles and three and a third offers him two shillings, and asks for the penny change. These rates are to be doubled outside the radius, but the increase is to be taken from the nearest sixth instead of the nearest mile.

There is the usual complication of fares by time; but these, as well as the distance fares, are to be simplified by the use of the taximeter on the hour-mile system which it is proposed should be introduced. This much-talked-about instrument is a combination of a clock and a distance-indicator such as is used on cycles, but on a larger scale. A lever stands upright on it when the cab is disengaged; when a passenger enters the cab the driver depresses the lever and starts the mechanism, and at the end of the journey the figures on the dial show the fare payable.

dial show the fare payable. The taximeter, though not quite on this system, is not new to London, it having been tried on a few cabs some eight years ago and withdrawn owing to the opposition of the drivers. In Berlin, Paris, and Cologne it seems to have solved the cab-problem. The rider knows what he has to pay, the driver knows what he is earning-his earnings being a percentage, generally a quarter, of the takingsand the owner knows the distance the horse has travelled under hire, which is a matter of importance to him in the management of his stable. It will at least remove the most conspicuous failing in the present system. 'A man,' as was well said by one of the witnesses, gets into a bus or he gets into a tram, and he knows exactly where he is going and what he has to pay. He gets into a cab, and he does not. He knows where he is going, but the other thing is an unknown quantity in many instances. The cab is licensed for specific work on specific terms; but under existing conditions the cab-driver alone is judge of the work and the arbiter of the terms; and the cab-rider has no guarantee that what the driver demands is the amount he is entitled to receive.' In fact, it is worth trying, though whether it will revive the cab-trade, which suffers most from the competition of other means of communication, is rather doubtful. It means, however, more expense, an additional fivepence a day, surely an overwhelming 'tax' on an industry that cannot stand twopence. But perhaps the outlook is not so bad as it seems to those whose point of view is that the main object of civilisation is the prosperity of the cab-trade.



THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

By FRED M. WHITE.

CHAPTER VII.



the girls sat out on the Common in the full glory of the sunshine. It was a day in late September, one of those perfectly still afternoons when the air is heavy with the hum of insects and the bees drug themselves

with the saffron. Ever and again there was a wach of crispness in the sea-breeze, but the great sheet of blue lay there under the veiled light like the chimmer of innumerable jewels. From somewhere inland came the drone of a threshingmachine. The gorse was touched here and there with points of flame—the second bloom of the year; but the heath had lost its purple sheen now, hough the bracken was turning from russet-brown to gold and purple and crimson. There was never a time, May thought, when the Common lacked a santle of beauty. It seemed impossible to be anyling but peaceful and contented there; but both the gris looked a little restless and anxious, as if especting something. They were both very silent, with their eyes turned towards the sea. It was May who spoke first.

'I dare may the matter is settled by this time,'

What matter? Angela asked with a poor steam at indifference. 'I was trying to forst it May, I believe that you are in sympathy with the enemy.'

I don't recognise that Craggs is an enemy,' the mager girl replied. 'Why blame him? He is sting for the best from his point of view. And, retarrer happens, we shall not be any worse off that we are at present. Suppose Craggs loses his stin, how does that benefit us? Dad will have stablished his right to do what he pleases with the Cannon. He will be monarch of all he surveys. Is vill refuse to let anybody come here. He will regulate that hotel idea with scorn.'

But you admitted just now that you hated that

Solda Dad will do nothing; he would refuse a penui any industry here, however remunerative. Laken ness have no connection with business. The penul have no scruples of the kind. He was to win so that this classic spot can be used to be the total of the hospitallers. That is why I have he will win.

Angels turned from the speaker with a gesture

What do you want to see here?' she asked.

"Me why are we so poor? Why can't we find

"The Spanish fleet won the good of that kind?"

The Spanish fleet you cannot see, because it's at a sight," May quoted with a laugh. 'There so coal here. As you have learnt by personal

experience, I have a poetic mind, Angela. I want Craggs to win so that dad can't interfere with the Great Scheme. I have spoken of the Great Scheme before.'

'Oh, you have,' Angela sighed. 'The Great Scheme is to make our fortunes. I hardly think that dad would turn his back on a prospect like that.'

'He would. I sounded him. He pronounced the whole thing ridiculous. That is why he is to-day wasting his time and money in York defending the action which has been brought against him by the hospitallers. If he wins, then good-bye to all prospect of peace and happiness in the future. But he will not win.'

Angela plucked impatiently at a spike or two of gentian. She had heard of the hints of possible fortune many times lately. For the past three months May had been cryptic and mysterious; she had discussed Craggs's action with a smile of meaning, though she kept her secret well. And to-day was the second of the trial of the action Craggs versus Castlerayne, and at any time the verdict might arrive from York Assizes. Outwardly indifferent, Angela was inwardly in a fever of expectation. She was heart and soul on the side of her father; she would have been prepared to make any sacrifice to uphold the honour of the family.

'What is this precious secret of yours?' she asked. 'I feel sure that it is something between you and Mr Warrener. Why do you keep it from me?'

'Because I promised to say nothing to anybody. And it is Mr Warrener's idea. Mind you, he is quite powerless unless Craggs wins his action. Dad will never listen to the scheme if he keeps control of the Common.'

'Oh, indeed? Then this is a deliberate plot to bring about something that will be distasteful to us Castleraynes. A soap-factory perhaps. Or maybe a steam laundry. That would be a natural conclusion to the Warrener soap. Extensive dryinggrounds of five hundred acres close to the sea! Are you going to be manageress?'

May laughed pleasantly. She remarked that Angela looked very handsome when she was angry.

'You are foolish,' May said, 'and very narrow in your views. There will be no steam laundry and no building of any kind if you except the restoration of the Dower-House. And this lovely common will not be touched; the Great Scheme will provide for its being left intact for ever. People will come here from all parts of the kingdom; they will rise up and call the creator of the scheme blessed. Angela, what is the present value of our land that fringes the whole of the Common?'

'Really, I don't know,' Angela replied. 'Martin says the five thousand acres of ours would be dear at half that amount of money. Why?'

Because those gorsy acres are worth a fortune. Honestly, I am not joking. I know you give Mr Clifford Warrener no credit for imagination; but in my eyes he is a poet. Like me, he is a benefactor to his race. Why did he not fall in love with me instead of you?'

'It seems a pity,' Angela said, with a red stain

on her cheeks. 'If you care for him'-

'Not in that way. I could, easily enough, all the same. But he chose you instead; in fact, he told me so at the same time as he took me into his confidence over the Great Scheme. That beautiful imagination of his took in the whole thing; he saw the jewel lying at our feet, though we were too blind to see it for ourselves.'

Angela shrugged her shoulders indifferently; she turned away her head to the sea. She was too proud to ask for further particulars, though her curiosity was aflame.

'Goblin gold,' she said, with the petals of a head of gorse in her fingers. 'If this scheme would only pay some of those dreadful bills of ours, why'-

'Oh, it will. It will pay everybody; dad will be rich malgré lui. And in the course of time he will refer with pride to the brilliant qualities of his son-in-law.'

Angela rose with cold and frosty dignity. Really, May's joke was in very bad taste. And yet, deep down in her heart, Angela was a little sore and annoyed with Warrener. She had never forgotten that morning amongst the roses—the morning when Warrener had spoken so plainly to her, and she had responded with outstretched hand and a challenge to him to convert her to his side if he could. In spite of some provocation, Angela had behaved very well on that occasion, and she was cognisant of the fact.

She had quite come to admit Warrener's high qualities. He was a handsome man, too, and his family was as good as the Castleraynes. Also, he had spoken quite freely of his admiration for Angela. Also, she had not resented the boldness of his speech. And Angela had been reading a good deal of Shakespeare lately; she had been especially affected by the Taming of the Shrew. Unconsciously, her point of view had been Petruchio's. And here was the story of it all. Warrener had not been near The Towers since that June morning when he and Angela had stood face to face in the roses. Not one line had he sent the whole time. It never occurred to Angela to ask who had been responsible for all that work at the hospital or who paid for the staff of nurses who came to grapple with the demon of typhoid there. Warrener had gone away

and made no sign. He had been playing with her. The girls were by the edge of the hospital now. A figure crossed the lawn in the direction of the stone sundial, and May called aloud.

'Why, there is Craggs!' she exclaimed. 'He is back from York already. Beyond doubt the case is finished. Angela, let us go and get the verdict.'

Angela raised no objection. She was thrilled and eager to know the result. From the bottom of her heart she detested Craggs; she was a little ashamed that she should give so much feeling to so commonplace an object. Nevertheless, now her step was as quick as May's, her lips were parted more widely. Craggs raised a hand to his cap; the serenity of his gnarled old face was unchanged.

'I came back last night,' he explained. 'They said as I should not be wanted any more. I dare say as the case is done with by this time.'

'But you must be very anxious, of course. You

arranged for a telegram?

Craggs shook his head and smiled. He appeared to be exasperatingly sure of his ground, Angela thought. It was very unladylike, but she would have liked to shake him.

'Lord bless you, miss!' he said, 'there's no doubt

about it.'

'But why did you start this claim?' Angela burst out. Her face was white; her eyes were flaming with indignation. 'I call it disgraceful of you, Craggs. After all the years that you have lived on the estate, to -to'-

Angela's indignation deprived her of further speech. The slow, tolerant-not to say patronising smile did not fade from the old man's face. On the grass in the sun two little girls were playing. Craggs called to them; he laid a hand on the shoulder of each. There was something very manly and very tender about the old fellow now.

'Look at these two,' he said gently. 'Granddaughters of MacMasters, who was your family body-servant for fifty faithful years. Look at them -ain't they two pictures? Look at their blue eyes, their fair hair, and their lovely colouring. They are like the pictures as you have at The Towers.—Run away, little kittens, and go back to your play.-You ask me a question, Miss Angela, and I'll answer it. If things don't mend soon, who is going to look after the pretty creatures? What is going to become of 'em? Why, they are going to the workhouse. We are all going to the workhouse. And why? Because Castlerayne has failed in his duty to his people; he has forgotten his honour. For three steady generations you have wasted your property; you might, at any rate, have recollected those who were faithful to you, and put the money aside for the upkeep of the hospital. I tell you that was a debt of honour. The plumbago went, and then our spring of water went, and we should all be at the big house over beyond the village if it hadn't been for Miss Gertrude. Then we were dying of disease; we should have all been dead but for Mr Warrener, who found the money to make the place fit for habitation. You want me to fold my hands and do nothing, to see those dear little children that Christ loves beyond us all carried off to herd it with the scum of the town.

As for me, the hospital is my birthright. I looked forward to this home for my old age. I trusted to the word of a Castlerayne; but I trust to it no kager. And yet there is a funny side to it all.'

'Oh, indeed?' Angela said coldly. 'I confess that I fail to see it. Perhaps you will be so good as to enlighten me on that point.'

(To be continued.)

PRINCE RUPERT,

THE WESTERN TERMINUS OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.



AVING decided upon Kaien Island, a few miles south of Port Simpson, as the terminus on the Pacific coast of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the management of that new transcontinental

railway set about finding a suitable mme for it. With this object, the directors offered a mix of two hundred and fifty dollars for the best Line, to consist of not more than ten letters. Over treire thousand competitors submitted names, and the award has been made to Miss MacDonald, a last whose family has been closely identified with the pioneer days of the Canadian North-West. Mis MacDonald's name for the new port, which some day be a town of great importance, is Pince Rupert, which words contain twelve letters. Two other competitors, who complied with the orditions, offered the name of Port Rupert, contaking ten letters, and to each of the three the Gand Trunk Pacific directors have awarded the tau of two hundred and fifty dollars, after deciding non Prince Rupert, though that name was not d gible in the terms of the competition.

Prince Rupert, the dashing young cavalry leader d the Caraliers nearly three hundred years ago, te really the first British-Canadian business Ligate. He was the chief promoter of the Halsa's Bay Company, and its first governor in In that year Charles II. granted a charter is the Prince and seventeen other noblemen and Fallemen, incorporating them as 'The Governor bd Company of Adventurers of England trading hudson's Bay, and securing to them the sole inc and commerce of 'all those seas and straits, ar lakes, rivers, creeks, and sounds, in whatever kinds they shall be, that lie within the entrance by straits commonly called Hudson Straits, techer with all the lands and territories upon the contines, coasts, and confines of the seas, bays, &c. that were not already actually possessed by the subjects of any other Christian Prince or the first settlements of the country thus Fazed, which was to be known as Rupert's Land, the made on James Bay, at Churchill, and at H rle's rivers.

lis to Fort Churchill that the people of western Casals are now turning their attention as the port 2 Hadson's Bay from which a trade-line of sames to Liverpool will before long be established. The Canadian Northern Railway is already point for the condition of the point of all shades of political opinion are agreed

that it should be extended to that point as rapidly as possible. The only difference of opinion is as to the means. Some contend that the construction of the railway should be under the guarantee of the Dominion Government, while others hold that the Hudson's Bay extension of the Cauadian Northern should be under the guarantee and control of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta.

For many years the Hudson's Bay Company held undisputed sway over Rupert's Land, an enormous territory still shown on the maps of Canada until quite recent date. In 1867 the federation of Canada formed the Dominion, and it was at once found that there were great objections to having the enormous territory of Rupert's Land within the bounds of the Dominion and under the absolute rule of a British private corporation, the Hudson's Bay Company. Accordingly, at the instance of the Dominion, the Imperial Parliament in 1868 passed the Rupert's Land Act, providing for the acquisition by the Dominion of the North-West Territories. In 1869 the deed of surrender was signed confirming the Hudson's Bay Company's sale and transfer to Her Majesty Queen Victoria of the company's territorial rights in the North-West Territories. In the following year the Dominion paid over the consideration-money, three hundred thousand pounds, for the Hudson's Bay Company's rights in Rupert's Land. In the same year, 1870, the North-West Territories were formally added to the Dominion, and Manitoba (which formed part of them) was created a province, and admitted into the confederation.

In 1905 the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were created from a portion of the remainder of the North-West Territories, and there is still a vast area of valuable territory acquired by the purchase from the Hudson's Bay Company vested in the Dominion Government awaiting the advance of settlement to a point when the inhabitants of this area will, in their turn, be conceded the privileges of responsible provincial government. In selling Rupert's Land to the Dominion, the Hudson's Bay Company made certain reservations, and the lands so reserved are now increasingly valuable, as is evident by the present high price of the Hudson's Bay Company's stock. When the company received the three hundred thousand pounds in 1869 for its rights in Rupert's Land the sum was considered excessive. Looking back in the light of present-day values, the smallness of the purchase-money seems ludicrous. The purchase of the Suez Canal shares by Mr Disraeli's Government is often spoken of as a masterstroke of commercial policy; but it does not begin to compare from the financial standpoint with the | Dominion.

purchase of Rupert's Land made by the first Government of Canada immediately after it came into existence upon the proclamation of the

. 25

174

17

:0

71

1

71

LAKE-DWELLERS OF THE BALKANS.

By R. A. SCOTT JAMES.



T is like the sea, monsieur; only it is

more blue.'

'There they will get you fish to eat which are like no other fish in the world.'

The soldiers do not go often on the lake, monsieur. It is the only place where

there are no encampments.'

'You may be taken for five hours over the lake at night, monsieur, and there is nobody to be

frightened if you fire off a gun.'

A hundred promises had been made to me concerning the wonders of Lake Ochrida; and in all the long journey from Monastir-over two chains of mountains, across two hot, dusty plains, through poverty-stricken, pestiferous towns and villagesthe pleasant promise of Ochrida had urged us on. At length I had reached the lakeside town. I had spent a day and a half in seeing its ruined castles, its mosques, churches, and schools; I had done my duty in calling on 'the Government;' I had been rowed over to a sheltered cove among the cliffs, and had wallowed in the fresh-water at midday. And my kind Bulgarian hosts begged that they might give me hospitality for a month, for two months, for six months if I would stay so long.

'Monsieur, the Commissary of Police is at the

door and would like to see you.'

Alexandre, my young Bulgarian dragoman, was always perturbed when he spoke of the Commissary of Police. The commissary had come up from Monastir with me-nominally to control my escort and 'facilitate' my journey, but in reality to report upon my actions and keep me from talking to 'notorious' persons. This ingenuous Turk refused to be snubbed; he would not take hints; he pretended an ox-like obtuseness on some points, though "C'est mon service, amazingly alert upon others. monsieur,' he afterwards explained to me, when we had become really and not only outwardly friendly. 'Show him up, Alexandre,' I replied.

He came in among us with an elaborate bow. He hoped I had slept well; he was entirely at my disposition; his Excellency the Governor was much concerned that I should be comfortable. He hailed Alexandre with a bluffness which offended him not a little. He nodded familiarly to Nikola, my young Bulgarian host, and suffered himself to be waited on by Nikola's sister-in-law and by his elderly mother and by all the children, first unnecessarily assuring himself that every attention had been given to me.

'And what does monsieur intend to do to-day?' he asked.

'I have not yet made up my mind,' I said

evasively. 'Does he mean to go some day across the lake to Sveti Naoum, to visit the monastery?'

'Perhaps I may go. I shall see.'

For some time he talked about the fine Albanian tobacco. 'It is good for pipes, monsieur. I have bought you some.

It was not very 'good for pipes'-no tobacco in Turkey is; but I bought it from him, and I believed the commission he charged was quite small. He was always a very friendly fellow, in spite of his fatiguing 'duty.'

'I sha'n't need your services to-day,' I soon

remarked. 'Do not mention it, monsieur,' he said. 'It is a

pleasure to be at your disposition.' 'I wish to be alone for the present. I will send

for you if I need you.' He rose to go. 'Then I will return in half-an-

hour, monsieur.' He returned in half-an-hour and found that I was out. However, he had good information that I was only walking about the town, and his suspicions were lulled. I had no wish to be harassed by the presence of officials while crossing the lake. The commissary was a blot upon fine scenery. He would talk about Japan when you wanted to look at a mountain; he would eat unsavoury messes till a beautiful sunset would look bilious; he would stick to you like a leech so that Greeks and Bulgars were afraid to utter their thoughts for fear of being reported. An entertaining companion for half-anhour, he was intolerable for a couple of days.

'Monsieur, the boatmen are ready.'

It was Alexandre who spoke. He and Nikola had planned well. These Bulgars love a little conspiracy, and Alexandre had old scores to pay off against the Commissary of Police. He had chartered a tchun with the ostensible object of paddling round to another part of the town; and the sturdy crew, which could mean nothing less than a journey across the lake, had been kept well in the background. But at four in the afternoon all were assembled, and we went on board—Alexandre, Nikola, Nikola's fourteen-year-old brother, and myself. We pushed off straight from the steps of the house, and were soon splashing through the profound, many-coloured waters.

Of all rude, primeval, wave-ploughing vessels

these tolums are the rudest and the least altered by improvements in nautical science. For thousands of years they have plied on the Lake of Ochrida, and are the same now as they were in the days before Homer. The Dorian invaders of Greece may have lived round the lake and used these boats before they migrated and founded Sparta. The tolus is a hulk of roughly hewn planks, marrow and long, with a high prow rising up surk to a point, the bulwarks slanting down towards the stern and enclosing a deep, muddy well. Across the middle of the boat was extended a platform projecting over the water on each side, with a low wooden rail to prevent the passengers from rolling off. Here we stretched ourselves kisurely on rugs. Bunched up in the high prow of the boat, one above another, were three oarsmen, all plying their clumsy cars with enormous waste of energy on the stroke-side. In the stern sat the skipper, using another oar as a sort of rudder, which he lazily jerked into the water, counteracting the circular impulse given to the vessel, and shouting his commands to the crew.

Othrida is on a hilly promontory at the north of the lake. At the top of the hill stand the ruins of the ancient castle with its dismantled battlements, the old deserted Greek Church, and the sew Bulgarian Church; and a little below, the white sone of the Konak, where the Vali and a host of sin uniform carry on the game of governmai. From that point the town seems to tumble down the side of the hill into the lake, the houses of stone and wood clustering together in a mass of white, brown, and red, and at last bordering upon the public highway of the lake. Some of the somes are built on hills over the water, and the mabitants fare from place to place in tchuns, while the children spend the day in wading out or diving no the water. The town, as seen from the lake, as blaze of colour and animation; the profound alse of the water (purple when you look down into th edged by the white ripple of the waves against town; the bright dresses of aquatic men, women, ad children; the brown zigzag roofs of the houses, with the white minarets of the mosques and the Gen of acacia-trees rising against the hillside or the bot sky. How ridiculously peaceful and beautihi is seems when one recalls the political intrigues ad acchaireds which are concentrated here in the labitation of Turks, Bulgars, Greeks, and Vlachs, who hate one another with bitter hatred !

Yo town in Turkey is more wonderful than the control of the contro

are the haunts of the Bulgarian bands, the outlaws who wage perpetual war on the Turkish police and soldiers. On the west still higher mountains stretch away mysteriously into the land where the vigorous, lawless Albanians live, the sturdy folk who reduce Turkish authority to a shadow and wage inter-tribal wars from natural fastnesses.

The deep, guttural voice of our Bulgarian skipper recalls me to my immediate surroundings. His broad, passionless face has relaxed into a goodtempered smile; he is taking things very easily himself, but he eggs on his crew to exert themselves, taunting them with facetious remarks and gibing at their appearance. He has the air of a man who thinks he has earned repose, whose stockin-trade is an industrious past and some scanty savings, and an uncommon capacity for alternately bustling and soothing his subordinates. The latter make a harmonious trio, a queer union of opposites, as they plunge their oars into the water as if bent on fathoming the lake. High up in the bow sits a grisly, elderly Vlach, with a stubbly chin and knotted eyebrows, his forehead swathed in a wet band. His short, thick legs quiver under his exertions, his body moves as if by machinery, his face is as motionless as lead, and through all the journey I do not believe he once opened his mouth or changed his position.

Just below him was a youth of singular appearance and deportment. He spoke Bulgarian better than Greek, but there was no question as to his being by birth a pure-blooded Hellene. He would have been a model for Apollo. His well-proportioned limbs and body moved with ease and grace. His naturally fair face was darkened by exposure to the sun. His straight nose and shapely chin, well-curved brow and clear, active eyes, betokened a man of gentle breeding and fine temperament. Afterwards, when I talked to him, he was shy and reserved; there was a slight melancholy in his manner which redeemed his otherwise dull remarks. It was strange talking familiarly to a man who might have stepped down from the frieze of the Parthenon, and, all-unconscious of his betraying features, was not quite sure whether to call himself a Bulgar or a Greek. Even then, he only knew that he was a Greek because he had been induced to attend the right church and hear the Testament read in the original tongue.

To what race the third member of our crew belonged I know not, but I think there must have been a considerable strain of Servian blood in his composition. Such incessant vivacity and proneness to inordinate laughter are not often found in the pure Bulgarian. He would tug at his oar with terrific vigour, he would stop without a moment's warning and mop his face, all the time he was hurling jests at his fellows and venting himself in peals of laughter; and once, when the oarsmen were told to lie easy for a moment, he rose up and plunged into the lake, and reappeared at the edge of the boat as sleek as a seal.

'Whoa!' the skipper suddenly shouted, rising in his seat and pointing over the water.

'Whoa!' cried Alexandre and Nikola in chorus.
All eyes were turned forward, and I looked to
see what it was.

'Your revolver, monsieur,' cried Alexandre.

Some way off appeared a dark, mysterious object on the water, looking in the sunlight like a black gondola rising and falling with a gentle plunging movement. Animation and excitement were on the faces of the crew. With muffled oars we moved silently towards the strange object. I had my revolver ready, and wished it were a rifle. Nikola, too, had cocked his clumsy weapon; and then we perceived two, three, four of these strange vessels moving like a fleet towards us. But before we could get nearer there was a fluttering, rushing noise, and monstrous swan-like creatures, six times larger than any swan, rose into the air and flew off into an impenetrable distance.

There was disappointment among the crew. They had hoped-not knowing the limitations of a revolver-that we might bag one of the great fowl that frequent the lake. But already we were late, and the sun was beginning to disappear behind the steep range of mountains in the west, covering the sky with scarlet and reflected in many hues across the water. As we lay back on our platform, a cool breeze springing up off the land fanned our cheeks, and almost instantly the water, till now scarcely stirred, rose in waves which made our barque toss and roll like a cockle-shell. As the skipper shouted his 'Halloa' once again the men settled down more grimly to their work, and the heavy vessel splashed and crashed its way through the tumbling water.

Soon the southern end of the lake became more clearly visible, and as we neared it in the now dim light a shelving promontory appeared sloping down towards the water, and at its extremity, rising high above it, a massive structure of white stone and dark woodwork—the Monastery of Sveti Naoum. Then the deep, welcome tolling of a bell sounded out across the water. 'To announce the arrival of guests,' said Nikola.

A little cluster of people, dependants of the monastery, hauled our boat up the beach, shouldered our luggage, and conducted us up the slope to the gate in the rear of the building. They led us through the farm enclosure, under the great arch of the inner courtyard, past the chapel in the centre, and up a narrow staircase to the main hall of the monastery. There stood the abbot waiting to receive us, his stately figure clad in flowing garments, his tall priest's hat on his head, his white beard falling low over his chest, and behind him half-a-dozen retainers. He extended his hand, uttering words of welcome in Greek, and conducted us to the chamber reserved for honoured guests. There he made me sit on a lounge, placing my friends around me, and standing himself till the last person was seated. An attendant, entering

immediately, served us with coffee, cigarettes, and rakia (the fiery white liqueur which is to be found everywhere in the Balkans).

Then followed the ordinary courtesies between host and guest. Had I travelled far? Was I making a long stay? What did I think of their poor Macedonia? But here all was peace and rest, said the abbot. The mountain behind, the lake in front, kept them from the ravages of soldiers and brigands and beys. Yes, they too had lost lands; they were not so rich as they had been; still, they were well off compared with other Christian monasteries, and they did not complain. He spoke in a suave, gentle manner, smiling with benevolence, listening to every word, with the art of one whose business in life is to please. He told me of a small party of Greeks who had arrived, and were being entertained, along with my boatmen, in another apartment. At that moment the chief person of the party was introduced into my room, formally presented to me, and at once began to address me in French. Both of us having looked through the visitors' book, which contained entries in ancient and modern Greek, he at once entered into a discussion of the relation between the dead and the living languages. His countrymen were very proud of their great authors, he told me; he himself had read a little Homer, though it was very difficult because of its unusual forms. Æschylus? No, he had not heard of Æschylus; but there was one great tragedian-what was his name?-yes, Sophocleswhom he had often heard praised.

The abbot was delighted to see his two guests getting on so agreeably together, and for a time sat silent, with folded hands, beaming with smiles. Soon he asked Alexandre what was the subject of our conversation, and bade him inquire if I had read any of the New Testament in Greek. Thus we fell to comparing ancient forms of words with the new, and the abbot was much amused to hear how we in England pronounce such words as βασιλεύς, τόδωρ, &c.

At this moment an attendant entered.

'What would you like for dinner?' Alexandre interpreted.

'What may I have?' said I.

'Anything, anything,' was the munificent reply; and with so large a choice before me I was at a loss to know where to begin. I named one or two dishes which I had received on former occasions; but no, they were very sorry, those just happened to be the things'——

I appealed to Alexandre to settle the matter, and I soon saw that it had already been quite decided what was to be given me. Shortly after we were shown out into the corridor, a spacious hall whence doors led out into various apartments. When I had first arrived, the bare boards of the corridor had been relieved only by one or two couches against the wall, but now a table and chairs had been set in the middle, and servants stood ready with dishes of food and wine. I was placed at the head of the

table, with Nikola on my right hand and Alexandre on my left—Nikola's young brother had doubtless been sent away with the servants. The abbot would neither dine nor sit down—it was a fast-day with him—so he stood at the end of the table, with fiolded hands, encouraging us to eat, and speeding the servants when our glasses or our plates became empty.

This ample repast at an end, our host again led me to the guest-chamber, where the bed had been provided with pillows and a bright, clean quilt one of the few clean quilts which I had the good fortune to find in this country.

It was not past seven o'clock when I arose in the morning, but I found that the abbot and half his household had been in a condition of waiting for an hour or more.

'When will monsieur see round the monastery?' the abbot inquired.

I was ready at once, and he took us down to the courtyard.

Much of the monastery is of great age. It is approached from the landward side, on the south, whence, on entering by the gate, the visitor finds himself in a courtyard surrounded on all sides by a rectangular building with wooden balconies projecting from the first story. In the middle of the court, and entirely separated from the other buildings, stands the chapel, a Byzantine structure belonging, so far as I could gather, to the fourth or fifth century A.D. The abbot leads me into the little shrine which is the main body of the church. Around the altar is a multitude of candles. The light shines dimly through the stained windows, falling on the many-coloured frescoes which cover every space on the walls, and depict apostles and saints and strange allegories of heaven and hell. But the paint, varnished as it has been again and again, has become dark with time, so that many of the pictures are mere splodges of colour. The small west end is a later addition, bright with frescoes of a clearer but cruder hue, and leading out of this on one side is the tiny side-chapel, wherein lie the bones of the patron-saint. A box set on the tomb is the repository for offerings, and my contribution

to it is the only payment which custom allows me as a visitor to make for my entertainment.

From the chapel I was taken to the enormous kitchen, where monstrous fires are always alight heating monstrous ovens. I was formally introduced to the head-cook, an important person, who in turn introduced me to several subordinate cooks. I was taken into the cool storeroom, where rows upon rows of cheeses and sides of bacon created strange odours; thence to a lofty parapet, where I found myself suddenly in the open air, gazing sheer down the side of the monastery into the depth of the lake and across to the distant haze of the Albanian mountains. Through open chambers and balconies my host conducted me, telling me that here, at festival seasons, hundreds and even thousands of people from all the country-side would seek the entertainment of the monastery, sleeping in blankets at night, dancing in the courtyard by day.

Being told of a good place where I could bathe in the lake, Alexandre and I repaired thither. As we returned we were met by the abbot, at the head of a score or so of his servants. In a moment men caught hold of our luggage and carried it down to the boat, where Nikola and the others were awaiting us. With a kindly pressure of the hand, the old Greek urged that I must come again, and test for a longer time the resources of Sveti Naoum. As we pushed off into the water he waved his handkerchief again and again, and I waved in return. Every inhabitant of the monastery and its buildings was with him, standing on the shore shouting adieux. Long after we were out of earshot they stood watching us; but when we were about to settle down to our journey we heard the report of a gun, and then a second, and a third. Three times in response we let off our only firearm, my revolver; and as the echo died away we could hear nothing but the plash-plash of the oars, till the white and black of the monastery loomed dim in the distance, and the lake had become a boundless expanse, and the sun poured down on us with its merciless midday heat. Again for hours we lumbered along over the glistening water.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIBRARY.

By WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM.



Thas been said that the Seven Wonders of the World are the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the tomb of Mausolus, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Colossus of Diana at Ephesus, the

Colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Alexandria. This dictum at the time it was made was undoubtedly true; but during the last hundred and fity years, on the spot formerly occupied by the famous Montague House in Bloomsbury, London,

there have gradually been gathered together antiquarian, literary, and scientific collections which, although they do not possess the massive grandeur of the Pyramids or the exquisite beauty of design shown in some of the triumphs of past ages, are still as wonderful as any of these, illustrating as they do the history of the world from its very infancy. The building which contains these collections is the British Museum; and it is somewhat remarkable that a structure erected to accommodate collections showing the gradual growth of civilisation should stand on the grounds where in 1780 were encamped the troops which were to quell the Gordon riots, one of the centres of which was in Bloomsbury.

In this great building can be seen sculptures illustrating the history of Egypt from the time of the early Pharaohs-4000 B.C.-an immense number of household articles, jewellery, vases, tablets of the dead, tools, &c., typifying the oppression of the Children of Israel under Rameses II., right through the captivity, together with the coffins of ancient priestesses, with inscriptions of prayers to the protecting gods, and the embalmed remains of the leading members of the numerous dynasties. Here, too, can be seen antiquities of Babylonia, Assyria, and ancient Greece and Rome recovered from the tombs, many of them in a most extraordinary state of preservation despite the fact that they carry us back to the time of Abraham; and, last but not least, there are fifty thousand volumes of manuscripts, including Latin and Greek papyri, found in the tombs of the ancient kings, containing the handwriting and seals of thousands of years; while close by the report of the latest speech delivered by one of our leading statesmen may be read!

On the death of Sir Hans Sloane, the great physician and scientist, it was found that by his will his executors were empowered to offer to Parliament his fine library and the whole of his vast collection of antiquities and works of art for twenty thousand pounds-thirty thousand pounds less than it had cost him. The offer was accepted, and an Act was passed in 1753 for 'the purchase of the museum or collection of Sir Hans Sloane, Bart., and of the Harleian collection of manuscripts, and procuring one general repository for the better reception and more convenient use of the said collection and of the Cottonian Library and additions thereto.' The money was raised by means of a public lottery, the amount being three hundred thousand This sum also included the cost of pounds. Montague House. There were one hundred thousand tickets issued of three pounds each. It was hoped that the funds thus obtained would be sufficient not only to meet the cost of extensions and repairs, but also to provide for the salaries of the officials. The collections, however, grew with such marvellous rapidity that eventually additional land had to be obtained close to the Museum at a cost of two hundred thousand pounds, and a separate museum for the natural history collection had to be erected at South Kensington.

When George IV. gave what is known as the King's Library to the nation—a library which cost one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, and which contains some of the greatest rarities in literature—it was decided to alter the whole character of the building. A separate library was erected to accommodate the sixty-three thousand volumes given by His Majesty; and in 1849 it was found necessary to erect the present magnificent reading-room. This reading-room contains one million two hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet of space; and at the

time it was erected the surrounding libraries had an additional seven hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet. The building is constructed mainly of iron, with brick arches between the main ribs.

The library, which now contains between three million and four million volumes, is without exception the largest in the world, the only one which approaches it in size being the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris; and it is interesting to note that for the accommodation of this immense number of books upwards of forty-three miles of shelves are required!

For beauty of design, elegance of construction, and symmetry of form, there is no building in London which will bear comparison with the reading-room at the British Museum. In the centre is a platform, slightly raised, occupied by the superintendent and his assistants. Round this platform, a few feet apart, are two rows of desks arranged in the form of a circle. The desks-the outer one has a circumference of nearly two hundred feetare filled with large catalogues, and radiating from the desks like the spokes of a great wheel are the long tables provided for the readers. ingenious method, the tables are divided in the centre by a sort of partition which prevents students from being disturbed by the readers on the other side. On the top of the partition a number of electric incandescent lamps are fixed at intervals, and just underneath these are shelves and bookrests, which, when not in use, fit flush with the partition. Each seat along the tables has a letter and number, and the reader (who is provided with pen, ink, blotting-paper, and a chair), on filling up the form when making application for a book, notifies the place where he is sitting, and the book is in due course brought to him by an attendant.

The whole of the wall-space right round the room to the bottom of the dome is filled with the lore of many centuries. Within the reach of the readers on the ground-floor there are twenty thousand works of reference, classified in their various subjects, and in regard to these no application to the superintendent is necessary; while in the two galleries above there are fifty thousand additional volumes. The dome has a singularly dignified appearance. At the bottom there is a massive cornice, and the inner surface of the dome is divided into two compartments, and these again are subdivided by beautiful ornamental panels. The light is admitted through large windows which rise perpendicularly from the cornice, and by this arrangement ample opportunity is afforded, owing to the curvature of the dome, for a magnificent scheme of decoration.

The interior of the reading-room is one of the sights of London. Here forgather great historians, prominent politicians, and savants—men whose works have obtained a world-wide popularity. Among the 'readers' in the past have been Guizot, Thiers, Louis Napoleon, Louis-Philippe, Cavour, Garibaldi, Macaulay, Blackstone, Dr Johnson, the

fuher of Disraeli, David Hume, the poet Gray, Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickena, Lytton, Huxley; and, coming to later times, Gladstone, Lecky, Gardiner, Wolseley, Goschen, Dilke, Morley, Lubbock (now Lord Avebury), and a host of others. From middry up to about five P.M., which is the busiest time of the day, the room is generally well filled; and as there is accommodation for upwards of four hundred and fifty persons, the scene is a very animated one. So many applications are made for books during the afternoon that boys are specially 'told of' to bring the volumes on barrows, which in appearance resemble those used by porters for luggage at railway stations.

In order to obtain a book the reader has to fill up a form giving the name of the author and title of the work, the press-mark (indicating the locality where the volume is to be found), and the date and place of publication. These particulars are obtained from the huge catalogues, and the reader is responsible for all the books that he borrows so long as the form he has filled up and handed in to the attendants remains uncancelled. There is no limit as to the number of books a reader may borrow; but in order to facilitate the work it is usual to fill up a fresh form for every volume he wishes to obtain. Special rooms are set apart for those wishing to see rare books or priceless manuscripts.

By the courtesy of Mr G. K. Fortescue, who is the head of the important department of printed books, I was recently granted the privilege of inspecting the series of galleries behind the readingroom, where the major portion of the vast collection is kept. And what a perfect maze it is! The rading room, as before stated, is in the centre of a large quadrangle, and in the four corners of the parallelogram unoccupied by the circle of the room a remarkable and ingenious series of galleries is built, affording accommodation for millions of books. To avoid risk of fire, these galleries have skylights, so artificial illumination being allowed. They resemble huge cages, for the floors are of open ironwork, which admit the light through the several socies. The only drawback to this arrangement drawback which cannot be avoided—is that during the fogs which are so prevalent in London during the winter months no books from these selleries can be obtained. Despite the extensive accommodation which was provided, owing to the Copyright Act—under which a copy of every book and paper published in the United Kingdom has to be sent to the British Museum—the number of volumes increased to such gigantic proportions that a special contrivance had to be resorted to in order to provide room for them. This takes the form of alding Presses, consisting of a framework fitted with shelves open back and front so as to receive rolumes on each side. These shelves are suspended on girders, and, running smoothly on wheels, can be easily moved backwards and forwards. They supplement the standard presses, and by this means the books in many places are six deep! All these presses are made of iron plates, the shelves being covered with leather.

Many of the choicest books which the library contains were bequeathed to the nation by private donors; others have from time to time been purchased by the trustees out of the grants made annually to the British Museum by Parliament. It is impossible to form an accurate estimate as to the value of some of the choicest books, for many in the library are the only known copies; but several have previously been sold at prices approaching five thousand pounds each. Probably the gem of the collection is the Mazarin Bible, which was printed in Latin at Mentz about the year 1455. This is the earliest complete printed book known. The Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers, which was translated from the French by Anthony Wyderville, Earl Rivers, and printed by William Caxton at Westminster in 1477, is the first volume known with certainty to have been printed in England. Other specimens of the earliest productions of the printing-press in England include The Game and Playe of the Chesse, The Book of Tales of Cauntyrburye, and the English version of Æsop's Fables. Among the numerous old copies of the Scriptures and religious works are Martin Luther's translation of the Bible, and Myles Coverdale's Bible, dated 1530; the New Testament which belonged to Anne Boleyn; The Assertion of the Seven Sacraments, the book which procured for Henry VIII. from Pope Leo X. the title of 'Defender of the Faith,' ever since borne by the British sovereigns; the Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, which was presented to Queen Elizabeth by its author, Archbishop Parker; the Codex Alexandrinus, an ancient Greek copy of the Scriptures supposed to have been executed by Thecla, a lady of Alexandria, in the fourth or fifth century, and presented by Cyril Lucar, the Patriarch of Constantinople, to Charles I. The last-named is one of the two most ancient copies of the Scriptures in existence.

The manuscripts in the British Museum form the finest collection in the world. Among the most interesting are 'the Recognitions' of Clement of Rome in Syriac, dated about 411; the English version of Wycliffe's Bible, written towards the close of the fourteenth century; the orations of Hyperides, Homer, Aristotle, &c., and the 'Bull of Pope Innocent III., whereby he receives in fee the Kingdom of England, given to the Roman Church by virtue of a charter confirmed by the Golden Seal of King John, and takes it into his Apostolic protection: Given at St Peter's, 11 Kalends of May Ad. 1214, and of the Pontificate of Pope Innocent the seventeenth year.'

It would be impossible, owing to exigencies of space, to mention even a small proportion of the historical deeds which are to be seen in the library; suffice it to say that they include an ancient copy of the famous Magna Charta—the original copy is no longer in existence—granted by King John, and the charter granted by William the

Conqueror for the foundation of Battle Abbey in Sussex after the battle of Hastings in 1066.

Reference has already been made to the Copyright Act of 1842, under which the Museum is entitled to a gratuitous copy of every printed book, newspaper, or document published in the United Kingdom; and it is this provision which has contributed largely to the tremendous growth of the library-a growth which has for a considerable time occupied the serious attention of the trustees, for it soon became apparent that unless further accommodation could be provided, especially for the newspapers, all the available space would be filled. We have seen the ingenious method of hanging-presses, by which a vast collection of additional books can be stored; and, as showing the stupendous growth in the number of volumes, it may be pointed out that in 1753 the library started with about fifty thousand books; in 1821 the number had only reached one hundred and sixteen thousand; in 1838 it was two hundred and thirty-five thousand; twenty years later it had reached five hundred and fifty thousand; while in 1896 there were one million seven hundred and fifty thousand volumes, not counting a single sheet or parts of works accumulating. Since then the growth has been much more rapid, and it is estimated that there are now about three million five hundred thousand volumes in the library. The work of arranging this collection is a stupendous undertaking; for each book has to be classified, and the press-mark indicating its locality has to be affixed on the back. According to the latest parliamentary return the total number of these press-marks during 1905 amounted to seventy-four thousand eight hundred and seventy-five; in addition to which thirty-seven thousand four hundred and four press-marks have been altered in consequence of changes and rearrangements, nearly thirty-one thousand labels have been fixed to books and volumes of newspapers, and one hundred and fifteen thousand four hundred and ninety-seven obliterated labels have been renewed. There is a corresponding amount of work to be done in cataloguing. A large staff is engaged in the binding and repairing of books at the Museum. The number of volumes and sets of pamphlets sent to be bound in the course of last year was eleven thousand nine hundred and eightyfive, including three thousand three hundred and twenty-eight volumes of newspapers; while over twenty-five thousand books have been repaired.

The number of newspapers published in the United Kingdom received under the provisions of the Copyright Act during the year was three thousand two hundred and sixty-one, comprising two hundred and twenty-one thousand two hundred and sixty-nine single numbers; in addition to which large numbers of colonial and foreign newspapers, together with broadsides, parliamentary papers, &c., have either been presented or purchased.

With regard to the newspapers, it was calculated in 1882 that the space available at the Museum would

be sufficient for thirty-three years; but since that time there has been such an enormous accumulation that the authorities have tried several means to cope with the pressure. Some time ago additional storage-room was provided in the basement and the new buildings; but this has practically been filled. The British newspapers in 1837 only occupied about forty presses, whereas now there are two and a quarter miles of presses; besides which accommodation has had to be provided for the colonial, American, and foreign newspapers. Some time ago land was obtained at Hendon, where a repository for storage of newspapers and other printed matter is now in course of construction; and it is believed that the extra accommodation which will thus be provided will be sufficient to meet the demands for a very considerable period.

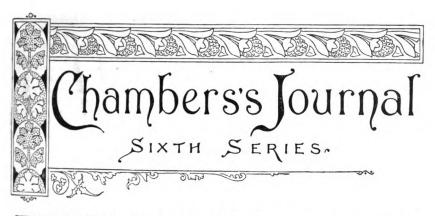
The cost of the construction of the reading-room and the surrounding galleries was one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and the expenditure on purchases alone for the Museum up to 1875 was considerably over one million pounds. The Government has been very liberal in making large annual grants, sometimes amounting to upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, in order that the collections should be of the most representative character; and it was owing to the generosity of the late Sir William Harcourt, when Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1896, that the additional freehold land, on which sixty-eight houses stood, was secured at a cost of two hundred thousand pounds to meet the growing needs of the Museum. These houses are gradually being demolished, and when the whole of them have disappeared the authorities will possess a square plot of thirteen acres completely isolated by the surrounding roadways.

It is considered that this land will be sufficient to meet the requirements of the trustees for another century, but no one can prophesy with accuracy as to the growth of the Museum even in the immediate future. In the past all such predictions have been completely falsified; but, in the words of Macaulay, the Museum will remain the repository of such various and precious treasures of art, science, and learning as were scarce ever assembled under a single roof.

TO ONE WHO WENT AWAY.

O THOU whose feet no longer tread this street
Wherein I pass to-day, whose weary eyes
Gaze up no longer at these narrowed skies,
'Neath winter's bitter cold or summer's heat!
I would not have thee back again to meet
The wrong which drowned thy life in miseries,
'Reft thee of all for which our poor heart sighs,
And left thee naught but thy soul pure and sweet.
Thine eyes look now o'er all God's universe,
The meaning of life's pain is known at last;
And I, who stand here waiting, feel the curse
Of pain slip from me now thy pain is past.
I look up smiling. Thou hast borne the worse.
Safe in His tender hand God holds thee fast!

KATE MELLERSH.



THIRTY-THREE YEARS' HARD LABOUR AT WESTMINSTER.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

PART I.



HIRTY-THREE years ago, when I took my seat in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons as director of the staff of a great morning newspaper, Mr Gladstone was Prime

Minister, Mr Lowe Chancellor of the Etchequer, Mr Bruce (afterwards Lord Aberdare) Home Secretary, Earl Granville Foreign Secretary, Lord Kimberley Colonial Secretary, Mr Cardwell War Minister, the Duke of Argyll Secretary of State for India, Mr Childers First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Robert Collier Attorney-General, Sir John Coleridge Solicitor-General, Lord Dufferin Chancellor of the Duchy. All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. Of the members of the First Gladstone Administration still with us are Lord Lansdowne, who, commencing official life as Junior Lord of the Treasury in a Liberal Administration, lived to succeed Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office and to lead the majority in the House of Lords; the Duke of Devonshire, who, as Lord Hartington, was Chief Secretary for Ireland; Mr Goschen, a Liberal President of the Poor Law Bard, who within a score of years bloomed into the fullness of a Unionist Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Mr Arthur Peel, who proved one of the best Speakers the House of Commons has known, and to-

day lives in honoured retirement as Viscount Peel. Gladstone was in his sixty-fourth year, but as at as mental and physical activity were concerned in the very prime of life. Two years later, smitten at the poll with heavy hand, he suddenly convinced himself that he was advanced in years and had sarned the guerdon of rest. 'At sixty-five,' he wrote to 'my dear Granville' immediately after the rout of the Liberals at the General Election of 1874, after forty-two years of a laborious public life, I think myself entitled to retire on the first opportunity; Gladstone had in remarkable measure the comforting gift of convincing himself of the scenacy of any view of current events he might

take at a particular moment. If they diametrically differed from others expressed at earlier epochs, what matter? He was dealing with to-day, not the day before yesterday. When he uttered this wail for rest he really meant he had done with political affairs and might now devote himself to the affairs of the Vatican, varied by more leisurely study of Homer.

Soon he discovered his mistake. His manner of rectifying it was a little bit of comedy delightful to watch. Through the opening session of the Disraelian Parliament he studiously absented himself, leaving the conduct of the business of the Opposition in commission. Shortly after Lord Hartington accepted the thankless post of Leader, he began furtively to reappear on the familiar scene. As the session lengthened the old passion awakened in his breast. With increasing force he felt himself drawn back into the vortex of parliamentary life. That, however, would never do. Had he not publicly announced his retirement, and was not his seat opposite the brass-bound box filled by another? The temptation was irresistible, and he felt himself yielding to it. This he did with characteristic subtlety. When he looked in on debate he assumed a casual air unconsciously founded upon remote study of Paul Pry, indicating hope that he did not intrude. Also like Paul Pry, he went the length of carrying an umbrella under his arm when he emerged from behind the Speaker's chair, an incident unparalleled in the career of an ex-Minister. Its meaning was clear to the seeing eye. When he left home nothing was farther from his thoughts than resumption of attendance on sittings of the House of Commons. As he strolled down Parliament Street, meaning to take the air of the silver Thames as it swept by the Embankment, his eye fell upon the lofty structure of the Houses of Parliament.

'Hallo!' said Mr Wemmick, taking a morning walk with Miss Skiffins on his arm, 'here's a church. Let's go in and get married.'

Readers of Great Expectations will remember how JANUARY 12, 1907. [All Rights Reserved.]

the great strategy of Mr Wemmick's life was an attitude of unpreparedness for ordered events, an air of surprise at the development of a deliberately arranged sequence. That, of course, was not Gladstone's mental habitude; but we can imagine him on this particular occasion saying to himself, 'Hallo! here's the House of Commons. Let's go in and see what they are doing.' Entering, he kept up appearances by sitting at the remote end of the bench, the humble place of ex-Under-Secretaries. In further evidence of the casualness of his call, he put on his hat when he sat down, crossed gloved hands over the handle of his umbrella, and looked round the House with the glow of pleased interest seen on the faces of strangers in the Gallery making their first acquaintance with the historic scene.

Of course this did not last long. The glamour of the House of Commons reasserted its power over the man who in youth and manhood splendidly added to it. The cry of hapless Bulgaria, trampled on by the Turk, acted as a trumpet-call upon the veteran who had laboriously convinced himself that his helmet was now a hive for bees. When he came down to the House of Commons the umbrella, which added a touch of farce to the situation by slightly gampish appearance, was left in the stand. His head was bared. He literally took off his gloves and 'went for' a Government that looked on unconcerned at the massacres at Sofia, a Premier who characterised narrative of the atrocities as 'coffee-house babble,'

The House of Commons not being large enough or sufficiently crowded for the work he had in hand, he supplemented effort there by transferring the scene of battle to Midlothian. It chanced that, these historic campaigns taking place in the parliamentary recess, I had the opportunity of accompanying him throughout the series ending in a victory that toppled over an apparently impregnable Ministry. Wonderful in the House of Commons, he was marvellous in Midlothian. Four years had been added to the span of his life since he almost whimpered his cry for rest in the ear of Lord Granville. Again on the war-path, he fought with an energy that occasionally approached the confines of ferocity. The answering wave of popular enthusiasm rising in Midlothian whelmed the country, sweeping away the astonished Conservatives, apparently establishing the Liberals in power for at least a generation. How that appearance proved misleading, and what part Gladstone played in the debacle of 1886, is, as Rudyard Kipling used to say, another story.

Never in public life in either hemisphere were there confronted two men more diametrically opposed in manner and mode of thought than Disraeli and Gladstone. They had only one thing in common—genius. To each the other was an interesting, inexplicable puzzle. Here again there was difference in their method of contemplation. Gladstone, with his untamable energy, his rich verbosity, his susceptibility to religious and moral influences, rather amused Dizzy. When in fine

frenzy rolling, whether championing the rights of nationalities or the privilege of minorities, Dizzy, seated on the other side of the table, regarded him through his eyeglass with the air of one studying some strange animal recently imported. Gladstone was much more definite in his views about Disraeli. He rarely spoke or wrote of him in private relations. When he did there was only futile attempt to disguise his conviction that Dizzy was sorely lacking in principle.

When I first saw Disraeli in the House of Commons he was seated on the Front Opposition Bench, silent, sphinx-like. He was in disgrace at the time with his own party, having disappointed their hopes by declining office when proffered him by the Queen after Gladstone's defeat in 1873 on the Irish University Bill. His prescience was abundantly justified when, a few months later, a General Election gave him a majority that for the first time in an already long career placed him in power as well as in office. It was after that epoch that the Disraeli known to the last generation, the statesman who will live in history among British Prime Ministers, came to birth. Hitherto, through a turbulent life, he had a dual battle to fight. There were his political adversaries in the Liberal camp; his worst, most dangerous, foes were those of his own household. For more than thirty years he had been suspect, an undesirable alien among the Tory party, to which he, after due consideration, finally decided to attach himself. His supreme gifts made him indispensable to them. None the less they distrusted and disliked him.

Even after he came into his own, Prime Minister and Leader of a party he, as he boasted, had educated, there was evidence in the House of Commons of the old, deeply rooted feeling. It was manifested by two typical Tories, George Bentinck (known as 'Big Ben' to distinguish him from Cavendish Bentinck, a kinsman of lesser stature) and Beresford Hope, uncle of the then unknown Arthur James Balfour. Hope was founder of the Saturday Review, proprietor through its palmy days, which were chiefly devoted to attacking Dizzy. To hail him as 'that glorious Jew' in rhymed description of a ministerial dinnerparty given by him on his accession to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer was, by reason of the adjective, complimentary as compared with what readers of the Saturday were taught to expect. Dizzy retorted by reference to Beresford Hope's 'Batavian grace.' This perfect Disraelian phrase can be fully enjoyed only by those who had personal knowledge of Beresford Hope. Of Dutch descent, he preserved the somewhat ungainly stumpiness of figure common to his forebears. His manner of addressing the House was thoughtfully elaborate, his phrases being drawn out in fashion suggestive of the finally successful operation of a corkscrew upon a stubborn cork.

Dizzy grew almost mellow in the sunshine of late, unexpected prosperity. Not comparable with Gladstone as a debater, certainly not as an orator, he was infinitely his superior as Leader of the House of Commons. Gladstone walked about lobby and corridor with his head in the clouds, not seeing as his way faithful followers whose loyalty would have been strengthened by a nod, a smile, or a friendly word. He did not mean to be offensive. In this habit he was so in more than one well-known instance, greatly to the detriment of his cause and his Government. In social life the most courteous of men, when actually engaged in the service of the State he had no time or thought for small personal matters. Disraeli had, and greatly profited by their culture.

Lord Rowton, long time his private secretary,

told me his chief utilised what otherwise might have been wasted moments in the Division Lobby by soldering any little cracks apparent in the Ministerial ones. If the Whips notified to him sign of revolt in a particular quarter, the Premier, watching the throng pass through the Division Lobby, would nod recognition to the discontented member, engage him in conversation whilst the Lobby emptied, and, if the case were at all threatening, link arms and lead him on to the wicket where the tellers stand. 'I Dever, said Lord Rowton, knew of a brooding autiny come to a head after the Chief had walked out of the Lobby arm-in-arm with the leading spirit. Nor did Disraeli limit his blandishments to his own party. I have personal knowledge of two captures made from the enemy's camp. One was Joseph Cowen, a man of letters, one of the few autral orators heard at Westminster in modern umes. A Radical of extreme type, whose sympathies reat out to struggling nationalities wherever they were in revolt against tyranny, Cowen naturally ranged himself on the side of Gladstone when, in is the Liberal Premier asked for renewal of office. As a youth he had met the great statesman at the house of his father during the campaign of 1888. His newspaper, one of the most influential m the north of England, helped to keep Northumberhand faithful to the Liberal flag when all around dioriresses were falling. Returned in 1874 to repreen; his native town, remembering former acquaintthe with his father's guest, Cowen, on entering the House, naturally expected some recognition from is reacrated Leader. Gladstone, coming upon him in the Lobby, passed him without a sign. It was a mail event, but recollection of it rankled. Dizzy Layor may not have heard of it. He certainly was t pains to make the acquaintance of the member is Newcastle, and succeeded in turning what might are been a faithful follower of the Liberal Leader it in exceedingly embarrassing adversary.

The other true story shows Dizzy in his seriocair mood. In the Parliament of 1874-80 there
ra 1 pompous, preposterous little Irish member
town as Dr O'Leary. When the Premier was
cadeting through the House the Imperial Titles
axing through the House the Imperial Titles
axing through the House the Imperial Saling
through transformed his Queen into Empress, he
said every serve to add extraneous votes to the
satel Ministerial majority. The Irish members
tre, in accordance with traditional habit, 'ag'in'

the Ministry.' But the question was not one that directly affected Ireland. By taking thought, he might seduce one or two into the Ministerial Lobby. His eye falling on Dr O'Leary, he with quick intuition saw his chance. On the critical eve of the second reading of the Bill he came upon the Doctor strolling down the corridor on his way to the Tea-Room. Overtaking him, he laid a hand on his shoulder with friendly pressure and exclaimed, 'My dear Doctor, how you remind me of my old friend Tom Moore! As I walked behind you just now the resemblance was startling.' That won the trick. The member for Drogheda voted for the Government on the Royal Titles Bill.

John Bright had temporarily retired from parliamentary life when I entered upon it. He came back in 1874. But he was never more the man whose oratory charmed and convinced the House during the prolonged struggle round the standard of parliamentary reform. He did not through the first session of the Disraelian Parliament break the silence of many years. He was content to sit at the lower end of the bench in companionship with Gladstone on his fitful appearances. His interposition in parliamentary affairs on coming back to the old scene was characteristic. Kenealy, returned as member for Stoke-on-Trent on the crest of the strange wave of public enthusiasm which lifted high the champion of the Claimant to the Tichborne estates, presented himself to take the oath and his seat. In accordance with the Standing Orders, it is necessary for a member coming up after a by-election to be introduced by two others. Whalley, the eccentric member for Peterborough, was ready with his services. But no other would associate himself with the advocate of Arthur Orton, the slanderer of his Judges. Help came from an unexpected quarter. John Bright, rising from the Front Opposition Bench, said that out of deference to the will of the large constituency who had elected Kenealy he would himself, if the hon. member accepted his companionship, be glad to walk with him to the table. So, between the great Tribune and the half-crazy member for Peterborough, Kenealy, hat in one hand, a stout umbrella in the other, walked up to the table and took the oath.

Among several fables to which in the wantonness of youth I gave birth was one which appeared at the time in a parliamentary sketch that had wide vogue in the World, then recently founded by Edmund Yates, to the effect that whilst Kenealy took the oath he hung his umbrella by its generous crook on the neck of the Mace. The story became part of accepted parliamentary history. The prosaic fact is that, when he reached forth his hand to take the form of oath handed him by the clerk, Kenealy leaned his gingham against the table on which the Mace reposed. I excuse myself with the reflection that it is not every flight of fancy that has even that substratum of fact.

It was noticed that when Bright unexpectedly

interposed in the Kenealy affair he was as confused as a young member making his maiden speech. He, the great master of phraseology, halted and stumbled among the words that forced themselves through his lips. For a moment there seemed danger of his utterly breaking down. He never quite got over this kind of paralysis through the remainder of his parliamentary second life. On a night in June, in the session of 1877, I observed him seated on the Front Opposition Bench hour after hour. The subject was a proposal to abolish capital punishment. He evidently intended to speak, and of course might have chosen his own time. He missed chance after chance, deferring his rising till after midnight, when the debate was about to collapse. Chancing to meet him at dinner the next night, I made some remark about his delayed interposition. He told me that there had come back upon him the species of stage fright that possesses all new members on first addressing the House.

Even Mr Gladstone was in his time subject to this influence. This would be incredible to observers of his later manner were it not affirmed by his own testimony. In his diary of his second session he records how, preparatory to making a speech, he silently 'offered earnest prayer for Divine assistance.' Returning after long absence imposed by broken health, Bright frequently, as in this debate on the abolition of capital punishment, came down prepared to take part in the discussion. When a favourable moment arrived, the Speaker turning a friendly eye upon him and pausing a moment in expectation of his rising, he was possessed by a shiver of apprehension. While he hesitated the chance passed. Once on his feet facing the familiar scene, cheered by welcoming voices, trepidation vanished. He was as calm, apparently as strong, as of yore, equally selfpossessed, and commanding his audience.

Another parliamentary star whose lustre was dimmed when I came under its influence was Robert Lowe. Like Bright, he reached his fullest height in the storm and stress of Reform Bill debate. But there was for some years sufficient left to make him an intellectual delight. He had more than one physical shortcoming that would have barred the pathway of success to a man of less supreme capacity. He had a harsh voice,

faulty enunciation, eyesight so dimmed that when consulting his notes he had to hold them so close to his face as to obscure them. His speech sparkled with wit, the flashes being sometimes dimmed by the shamefaced hurry with which they were produced. Across the waste of thirty-two years I recall one example of Lowe's ready wit. The House was discussing an Endowed Schools Bill. Lord Sandon, joining in the controversy, delivered a bitter speech aimed at the Endowed Schools Commissioner. Before sitting down, it occurring to him that he might have gone too far in assault on constituted authority, he remarked that he had 'carefully fenced himself' against being understood to pass unfriendly criticism upon the commissioner. Lowe, following, quoted the remark with the commentary, 'There has been in the noble lord's speech much more of railing than of fencing.'

Lowe's last appearance on the parliamentary stage was one of the most tragic episodes played upon it. In the spring of 1879 the Liberal Opposition in both Houses plucked up courage to move a vote of censure on the Government. On the third day of the debate Lowe interposed, and the House filled in anticipation of an intellectual treat. For twenty minutes he spoke with his usual felicity, his accustomed command over his audience. Citation of extracts from the Blue Books at this stage becoming necessary to his argument, he took up a bundle of notes placed on the brass-bound box at the opening of his speech. Sheet after sheet of the manuscript was held within an inch of his eyebrows. None was the one he wanted. Failing to find the quotation, he lamely attempted to quote its substance. A few minutes later reference to his notes again became necessary. Amid sympathetic cheers from both sides he nervously searched among the hopeless conglomeration. He could not find the note he sought, and after a painful pause abruptly resumed his seat. He never again spoke in a chamber still filled with the echo of many brilliant triumphs. In the following year, the Liberals coming into office, he meekly sought sanctuary in the House of Lords, where, till death finally sealed his lips, he sat mute, disguised as Lord Sherbrooke.

(To be concluded.)

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER VIII.



HE lines about the corner of Craggs's mouth relaxed for a moment. Angela would have felt less dignified if she had only known how completely and thoroughly the old man read her.

'The gift of humour is one of God's good things,' Craggs remarked sententiously.
'It came to me somewhere about the first time I

had a few words with my old missis. Perhaps that's why we lived so happily together. It is a funny thing that old Craggs should be fighting the squire and getting the best of him. It's a queer thing that indirectly I am making the squire's fortune in spite of himself. But we need not go into that. If I can see the hospital on a proper footing that's all I care for.'

Angels turned and walked in the direction of the gate. She was filled with a strong idea that Craggs had had all the best of the argument. And it would have been a dreadful thing for all those poor people to go to the workhouse. The exodus would have been reflected on the Castleraynes. Angela looked thoughtfully at the picturesque building, with its brown-and-golden face, the lattice windows, and the fruit-trees in the garden beyond. There was quite a picturesque flavour about the hospital -it had been a feature of the landscape to point out to visitors with some pride. Here in this fair haven of rest the doyens of the clan lived out the evening of their lives, secure in the bounty of a powerful chief. Thus Angela had always regarded it. Craggs had been pleased to put a different isce on it altogether, and Cragge's speech had not leen couched in the language of diplomacy. In the highly coloured metaphor of the day, he had rabbed it in.

'And every word of it true,' May declared as the gris went down the winding path together. 'It would be a shameful thing if anything happened to these people. Well, I won't pursue the subject any further. Let us go home and have some tea-that is providing the grocer has sent it. He intimated in a letter to-day that he must decline further credit unless he has a cheque on account. Oh, how sch and tired I am of it all! I should be far happier behind the counter of a shop !'

Tea was ready laid in the dim, oak-panelled hall where the family portraits hung. Perhaps the andid soul of the grocer had relaxed, for the tea we there fresh and strong, and Aunt Gertrude at by the side of the table. No message had come ion York, though by this time doubtless the court had risen. The cosy meal was despatched, the daylight began to fade, and the lamps appeared, and yet no message from York. It was a little before dinner-time when the head of the house returned.

"We quite expected a telegram from you, father," ingels said reproachfully.

dare say it would have been better,' Mr Carderayne admitted candidly. 'Fact is, I went with Brownlow to see some horses that he had been oring and forgot all about it. A pair of dark ars, Angela, dirt cheap at four hundred guineas.

Varseyes twinkled. All this was so like her father. Angela flushed angrily. It was very unfortime; but she lacked the saving grace which had found in the early days of his married the she laid her hand on Mr Castlerayne's shalder; the pressure of her fingers was warmer than was absolutely necessary.

We have spent a miserably anxious day,' she ail I have been most restless and unhappy. and all ron can talk about is Mr Brownlow's new horses! How did the case go on ?'

Bless me, there is the dinner-bell!' Mr Castlehrae exclaimed, and I am not dressed yet. I'll you all about it after the servants have put the duar on the table. Tell Williams that I shall

want a bottle of the claret—the claret, mind. And let him be more careful'-

The rest of the speech was lost in the gloom of the corridor.

The dinner dragged slowly along from the soup to the grouse and the entrée, and the sweets afterwards. There were the ruddy, lovely peaches, the blooming grapes, the claret warmed to a nicety and poured from the cup given to the last profligate Castlerayne by George the Fourth. To use simple words, Rayne Castlerayne calculated that that jug had cost half a million of money. There are times when the favour of a monarch proves expensive.

'Well,' Angela asked as the door closed behind

the butler, 'tell us what happened.'

'How impatient the girl is!' Mr Castlerayne protested. 'Gertrude, the grouse had not been hung quite long enough. Oh, the action? Craggs was quite right. Indeed, I was told yesterday morning that I had a poor case. I was advised then that it would be better to withdraw, and save a hundred or two in lawyers' fees, but I refused. Couldn't give in like that, you know. Most tiresome case all along. Those fellows talked and argued until I didn't quite understand whether I was plaintiff or defendant. But the judge held that the hospitallers had a vested interest in the Common, and that they had the right to use it for their benefit, provided that they don't sell it, or dig for minerals, or anything of that kind. Very annoying; but at any rate nobody can blame me for the hotel that is going to be erected on the Common. Not that I've done with Craggs yet by any means. I shall certainly take the case to the Court of Appeal.'

'But that will want a deal of money,' May protested. 'How much do you think has been spent already in this action? But I suppose you have no idea.'

Mr Castlerayne poured himself out another glass of claret with a judicial air. As he sat there, well groomed, smart, debonnaire, he did not in the least resemble the bankrupt that he really was. He was surrounded with every luxury, with the reflected refulgence of absolute prosperity; in short, he was the head of the Castleraynes. There was something like a frown on his face as he turned to May.

'My dear child, you pay a poor compliment to my intelligence,' he said. 'It is not to be supposed that I have gone into the unfortunate action with my eyes shut. I gathered from my lawyers to-day what has been expended up to now.'

'Was that after you had broached the question of an appeal?' May asked.

'Well, yes. I am bound to admit that it was. I told Summers that I could not possibly allow matters to end in this unsatisfactory verdict. He reminded me that from first to last I had incurred a responsibility of some fifteen hundred pounds.'

'Every penny of which you will have to pay,'

May suggested.

'That, I understand, is the position. I either pay

up, or I appeal. If I appeal and win there is an end of the matter.'

'And if you appeal and lose,' May asked, 'what will happen in that case, dad?'

Mr Castlerayne declined to discuss the matter further. He had quite made up his mind what to do, and as head of the family he could not tolerate any interference. Furthermore, he wanted to know if anybody had seen his cigar-case. He had no feeling of animosity against Craggs, though he confessed that he was a little ashamed at the fellow's ingratitude.

May had a mind to ask where the ingratitude came in, but she wisely refrained.

'There is only one thing I should like to know,' she said as she rose from the table. 'It is quite useless to talk about an appeal. Mr Summers will refuse to do anything of the kind till you have some security for his expenses. What I should like to know is where the fifteen hundred pounds is coming from. Seeing that we are not in a position to pay for the necessaries of life—such as grouse, and brown trout, and the like—where is this big sum coming from? I ask this because I should like to know how soon it will be necessary for me to get something to do.'

Mr Castlerayne frowned at his claret-glass. He saw some parallel between himself and King Lear. He was pained to find that his every action did not meet with the entire approval of his family. Doubtless the money would come from somewhere. Summers was a clever fellow, and he could devise some scheme. That was what lawyers were paid for. Meanwhile, he would like to know what had become of that day's Times.

'He's absolutely hopeless,' May sighed as she took a seat in the drawing-room. 'He is quite as unreasonable as any child. Aunt, what are you crying about?'

Two large tears gathered in Aunt Gertrude's eyes and rolled down upon her knitting. She looked like a guilty child about voluminously to confess to some fault.

'It's so dreadful, May,' she sobbed. 'I'm glad Angela is not here. Angela is so hard at times. She never seems to feel anything.'

'Oh yes, she does,' May said. 'She has gone to bed. Whenever Angela goes to bed early it is to have a good cry. She is at the present moment weeping on her lonely pillow. And now, what are you blaming yourself about, you dear old thing?'

'I'm blaming myself, May. It is all my doing. I gave Craggs nearly all I possessed to fight this case. I could see that we could not last very much longer. I could see that everything would have to go. It was only by drawing on my savings

that I kept certain creditors from taking serious steps. But it was the future of the hospital that troubled me, May. I could not sleep at nights for thinking of it. There was a plain and sacred duty before me. It would have been such a mean and despicable thing to let those people go to the workhouse. And yet I could not possibly see how to avoid it. And then when things got to the very worst, when Craggs discovered that it was I who was keeping up the funds of the hospital, he told me what he had discovered years before: that the hospitallers had a vested right in the Common. That was after the hotel scheme was mooted. I knew that in ordinary circumstances your father would never consent to the project, and saw in it rent enough from the hotel to save the hospital. But Craggs had no money. Oh, if you only knew how I was torn and distracted! I prayed for guidance. I could only see a way whereby I should be guilty of treachery to my own flesh and blood, and yet not to do something would have been more wicked and unworthy. So, in the end, I gave Craggs that money. And in my heart of hearts I am glad that I did so. I am glad that I acted so. I could not possibly go on like this much longer, May.'

'Of course we can't,' May cried. She rose to her feet and paced up and down the room. 'I can see quite plainly what is going to happen. The largest sums of money are represented by lawyers' costs. They will not spare dad as his poor creditors do. They will compel us to sell this house and all the family treasures. We ought to have done it ourselves years ago, and retired to Hardborough as the Montagues did. Those Romneys and Reynolds and Raeburns would fetch a small fortune, to say nothing of the silver and the Empire furniture. And then we can go about with our heads in the air and boast about our ancestry with a feeling that we are not taking the bread out of the mouths of other people. We will take a little of the surplus and open a shop in Hardborough, and sell a few hundred bales of that knitting that you have been engaged upon for the last half-century. I am going to write to Mr Warrener and ask him to come down to-morrow.'

Aunt Gertrude blushed and looked a little uneasy. May laughed, though there were tears in her voice all the time she had been speaking.

'Confess it,' she said. 'You have done something wrong. Naughty child! what have you been doing?'

'It's Clifford Warrener,' Aunt Gertrude whispered.
'I—I have written to him myself, and he has promised me to come and see us on Saturday.'

(To be continued.)



FRENCH AND BRITISH COLONIAL METHODS.

By HERMANN G. HARRIS, B.A.



FEW years ago I was on my way to Egypt, sailing from Marseilles by the 'Messageries' steamer, when I happened to share a cabin with a French gentleman who was being

sent out by his Government on a tour of inspection of British colonies. His instructions were to visit Egypt, India, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, and then report on our methods of colonial administration, no doubt with the hope of thereby increasing the success of French colonies.

It was an eloquent though silent tribute to the marvellous results that have followed British rule in any part of the globe, which are deservedly the envy and admiration of other nations. It set me thinking: 'Have not the French something to teach us in such matters, and would it be worth the while of our Colonial Office to despatch a representative with a similar mission to the foreign possessions of France?'

I could not easily rid myself of this thought. I had been born in India, where my father held a high position in the Indian Civil Service; and after competing my education in England I had spent some years in the French colonies of Tunis and Algria, where extensive journeys had brought me in contact with the natives, whose language I had soquired, and into whose life and thought I had obtained considerable insight. They had told me in confidence things that they would have confided to none but an Englishman.

Several times when travelling with my tents and camels in the outlying parts of these provinces I was risited by Arabs of good position, and after the castomary interchange of civilities, the eager request was urged upon me that I might obtain for my taken the rights of British citizenship. Keen was its disappointment my guests felt when I had rectully to inform them that money alone could be secre that privilege.

In this and similar ways I was permitted to set behind the scenes, sometimes as host and nore often as guest of Arabs of some education and standing. I never found any of them satisfied with French rule. They accepted the inevitable with true Moslem resignation outwardly, though all chaing within at the yoke of an 'infidel' power.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that my akin companion's mission set me thinking, and that during the next four years that I spent in Egypt I made many a mental note as to the differences in pirit, methods, and results between the colonial siministration of these two great friendly powers.

I am well aware that for political reasons the Foreign Office still maintains the polite fiction that

Egypt is not a British colony; but it is such notwithstanding for all practical purposes, though the existence of the mixed tribunals and other rights granted to certain foreign countries under the 'capitulations,' as well as the jealousy of some of the foreign Commissioners of the Egyptian Debt, has hampered considerably our development of the country. These considerations only serve to bring out in stronger relief the success of our administration and the marked progress that may fairly be attributed to British influence, energy, and wisdom.

Now, it is noteworthy that the British have been supreme in Egypt since 1882, and the French in Tunis since 1881. What results can each show for a quarter of a century, and to what are these results to be attributed?

Firstly, the great mass of the people seem to be far more contented under British rule than under French, and in northern Nigeria there has been considerable emigration from the French and German spheres into the British ever since our rule was firmly established. This shows that there must be some marked characteristic of British rule that the native mind appreciates. What is it? I believe it is that there is less of a gulf between the native and the Englishman than exists between the native and the official of any other nation, as the following considerations indicate. The Englishman is more ready to trust the native, and nothing wins the confidence of children or of natives like making them feel that you trust them. Probably the Englishman has a quicker insight or intuition of the native's character, recognising good qualities where they exist sooner than a Frenchman would, and then he honours the possessor of them and treats him as a man and in some sort as an equal. This always has an inspiring effect, and begets reciprocal trust and satisfaction. The officials that make a Government unpopular are those who sneer at every man whose skin is a shade darker than their own as a 'nigger,' and who maintain that the 'touch of the tar-brush' makes it impossible to treat him as anything but an inferior being, as if the worth of character under a dark skin could never equal that under a white one. Now, it is this assumption of superiority, the haughty tone, that keeps the native at arm's-length, and constantly reminds him that you consider yourself to be on a higher level than he; this, I think-which happily is the exception with the British official-is the rule with the French. Unfortunately, the exceptions that occur are so pronounced and blatant that they do us a great deal of harm; but, in spite of these, the native subjects of the British Empire recognise on the whole that they are fairly and kindly dealt with by men who do their best to come down to the level of the natives and to appreciate all that is good in them.

As only one symptom of this spirit, notice that the French military men never wear mufti in the colonies. The officer is always in evidence in his uniform, as a constant reminder of the power of the sword by which the country has been subdued; whereas the British officer constantly wears civilian dress.

Again, we content ourselves with holding strongly a few strategic points, but French military posts are legion. Travelling on the southern slopes of the Atlas Mountains, hundreds of miles from anywhere, you arrive at a little native village-for example, Negrin, a few score mud-houses, a cluster of palm-trees, and a stream of water. You expect to be quite undisturbed by Europeans; but no, there are the inevitable blockhouses; and presently a French soldier comes to you to say the commandant wants to see you. The latter turns out to be a young French subaltern, who with half-adozen men swaggers as a petty king in the little village. Nothing like this exists under British rule, where every possible post is filled by Thus, in Egypt, in every small town or village such appointments as officials of postoffices, telegraphs, and railway stations are all filled by natives; whereas in Tunis and Algeria all such petty places are occupied by Frenchmen, eking out their existence on a trifling sum, it is true, to a European, but one which would be a big salary to a native, and go further to make him satisfied with French rule than anything else that could be done. The French seem to look upon a colony as a sort of dumping-ground for small officials of customs, excise, telegraphs, post-offices, and every other grade; whereas the British seem to make it a rule to employ native agency as far as possible for such work, the latter only needing to be occasionally looked after by a European district inspector.

As regards commerce, again, France has been playing a selfish game by her protective tariff; but it has really injured her colony more than it has benefited France, since the colonists as well as natives,

owing to the tariff, have not been able to buy the best goods in any market, or even to supply themselves sometimes with the materials required for their own manufactures or domestic use.

Again, France has been far more slow than Britain to develop the natural wealth and the mineral resources of her possessions. For instance, the minerals of Tunis are as yet barely touched, yet as an asset they are quite as valuable as the agricultural produce of the Nile valley. It is calculated by experts that the iron-mines of Tunis alone would yield forty million tons of ore giving fully 50 per cent. of iron. But the French Government have been very chary in spending any capital on the development of such sources of wealth, while the British, by contrast, have not hesitated to sink millions of pounds on the great dams at Luxor and Assiout, which have added tremendously to the agricultural wealth of Egypt.

One or two things, in drawing to a close, we must credit France with doing better than the British—namely, general sanitary administration, and enforcing a proper standard of weights and measures, with due inspection of the same. In these respects Egypt lags far behind Tunis and Algeria.

And, lastly, if we contrast the great Custom-House at Alexandria with that at Tunis, the comparison is all in favour of the latter. At Tunis only two officials need to sign the manifesto enabling a merchant to obtain his goods in halfan-hour at most, often in fifteen minutes; but at Alexandria you have to dance in attendance on no less than thirteen native officials in as many different bureaus, several of whom take care to keep you waiting if you happen to be an Englishman, for they must have a cigarette between It reminded me strongly of Turkish whiles. custom-houses, only there one expected to pay the backsheesh, and did not grumble; but under British rule one could not do so for the honour of the flag, and had to spend one's precious time in vain wondering whether ever we in Egypt should take a lesson from the French in this respect that would bring blessing to every traveller and trader in the land of the Nile.

SLIOCH'S TREASURE.

CHAPTER II.



OMMANDER HARDY turned from the disappearing wagonette to a prolonged contemplation of the sky, and finally, with a baffled look on his face, adjourned to the library.

His uneasiness about the weather was then for a time displaced by an energetic attempt to reduce his arrears of correspondence, and nearly an hour had elapsed when a sudden darkening of the room brought his pen to an abrupt stop, and in a twinkling he was at the door. A glance

indicated to his experienced eye the imminence of some great change, and anxiously he sought the barometer in the hall. It had fallen considerably; the mercury was markedly concave, and he fancied that even as he looked it seemed to shrink in the tube. Mrs Benbow joined him as he stood staring at the glass, and turned with him to the door. Not a word was spoken as they gazed at Ben Beannach. As yet high above it, a tremendous mass of darkly lurid cloud was driving with immeasurable swiftness straight over its top. Short, sharp puffs of

wind now and again whirled the gravel about and smote the cheek with a blow like that of a soft pillow. Patches of spoondrift appeared here and there on the loch, and the yacht swerved uneasily with her low to the wind.

'I think you should go indoors,' said Commander Hardy gravely to Mrs Benbow, 'and see that the housemaid closes the abutters of all the windows iacing the north and east. I will signal to the men on the yacht to get up steam. I would go on board, but I don't want to leave you unless it is absolutely necessary.'

On the flagstaff in front of the house Commander Hardy ran up the flags signalling 'Raise steam for full speed,' and waited until the order was acknowledged by those on board. He then entered the house, and having satisfied himself that the shutters to the north and east were securely fastened, he joined Mrs Benbow in the drawing-room and reported what he had done. Little passed between them as Commander Hardy paced up and down the room, stopping every now and then to gaze at the scene outside. For a while the only change was an increase in the number and force of the gusts and a perceptible whitening of the loch about half a cable from the shore. Then suddenly, and with an appalling rush, the wind roared like the burst of ten thousand rockets, and the storm of a hundred years was raging.

When the shock of the first awful blast was over, Commander Hardy left the room to see if any damage had been done to the house. Nothing apparent, had given way; and on his way back to assure Mrs Benbow that all was right so far he locked at the barometer. It had fallen to 27.8! Taking with him a powerful field-glass which hung in the hall, he returned to the drawing-room, and tier reporting his inspection to Mrs Benbow, tent to the window and steadily watched the yacht direct the glass.

By Jove, he suddenly cried, 'she's dragging her achor! Mrs Benbow, I'm sure you are all quite sie here; but the yacht, I fear, is in great danger. There are only two men on board, and they need belp if ever men did. You really must excuse my baying you; and with that he tumbled downstairs. A les geps took him out of the shelter of the house; ai then, in a breath, he found himself, battered and apless, among the boats drawn up close under the let of the big storehouse near the small pier. A since showed him that the yacht's gig was gone; that the fishing boats drawn up on the beach were but too heavy to launch and too large to be anged by one man; so after a second's hesitato he stripped, and running along the pier, was tenlly blown into the water. Now and again as be was buffeted down the loch he caught a glimpse of the Jacht, and marked with satisfaction that though she was still dragging her anchor she was sing atem very slowly, and was exactly to leeward of there he was. His chief difficulty was to get saiches of air amid the swirling foam; but his

enormous lung-capacity stood him in good stead, and as the yacht hung for a moment or two almost stationary he made his effort and managed to seize the cable. Getting his head well out of the lashing spray, he took two or three deep breaths and shouted to the men on board. Again and again he hailed them, but to no purpose; and he was just considering the possibility of climbing up the cable. when the yacht was brought up with a jerk that flung him back into the water. The anchor had evidently caught in something which held it fast. and the men rushed up from the stokehole to the bow to see what had happened. Fortunately, they caught sight of Commander Hardy, and quickly fastening a rope to a life-buoy, threw it to him. A few minutes more and he was standing on the yacht's deck. Without a word of explanation, he roused the half-dazed men to help him to veer the cable. This done, he made for the engine-room, terribly anxious to ascertain how far steam had been raised. The pressure was still far from sufficient, and at all hazards steam must be got up; so, lowering the cask of oil used for the lights into the stokehole, they used it at the risk of their lives, and speedily had the intense satisfaction of being able to start the engines slowly ahead. By acting as stoker in turns they kept the yacht at bay before the storm till, almost as suddenly as it had risen, the wind fell and all immediate danger was at an end.

Commander Hardy now turned to consider the possibility of returning to the head of the loch in order to relieve the anxiety of those there. To weigh anchor was out of the question. One boat had been used to take the crew ashore; the other had been literally blown away by the first onslaught of the wind. To swim ashore was possible for him when fresh, but before he could reach a landing-place from which he might walk to the head of the loch a long swim against the wind and ebbing tide was necessary, and in his exhausted state was not to be thought of. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to remain where they were meantime, and to make such signals as they could which had any chance of being noticed. A flag was run up to the main truck, and rockets were fired at intervals. Half-an-hour passed, during which the gale continued to abate, when round the farther-out point came a large fishingboat filled with men pulling as if in a race. Standing up in the yacht's bow, Commander Hardy waved his handkerchief, a signal at once responded to from the boat, and in a few minutes Captain Corbett and the crew, reinforced by some of the fishermen, boarded the yacht and eagerly congratulated the three on their safety. The fishing-boat was secured by the painter and allowed to drop astern, and all hands started to weigh anchor. It, however, defied every attempt to move it, so at last they alipped and buoyed the cable; and the Senta proceeded for the top of the loch.

CHAPTER IIL

UR road to the church ran nearly at a

right angle with the loch, and during the drive the oppressiveness of the atmosphere somewhat lightened. The stillness of the air gave place to sudden eddying blasts of wind, increasing in frequency and violence as we neared the church, and right glad were we to seek its shelter. The walls and roof of the church were of the most solid old-time construction, and the few small windows shut out the gathering storm with the effectiveness of a ship's scuttles. The service began in solemn stillness, which yet had something of a throbbing unrest about it. By the beginning of the first prayer echoes of the external tumult flitted here and there through the church, and took a deeper and graver note as the darkness deepened and the sough of the winds became more audible. Even as the minister was ending the prayer with 'And now unto Him who is able to keep us from falling,' the storm broke, and the solid walls seemed almost to cower before its awful blast. The minister stopped abruptly, and for a few minutes all stood motionless, appalled. Then, with a voice no longer grave but triumphantly ringing with the certainty of his own soul, he repeated, 'And now unto Him who is able to keep us from falling.' Something of his faith and trust these clarion words awoke in us, and the service proceeded in a spirit of humble but assured devoutness which through many years influenced the lives of us all. Before the lengthened communion service was finished the storm had abated; but it was with hesitating

for us indeed and in truth the Sanctuary of God. Outside, the earth 'deep scars of thunder had entrenched;' but now the wind, weakened and exhausted, only spat impotently. While in church I believe none of us had given a thought as to what might be happening at Eriboll, but with a scene of devastation before us anxiety sharpened us to immediate action. By the Admiral's orders, Captain Corbett and most of the yacht's crew joined us in the wagonette; and a large springcart was filled to its utmost capacity with the fishermen of the village. Swiftly though the willing horses carried us along, the drive seemed interminable, and there was a hearty 'Thank God!' in all our hearts when at last we saw the Admiral's wife standing at the drawing-room window. As we tumbled out of the wagonette she met us at the door, and in a breath we learned of Commander Hardy's disappearance and that the yacht had gone. Some were at once told off to search for him, while the captain with his crew, supplemented by some of the fishermen, launched one of the big fishing-boats and hastened along the now comparatively quiet loch, with the result set down in the previous chapter.

steps that we made for the door of what had been

Monday proved an ideal summer day. The air

felt clean and washed, and it was good to live. All the landsmen save myself set about repairing the damage of the previous day, while I, at my special request, accompanied the Admiral and Commander Hardy down the loch in the yacht for the purpose of attempting to recover the abandoned anchor and cable. On reaching the buoy to which the cable was attached a boat was lowered, and soon the free end of the cable was in the grip of the donkey-engine. All attempts, however, to move the anchor again proved futile, and the captain had reluctantly given orders to slip the cable, when Commander Hardy intervened and proposed that, as we were only in about six fathoms of water, he should be allowed to descend and attempt to find out what the anchor was fast in. He appealed to the Admiral for confirmation of the ease and safety with which he could remain under water for a considerable time, and at last obtained permission to undertake his proposed task. He stripped, a life-line was fastened round his mighty chest, and at his request he was lowered until he rested in the water with his hands grasping the cable. We saw him take one or two long, deep breaths, and then he disappeared below. Nearly two minutes had passed when he bobbed out of the water like a cork, and after a few gasps signalled to be drawn up on board.

'Well, Hardy,' said the Admiral, with a smile, 'I'm sure the men thought you were drowned. Have you discovered anything?'

'Rather!' almost whispered Hardy. 'Give me five minutes to dress, and let us then meet in the cabin.'

Thither we went, and when Commander Hardy joined us the Admiral exclaimed, 'Come on now, Hardy, out with your discovery! Is the anchor fast in a crab-creel, or has a limpet belayed the cable?'

Captain Corbett smiled grimly, but Hardy gravely said, 'Admiral, the anchor is fast in a submerged wreck, and that wreck, if I am not very much mistaken, was once old Slioch's yawl.'

He paused, looking at us; and the Admiral said lightly, 'We must just slip the cable, then, I suppose; but if that is all, why this mysterious consultation in the cabin?'

'Yes, that is all I found out. But surely you see the importance of the discovery if I am correct in thinking we have found where the yawl is sunk.'

The Admiral and I looked puzzled, but Captain Corbett started to his feet with what I have no doubt was a Gaelic oath, and suddenly lowering his voice, hoarsely whispered, 'Then we may find the treasure yet.'

'Yes, Admiral,' said Hardy, 'that is what I mean. You remember that the man who is said to have been old Malcolm's father was the only one of Slioch's crew who escaped when the yawl was destroyed, that for a year or so afterwards he was reputed to have been rich far above his station in life, and that he suddenly disappeared at the time

when Malcolm must have been a lad. While it is certain that after the destruction of the yawl he alone knew exactly where the treasure was concealed, it seems equally certain that he never communicated his knowledge to any one who has ever been in this district. But'-and Hardy suphasised the point as he leant across the table-'Malcolm appears to have known at least this: that the hiding-place of the treasure was opposite or nearly opposite the spot where the yawl sank, for before his dotage all his spare time is believed to have been given up to searching for some signs of the wreck, and as his mind grew feeble he is said to have occasionally explained his apparently aimless sailing up and down the loch by saying that if he could only find the wreck he could get the treasure. But be this as it may, two things run through all the traditions of this place—namely, that he who would find the treasure must first find the yawl; and that, though the treasure is to be found on dry land, it can only be reached by swimming.'

'Ay, Admiral,' burst in Captain Corbett, 'that's gespel truth; and if a whisper gets abroad as to the whereabouts of the wreck there will be no more shing this year. Every mother's son will hunt the place like a pressgang. Well is it, Commander Hardy, that you have told us here; though I'm fair leat to think how you can only reach a place on dry land by swimming. Why, there's not an inch of the lochside you can't touch at with a boat!'

Just my difficulty,' added the Admiral.

'Come, now, Hardy, the captain's set you a

nice conundrum. What do you propose to do

'As for the treasure,' responded Hardy, 'I must have time to think. Meantime, I advise that our exact bearings be taken and marked on the chart of the loch, that this be done as unostentatiously as possible, and that we slip and buoy the cable again, and go home with the understanding that not a word is to be said about the subject of our conversation at present, except, of course, to Jack.

'Right!' exclaimed the Admiral.- 'Captain Corbett, take all the men forward to unshackle and make ready to secure the cable, and while they are engaged there Hardy and I can take our bearings without raising any curiosity.'

We accordingly went on deck, where the captain intimated that Commander Hardy reported the anchor too firmly fast to be weighed, and ordered all hands forward to slip the cable. While they were so engaged, the Admiral and Commander Hardy seemed to be aimlessly looking round the yacht, though I saw each as he turned his back to the bow jot down certain notes in pencil. By-and-by the captain came aft to report the cable unshackled. It was then buoyed and slipped, and we returned to Eriboll.

That night in the smoking-room Jack was told of our day's experience, and Captain Corbett's conundrum was guessed at in vain: 'What kind of place can it be which, though situated on dry land, can only be reached by swimming?'

(To be continued.)

WHAT ISMANJAK?

By P. CARMODY, F.I.C., F.C.S., Trinidad.



T the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, held in 1905 at the Crystal Palace, a bulky exhibit of manjak was shown; and it is probable that of over a million visitors only a very small

fraction had ever seen or heard of the substance before. This need not surprise us, or manjak is found only in a few places, and usually a small quantities. The exhibit in question formed art of the mineral section in the Trinidad Court, and was accompanied by its near relations, liquid and solid asphalt, petroleum oils, and lignite. from the neighbouring colony of Barbados manjak his been exported for many years; but the recently dereloped Trinidad mines contain probably the argest deposits of this substance in the world.

In April 1906 manjak, in a state of jelly, was Captered washed up on the shore and rocks at Rubhbele, on the northern coast of Barbados. This, it was thought, might tend to prove that the hanjak mines in this place are probably offshoots lon a large bed somewhere in the Caribbean Sea, valid has a fissure through which this mineral is broad by the subterranean fires that seem to extend beneath the majority of those islands, as it must have taken a heat of considerable magnitude to reduce the mineral to a jellified consistency.

In outward appearance manjak somewhat resembles coal. It is black, brittle, and lustrous. But its composition is very different from that of coal, as the following results show: water, 1 per cent.; bitumen, 89 to 96 per cent.; ash, 4 per cent. Fractionally distilled, it yields: below 150 degrees centigrade 0.5 per cent., from 150 to 300 degrees 21 per cent., illuminating oil; above 300 degrees 18 per cent. lubricating oil and 55 per cent. coke. It softens at about 200 degrees centigrade, and melts at about 220 degrees, and at below 150 degrees it gives off large quantities of inflammable gases.

It is, therefore, closely related to ordinary Trinidad asphalt, and is, indeed, a very pure form of asphalt. Solid asphalt, as found in Trinidad, which is the chief source of the world's supply, usually contains not more than 55 per cent. of bitumen, the remainder consisting of nearly equal proportions of mineral matter and water; but the liquid asphalt is wholly bitumen and oil. It is, therefore, evident that the origin of manjak is this liquid asphalt from which, by natural evaporative processes, the liquid portions have been removed. It appears on the surface of the ground to a very small extent; but these appearances indicate the presence of larger deposits below, and the two mines in Trinidad, which are adjacent to each other, and not more than a dozen miles from the far-famed Pitch Lake, are now being worked to depths of about two hundred feet. The underground deposits, though extensive, are not continuous, but occur in seams like coal, and are worked similarly. The deposits are usually lenticular in shape; and, as might be expected, those found at the lower depths are purer and better than those found near the surface.

The uses for which such a substance as manjak is obviously suitable are electrical insulation, water-proofing cloth or paper, and the manufacture of superior black varnishes. It is said to be used for compositions sold as rubber substitutes; also, as a paving material, but this is extremely unlikely, as it is too pure to be used for such a purpose. Hitherto neither the demand nor the supply has been very great; but the development of these two mines in Trinidad, and the probable existence of other mines, render it likely that this substantial addition to the world's visible supply of manjak will considerably extend its present sphere of utility and stimulate inventors to find new uses for it.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE AMAZON.

By F. B. Forester, Author of My Midnight Visitor, Held to Ransom, &c.



USTRALIA, India, South Africa? Well, yes, I've been over them all; had pretty stiff adventures in most of 'em, too. But I don't know that I ever came in for anything stranger in the way of an adventure than the

one I'm going to tell you about, and it came off in South America, in the forest regions of the Lower Amazon.

I was engaged working for a rubber-dealing company at the time, and the meaning of this was that we had a good many Indians as well as negroes constantly at work tapping the trees for us. Their business, as I take it most people know, was to collect the sap of the rubber-trees (the indiarubber of commerce), and mine was to visit these fellows at their work, keep them up to the mark, and at the same time see that none of our stuff got into the hands of any of the Portuguese traders who were incessantly on the prowl, doing their best to bribe and corrupt our men.

It was a pretty lonely life I led, now I come to think of it, week in and week out; but at the time the thought of its loneliness never struck me. There was something in my nature that seemed to respond to the silence and utter loneliness of the vast forest round me; and in all my solitary journeyings from place to place after our men I was never conscious of anything beyond a sort of awed delight in the utter grandeur and beauty of nature, as seen in the wild places of the earth. However, if I had only known it, I was destined to have a good deal more than I liked of solitude and silence, and that before very long either.

Well, I was on my way from one outlying post to another, one day towards the end of August, when, the rainy season being supposed to be over, the waters had as a rule subsided, and the rubber-collecting time had just begun. But the river was still pretty high, and the sky—all that there was visible of it through the tree-tops, that is to say—had looked so gloomy and threatening ever since

noon that I hardly felt surprised when, towards sundown, a sudden and ominous darkening above gave warning of the approach of a storm. 'In for a tormenta, I suppose,' I muttered to myself, and forthwith set about looking for a spot in which to

escape the coming deluge.

From choice I would not have cared to be benighted in the forest; but there seemed no help for it, and small chance indeed of reaching the camp of Indians to which I was on my way. I knew better than to try it, anyhow. Of wild beasts I had no fear—my revolver safeguarded me on that score; but I had a mortal horror of snakes. And to set my foot upon a hideous rattlesnake in the darkness, or else upon the as deadly jararáca, was a possibility I would willingly have fought shy of. So I decided to camp where I was, under the thickest and densest tree I could find, there to await the coming storm.

I was pretty close to the river, so close that the sound of the water lip-lipping at the banks was in my ears distinctly as I crouched in the shelter I had made by matting the huge, fleshy, heart-shaped leaves of the pothos plant together, and waited for the storm. Of course, in saying river I don't mean the mighty Amazon itself; although one might have been readily pardoned for thinking as much, since the opposite bank of this, a comparatively insignificant tributary, was scarcely visible in the

half-light of the approaching hurricane.

So there I sat and waited until the first moaning shriek of the wind sent the tall trees bending and swaying like reeds before it; the heavy drops pattered through the leaves, and with a howl like that of a legion of demons the tormenta was upon me. An hour later I crept like a drowned rat to the opening of the little cave of leaves I had made for myself, and looked out. The fury of the storm had gone, and the stars were shining. I was pretty wet, of course, but that was nothing new to me in the way of an experience; and of food I had none, having anticipated eating my supper in company with our

rubber-hunters. However, there was no help for that either; and, failing anything better, I crept leck into my lair, resolved to wait there until morning. The spot on which I had crouched during the raging of the storm was at all events dury by comparison, and if I could get some sleep so much the better; and I did sleep, a little too soundly perhaps. It would have been a good deal better for me if I had not sleep at all.

I woke suddenly and with a start, as a man might wake during the progress of an earth-quake shock, conscious that the solid objects around him were moving. For that was how it seemed to me. Not only the trees, but the ground underbeath me, without a shadow of doubt, was in motion. For a minute I was fairly at a loss to understand what was going on. Then, all in a fash, the knowledge came to me. The mass of bashes and dense undergrowth beneath which I had made my lair had during the night, thanks to the incessant sucking and tearing of the river, become dislogded; and it and I with it were sailing down the current at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour.

Just at first I was so thoroughly taken aback by this discovery that I didn't know what to do. As soon as I was capable of taking in facts at all, the conviction struck me that the island, if I could call it that, was bound to go to pieces in a brace of seconds; and I clung for all I was worth to the tree beneath which I had made camp. Whatever might happen to the rest, that couldn't sink, anyhow, and I held to it for dear life. All this time, it must be remembered, dawn had not fairly come yet, and only a faint gray light was visible, enough to show me the swirling waste of waters amid which the uland of tree-roots and fallen trunks that was harbonring me was sailing. But this was a state of things that improved with every moment, and before long it was light enough to let me see clearly. It was not a pleasant prospect. Trees and river, that was about all there was to see; a discoloured rate of angry water sweeping along, and beyond only the impassable barrier of the forest-clothed anks And carried on by the swirling torrent, and fallen trees, and now and then a tangle broken boughs, still held fast together by the stake-like folds of the giant lianas that bound them ha vice-like grip. Last of all, there was my own the island. And in all that waste of water and forest-clothed banks not a boat, not a house, not a on of a living creature to be seen. The world that I looked out on was like the world that one might have looked on during the progress of the

I didn't stop to think much in that vein, though. What concerned me most were the chances that existed of my getting off in safety; and there was no denying that at present these looked remote though. However, there was the almost certainty of the island running aground before long—always apposing that it did not go to pieces first; in

which event, the river being infested with caymans, the chance I would run would be a poor one; and I began to calculate next how long it would be before it did, and whether I might reckon on getting off before I was starved to death. And it was while I was standing on the highest lookout spot I could reach—staring out over the waste of waters in the faint hope of seeing a boat, yet knowing in my heart that the chances were a thousand to one against so much as an Indian's montaria being afloat with the river in flood like that—that I thought I saw something moving close to the brink of the water, at the outermost edge of the island. And after a moment I saw what the object was.

I suppose every one has learned a good deal about South America in these enlightened days; and most people know something by reading or at second hand, if not by actual experience, of the vast forests of Brazil; of the thousands of miles of silent, deep, unknown waterways that traverse its dense, impenetrable solitudes; of the huge, impassable barrier of trees that, rising sheer from the water's edge, shoot up to an almost unknown height into the blue; of the countless leagues of dense network of creepers and lianas, which, sending out long feelers of vivid green, and running-a living carpet-from tree to tree, form a second floor above the roots already embedded in, and the air-roots hanging down towards, mother earth; and of the wealth of animal life inhabiting these dense regions, antathat is to say, tapir-and peccary, jaguar and tigercat, capybara and ant-eater, sloth and armadillo, and monkeys whose name is legion, let alone all the rest, every one has heard since childhood. Birds, too - birds of colours which make the brightest and most gorgeous hues that one can call to mind sink into insignificance as a mere catalogue of names, birds of a resplendent beauty of form and colouring-flit from tree to tree in company with myriads of insects, fit rivals to them in splendour. And then there are the reptiles—ah! for Paradise had its serpent; and though the sun may shine ever so brightly, though the flowers may gleam out in gorgeous beauty to meet his rays, though humming-birds may flash like winged jewels from blossom to blossom, and a myriad insects of hues scarcely less brilliant dance in the sun's rays, still everywhere there crawls the spotted horror, the bearer of death in its most subtle and horrible, sometimes in its most hideous and monstrous, shape.

Ay, there need be little wonder that the story of the giant sloth should not be regarded as a mere myth after all; that the belief, namely, that the giants of earth's early days, the monsters of prehistoric times, wander still in the unknown wilds of Patagonia should have some basis in solid fact. Why not? Stranger things are told than these; stranger still are the legends of the Lamparagua and the yacu mama. I knew little about the Lamparagua—the half-vegetable, half-animal monster believed to haunt the impassable solitudes of the Paraná

River-that, itself said to be capable of movement, seizes and devours the living animals held in its fatal grasp. But I had heard the other legends many a time - they were the common talk of our rubber-hunting Indians-of the gigantic yacu mama, 'the mother of the waters,' the huge, terrible, snaky monster that, as the story has it, lurks in the silent channels and reaches of the Amazon River, believed in so profoundly by the Indians of the district that not a man of them will dare to cross river or lagoon without first sounding a blast on his horn. This, according to his creed, will be unfailingly answered by the monster should it be within hearing, and upon its action depends his own. I knew in what the legend had taken its rise-the living reality of the huge water-serpent, the gigantic sucurujú or anaconda itself. No fiction, but fact, its existence, whatever the rest of the stories may be; and it was with a kind of intuition of the truth that I looked again and more closely at the object that had taken my attention now. And then I saw. No mistake about it, worse luck! There it was at the edge of the island, the huge, snaky

How long it had been there-whether it had only just crawled up out of the water or had lain there all night-there was no knowing. But from the appearance of the skin, wet and shining like a piece of oilcloth, and from the fact that the coils were slightly in motion, I was inclined to think the former. After all, it mattered little. The main point was that the brute was there-on an island barely twelve vards square—and I was there with him. There he lay, the great, shining, speckled heap, just at the edge, beyond the lapping water. the huge mass of him sprawling across the partially submerged logs that formed the island. I fancied I could see them sinking lower and lower in the water with the weight. I could see the tail, twisted fast round the end of a log, its tip dipping in the swirl of water; but all the rest was just a snaky heap, coil on coil, of the great, thick, bloated body. And I-over at the farther side, as far away from the brute as I could get, watching with fascinated eyes-was suddenly conscious of a sense of sick loathing. For if there is any creature on earth of which I have an unutterable horror and disgust, that creature is a snake. Would he be content to lie there inactive until the mood should take him to plunge again into the swirling current, or would he think fit first to explore the limited space on which he at present found himself? And, in the course of that exploration, would he not surely encounter me?

I was not left long in doubt on this score, however. Whatever he might be inclined to do later, he showed no signs of moving at present. He was evidently a great deal too comfortable, and disposed to remain where he was.

This was all very well for him, but for me it promised to be the very reverse. Not being accustomed to take my meals only at intervals of three weeks or so, like my companion, it looked, to begin with—unless unexpected relief should come, and of that there seemed precious little prospect at present—as if a death from slow starvation were staring me in the face, unless, of course, I chose to chance the swim across to the bank; and as the river, I knew, was swarming with caymans, there would be little enough of a show there for me. In the meantime, swept along by the current, my island went sailing on and on merrily, until with a jerk, and in a moment, as it seemed to me, she grounded and came to anchor.

For a few minutes I made no move, expecting that the halt would be only momentary, merely due to the island having caught on some snag or other, and that in a minute at the latest I should find myself sailing tranquilly on again. So I remained in the tree to which I had retreated, some eight feet or so above ground-for it may readily be believed that I didn't care to go any nearer the present company than I could helpand from this post of vantage regarded my surroundings. And then I saw something that made my heart leap suddenly with hope. The bank of the river-the right bank, that is-was still fully a quarter of a mile distant; but straight opposite to where I was moored on my island a long spit, a regular tongue, ran out into the stream, a tangle of brushwood and low-growing trees, but solid ground for all that, and offering, if I could only reach it, escape at all events from the present company. Beyond lay the forest, of course; and as I knew that I must have drifted during the night a good twenty miles down-stream, days of wandering would probably follow before I could hope to get back to my bearings again. However, the river would always serve as a guide; and for the wandering I should not have cared a rap could I only have got on shore. But between the bank and myself there was a great gulf at present fixed, the impassable gulf of the river; and, to add to the general pleasantness of things, I could see that the spit of sand bordering the forest was covered with huge, motionless, log-like shapes—was, in a word, swarming with alligators (caymans, as they are called there). It was a nice lookout!

But things were destined to be even more pleasant. I was still looking towards that far-off spit of solid ground when my attention was caught by a sudden splash and swirl in the brown water alongside, a ripple and wash of the wavelets against the logs, and above the surface was thrust a huge, shapeless head, followed by a log-like length of body. I was going to have another visitor! It might look like a log, but of course it was nothing of the sort. As if it were not bad enough in all conscience to be shut up there with an anaconda, I must have a cayman come to join the party!

I don't suppose it has fallen to the lot of many men to find themselves in a position like that, not only so completely alone in the heart of Nature's fashesses, but actually penned up in a space twelve yards square or thereabouts with a couple of her most terrible children. Naturalists, and possibly some other fellows, might have felt inclined to give a good deal for the privilege, but I didn't feel that way at all. To tell the plain truth, I was getting well-nigh desperate with hunger, and something would have to be done, pretty promptly too. And in the meantime there the two great reptiles lay, as I saw with wrath, on the side nearest to and directly in the way of my getting towards the lank.

I looked down to the lapping water below me—
the tree in which I was perched being over at the
far side of the island—half resolved, in sheer desperation, to risk everything in swimming across;
at then I saw something that knocked that idea
on the head at once and completely. An ominous
ripple in the water close at hand, and then another;
and even as I looked I could see the long, log-like
back, and nearer the small prominence just showing
above the surface, where a cold, cruel eye glared
along the water, watching, waiting, only biding its
time.

That settled it. I don't think I was more of a oward than most men; but the thought of being sized drawn under water, and devoured by one of these lurking brutes was beyond me, somehow. But the sight of the watching monsters riled me so that, without giving a thought to the folly of it, I reached for my revolver, meaning to try the effect of a paol-shot on the owner of the eye. That shot herer came off. I had forgotten the crown-like braches of the tree in which I was perched, rising in a circle round me; and just as I snatched the resolver from its case one of these same boughs caght me smartly on the arm. Splash | punk | ad, like the bubble on the fountain in the poem, that revolver was gone and for ever. And there at I perched in my tree with not a weapon on ne barring my knife, and getting more like a amishing wolf every moment; while below me, on the half-submerged tangle of logs and brushwood that formed the island, the fifteen or twenty feet o carman, and the probable thirty of coiled-up tracenda, slept as unconcernedly as if there had been no such thing as myself in the world.

All at once a thought struck me. To swim across wald, it was clear, be just playing into the hands—just rather—of the caymans lurking under water. But what if I could ferry myself across by means of a feating log?

The more I thought the thing over the more is commended itself to me. I looked at the water drilling past, and told myself that, the island having magnuad, there could be no great depth between it and the river-bank—not too great, anyhow, to study in the way of my poling myself over. There footing on the log and being precipitated into the part of the death waiting for me; besides, I knew well enough that these great brutes had an ugly

trick of bringing their prey within reach by dealing it a blow with their tails. But something would have to be risked. I was not going to stick on that island and starve, nor yet would I spend another night there in the present company. Not if I knew it.

The first thing to be done was to secure a pole and a log. Thanks to the strong, sharp knife at my belt, the first was provided easily enough. And then I looked round for a log. That was not quite so easy to come by. For, to put the thing in a word or two, the only log available—the only one that would serve my purpose at any rate—was the identical one upon which, half in and half out of the water, the sleeping serpent lay. That settled it. I meant to have that log; and, with a bad will or a good one, that great brute had got to be made to move. But how?

Sitting up there in my perch, I reviewed the position; and having come to the conclusion that I was screened completely from view by the foliage of my tree, the long, broad leaves of the wild banana, I began cutting away at the boughs of others within reach until I had got my pockets filled with about thirty or forty little sticks about as long as a clothes-peg, and a good deal thicker and harder. Then, cautiously, without exposing my arm or any more of myself than need be, I set to work vigorously to pelt the sleeping snake. For all the impression I made at first I might as well have pelted a log of wood. But after a little I began to see that my attentions were not without effect on the serpent. I hit him always in the same place, aiming carefully, and it began to be evident that the great reptile did not like it. After I had flung about twenty sticks at him, I saw a sort of quiver run through the vast bulk; it moved uneasily; from the middle of the huge bloated mass was protruded a small, wicked-looking head; the whole great body writhed as it lay; and I knew that the snake was on the move. There is no good denying it. As I saw that the huge reptile, irritated by the persistent hail of missiles that had rapped against his scales, was bent on finding out the cause thereof, I would have given a good deal never to have flung a single stick. But it was too late now. I realised that as I saw the serpent, with an angry hiss and a forward writhing of his body, start to survey the island. Till that moment, when I saw the contrast between the great swollen body and the thin neck and tail tapering to a point, I had never realised to the full the hideous appearance of an anaconda.

How the thing actually happened I don't know. One well versed in the life-history of these great reptiles, and familiar with their habits, affirms that in his opinion the snake, through being about to change his skin, must have been half-blind. Either that, or else, having been irritated beyond endurance, he was bent on wreaking his vengeance on the first object he came across. Otherwise, he never would have transgressed that strange law usually obtaining in the animal world among crea-

tures of like size and strength, the law of 'Touch me not,' but for the observance of which the wild regions of the earth would soon become depopulated. Even as it was, on coming into contact with the huge, log-like body of the cayman lying directly in his way, he seemed to recognise something of this, for he drew back momentarily. But there was no drawing back about the alligator. As the latter felt the touch of the serpent he swung suddenly round, and with a movement so lightninglike in its rapidity that there was no following it, caught the anaconda by one of the thickest of the coils, and held on with his array of sharp, lacerating teeth.

And then came a scene to which words will do but poor justice. Caught in that way, the first instinctive endeavour of the serpent was to fling his coils around the body of his assailant. But the terrible grip of those powerful jaws seemed to paralyse him; and, although to a certain extent he succeeded in tightening his coils on the cayman, little impression was apparently made on the mailclad body of the latter, and he still held on doggedly to the giant snake. The water, dashed into foam by the lashing of the huge tail of the alligator, was flung here and there in sheets; the whole frail structure of the island rocked with the desperate conflict; and I, watching from my tree, expected every moment to see the entire consistency of my place of refuge give way. It was a titanic struggle between two of the giants of the reptile world such as does not often fall to the lot of man to see, and a sight, once seen, not to be easily forgotten; and so profoundly did it impress me that, in spite of the seriousness of my own position, for a long time I could think of nothing else. Hoarse, strangled bellowings from the cayman, one or two frenzied but feebler flaps from the tail of the serpent, as if the grip of those terrible jaws was at last beginning to tell; and then, as if the ground had suddenly given way beneath them, the two huge combatants, still inextricably locked together, rolled-for it seemed like nothing else-into the water, where, after one moment's agonised struggle on the surface, they disappeared with a heavy, sounding plunge into the unknown depths below.

I didn't go down for many a long minute after that. One of the pair must be victor, I knew; and the thought that the one might emerge from the water presently and crawl up on the island, bleeding, maimed it might be, but still capable of doing me a very material injury, held me back. But, although I watched and waited long enough, nothing came. Of the terrible conflict which must have been waged there under water until the issue was fought out nothing showed above. I don't know which was the victor.

I shook off these thoughts at last, and going down to the water's edge, cut the log loose from the twisting, clinging lianas holding it in a vice-like grip; and, using my pole as a lever, I pushed it off into the river, where it floated buoyantly and well. The current caught it in a moment, of course; but I had been expecting as much, and managed just to leap on to its nearer end as it drifted clear of the island. That the latter had only been brought to a standstill by running aground upon some submerged mass of driftage was clear the moment I had quitted it. The water was too deep to allow of my touching bottom with my pole, long though the latter was, and I found myself all but thrown into the jaws of the watching caymans the first time I tried to sound it. They were all around, biding their time; and one big fellow, as I saw by the sinister ripple in the water, actually followed in the wake of the log as I steered it across, using my pole as a rudder. But I was on my guard, and by taking care to shift my position on the log whenever I saw him coming too near, managed to thwart all his possible designs of knocking me off with a blow of his tail. None the less, the passage across was a pretty risky one, and I don't remember ever feeling more thankful in my life than when I ran the log aground, a good bit north of the spit of sand where the caymans were clustered so thickly, and leaped ashore.

With the river to guide me, I could not go very far astray, nor yet could I die of thirst. But I had to spend more than one night in the forest, with nothing to eat beyond a few wild fruits, and I knew pretty well what hunger meant before getting back to my Indians. They were uncommonly glad to see me, believing that I must either have been drowned in trying to cross the river or else killed

by a jaguar.

That happened a good many years ago, but the

incident is fresh in my memory still.

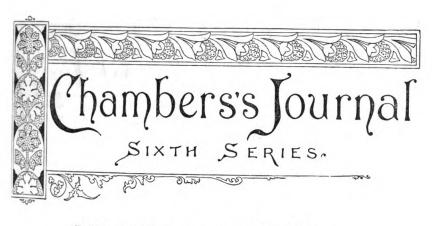
Ay, there is little doubt that of all the strange adventures I have gone through, of all the queer sights I have ever seen-and I've seen a pretty considerable few-that is the one I am least likely ever to forget: the fight to the death between those two giants of the reptile world, waged on that lonely island in the solitudes of the forest of the Amazon River.

'THE MASS OF THE DEAD LOVERS.' ST ANDREWS CATHEDRAL.

An organ pealing through the broken fane; The rustle of a passing throng; the low, Soft whispering of lips that long ago Were closed in death; the sweet incessant rain Of kisses gentle as the dew is shed, Methought I heard, or was it phantasy? No. Hark that smothered wail! God, can it be The Lovers' Mass, the trysting of the dead?

'Twas but the boom of waves upon the shore, The rustling of the wanton, withered leaves, The water dripping idly from the eaves, The sobbing of a zepyhr passing o'er The sedge, the lowing of the distant beeves Awakened by a night-bird's scream. No more!

NIL



THE GREYS AT WATERLOO.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE FAMOUS CHARGE.

By E. BRUCE LOW, M.A.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

SERGEAST MAJOR DICKSON of the Scots Greys, from whose has many of the details of the battle of Waterloo here given vere obtained by members of his family, was the last who surved of those who fought in the regiment at Waterloo. He was a native of Paisley, born in the Revolution year of 1789. He enlisted at Glasgow in 1807 when barely eighteen, and remained in the service till 1834. At Waterloo he was espeni in Captain Vernor's troop, and his sabre and other regimentals bear evidence that his number was 57 of F troop. lle was promoted sergeant immediately after Waterloo for his errices, and took the place of Sergeant Charles Ewart, who motived a commission in the Fifth Veteran Regiment for the leave deed narrated here. On retiring from the Greys Sergeant Dickson joined the Fife Light Horse, and his long milence in Crail is fresh in the memory of many of the inlabitants, who recall the stir in the village which took place a ach ansiversary of Waterloo, when the veteran hoisted in fag and the school children were marched to his house a slate the village hero. John Dickson died at the age d linety on 16th July 1880, survived by three children and grandchildren. His army papers bear that during in series of twenty seven years in the Greys his character the tecellent,' and he was awarded a medal for long service nd god conduct, in addition to his Waterloo medal. He a typical yeoman—tall, of ruddy complexion, brown hir, and hazel eyes, as the army records tell us—and his description that the acres in East Lothian which their acceptors have held from Lord Wemyss for generations.

Tas Greys at the glorious Waterloo fight
Put ten thousand men of Count D'Erlon to flight;
Tam Eagle and banner by Ewart were won,
And the Dells o' Dundes proved they 're 'Second to None.'

-Old Regimental Song.

EATED within the coffee-room of the little Fifeshire inn, a merry party of villagers and visitors met in the summer evening to do honour to their veteran host or the summer and the summer evening to be summer evening to be summer to the summer evening to be sufficient to the summer evening to be sufficient to the summer evening to be sufficient to the summer even to be sufficient to the summer even to the summer even to be sufficient to the summer even to

their veteran host on the anniversary of Waterloo, in the year 1855. The water from the Crimea portended another great take upon Sebastopol, which in truth was taking No. 477.—Vol. X.

place at that very moment; and as the thoughts of the people were with their kinsmen in the trenches, the genial host, who was none other than Sergeant-Major Dickson, was induced to relate his experiences of forty years ago.

of forty years ago.

Taking his 'yard of clay' pipe in hand, he seated himself at the table, at the head of which sat the village banker; for, be it known, 'Waterloo Day' was a high day in the village, kept in ripe memory by the flags flying and the procession of school children, decked in summer attire and gay with flowers, to do honour to 'mine host,' whose deeds of valour were on every tongue. When the toddy-glasses had been filled it only required the keynote to be sounded by the inquiry of the president, 'By-the-by, sergeant, what might you be doing just at this time forty years ago?' to draw forth the great story of the charge of the Union Brigade. The sergeant smoked for a time in silence; then, with a far-away look in his eyes, he began:

'Well, you all know that when I was a lad of eighteen, being a good Scotsman, I joined the Greys, the oldest regiment of dragoons in the British army, and our only Scottish cavalry corps.

'When news came that Napoleon Bonaparte had landed in France, we were sent across to Belgium post-haste, and there had a long rest, waiting for his next move. I remember how the trumpets roused us at four o'clock on the morning of Friday the 16th June 1815, and how quickly we assembled and fell in!

'Three days' biscuits were served out to us; and after long marches—for we did fifty miles that one day before we reached Quatre Bras—we joined the rest of our brigade under Sir William Ponsonby.

'Besides our regiment, there were the First Royals and the Enniskillings, and we were known as the Union Brigade because, you see, it was made up of one English, one Irish, and one Scots regiment.

'On the day before the great fight—that was Saturday, for you know the battle was fought on s Reserved.]

JANUARY 19, 1907.

[All Rights Reserved.]

the Sunday morning, the 18th June-we were marched from Quatre Bras along the road towards Brussels. We thought our Iron Duke was taking us there; but no. In a drenching rain we were told to halt and lie down away in a hollow to the right of the main road, among some green barley. Yes, how we trampled down the corn! The wet barley soon soaked us, so we set about making fires beside a cross-road that ran along the hollow in which we were posted. No rations were served that night. As we sat round our fire we heard a loud, rumbling noise about a mile away, and this we knew must be the French artillery and wagons coming up. It went rolling on incessantly all night, rising and falling like that sound just now of the wind in the chimney.

'One thing I must tell you: though there were more than seventy thousand Frenchmen over there, we never once saw a camp-fire burning all the night and until six o'clock next morning. Why they weren't allowed to warm themselves, poor fellows! I don't know. Well, about eleven o'clock that night a fearful storm burst over us. The thunder was terrible to hear. It was a battle-royal of the elements, as if the whole clouds were going to fall on us. We said it was a warning to Bonaparte that all nature was angry at him.

'Around the fires we soon fell asleep, for we were all worn out with our long march in the sultry heat

of the day before.

'I was wakened about five o'clock by my comrade M'Gee, who sprang up and cried, "D- your eyes, boys, there's the bugle !" "Tuts, Jock !" I replied, "it's the horses' chains clanking." "Clankin'?" said he. "What's that, then?" as a clear blast fell on our ears.

'After I had eaten my ration of "stirabout"oatmeal and water-I was sent forward on picket to the road two hundred yards in front, to watch the enemy. It was daylight, and the sun was every now and again sending bright flashes of light through the broken clouds. As I stood behind the straggling hedge and low beech-trees that skirted the high banks of the sunken road on both sides, I could see the French army drawn up in heavy masses opposite me. They were only a mile from where I stood; but the distance seemed greater, for between us the mist still filled the hollows. There were great columns of infantry, and squadron after squadron of Cuirassiers, red Dragoons, brown Hussars, and green Lancers with little swallow-tail flags at the end of their lances. The grandest sight was a regiment of Cuirassiers dashing at full gallop over the brow of the hill opposite me, with the sun shining on their steel breastplates. It was a splendid show. Every now and then the sun lit up the whole country. No one who saw it could ever forget it.

Between eight and nine there was a sudden roll of drums along the whole of the enemy's line, and a burst of music from the bands of a hundred battalions came to me on the wind. I seemed to recognise the "Marseillaise," but the sounds got mixed and lost in a sudden uproar that arose.

Then every regiment began to move. They were taking up position for the battle. On our side perfect silence reigned; but I saw that with us too preparations were being made. Down below me a regiment of Germans was marching through the growing corn to the support of others who were in possession of a farmhouse that lay between the two armies. This was the farm of La Haye Sainte, and it was near there that the battle raged fiercest. These brave Germans! they died to a man before the French stormed it, at the point of the bayonet, in the afternoon. A battery of artillery now came dashing along the road in fine style and passed in front of me. I think they were Hanoverians; they were not British troops, but I don't remember whether they were Dutch or German. They drew up close by, about a hundred yards in front of the road. There were four guns. Then a strong brigade of Dutch and Belgians marched up with swinging, quick step, and turned off at a crossroad between high banks on to the plateau on the most exposed slope of our position. They numbered at least three thousand men, and looked well in their blue coats with orange-and-red facings. After this I rode up to a party of Highlanders under the command of Captain Ferrier, from Belsyde, Linlithgow, whom I knew to belong to the Ninetysecond, or "Gay Gordons," as we called them. All were intently watching the movements going on about them. They, with the Seventy-ninth Cameron Highlanders, the Forty-second (Black Watch), and First Royal Scots, formed part of Picton's, "Fighting Division." They began to tell me about the battle at Quatre Bras two days before, when every regiment in brave old Picton's division had lost more than one-third of its men. The Gordons, they said, had lost half their number and twentyfive out of thirty-six officers. Little did we think that before the sun set that night not thirty men of our own regiment would answer the roll-call.

'I seem to remember everything as if it happened yesterday. After the village clocks had struck eleven the guns on the French centre thundered out, and then musketry firing commenced away to the far right. The French were seen to be attacking a farmhouse there in force. It was called Hougomont. I noticed, just in front of me, great columns of infantry beginning to advance over the brow of the hill on their side of the valley, marching straight for us. Then began a tremendous cannonade from two hundred and fifty French guns all along the lines. The noise was fearful; but just then a loud report rent the air, followed by a rolling cheer on our side, and our artillery got into action. We had one hundred and fifty guns in all; but half of these belonged to the Dutch, Germans, or Belgians, who were hired to fight on our side. The French had about ten thousand men more than we had all that day, till, late in the afternoon, the Prussians arrived with forty thousand men to help us. I was now drawn back and joined our regiment, which was being moved forward to

the left under better cover near a wood, as the shot and shell were flying about us and ploughing up the earth around. We had hardly reached our position when a great fusillade commenced just in front of us, and we saw the Highlanders moving up towards the road to the right. Then, suddenly, a great noise of firing and hisses and shouting commenced, and the whole Belgian brigade, of those shom I had seen in the morning, came rushing along and across the road in full flight. Our men began to shout and groan at them too. They had bolted almost without firing a shot, and left the brigade of Highlanders to meet the whole French attack on the British left centre. It was thought that the Belgians were inclined towards Napoleon's cause, and this must account for their action, as they have shown high courage at other times.

immediately after this, the General of the Union Brigade, Sir William Ponsonby, came riding up to us on a small bay hack. I remember that ha groom with his chestnut charger could not be found Beside him was his aide-de-camp, De Lacy Euns He ordered us forward to within fifty rank of the beech-hedge by the roadside. I can se him now in his long cloak and great cocked hat as he rode up to watch the fighting below. from our new position we could descry the three regiments of Highlanders, only a thousand in all, barely firing down on the advancing masses of frenchmen. These numbered thousands, and those on our side of the Brussels road were divided into three solid columns. I have read since that there Tere fileen thousand of them under Count D'Erlon pread over the clover, barley, and rye fields in host of our centre, and making straight for us. Then I saw the Brigadier, Sir Denis Pack, turn to the Gordons and shout out with great energy, Ninety second, you must charge! All in front of a bave given way." The Highlanders, who had bean the day by solemnly chanting 'Scots wha hae' they prepared their morning meal, instantly, with ized bayoneta, began to press forward through the bach and holly hedge to a line of bushes that grew Lag the face of the slope in front. They uttered kai shouts as they ran forward and fired a volley t trenty yards into the French.

At this moment our General and his aide-de-camp risk off to the right by the side of the hedge; then risked for the right by the side of the hedge; then risked out, "Now then, Scots Greys, charge!" and, the side out, "Now then, Scots Greys, charge!" and, the side out, "Now then, Scots Greys, charge!" and, the sides in front, which he took in grand style. At each agreat cheer rose from our ranks, and we too tard our swords and followed him. I dug my sur into my brave old Rattler and we were off the state out, and the sur as a state our swords and followed him. I dug my sur into my brave old Rattler and we were off the state of the stat

uttering loud neighings and snortings, and leapt over the holly-hedge at a terrific speed. It was a grand sight to see the long line of giant grey horses dashing along with flowing manes and heads down, tearing up the turf about them as they went. The men in their red coats and tall bearskins were cheering loudly, and the trumpeters were sounding the "Charge." Beyond the first hedge the road was sunk between high, sloping banks, and it was a very difficult feat to descend without falling; but there were very few accidents, to our surprise.

"All of us were greatly excited, and began crying, "Hurrah, Ninety-second! Scotland for ever!" as we crossed the road. For we heard the Highland pipers playing among the smoke and firing below, and I plainly saw my old friend Pipe-Major Cameron standing apart on a hillock coolly playing "Johnny Cope, are ye waukin' yet?" in all the din.

'Our colonel went on before us, past our guns and down the slope, and we followed; we saw the Royals and Enniskillings clearing the road and hedges at full gallop away to the right.

Before me rode young Armour, our rough-rider from Mauchline (a near relative of Jean Armour, Robbie Burns's wife), and Sergeant Ewart on the right, at the end of the line beside our cornet, Kinchant. I rode in the second rank. As we tightened our grip to descend the hillside among the corn we could make out the feather bonnets of the Highlanders, and heard the officers crying out to them to wheel back by sections. A moment more and we were among them. Poor fellows! some of them had not time to get clear of us, and were knocked down. I remember one lad crying out, "Eh! but I didna think ye wad ha'e hurt me sae."

'They were all Gordons, and as we passed through them they shouted, "Go at them, the Greys! Scotland for ever!" My blood thrilled at this, and I clutched my sabre tighter. Many of the Highlanders grasped our stirrups, and in the fiercest excitement dashed with us into the fight. The French were uttering loud, discordant yells. Just then I saw the first Frenchman. A young officer of Fusiliers made a slash at me with his sword, but I parried it and broke his arm; the next second we were in the thick of them. We could not see five yards ahead for the smoke. I stuck close by Armour; Ewart was now in front.

'The French were fighting like tigers. Some of the wounded were firing at us as we passed; and poor Kinchant, who had spared one of these rascals, was himself shot by the officer he had spared. As we were sweeping down a steep slope on the top of them, they had to give way. Then those in front began to cry out for "quarter," throwing down their muskets and taking off their belts. The Gordons at this rushed in and drove the French to the rear. I was now in the front rank, for many of ours had fallen. It was here that Lieutenant Trotter, from Morton Hall, was killed by a French officer after the first rush on the French. We now came to an open space covered with bushes, and then I saw Ewart, with five or six infantry men about him,

Of Mardestone, Lanarkshire.

slashing right and left at them. Armour and I dashed up to these half-dozen Frenchmen, who were trying to escape with one of their standards. I cried to Armour to "Come on!" and we rode at them. Ewart had finished two of them, and was in the act of striking a third man, who held the Eagle; next moment I saw Ewart cut him down, and he fell dead. I was just in time to thwart a bayonet-thrust that was aimed at the gallant sergeant's neck. Armour finished another of them.'

Our host here pointed out to his little company of intent listeners a print of the well-known picture of the incident which hung on the wall, and of which he was very proud; then he continued:

'Almost single-handed, Ewart had captured the Imperial Eagle of the Forty-fifth "Invincibles," which had led them to victory at Austerlitz and Jena. Well did he merit the commission he received at the hands of the Prince Regent shortly afterwards, and the regiment has worn a French Eagle on our colours ever since.

"We cried out, "Well done, my boy!" and as others had come up, we spurred on in search of a like success. Here it was that we came upon two batteries of French guns which had been sent forward to support the infantry. They were now deserted by the gunners and had sunk deep in the mud.

'We were saluted with a sharp fire of musketry, and again found ourselves beset by thousands of Frenchmen. We had fallen upon a second column; they were also Fusiliers. Trumpeter Reeves of our troop, who rode by my side, sounded a "Rally," and our men came swarming up from all sides, some Enniskillings and Royals being amongst the number. We at once began a furious onslaught on this obstacle, and soon made an impression; the battalions seemed to open out for us to pass through, and so it happened that in five minutes we had cut our way through as many thousands of Frenchmen.

'We had now reached the bottom of the slope. There the ground was slippery with deep mud. Urging each other on, we dashed towards the batteries on the ridge above, which had worked such havoc on our ranks. The ground was very difficult, and especially where we crossed the edge of a ploughed field, so that our horses sank to the knees as we struggled on. My brave Rattler was becoming quite exhausted, but we dashed ever onwards.

'At this moment Colonel Hamilton rode up to us crying, "Charge! charge the guns!" and went off like the wind up the hill towards the terrible battery that had made such deadly work among the Highlanders. It was the last we saw of our colonel, poor fellow! His body was found with both arms cut off. His pockets had been rifled. I once heard Major Clarke tell how he saw him wounded among the guns of the great battery, going at full speed, with the bridle-reins between his teeth, after he had lost his hands.

'Then we got among the guns, and we had our revenge. Such slaughtering! We sabred the gunners, lamed the horses, and cut their traces and

harness. I can hear the Frenchmen yet crying "Diable!" when I struck at them, and the long-drawn hiss through their teeth as my sword went home. Fifteen of their guns could not be fired again that day. The artillery-drivers sat on their horses weeping aloud as we went among them; they were mere boys, we thought.

'Rattler lost her temper and bit and tore at everything that came in her way. She seemed to have got new strength. I had lost the plume of my bearskin just as we went through the second infantry column; a shot had carried it away. The French infantry were rushing past us in disorder on their way to the rear. Armour shouted to me to dismount, for old Rattler was badly wounded. I did so just in time, for she fell heavily the next second. I caught hold of a French officer's horse and sprang on her back and rode on.

'Then we saw a party of horsemen in front of us on the rising ground near a farmhouse. There was "the Little Corporal" himself, as his veterans called Bonaparte. It was not till next night, when our men had captured his guide, the Belgian La Coste, that we learned what the Emperor thought of us. On seeing us clear the second column and commence to attack his eighty guns on the centre, he cried out, "These terrible Greys, how they fight!" for you know that all our horses, dear old Rattler among them, fought that day as angrily as we did. I never saw horses become so ferocious, and woe betide the blue coats that came in their way! But the noble beasts were now exhausted and quite blown, so that I began to think it was time to get clear away to our own lines again.

'But you can imagine my astonishment when down below, on the very ground we had crossed, appeared at full gallop a couple of regiments of Cuirassiers on the right, and away to the left a regiment of Lancers. I shall never forget the sight. The Cuirassiers, in their sparkling steel breastplates and helmets, mounted on strong black horses, with great blue rugs across the croups, were galloping towards me, tearing up the earth as they went, the trumpets blowing wild notes in the midst of the discharges of grape and canister shot from the heights. Around me there was one continuous noise of clashing arms, shouting of men, neighing and moaning of horses. What were we to do? Behind us we saw masses of French infantry with tall fur hats coming up at the double, and between us and our lines these cavalry. There being no officers about, we saw nothing for it but to go straight at them and trust to Providence to get through. There were half-a-dozen of us Greys and about a dozen of the Royals and Enniskillings on the ridge. We all shouted, "Come on, lads; that's the road home!" and, dashing our spurs into our horses' sides, set off straight for the Lancers. But we had no chance. I saw the lances rise and fall for a moment, and Sam Tar, the leading man of ours, go down amid the flash of steel. I felt a sudden rage at this, for I knew the poor fellow

well; he was a corporal in our troop. The crash as we met was terrible; the horses began to rear and bite and neigh loudly, and then some of our men got down among their feet, and I saw them trying to ward off the lances with their hands. Cornet Starges of the Royals-he joined our regiment as lieutenant a few weeks after the battle-came up and was next me on the left, and Armour on the right. 'Stick together, lads!' we cried, and went at it with a will, slashing about us right and left over our horses' necks. The ground around us was very soft, and our horses could hardly drag their feet out of the clay. Here again I came to the ground, for a Lancer finished my new mount, and I thought I was done for. We were returning past the edge of the ploughed field, and then I saw a spectacle I shall never forget. There lay brave old Ponsonby, the General of our Union Brigade, beside his little bay, both dead. His long, furlined clock had blown aside, and at his hand I noticed a miniature of a lady and his watch; berond him, our Brigade-Major, Reignolds of the Greys. They had both been pierced by the Lancers a lew moments before we came up. Near them was ling a lieutenant of ours, Carruthers of Annandale. We heart filled with sorrow at this, but I dared not remain for a moment. It was just then I caught sight of a squadron of English Dragoons making straightfor The Frenchmen at that instant seemed to give way, and in a minute more we were safe! The Dragoons gave us acheer and rode on after the Lancers. They were the men of our Sixteenth Light Dragoons,* of Vandeleur's Brigade, who not only saved us but threw back the Lancers into the hollow.

How I reached our lines I can hardly say, for the bett thing I remember is that I was lying with the selermants of our brigade in a position far away to the right and rear of our first post. I was told that a third horse that I caught was so wounded that the fell dead as I was mounting her.

Wonderful to relate, Rattler had joined the mentating Greys, and was standing in line riderless

when I returned. You can imagine my joy at seeing her as she nervously rubbed shoulders with her neighbours. Major Cheney (who had five horses killed under him) was mustering our men, and with him were Lieutenant Wyndham † (afterwards our colonel) and Lieutenant Hamilton, 1 but they were both wounded. There were scarcely half a hundred of the Greys left out of the three hundred who rode off half-an-hour before. § How I escaped is a miracle, for I was through the thick of it all, and received only two slight wounds, one from a bayonet and the other from a lance, and the white plume of my bearskin was shot away. I did not think much of the wounds at the time, and did not report myself; but my poor Rattler had lost much blood from a lance-wound received in her last encounter.

'Every man felt that the honour of our land was at stake, and we remembered that the good name of our great Duke was entrusted to us too; but our main thought was, "What will they say of us at home?" It was not till afterwards that we soldiers learned what the Union Brigade had done that day, for a man in the fighting-ranks sees little beyond the sweep of his own sword. We had pierced three columns of fifteen thousand men, had captured two Imperial Eagles, and had stormed and rendered useless for a time more than forty of the enemy's Besides, we had taken nearly three thousand prisoners, and, when utterly exhausted, had fought our way home through several regiments of fresh cavalry. That, my friends, is why, from the Prince Regent to the poorest peasant, from the palace to the lowliest cottage, the name of the Union Brigade was honoured throughout

When the sergeant had finished his story the toddy had cooled in the tumblers; but there was time to fill them and drink 'Long life to the Sergeant' and to the Union Brigade of our own time, whose charge on Balaklava Day proved that they were worthy successors of the Heroes of Waterloo.

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER IX.



was a pregnant saying of May Castlerayne's that her father must have been born with the artistic temperament, he had so little knowledge of the value of money and so

sines have suffered from the same amenable watness. But we have it on record that even so sometic of carking anxiety, not lessened by the wantest that his misfortunes were entirely of his Rape Castlern.

Rayne Castlerayne was much in this position.

*Under Colonel James Hay, afterwards Colonel-in-Chief

the Seventy-ninth Cameron Highlanders.

It was gradually coming home to him that there was only one way out of the *impasse*. He looked very old and haggard as he sat at his desk in the library turning over a number of papers. It had quite suddenly come home to him that not only had he no money, but that he had no means of raising money. There was a polite but firm note

‡ Son and heir of General John Hamilton of Dalsell, Lanarkshire, and father of Lord Hamilton.

§ We lost sixteen officers out of twenty-four on the field.

[†] Colonel Wyndham was the last survivor among the Greys' officers, and Sergeant-Major Dickson attended his funeral in 1872 in the Tower of London, where he had been the Keeper of the Crown Jewels for twenty years.

from his bankers refusing to honour any further cheques; here were numerous applications for payment of accounts; and here, also, was a letter from the family lawyer couched in the plainest and most unpleasant terms. Mr Summers had not minced matters. He pointed out the fact that something would have to be done to meet certain pressing claims, or the annoyances would be serious indeed. Mr Summers further intimated that he would come over after luncheon and discuss the situation with his client.

Rayne Castlerayne was almost ready to admit that he had been to blame. When he had taken possession of the property five-and-twenty years ago the income of the estate had been a little over fifteen hundred pounds a year. Where had it all gone to? It was quite impossible for the head of the family to say. He had lost certain good opportunities of making the condition of things better. For instance, there were those five thousand odd acres of land between the sea and the Common. The land was grandly picturesque, the air bracing and rigorous, but the crop was mainly blackberries and bracken. Twenty years ago a big speculative firm had offered Mr Castlerayne a fancy price for the land with an eye to the formation of an exclusive watering-place. The offer had been rejected with scorn. Castlerayne began to wish that he had not been quite so precipitate. Greater men than himself had taken such golden opportunities; he could call to mind a score of members of the peerage who sold a deal of their property to popular watering-places.

Perhaps it would be possible to let The Towers and go abroad. He could not sell the house, for it formed the very last portion of the Castlerayne settled estates. The land beyond the Common was his to do with as he pleased, but nobody would buy it; the poor soil was good for nothing. And it would be difficult at this time of day to try to compete with prosperous Hardborough close by.

Castlerayne's meditation was bitter enough, and his cigar lacked flavour as he faced these stern facts. He welcomed the advent of his solicitor with effusion. It seemed to relieve him of a part of his responsibility. And Summers was a clever fellow; he would be pretty sure to find some way out of the difficulty. It sounded vague, but the typical Micawber-like attitude was essentially a Castlerayne attribute. The family solicitor sat down and wiped his gold-rimmed glasses. With his erect figure, his keen eyes, and his well-trimmed gray moustache, he looked not unlike 'the county' himself.

'Glad you've come, Summera,' Castlerayne said

'Glad you've come, Summers,' Castlerayne said with a sigh. 'I've been going over those papers till my head aches. Have a cigar? I forgot you don't smoke till after dinner. What's all this about Foster? As far as I can judge, it seems to me that Foster has been behaving very badly.'

'Foster naturally wants his money. He is in difficulties himself. Really, my friend, it isn't a nice thing for you to owe Foster fifty pounds. He is a very hard-working fellow, with a big family. He put you in the county court. You simply let the matter slide, and he issued what is called a judgment summons. So far as I can understand, you let that slide also. If you had not been Mr Castlerayne of The Towers you would have found yourself in an awkward position—a very awkward position. A judgment debtor is expected to come before the judge periodically and be examined as to his ability to pay. If the judge is satisfied that the debtor is telling the truth, he makes an order for so much per month. You ignored the matter altogether, and you were ordered to pay the full amount within eight days. If the money is not paid by Friday you will go to jail.

The choice cigar dropped from Castlerayne's mouth and lay unheeded on the floor. The blood receded from his face, leaving it ghastly white. The statement was stupendous, incredible! It seemed impossible that such things should be permitted in a civilised country. And the day

after to-morrow was Friday!

'Is—is this true?' Castlerayne stammered. 'But it must be true. I never heard you joke, Summers. And my bank people refuse to cash any more cheques for me. I tell you, I haven't a five-pound note in the world. Anyway, I'll get

you to pay this for me.'

'No,' Summers said firmly, 'I think not. I'm not justified in doing it, Castlerayne. It's not fair to my family, with two boys at Cambridge. You will probably be surprised to hear that you owe me five hundred pounds one way and another, and that nearly half of it is money out of my pocket. That is why I came to see you to-day. I advised you very strongly not to fight Craggs's action, but you would not listen. To-day I accepted service of a writ from Craggs's solicitors for over eleven hundred pounds costs in the action. In a week's time they can levy execution.'

Castlerayne wiped the damp from his forehead. He seemed to have aged strangely in the last hour or two since he had the courage to face his position. He picked up the fallen cigar, but he did not place it in his lips again. There was a queer pain in his left side, a twitching of the arm,

that he had never felt before.

'Will you put that quite plainly, please?' he whispered.

'I thought I had. Cragge's solicitors can come here and take everything. They can sell your pictures and your plate and your old furniture to pay their claim. There is only one way by which you can prevent the inevitable.'

'Go on, Summers. I begin to understand things more clearly. I seem to have been living in a kind of fool's paradise all these years. It is a kind of hideous dream. Only a day or two ago I was Castlerayne of The Towers; to-day I am a pauper. If I can't find this money by Friday I go to jail; if I don't pay Craggs's solicitors I lose my home. If there is any possible way out of the mess'—

'Well, there is no way out of the mess,' Summers went on coldly and judicially. 'The utmost you can do is to save yourself from unpleasant exhibition. Bankruptcy wipes out everything of that kind. If you put your petition in bankruptcy, Foster can't touch you. You will be spared the midgaity of having the bailiffs and sheriffs officers in passession of The Towers. But everything will have to be sold for the benefit of the creditors. My dear old friend, I am exceedingly sorry, far more sorry than I can say; but there is absolutely no other way to save you.'

So it was coming at last, the very thing that the head of the family had so absolutely refused to look squarely in the face. There had been no disgrace in the steady robbing of poor tradesmen, no continuely in those imposed bills; but bankruptcy was another matter altogether. It meant exposure, and awkward questions by a cold official who had no respect for the Castlerayne dignity. It meant the resignation of exclusive clubs, the loss of the Commission of the Peace. It was so sordid and vulgar.

Wait a moment,' Castlerayne groaned. 'My bad has all gone queer. I can't think. It will to a terrible thing for my family, Summers.'

Of course it will. But, after all, it will be no more than people have been expecting for years. There is enough here to pay every body, and perhaps save a little over. There would not be the slightest toule in letting The Towers for three hundred a tear, and you could all live on that money. You might be worse off.'

But Castlerayne refused to be comforted. He was fond of his home, and proud of it. He fully appreciated the artistic beauties of his pictures; the degant simplicity of the old furniture was absolutely essential to him. And ruthless hands would demote him of all this in a few days' time. He felt multided and humiliated, ready to ask favours of lose whom he had hitherto patronised.

I cant decide anything now,' he groaned.

Really I can't, Summera. Give me a day to think it over. I don't want to be rude, but I should like to be alone for a time. I'll come and see you to morrow afternoon.'

Summers took the hint and departed. For a long time Castlerayne sat with his head on his land, moved for once to the depths of his soul.

Presently he could see the sun shining through the stained glass of the windows; he noted the light as it lingered on a Romney and caught the corner of a Louis XVI. commode. That Persian carpet had been on the floor for the best part of a century. How fresh the colours were!

Perhaps it was possible to do something yet. Foster might be paid. No doubt Gertrude would not mind advancing the money for that purpose. It was hard upon Gertrude, who had found so much out of her slender portion lately; but still—

Aunt Gertrude was in the still-room putting up some early damson-jam. Her slender figure was covered with a long white apron. The air was heavy with the rich aroma of fruit. Miss Castlerayne's face grew a little anxious as she noted her brother's expression. He paced up and down the room. He was showing none of his usual optimistic reticence now.

'I'm going to see Craggs,' he said. 'In his heart, Craggs is by no means a bad fellow. That fellow Foster is quite different. Foster must be paid and his account closed. In no circumstances could I ever consent to deal with him again.'

Castlerayne spoke quite firmly. There was no animosity in his voice—nothing but pleasing determination. Aunt Gertrude looked a little anxious.

'That is all very well,' she said; 'but who is going to pay him?'

'Well, it occurred to me that you would oblige. It is only a matter of fifty pounds. As a loving sister, you could not for a moment contemplate the alternative. Therefore, I shall look to you to see that this claim of Foster's is satisfied.'

'I'm afraid that it is quite impossible,' Aunt Gertrude faltered. She had grown very pale; her lips were white and drawn. 'It is not that I will not do it, Rayne; it is simply because I can't. I haven't the money. I—I had one or two claims to settle. At the present moment I have certainly not more than five pounds to my credit at the bank. Oh Rayne, if you only knew how it hurts me to tell you this; if only'—

'But there—there are other things. Part of your mother's jewellery, which I understood'——

'Oh Rayne, Rayne, they are gone too! What a wicked woman I am!'

(To be continued.)

CONCERNING OPIUM.

By ALGERNON WARREN.



H! ho! ho! You goo into druggist's shop o' market days, into Cambridge, and you'll see the little boxes, doozens and doozens, a' ready on the counter; and never a ven-man's wife goo by but what

ven.man's wife goo by but what the reck!

So wrote Charles Kingsley in 1849, in his once well-known novel Allon Locks, and there is no reason to think that he exaggerated the facts. But twenty years later 'pennords o' elevation'—otherwise penny pills of opium—were no longer obtainable so readily, thanks to the enforcement of the provisions of the Pharmacy Act of 1868, whereby the sale of opium and its preparations became

restricted to the hands of qualified pharmacists, and the public could purchase these commodities only if specially sanctioned to do so. At the same time it must be admitted that opium, particularly in the form of laudanum-that is, tincture of opium-is still to be met with sometimes in quarters where it cannot be surmised that it has been straightforwardly obtained by doctor's orders. 'Like a drop of laudanum in your tea, my dear?' was, to the writer's certain knowledge, a common invitation of the poorer classes in certain districts in Gloucestershire not a dozen years ago. 'I remember,' said a Bristol drug-vendor, 'how a countryman came and ordered half a drachm of opium from me. I weighed it out, wrapped it up, and passed it over to him. He just opened the paper and swallowed the contents straight off. I ran round the counter and caught him by the collar. "Oh," he said, "it's all right, master." It seems that he was used to taking it, but the quantity would have killed nine men out of ten as dead as herrings.' The regulation dose of opium figuring in the British Pharmacopæia is half a grain to two grains. This man swallowed thirty without evil effect.

Although-owing to its being so extensively prescribed for the relief of toothache and other pains-many are tolerably familiar with the appearance of tincture of opium, comparatively few have accurate knowledge as to what opium really is; and when they turn to a dictionary, and glean therefrom that it is the 'inspissated juice of the somniferous poppy,' they are still likely to be in the dark as to what portion of the poppy-plant yields the product in question. Where space is available the definition can be rendered in simpler language, such as: opium is solidified juice obtained by cutting the unripe heads or seed-vessels of a species of poppy extensively cultivated for the The process of purpose in Asiatic provinces. obtaining it is systematically to score the pods at fixed intervals during a certain period. The milky liquid which comes out soon turns to a darker hue, and thickens, and is then scraped off and moulded into cakes, with poppy-leaves for an outside covering.

This method of obtaining opium has been practised for some centuries. It attracted the notice of William Finch, a merchant connected with the London East India Company, who visited Surat with Captain Hawkins in 1608, and passed through Malwa in the course of a journey across India from Surat to Agra. He writes: 'This country is called Malwa, a fertile soile abounding with opium. . . I enquired the price of opium. They gave the head three scratches, from whence issue small teares, at the first white, which with the cold of the night turneth reddish, which they daily scrape, not without infinite trouble, the head being very small and yielding little.'

On the authority of Mr R. M. Dane, of the India Civil Service, opium and its uses were well known to the Greeks at least as early as the first cen-

tury A.D., and it is supposed that a knowledge of the drug was communicated by the Greeks to the Arabs, who afterwards introduced it into China and India. In a Chinese medical work commenced in 973 A.D., medicinal properties are attributed to the seeds of the poppy, and various Chinese writers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries speak of the use of the poppy capsules in treatment of dysentory and other ailments

tery and other ailments. In India the history of opium is very obscure prior to the beginning of the sixteenth century, when many European travellers began to take note of the article there. The Portuguese and Dutch trafficked in Indian opium with the Chinese long before the British. The famous Dutch traveller Jan Huighen van Linschoten, writing about 1596, says: 'Amfion, so called by the Portingales, is by the Arabians, Mores [Moors], and Indians called affion, in Latin opio or opium. . . . Amfion is made of sleepe balls or poppie, and is the gumme which cometh forth of the same, to ye which end it is cut up and opened. The Indians used much to eat amfion, specially Malabares, and thither it is brought by those of Cambaia and other places in great abundance. He that useth to eate it must eate it daylie, otherwise he dieth and consumeth himself. When they begin to eate it, and are used unto it, they eate at the least twenty or thirty grains in weight every day, sometimes more; but if four or five days he chanceth to leave it, he dieth without fail. Likewise, he that hath never eaten it and will venture at the first to eat as much as those that daylie use it, it will surely kill him, for I certainly believe it is a kind of poyson.'

Latter-day experience confirms some parts of this writer's statements and rejects others. Ît was ascertained from evidence afforded to the Indian Opium Commission of 1895 that in some states of India not a few of the natives took as much as forty to eighty grains of opium per day, and that consumption of forty grains daily was common. But it has been evidenced that when confirmed opium-eaters have been imprisoned for a while, and thereby deprived temporarily of their favourite drug, their health has not usually suffered in consequence. So this Dutchman's information that death must inevitably occur from sudden cessation of the habit of opium-eating was grossly erroneous. On the other hand, he was perfectly right in assuming that a habituated consumer could eat with impunity a quantity which might at once prove fatal to one unaccustomed to taking opium.

The article has a variable effect on different races and constitutions, exciting some and stupefying others. It reduces the average Chinaman to a state of torpor if he take it plentifully, and not infrequently causes the Malay to run amuck. It has been recorded by writers of the Stuart period that the Javanese regularly took it before going to fight, so as to work themselves up to a pitch of excitement. Medical authorities, on the whole, though there is considerable difference of opinion on the

point, are disposed to look upon opium as a prevenive against malarial affections; and as India and China alike contain vast tracts where malaria is rile, it is only natural that its use should be prevalent there. In England, the diminution of its consumption in Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, and the Romney Marshes is owing mainly to the draining in these localities, and also to the reduced price of quinine, which consequently became more available to the working-classes as a remedy in ague and malarial fevers.

Most of the opium which is imported into Great Britain is termed 'best Turkey.' This comes from Asia Minor, and is largely shipped from Smyrna. It is ordinarily sent over in chests containing from one and a quarter to one and a half hundredweight each, chiefly in the form of different-sized cakes, seldom weighing less than half a pound and usually not exceeding three pounds. The quality of these, however, is apt to vary to such an extent that the contents do not give satisfaction if sold as of one uniform quality. The writer has seen chests opened in which some of the cakes were hard and dry, and others soft and 'cheesy' owing to the exuded opium having been exposed unequally to the rays of the sun prior to undergoing the scraping-off process. The undue exposure also has the effect of turning it black, whereas the natural colour of opium inclines more to brownish-yellow.

It should be borne in mind that most of the drug that is imported into England is far more powerful than what is ordinarily consumed in India and imported into China. The stipulation of the British Pharmacopeia is that all opium used medicinally stall yield at least 9½ per cent. of anhydrous morphine. The morphia percentage in much of the opium prepared in India for consumption there and exportation to China is less than half this specified strength. This is a detail which those towelists who are addicted to poisoning their character would do well to note.

It is rather striking that, whereas in the United aingiom circumstantial evidence has been forthcoming that restriction of sale of poisons has been deterrent as regards self-destruction, it does at appear from official statistics that opium is argely resorted to in India as a means of suicide. The evidence of the actuary of the largest insurance company in India doing business in native and European lives was to the effect that after twenty tan experience the company had decided that Tas not necessary to impose any extra premium on the lives of moderate opium consumers. The difference in the use of opium in India and China that in the former country it is commonly eten, while in the latter it is chiefly smoked. Aithough some proportion of the natives of India hay be said to be addicted to opium-smoking, is generally regarded there as a disreputable bit, because it is associated with laziness, whereas the eating of opium is indulged in largely as a beam to an end—namely, the keeping of the body

in a sound working condition. Several members of the Indian Medical Service, in support of their allegations that opium was extensively resorted to as a stimulant in physical emergencies, cited that thousands of natives in the Punjab abstained from opium-eating during about threequarters of the year, only taking to it in the winter months. The Rajputs customarily eat opium at betrothal ceremonies, and the practice of drinking kusumbha (opium solution) at betrothals, marriages, and funerals alike is common in some of the native states. In the Punjab the seed-vessel itself is infused in water, and the liquor drunk by those who are unable to afford prepared opium. This beverage is called post. The preparation of opium for Chinese smoking is termed chandu, and that used in India madak. The former is made by boiling down the strained solution of opium to a thick consistence. For madak, the crude opium is dissolved in water, and, after boiling, the solution is strained through a cloth and then boiled to a syrup and mixed with charred leaves of acacia, betel, or guava. When it has been moulded into a soft mass it is divided into balls like small marbles.

The chandu pipe is peculiarly constructed, the stem being of bamboo, about twenty inches long and more than an inch thick, with one end closed and the other shaped into a mouthpiece with large orifice. There is a round hole about seven inches from the closed end to accommodate the neck of the bowl, which is usually made of terracotta. The whole presents a very different appearance from that of an ordinary tobacco-pipe.

The following description of the chandu smoker figures in the Report of the Royal Commission of 1895: 'Armed with a pointed probe or style, he dips the point into his supply of chandu and takes up a suitable quantity, which forms a little drop at the point of the style. This he now carefully heats over the flame of a lamp until it dries up into a soft pilule. He next transfers the little pilule to the shallow cup on the upper surface of the bowl. Then, assuming a reclining position, he cautiously applies the pilule to the flame of the lamp, and at the right moment, when the chandu begins to bubble and emit smoke, he takes a full inspiration, and fills his lungs with smoke, and then slowly discharges it. One or two such inspirations exhaust the charge. A practised smoker will smoke fifteen or twenty pipes at one sitting.'

Those who desire a succinct description of an Indian opium factory may be recommended to read what Mr Rudyard Kipling has to say about the one at Ghazipur in The City of Dreadful Night, for therein the processes of opium quality-testing and weight-checking are detailed in the simplest language, as is also the necessary Government surveillance for the protection of revenue.

Said a doctor in the writer's hearing more than twenty years ago: 'If we were allowed to

choose two things only to prescribe, these would be opium and calomel.' The latter article is not now generally ordered in such large doses as it used to be. Early in the nineteenth century the recognised dose was just double what is usually prescribed now. But, although actual opium-eating has declined in the United Kingdom, there seems to be greater call than ever for narcotics; and within the last quarter of a century the British demand for morphia has greatly increased, and, sad to say, the habit of injecting it hypodermically has grown to a serious extent; and when people get into the way of doing this systematically it is surprising how much they can absorb into their system. A pharmacist, commenting recently upon this, said : 'A lady customer who had to my knowledge been using this drug for the past twenty years has recently died, and the doctor who was called in to attend her did not know that she was in the habit of taking morphia, and therefore was surprised when he heard of the quantity she had used from time to time.' Of late years, too, there has been a material use of the opium alkaloid-codeina or codeine, as it is otherwise called-which is now preferred to morphia for certain treatment on account of its different after-effect. Various newly discovered coal-tar by-products also have found favour as hypnotics with the medical fraternity on similar grounds, special stress by some of their advocates being laid on the fact that they do not incline, like morphia, to benumb the breathing-powers or the action of the heart. But opium is never likely to be supplanted, as its uses are so manifold both internally and externally. Countless sufferers from neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, or rheumatism have reason to bless the relief obtained by the outward application of its preparations.

Reference must be made, in conclusion, to the drastic anti-opium decree ordered last autumn to be put into force in China, which affects about one hundred and fifty millions of people who use the drug more or less, and is one of the most remarkable documents ever issued. Not only the cultivation of the poppy but the use of opium, as well as its importation, must cease in ten years. The 30 or 40 per cent. of the Chinese who use opium must be registered, as well as the amount consumed, and no one can buy opium unless he is registered. No one will be permitted to begin the use of opium after the issue of these regulations. Those above sixty years of age using it are leniently treated, but must decrease their consumpt by 20 per cent. per annum. Shops selling opium will be gradually closed, and all opium-dens where opium is smoked will be compulsorily closed within six months. Neither wine-shops nor inns can allow smoking on the premises. Anti-opium societies are being founded to assist in its discontinuance. The manufacture of morphia in China is also prohibited, whether by Chinese or foreigners.

SLIOCH'S TREASURE.

CHAPTER IV.



EXT morning, after breakfast, Captain Corbett was signalled for, and soon joined us in the library, where I am afraid Jack and I talked more than was becoming or sensible.

The first thing to be done was evidently to explore the shore of the loch opposite the wreck, and Jack and I immediately proposed that we should walk down the lochside. Commander Hardy, however, reminded us that the access to the spot where the treasure lay must be supposed to be from the sea, and after a minute or two's thought, turned to Captain Corbett and asked, 'When is low-water to-day?'

'At about three o'clock,' replied the captain; 'and it ought to be a very low tide indeed, for not only are the spring-tides about their height just now, but the gale of Sunday must have driven an unusual quantity of water out of the loch.'

"So much the better,' said Commander Hardy.
"Now, what I suggest, Admiral, is that we who are here start on a fishing expedition after lunch. We don't need to proclaim what we are going to fish for, you know."

'A capital idea!' assented the Admiral. 'You

make the necessary arrangements, captain, and we will meet you at the pier at two o'clock.'

Commander Hardy interested me much by occupying the forenoon in making a large 'water-telescope' and testing a portable electric reading-lamp (then quite a novelty), the electricity for which was generated in a case like a large cigar-box. For this case he made a cover of stout canvas, having straps attached to each of the corners; and taking the lamp from the stand, he mounted it on a cap with ear-flaps. I asked him the meaning of his preparations; but laughingly saying I should see in good time, he sent me off to procure a long length of half-inch rope. This I brought him, and with great care he attached it to a broad leather belt.

By this time lunch was ready, and, believe me, there was no lingering over it. At ten minutes before two we were down at the pier, where Captain Corbett, no less eager to be off than we were, was waiting with a boat. He looked hard at Commander Hardy as the water-telescope and electric lamp and rope were carefully placed in the boat; but, whatever curiosity he may have felt about our equipment, he gave no audible expression

to it. Jack took one oar, I the other, and, with the Admiral steering, we made for the site of the wreck. Commander Hardy smilingly remarked that it was fortunate the sea was so dead-calm and the sun so bright; and when I added sarcastically, 'Fine fishing weather, I suppose,' he laughed outright. Little did I think what his reason was for being so pleased with the weather.

You may be sure Jack and I did not spare ourselves, and before long the Admiral referred from time to time to the chart on which he had pricked the situation of the wreck.

'Way enough! Lay on your oars!' he suddenly eried, and after a little manœuvring we were floating stationary right above the spot where the anchor of the yacht was fast. After carefully verifying our position, the Admiral directed us to pull gently anight for the shore. As we did so, I gazed over my shoulder and saw that we were approaching a miniature bay shaped out by high rocks in the form of a horseshoe, but with the seaward ends curving in and almost overlapping. The mountain derended in an apparently unbroken slope of grass till it met a cliff about eleven feet high, which in its turn descended smooth and straight into the

The horns of the bay, somewhat lower than the cliff, and fantastically fashioned, served completely to hide the bay from any point of view not directly in a line with the spot where we had located the wreck. Cautiously we paddled the boat between the projecting points, and stopped her way are found ourselves floating in a basin of pellucid vater just large enough to contain the boat easily. for some minutes all hands eagerly scanned the cliff and surrounding rocks for some indication of a place of concealment, but altogether in vain. Finally turning towards Commander Hardy with a disappointment I felt he more than any one must keenly stare, I became more puzzled than ever. So far a lould see his face, it most certainly bore no tace of our being baffled. He was leaning over the beat's side, gazing intently downwards through he newly made water-telescope, and as I watched him his lips parted with a smile. When he at last okel up there was a jubilant ring in his voice he said to the Admiral, 'Look down through the contrivance of mine along the bed of the loch, just where the sandy bottom joins the cliff."

The Admiral did so, and handing the tube to the captain, said, 'Take a look; it really makes ererthing wonderfully clear. I had no idea any ingrament could enable one to see so well under Take. You can easily satisfy yourself there's nothing to be found there.

The captain solemnly set to work, and slowly followed the line of the rocks with the telescope. All at once his eye seemed to be caught by something. His body became rigid. As he stood axionless and intent, the secrets of the sea speared to be his, and we all waited breathbady for his revelation. When at length he moved, the face he turned to Commander Hardy was that of a man incredulously contemplating a newly suggested solution of a problem long deemed insoluble, and he said emphatically:

'There's a small but regularly formed tunnel opposite us, running apparently right into the mountain. That may have been the entrance to where Slioch concealed his treasure; but I'll swear no ebb-tide in our day ever left it uncovered. No'and he looked hard at Commander Hardy-' no, nor has it ever been dry since the Almighty made seawater.'

'Quite so,' said Commander Hardy, with a confidential nod. 'Now, hand the tube round, and then we'll have a consultation.'

After we had all seen the entrance to the tunnel, and so far satisfied our curiosity, Commander Hardy, with a twinkle in his eye, asked the Admiral what he made of it.

'Now, that's too bad, Hardy. Don't keep us in suspense. You know I never guessed a conundrum in my life. Out with it at once.

'Just one moment, Admiral,' replied Commander Hardy. 'I should like first to hear what Captain Corbett thinks.—Captain, what do you make of it?'

'Well,' said the captain slowly, speaking as if thinking aloud, 'I'm not for denying that this is opposite the wreck of the yawl. No, nor that it's an opening into land—and more, an opening a fish could swim into; but what farther forward that takes you fairly beats me.'

'Exactly,' returned Commander Hardy. 'The situation of the tunnel is exactly opposite the wreck; the tunnel is filled with water, and so can only be entered by swimming; and it must end inside the mountain, or, in other words, on land. And,' he added impressively, 'I believe, on dry land. At any rate, what I propose to do is to go in and see.'

'Go and see!' interrupted the Admiral excitedly. 'Go and see! Don't talk rot, man. Go and see! Why, it's sheer lunacy. It's like a lunatic to imagine himself a fish!'

'No, Admiral,' quietly retorted Commander Hardy, 'I'm not a lunatic, though I do believe that in some respects I'm more like a fish than most people. Seriously, you know, I can remain under water for two minutes easily enough. The entrance to the tunnel is within a few feet of us. What is to hinder me from exploring, at all events, a portion of it? Nothing. And what's more, with your permission, I'm going to try. Now you see why I brought your electric lamp and the rope. I can see the place with the lamp fastened to my forehead, and if anything unexpected happens you can pull me back with the rope.

A curious silence fell upon us all as Commander Hardy commenced his preparations. He stripped, with the exception of his boots, tied the flaps of the shooting-cap (to which the electric lamp was fixed) under his chin, slung the generator on his back, then buckled the belt at the end of the rope

round his chest. Handing the rope to Captain Corbett, he said, 'Hold it so that it will run clear when I dive; and if at the end of two minutes I have not returned or signalled that I am safe, pull me back to the boat. If before the two minutes are out I tug the rope once, pull it in slowly. If I tug it three times you will know that I'm safe, in which case leave the rope slack.'

Turning to the Admiral, he asked, 'Will that do?' and getting an affirmative nod (for the Admiral was past speaking for the moment), he told me to time him, and dived down from the side of the boat.

Never before, surely, did the second-hand of a watch tick out the passing moments more slowly. To my fascinated eye the marks on the dial seemed to present barriers to the passage of the hand, at which it was for ever sticking, and by the end of the first minute I was ready to shout out. Would another minute ever pass? Tick! Tick! Tick! I could count a hundred between each. minute and a half-or was it an hour and a half ?gone, and my lips were opening with the cry of 'Time's up' when Commander Hardy bobbed up at my side, gasping truly like a fish out of water. We helped him into the boat; but, alas! it was not difficult to guess from his disappointed look that at all events he had not found the treasure. As he rubbed himself dry we eagerly listened to him.

'I had no difficulty,' he reported, 'in swimming the entire length of the tunnel. It is apparently a natural one, extending in a straight line about forty feet into the rock. I searched the end as fully as time permitted, but could not discern any trace of a cave or hiding-place of any description. The main tunnel, so far as I could see, is simply a blind under-water channel, without any vestige of a hidingplace about it. The main tunnel, I say, is as I have described it; but it is possible that there may be a branch off it which I had not time to explore. I spent most of my time examining the end of the tunnel, and so had to come back rather hurriedly; but as I returned I caught a glimpse of a recess on the left-hand side of the tunnel and close to its mouth which may or may not lead somewhere. At all events, I propose to go down again in a few minutes and endeavour to find out.'

The Admiral tried to dissuade Commander Hardy from again venturing into the tunnel; but the Commander assured him that there was really no danger, and pointed out that it might be difficult to find another day so suitable for the exploration while he was in the north. At last the Admiral agreed to one other descent being tried; and after a repetition of his former instructions, Commander Hardy again dived below. This time I had little hope of our being on the track of the treasure, and noted the time with but little of my former excitement.

Barely a hundred seconds had elapsed, however, when Captain Corbett shouted out suddenly, 'Three tugs! Three tugs! By ——, he's found

the cave! How could he be safe otherwise? Them three tugs means he's safe. Blow me if I ever saw his like!' and taking off his cap, he waved it excitedly.

'Try him with three tugs in reply,' called out the Admiral; and at once three answering tugs completed our assurance that all was meantime right. The signals, repeated at intervals, kept down our anxiety, but did nothing to allay our excitement.

Five minutes, ten minutes passed, and it was all we could do to refrain from incontinently hauling in the rope to compel Commander Hardy's return. We all talked disjointedly at once, and the wildest surmises seemed for the moment easy to believe. The strain was rapidly becoming intolerable, when, with the shout, 'He's coming!' the captain dropped the rope and sat shaking on the thwart. A second after, Commander Hardy appeared at the side of the boat, and was hoisted in with a lack of ceremony to which his shins testified for some days. He was not in the least out of breath, and at once exclaimed, 'Yes, my boys! I've found old Slioch's hiding-place, though what the treasure may be we've yet to ascertain. I've seen a store of some kind, and only hope all the stuff's like this;' and, untying his cap, he produced six ancient golden guineas. 'Here! there's one for each of you; and here, Admiral, is one for your wife.'

We eagerly examined the coins, which were tarnished, it is true, but undoubtedly gold; and I'm sure there was not one of us who did not feel, as he rubbed his coin, something of a fellow-feeling for old Slioch.

'Now, Admiral,' continued Commander Hardy, 'I'm going to dress, for I don't propose going down again to-day. As we pull back I'll give you an account of my adventures, and we can talk over what we shall do to-morrow.'

It was, you may well believe, with no little reluctance that we turned to leave the precious spot; nor was the progress homeward steady or swift as Jack and I hung on Commander Hardy's words.

'When I entered the tunnel the second time I found that a stroke took me to the recess I had caught a glimpse of as I came out from my first attempt. It proved to be an oblong opening in the wall of the tunnel about the size of an ordinary door. I turned at once into the recess, and after a couple of strokes I seemed to pierce through the side of the tunnel and emerge into a large basin of water. I rose to the surface and cautiously, very cautiously, sniffed the air. It was quite sweet and fresh; and making sure that the rope was all right, so that I should have no difficulty in finding the exit again, I slowly swam forward in the direction of a faint light—or rather a less dense darkness which appeared near. I had taken about a dozen strokes when my feet struck what felt like sand, and a few careful steps took me up out of the water. Standing on its brink, I saw by the aid of the lamp that my feet were on a smooth, shelving beach of fine sand running back for a farther distance than

I could see. It was then that I signalled you that I was safe; and after getting your response and repeating my signal, I proceeded to explore the place to far as was possible in a short time and with limited light. I appeared to be in a natural cave, eighty or ninety feet broad and very high, extending back into the mountain. The floor was of fine and periectly dry sand, in which, as I walked slowly inwards, my feet sank. Presently I reached a great boulder or mass of rock, about, I should say, forty leet square, rising straight out of the sand to a height of ten or twelve feet. The top seemed level, and on it lay a number of what looked like ancient sea-chests. The sides of the boulder were smooth and perpendicular, and it was manifestly imposable for me to reach the top without assistance of some kind. On reaching the back of the boulder, there on the sand lay what had once been a man. On the crushed-in temple rested the corner of a small iron-bound chest, and the mummy face granuel ghastly under the faint light. It was plain that the man must have been killed by the thest falling from the top of the boulder and incturing his skull. I had no stomach to investigate the chest, and with a shudder I turned away from the horror of the thing.

'In doing so I noticed on the sand a small bap of coins, and hastily picked up those I have given you. A few steps took me to the water's cige, and a few strokes sufficed to bring me out into the blessed daylight and to the sight of living nen.'

Commander Hardy had evidently no relish for expatiating on his recent experiences; but, short as was the account we had just breathlessly listened to, it lost nothing in impressiveness on that account.

The captain was the first to break the silence which followed Commander Hardy's words.

'That there skeleton,' said he, 'must be old Malcolm's father. He'd gone secretly, as usual, for another pick at the stuff, and got killed. Poor devil, what an end! Howsomever, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; and if he had lived we might have found the place empty.'

He turned sharply to Commander Hardy and asked, 'Do you think we can get the stuff out, eh?'

'Oh yes! Any one who can swim a few strokes under water can easily get into the cave, and by rigging up a block and tackle all can be hauled on board a boat. That's simple enough. The question is, Admiral, must we not communicate with the authorities at once and before anything else is done?'

'Most certainly,' replied the Admiral. 'Whatever's there is treasure-trove. No doubt you'll get a share for having found it, but everything must be done fair and above-board. No one must say a word about our adventures to-day, and I shall wire to the Home Secretary whenever we land.'

Commander Hardy at once acquiesced; and, the matter being thus settled for the time, we pulled swiftly back to the Lodge.

(To be continued.)

LIGHTNING AND LIGHTNING-CONDUCTORS.

By KILLINGWORTH HEDGES, M.Inst.C.E., M.I.E.E., Hon. Secretary of Lightning Research Committee.



HERE are few natural phenomena which make so deep an impression on mankind as thunder and lightning. Although we have ceased wondering at the developments of

electricity - which is successfully harnessed as a rival to steam for the propulsion of trains, and companies vie with one another for the han to distribute electrical power at a pressure which would be extremely dangerous unless under Proper control—a thunderstorm is considered a far nore serious matter, and many instinctively dread th knowing that there is a chance, perhaps very rande, of their being struck. Besides, every storm enails a real danger to property. To a large extent the feeling is a relic of the superstitions of our lorelathers, who regarded lightning as the direct namicatation of the wrath of some offended deity. la the time of the Romans, persons killed by lightning were considered to be hateful to the gil, and were buried by themselves, lest the ashes d other men should receive pollution from them. The Romans also avoided places struck by lightning; the houses, if damaged, were pulled down or fenced in, so that no one could use the buildings on which Jove had set the mark of his displeasure. It is curious to note that at the present time the same buildings are occasionally again and again struck, and that certain localities are visited by thunderstorms more than others-a fact which has been taken advantage of by the witch-doctors in South Africa, who are said to stand fearlessly in a certain spot during a terrific storm, whereas in the vicinity it would probably be very dangerous to do so, because the large amount of minerals in the rocks might divert the lightning. The superstition of the ancients may appear in this twentieth century to be extremely ridiculous to us; but we should not overlook the fact that when Benjamin Franklin -whose memory has been recently honoured by the erection of a statue in Paris on the two hundredth anniversary of his birthday-introduced the lightning-conductor, for many years his invention was opposed on the plea that 'it was as impious to erect rods to ward off Heaven's lightnings as for a child to ward off the chastening-rod of its father.'

To most of us the lightning-conductor is a

familiar object, and very often the kind erected by the so-called experts may be taken as an example of the proverb that 'familiarity breeds contempt,' as the original designs of Franklin have been neglected, and a large number of these lightning-conductors are fixed in a manner which renders them not only useless, but also they may possibly be a source of danger. A flash striking a faulty rod is more likely to be deviated and so cause more damage to a building by reason of what Sir Oliver Lodge has termed 'the spitting action' than if it were unprotected.

Before pointing out how many failures have occurred in the course of the development of the lightning-conductor I should like briefly to review what has been done with regard to the question of the protection of buildings from lightning. Although progress has taken place in every other branch of electrical science, up to the year 1878 no one seemed to trouble about lightning until the efforts of the Royal Meteorological Society established a committee of the learned societies, who brought forward their report known as that of the Lightning Royal Conference in 1881. Nothing further was done until 1901, when interest in the subject was again revived, first in Germany, by the Electrotechnische Verein of Berlin, who published a report; and in the same year, after a paper had been read by the writer of this article at the Royal Institution of British Architects, the Lightning Research Committee was formed, with representatives from several of the principal societies. It was decided to start de novo; so observers were enrolled throughout the United Kingdom, in many colonies, and in the United States. The actual effect of lightning on protected and unprotected buildings was tabulated, and in 1905 the committee published their report,* which is based on one hundred and fifteen detailed cases, although they received over five hundred from the official observers. Seventy-five buildings had no lightningconductors; the remaining forty which were struck were provided with what had been considered by those responsible for the buildings as sufficient safeguards in the way of conductors, and in spite of these precautions all suffered more or less, and the rods did not shield the buildings.

At first sight it would appear that we have been living in a fool's paradise with regard to the efficacy of Franklin's invention; but, in this country in particular, a faulty system has gradually been introduced which differs very much from the original design, and to this is mainly due the failures which have been enumerated. The celebrated scientist Clerk-Maxwell was the first to show what is necessary to protect a building, and he was followed by Sir Oliver Lodge, who pointed out that lightning discharges are not all of the

same character, and we must abandon the old idea that it is forked lightning which is most to be dreaded. In reality, the appearance of lightning has nothing to do with its potentiality; it has been shown by the eminent professor's experiments that there are two important classes of lightning-flashes, and that it is very necessary to distinguish between them, as the system of lightning-rods which may offer some protection from one class of flash may not be able to shield the building from injury by the other class.

The A flash is of the simple type which arises when an electrically charged cloud directly approaches the surface of the earth, no other cloud intervening. The ordinary type of lightning-conductor acts under these conditions in two ways: first, by giving off a silent discharge, which tends to nullify the effect from the cloud, and also by absorbing this effect and leading the electricity to earth. In the second, the B type, where another cloud intervenes between the cloud carrying the primary charge and the earth, the two clouds practically form a condenser; and when a discharge takes place the free charge on the earth-side of the lower cloud is suddenly relieved, producing an impulsive rush which is much more powerful, and may be compared to the sudden explosion of a high-pressure steam-boiler. In the same manner as the steam-pipes and safety-valves, which under ordinary conditions would relieve excess pressure, are ignored, so the B flash takes such erratic paths that, quoting the words of the Lightning Research Committee, 'no system of lightning-conductors of the hitherto recognised type suffice to protect the building.'

If we consider what enormous force has to be dealt with, how absurd it is to suppose that a flash which has perhaps travelled through a mile of space would consent to be led out of its course for the last few yards of its journey to strike one point while the metal-work of the roof and other parts of the house offer so many paths to earth! The fact that lightning will jump gaps of ten feet or more with ease, whereas a break of a few inches will stop the flow of the most powerful electrical currents such as are used for working our railways, shows what we have to control; moreover, the actual horse-power of a B flash probably exceeds the electricity being generated at the time by all the London electrical power-stations.

To understand what takes place when a flash of lightning strikes a building one must entirely clear away all preconceived notions which have been handed down from time to time, and which include such fallacious ideas as that a single lightning-conductor placed above the highest part of a building will protect a large area beneath; also, that to ensure safety one has only to erect the thickest copper rod that money can buy.

The Report of the Lightning Research Committee altogether dispels this mistaken idea of security. For instance, examples are given of

^{*}This is embodied, with many illustrations of damage to buildings, in a work entitled *Modern Lightning-Conductors*, by the present writer (London: Crosby Lockwood & Son).

roofs which have been struck at a point almost immediately under the higher portion of the building where the lightning-rod was fixed; and in other examples the heated air from a chimney has caused the flash to ignore the conductor. To obtain complete protection we must enclose the structure by a network of wires; and as this is practically impossible, the author has designed a modified arrangement which carries out the idea and at the same time does not interfere with the access to the roof; therefore repairs, &c., can be carried out in the usual manner. Either copper or iron wire can be used; the latter is preferable, because it is not such a good conductor of electricity as copper, and therefore tends to get nd of the energy in a safer and quieter manner. A galvanised cable of specially drawn iron wire is run along the ridge of the roofs, being kept a siort distance away by means of holdfasts; no unschily spikes are necessary, as the cable is simply run a foot or so above each stack of chimneys and opened out so as to present a number of points. The conductors descend to the ground, generally at each end of the building, in a straight line, being kep; well away from the walls, and are connected on all sides to the rain-water gutters; these are also connected to the rain-water pipes, which form part of the system. We have now formed the skeleton frame of the 'bird cage'-all but the bover portion. This is done by running a small iron wire at any suitable distance from the ground entirely round the building, joining it to the two down-conductors and the rain-water and other pipes. Still, the system is incomplete, as we have to deal with the most important part, 'the connection to

A digression may be allowed to explain what s meant by 'earth.' In telegraphy the current lases along the wire between the two instrumenta which are each connected to the ground at the two ends of the line, the earth forming the tum path. Similarly, in an electrical tramway the current flows by the trolley wire, and after popelling the car, returns by the rails and 'earth' to the dynamo. In these examples it is necessary to have a complete electrical circuit; but in the as of lightning the earth is used to damp out the fore which has been led by the numerous channels valid surround our protected building, and unis we can now disperse the flash quietly our about will have been in vain. There are two rays of effecting this. The first is by the use of enh plates, which may be of copper or iron, and here must be surrounded by charcoal and buried a permanently not ground; and this offers a difficuty which has been surmounted by the substituim of the patent tubular earth for the plate. A perforated tube furnished with a spike is attached a strong pipe and driven into the ground, other aghs being added until the moist strata is reached. The conductor is threaded down the tube, which is named full of granulated carbon, and a small tube attached to the nearest rain-water pipe ensures the necessary moisture. The number of these earths depends on the area of the building to be protected, and two at least should be used for an ordinary house, whereas in St Paul's Cathedral there were ten. Unless the lightning is well dispersed it will travel for yards to gas-pipes or other good conductors.

The committee's report gives particulars of several fires from this cause. A notable example is that of St Pancras Church in 1902. In this case part of the flash left the large copper conductor and travelled over the lead roof to the hot-water and electric light systems, while that which passed down the rod went to earth, following the gas-main, destroying many yards of pipe and setting fire to the gas. The lightning-conductors erected on the forty buildings reported on by the committee's observers certainly did not fulfil the object of lightning-protectors; in some cases the lightning struck a lower portion of the building which was supposed to be shielded by the rod, which it completely ignored; in other examples, the flash left the rod and passed by circuitous paths to other ironwork, such as gutters and rain-water pipes. The practice of using copper tape for the conductor and leading this round sharp bends doubtless facilitated the deviation of the current, and bad earth-connections intensified the result.

With the solid iron rods which are generally used throughout the Continent these failures do not occur, and every conductor, whether of iron or copper, should run in straight lines, and also be kept a moderate distance away from the building, so as to allow a clear run from air to earth. Another point to remember is to interconnect up all the rods. Possingworth House, near Heathfield, was struck twice in 1902, and damaged, although the roof fairly bristled with spikes, the all-important horizontal conductor along the ridge of the roof having been omitted.

The cage system of protection need not be unsightly. For instance, it has been installed by the writer in a modified form at Westminster Abbey and St Paul's Cathedral, and the numerous aigrettes or points which are used to discharge the electricity which gathers on a building during a storm are hardly noticeable. The few inefficient lightning-rods erected on our national museums, picture galleries, and other public buildings contrast most unfavourably with the more scientific methods adopted on the Continent, more especially in Germany, where in some cities the local authorities insist on the system being kept in an efficient condition.

Some of my readers will probably be more interested in the danger from lightning to human life. It is remarkable that, although there were many injuries and marvellous escapes, there were only two fatal accidents among the five hundred cases of buildings struck which were sent in to the Lightning Research Committee. The following suggestions may

be made. Keep as far away as possible from the fireplace, as if the chimney is struck the grate and surroundings will almost invariably be blown out into the room. Hot-water pipes are very likely to be selected, so should be avoided during a storm; also, do not sit in a greenhouse or conservatory, or take refuge in a barn or alongside a haystack. The idea that glass attracts lightning is absurd; in fact, if one does not mind the glare of the lightning, there is no evidence to show that it is unsafe to approach the windows.

Fatal accidents generally occur when people shelter outside a building. A wet wall often conducts some of the electricity, and a person standing near it provides a good path to earth. Specially avoid the proximity of a lightning-conductor; and as any pipes descending from the roof may act as conductors, keep as far away from them as possible. It is well known that trees are most dangerous, and I should like to point out that there is a great liability of being struck if one is anywhere under the boughs, as lightning striking a tree disperses like rain through all the branches, with perhaps fatal results to persons or animals in the area below. It has been stated that the beech is never selected by lightning. This statement has been disproved; in fact, according to the inquiry made by the German Government, the beech was struck more often than the pine.

In another research the poplar was damaged much more frequently than the oak. Trees act to a certain extent as lightning-rods, so that one is fairly secure in their neighbourhood-safer, in fact, than when on a treeless plain. It is then wiser to lie down during the height of the storm, and under no circumstances should one lead a bicycle or hold up an umbrella. It is not that the lightning is directly attracted by such objects; but a flash on its way to earth gives out innumerable smaller discharges; so to be near any object containing metal, which may be selected as offering the best path, is, to say the least, unwise, as one must remember that a shock which may only cause minor injuries if one's clothes were dry, might prove fatal to a person who has been for some time out in the rain.

In conclusion, it is to be hoped that the art of protection of buildings from lightning will advance from the rule-of-thumb method into which it has descended in the past to the more enlightened practice which Sir Oliver Lodge and other men of science have shown to be necessary. The public should also remember that the 1905 report of the Lightning Research Committee represents not only the results of their own investigations, but also includes the independent opinion of the various Continental authorities, whose advice has for some time past been put into actual practice in the countries which they represent. When protecting buildings from lightning one must bear in mind that the electrical energy generated by a B flash is sudden, like an avalanche; it will not take the easiest road provided for it, as if it were a trickling stream, but will crash through obstacles and make its own way, some portion of it taking paths which may be quite unexpected. The only way to protect a building is not to rely on isolated rods, but to utilise all the metal used in its construction, and so dissipate the great stored-up force by as many channels as possible, not as quickly but as quietly as possible.

THE BEGGAR. FROM THE FRENCH OF BÉRANGER.

It snows, snows white, and in the cold there prays An aged crone; on the church steps she kneels; Her cloak, in tatters, in the cold blast sways. This for her bread that she to us appeals. This church well knows her, ragged and alone In winter's days or summer-time indeed: Sightless and poor, alas! she makes her moan. Ah! give the alms of which she is in need.

Who this old creature was you may not know, So worn and thin, with scanty hair so gray. Queen of the greatest theatre; also, In former times our finest songstress gay. Young gallants raved of her in former years, To win her favour no restraint would heed, But dreamed or wooed, in happiness or tears. Ah! give the alms of which she is in need.

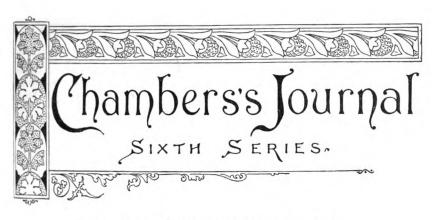
How often then, when at the playhouse door, She from her carriage saw the gazing crowd Awaiting there in masses to adore The actress whom they cheered with 'Bravos' loud, Then at her porch to hand her to her chair, Which to some haunt of pleasure soon would speed, How many rivals strove to show their care! Ah! give the alms of which she is in need.

Crowned as she was, by every form of art, She dwelt in wealth and riches for a while, For crystals, bronzes, statues, did in part, As gifts, from love to love, her time beguile. Her banquets gay fair-weather friends endeared, To seek good cheer and pleasure all agreed; The swallows from the house-eaves disappeared. Ah! give the alms of which she is in need.

Sad dreams, alas! for illness changed those days; Her voice was lost, and then—her eyes went blind; Poor and alone, she fell to beggars' ways; For twenty years she's asked church-goers kind. When rich, her purse was open for the seeking, To help the needy always was her creed; Her open hand is quaveringly speaking. Ah! give the alms of which she is in need.

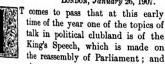
O misery! Have pity! O how cold
One feels! Her fingers, frozen in the blast,
The rosary itself can scarcely hold
(She might have smiled at such in days long past).
Poor, old, and wretched, she, in her sad plight,
Still calls on God to hear His daughter plead;
For faith so great, illumining her night,
Ah! give the alms of which she is in need.

A. FRANCIS STEUART.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

LONDON, January 26, 1907.



circumstances have conspired during recent seasons to make the subject one of keener interest now than in former days. For one thing, the home political situation has become very tense in many respects; and for another, the King's Speech has become a little less of a dry-as-dust formality and more of a living thing since it has been realised that the present Sovereign, always playing the part of the perfect diplomatist, takes a greater personal interest in its contents and its construction than used to be the case—an interest which has happily culminated in His Majesty's own personal delivery of the address from the throne n the House of Lords. Of course the Speech is not really the Speech of the King so much as that of the Prime Minister and the Cabinet; and though in practice the Sovereign seldom meddles with the matter or the manner of the document submitted to him by his premier statesman, still he has the privilege of doing so, and thus it is reasonable to suppose that a little of the individuality of the monarch may be impressed occasionally upon the generally solemn and stodgy sentences. Queen Victoria on one or two occasions certainly exercised rety active control over the parliamentary orations which were read in her name; notably in 1864, when the difficulties between Denmark and the Schleswig-Holstein duchies were in progress. Palmerston had and up the Speech as usual; but there was one nther bellicose paragraph in it to which the Queen bok such strong exception that as soon as she bid received the draft she sent a very plainly rouled telegram to the Prime Minister demanding ta excision, and eventually she had her will. Modgy as they are, there is a slightly varying daracter to be noted in these royal Speeches, to the Premier who is in power. The characteristic of the Palmerston efforts as exemplified

in the case just quoted was a touch of arrogance and menace. Gladstone and Salisbury made good, strong, simple Speeches; and while those of Melbourne are almost the most watery and insipid within memory, those of Lord Beaconsfield were certainly the most effective; indeed, it is said that he constantly introduced into his text more colour than other statesmen of the first rank considered to be necessary or desirable. The preparation of the Speech is really a rather complicated business. In the middle days of January the Prime Minister begins to ponder upon it, and then he discusses his ideas with the more important Ministers, particularly the Foreign and Home Secretaries. Next he writes the Speech in its three sections, and it is submitted to a full meeting of the Cabinet, criticised, altered; and then, when the Premier has again slept upon it, he gives a final touch to his handiwork and sends the draft off to the King. Eventually a meeting is called of the members of the Privy Council who are in the Cabinet, and over this meeting the Sovereign presides. A final glance is given to the document, and at last, in the presence of the Council, His Majesty places his signature at the end of it, so that there shall never be any doubt as to what it was that the King was meant to say. All very formal, very solemn, very important. And then the floodgates of parliamentary oratory are thrown open. Certainly the least formal and lifeless feature of the whole thing is His Majesty's personal delivery, for he contrives to impart a trifle of animation to his recitation, and it is always made in a fine clear voice. However, there is no room in these days for incident and the unexpected, as there was occasionally in former times, such as on the occasion of the very last Speech of William the Fourth. It was late in the day when the ceremony came to be performed, and the light was bad and so was the King's eyesight, so he had difficulty in making out the words of the manuscript, and he frequently referred to the Prime Minister with a 'What is it, Melbourne?' as he stammered through the opening sentences. He lost patience at last, and in an outburst of vexation exclaimed, 'D- it, I can't see!' Noble lords JANUARY 26, 1907. [All Rights Reserved.]

found it difficult to preserve their gravity of demeanour; bishops' faces became less solemn; wax tapers were hurriedly sent for and placed at the King's elbow, and then His Majesty made some apologies, and began the Speech afresh from the beginning.

It is a complaint against the present House of Commons by the dwindling number of parliamentarians of the old school who remain at Westminster that it is becoming too humdrum and prosaic and materialistic for those who used to say that it was the best club in London, and the place where they most felt the joy of the political-intellectual-social life. They do not look forward to the opening of a new session now as they used to do; even the claiming of seats on the midnight before the opening day is losing all the glamour of adventure. A rude shock was given to the men who pursue these traditions when, last February, Mr J. O. Andrews, who had lost his seat at the election and was an M.P. no longer, entered the House with the midnight party, and duly ticketed for himself a very excellent seat at a corner next the gangway. Gone are the days of ease and happiness in the House; the pleasant dinner-parties are less frequent; the joke, practical or otherwise, is a rarity. It is now on record that in the prandial way there is nothing at Westminster that is half so popular as that wonderful shilling dinner, consisting of a cut from the joint, two vegetables, bread, butter, and cheese. Such is the fare of Ministers even, and restaurant-managers, who marvel at the story, say that an attempt to give so much for the money would ruin them in a very little while. Of course the secret lies in the subsidy which the nation gives to the parliamentary kitchens. Everywhere, it is said, there is a dull practicalness coming into vogue. It is being suggested that for the future only a shilling or eighteenpence should be paid for the House of Commons paper-knives instead of twelve and sixpence as heretofore, on the ground that they might then disappear less frequently and permanently than they do at present. There would be fears for the decadence of the institution of tea on the Terrace in the summer-time in the company of lady friends were it not that no members have shown themselves more appreciative of such dillydallying in the sunshine while heavy bills are being pounded through the legislative machinery inside as, mirabile dictu, the Labour members! The House has ceased to regard it as essential that it should dress well. Hon, members put on their roughest and most comfortable working clothes when they go down to St Stephen's; it is the same even with the young bloods who are most watched, for Mr Winston Churchill constantly betrays that he does not care 'a hang' about appearances, and sartorially he is a poor governmental substitute for, say, Mr George Wyndham. Worst of all, it is being said that the House nowadays has no adequate sense of humour, and that it would hardly laugh even though an M.P., according to ancient custom, sat down upon his hat. It really only begins to see the queer side of things when it is getting through the long watches of the night, as it is becoming so addicted to doing, and has begun to feed upon the seven hundred eggs and one hundred and eighty devilled bones which are now indicated as the chief sustenance of Parliament during an all-night sitting. About four o'clock in the morning St Stephen's is by way of becoming really light-hearted and funny. But, oh, say some, for the halcyon days when the M.P. loved his practical joke! Think of the time when they shouted, 'Pickpockets in the Lobby! Member robbed!' when one of them, after some fumbling, said he could not find his pocket-book, and how they sent for a Scotland Yard inspector, and how the M.P. ultimately found that he had left his book at his tailor's when he was being 'tried on' in the afternoon. And, oh for the days when Mr Patrick O'Brien, Irish Whip, was caught in a hot bath when the division-bell rang, tried to dress himself without being dried, and reached the Lobby late with only one boot on! And the late Mr Wootton Isaacson, who in an all-night sitting was likewise caught bathing and rushed into the Government Lobby clad chiefly in a bathing-towel! Mr O'Brien said that a special 'division dress' ought to be put on the estimates for the use of batherssomething loose and Oriental. All such stories told of the ease of parliamentary life. Now, they say, it is harder, sterner, more matter-of-fact. Parliament certainly looks as if it meant business in these days, and feels like it, and the apostles of the new spirit will take a compliment to themselves from such comments as these., Keen men on the Government side will say that much of this is their doing; but while the Cromwellian sentiments of sternness and simplicity are undoubtedly strong among them, the work of toning down Parliament, as it were, was begun long before their day. I remember Lord Waleren, when Sir William Walrond and chief Conservative Whip, many years ago telling me that he made it one of his chief ambitions, in so far as lay in his power, to make the House attractive to the thoroughly practical business man. The country squire and the eldest son of the country squire are almost dead as types at Westminster. No doubt it is all for the best. It is for efficiency, and in that there is the consolation for the substitution, metaphorically speaking, of fustian for the silken robe. But more and more efficiency is needed; such is the constant murmuring now on the eve of a new session, as often before.

* * *

'And what of the Thames to-day?' Such might very reasonably be the burden of the early morning soliloquy of an earnest, thoughtful Londoner in anticipation of his first look through the daily paper. For how largely its river bulks in the great and continuous problems of the development of the Empire's city is a matter upon which its inhabitants

my not frequently reflect. Not merely because of is commercial importance, or because of its romance and traditions and modern wonders, the Thames rands for more to London than does the river of my other city in the world; and almost day by dar, in one aspect or another, it forces itself upon the attention of the people. First it is a question of pilots, next of steamboats, then of bridges, enbankments, cross-river tramways, and so forth; and now, at the beginning of another year, after all that has been done for this veritable parent of the Metropolis, in its old age it is asking for more and more attention, and its programme of arrangements for the immediate future has never been more imposing than at present. Already the dredgers, seam hoppers, and all the other paraphernalia of the river-engineers are at work towards the fulfilneat of a great scheme by which in one respect it rall be made different from what it has ever been, and from which in some three years from now it all emerge a better and more useful river than erer. This is to say, that the Thames Conservancy hard is engaged upon the great work of making a www deep-water channel from the Nore to Gravesesi which will be twenty-one miles in length, a thousand feet wide, and thirty feet deep. It will out four hundred thousand pounds; and of this am the Thames authority pays half, and the piers, and ships will be mulcted in the other half rar of extra payments during the three years the work will be in progress. But what will watern the average knockabout Londoner and the equalities stranger more than this is the manner in which another two hundred thousand pounds is to te sent in the widening of Blackfriars Bridge, the some most important of all the bridges that join the north and south. A peculiarly strong interest s of personal possession is taken by the cockney these bridges over the Thames, and people of raiosophic turn of mind may suggest that the timer in which they have earned for themselves in interest and even affection is curious and subtle. is reald be suggested that an appreciable portion ching London crosses these bridges either on foot on some form of vehicle twice a day, and the Period of doing so is almost inevitably one in tath there is a suspension of the work upon which te mind has been engaged and a pause for some the of reflection, which may sometimes be almost Richardons, upon the picture of big and wonderful ed committee London that is spread out on each to of the parapet. Years in London make a man different to many of the things of its glory and He will not lift his eyes from the termaper that he is reading as a motor omnibus thing him past the Houses of Parliament and Reminster Abbey; no emotion is stirred in him then on foot he crosses Trafalgar Square. But it s deems when the bridges are being walked. Bere it is, the black and winding band of river, so requesture and practical and purposeful and condicte to mental imagery in which nature and

history and the modern spirit of bustling commerce are congruously blended. And it always seems so new and interesting, so that even the most prosaic persons feel something of the thrills of pride and sentiment at each separate view. I know that if the Londoner came to analyse the emotions of a day, he would, perhaps sometimes to his surprise, discover that Father Thames had worked upon him the premier charm. That may be the reason why the bridges always seem to count with him as an intimate part of his personal London system, and why he constantly takes such an interest in all that concerns them and experiences a sense of unsettlement when they are in the contractors' hands. How it felt to everybody as if London were in hospital when not long ago London Bridge itself was being enlarged! And now it is the turn of Blackfriars Bridge for enlargement; and during the three years that the firm of Arrol will have it in hand we shall have again that little feeling of irritation and discomfort, the sense of upheaval and change, as when the plumbers are in one's house. As I have suggested, Blackfriars is the deputymaster of the London bridges, and it bears the second largest share of all the traffic across the Thames. Some time ago an official census was made of the number of vehicles that cross the four bridges in the city, and from six o'clock on one Sunday morning until the same hour on the following Sunday a careful count was kept, and it was found that in this space one hundred and twentyfive thousand three hundred and seventy-three crossings were made of London Bridge, one hundred and twelve thousand three hundred and five of Blackfriars, eighty-five thousand three hundred and fifty-three of the Tower, and only twenty-four thousand four hundred and thirty-two of Southwark, the cold neglect of the latter being due, it is interesting to note, to the steep gradient on the City side, of which both drivers and horses are extremely shy. Now, here is what may seem an odd point to some people. It was found that in the cases of London and Southwark Bridges more vehicles went over from the City to the south than came back, but that this difference was far outbalanced by the greater number that passed into the City from the south over the spans at Blackfriars and the Tower. In the result three thousand three hundred and fifty-one more carts and carriages came into the City in that one week than left it. It would be too much to expect the numbers to balance; but wherefore this great difference?

* * *

What has been known for many weeks past as the 'Book War,' with all its little intrigues, plots, and peccadillos, has served one or two purposes which were perhaps not contemplated by those who participated in it at the outset. It seems, without doubt, to have stimulated the public interest in books and bookmaking; and it is said by the big booksellers in London that times are

quite good again. They have been bad enough in all conscience since the days of the South African war; but heavy taxation on the one hand and an abnormally large proportion of poor books on the other, together with the increase of that species of review articles which consist of lengthy summaries and extracts almost telling the whole story of a book, may have had as much to do with this state of affairs as anything else. The 'war' has also given the public a glimpse behind the scenes of bookmanufacture. Sometimes the wonderment has been increased, and at others illusion has been dispelled. The readers know a little more; but still they know very little of the changes that have been creeping over the systems of authorship and publication during the past few years. Many of the oldest and most honoured methods and traditions, such as some of the most famous houses were built upon, are already dead. In the production of books sentiment counts for less and commercialism for more, far more, than it did ten years ago. Authors, backed by the Society of Authors, are keener in quest of their rights than they used to be; and the up-to-date publisher has taken several leaves from the book of twentieth century halfpenny journalism. By this it is not meant that he has developed any tendency, or any serious tendency, towards cheap effect and sensationalism; but he is leaning a little more towards enterprise, and he is engineering his schemes in new ways. Mr John Murray, head of one of the oldest and most respected houses, told recently of the system of editorship which he has personally practised upon many of the books which have passed through his publishing machinery. From this the public have benefited, and have need to be grateful; and perhaps in the long-run they have no less cause for gratitude to other big houses who have gone to much greater lengths in giving the people what they want in the form in which it is most agreeable and serviceable to them. It is certainly true that many books are published to-day and achieve great sale and popularity of the construction of a single sentence of which their nominal authors are quite innocent. The publisher as editor

and organiser conceives that there is a good book in a certain man if it could be got out of him; but the man may be either too illiterate or too indolent for authorship. But if he is willing, a medium is put on to him, and this medium extracts from him all the facts of which he is possessed, and then writes the book. There is no deception of the public, inasmuch as the matter is all the matter of the nominal author, clothed with all his full authority; but the manner is entirely that of another. I know of weighty volumes of legal reminiscence, of books of travel, and of works of expert instruction that have been successfully launched upon the market in this way. I know of a case where the author-medium had only a few hours' conversation with his man, and from it wrote a work that needed gold to buy it, and which was reviewed enthusiastically in hundreds of columns, though the nominal author was then at the other end of the world, and had never seen a single line of his book either in manuscript or print! Let it be added that without a shadow of a doubt he would have approved of every line, for the accuracy and intelligence and also expert knowledge of the author-medium himself were wonderful things. Recently, also, I heard the curious—and, as I was perfectly convinced, very true-story of a published work the substance-matter of which was told over the telephone to the man who had been engaged to write it up. In such circumstances books of a hundred thousand words are sometimes written in three weeks or less. On one occasion there was a celebrated army-officer home from a foreign expedition, with a good story to tell, and so an enterprising firm of publishers laid hands on him. He explained that he could not write, but that he was 'a devil to dictate,' and his time was limited, and he must see what was written. Accordingly, London was scoured for its very fastest typist, and she proved a marvel who could make words by keys almost as fast as by tongue. The officer sat down before her and talked his book, and before the end of the first week it was in the printers' hands! HENRY LEACH.

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.





T was hard for Mr Castlerayne to act just at that moment as the fine gentleman that he believed himself to be. He could not exactly reproach his sister, seeing that most of her slender fortune had gone to satisfy

his own extravagance. But a little time ago he had entirely been under the impression that Gertrude had some hundreds of pounds at her disposal. It might have been that she had paid some of his more pressing debts, for the head of the family had never troubled himself about them.

'There is no occasion to blame yourself, my dear,' he said magnanimously. 'I have no doubt that you have acted for what seemed to be the best. I dare say we shall find some means to satisfy the rapacity of that fellow Foster. Meanwhile, I will go as far as the hospital and see Craggs. I have not the slightest doubt that his lawyers are acting on their own responsibility in this matter.'

Castlerayne spoke lightly and pleasantly enough, but he was haunted by a certain wearying doubt as he crossed the Common. The violence of his sister's agitation had afforded him a clue. There had been

no occasion for so marked a display of feeling. Casterayne did not forget how great and tender an interest his sister took in the hospital, and how she had fought for the poor people there for the last twenty years. He put the doubt from him as unworthy. Gertrude would never have committed so has an act of treachery.

The Common lay smiling in the still September sunshine. It was one of the golden days with a touch of autumn in the air. The seed-pods of the gone crackled; the hum of the bees rose high in the air. For fifty years now Castlerayne had marked the changes of the year there; man and boy, it had become part of his existence. He began to realise what the loss of it all would be There he had shot his first grouse; there he had found the hawk's nest. His mind travelled back over the level range of the years. And it was all going at last—he had frittered it all away. There was the glorious fringe of gorse and heath and heather beyond the Common, where by this time villas and streets of houses might have stood if he had not been so filled with his pride of race. A duke had done the same at Eastbourne, and accordy had thought any the worse of him. After il it would have been no very great inconvenience to have a hotel erected on the site of the Dower-House Perhaps there was reason in the action that Craggs had undertaken; at any rate, a graceid surrender would have obliterated the necessity for the disgraceful bankruptcy that Castlerayne aw before him.

He came at length to the hospital, bathed in the brown light of the September afternoon. An elderly woman with some kind of lacework before her curtaied to him. A couple of shy children carged from one of the dark doorways and wated their forelocks. There was something stating about the process.

Craggs roared a welcome as Castlerayne knocked us the door. The old man sat in his big arm-chair before a wisp of fire in the grate, for the rheumatism was hard upon him. He had a big book open as little table by his side, and Castlerayne could set that it was a volume of Cobbett. The old man beginded his visitor with surprise.

Well, this is a nice mess you've got me into!'

Crago indicated a hardwood chair on the other sit of the fireplace. He did not seem in the least impressed by the importance of the occasion. It riped his iron-rimmed glasses on a flaming red landstrahief, and replaced them carefully. There was no sign of the victor about him.

I'm sorry to hear it, sir,' he said. 'I'm doing he best I can for everybody. I'm not by disposible that I can for everybody. I'm not by disposible like the Quaker in the story. You should the same some and fought that action, I guess.'

It is easy to be wise after the event, Craggs.

To do my solicitor justice, he strongly advised me
to terms with you. I honestly believed

myself to be entirely in the right, and so I refused to do anything of the kind. And now your solicitors are pressing me for an enormous bill that I can't possibly pay. If the money is not paid I shall be turned out of The Towers and everything will be sold. As you are so tenacious on the subject of your own house, perhaps you can judge of my feelings, Craggs.'

Craggs nodded thoughtfully. He was not moved to any display of extravagant sympathy. From his hard, logical point of view, the squire had brought this thing on himself.

'I could do nothing else,' he said. 'The Lord put it into my head as I was to be the guardian of these poor folks here. He led me to look up that old charter; and then I found out as the Common really belonged to the hospitallers, who could fit it to any purpose as they'd a mind so as to make a little money out of it. There was money provided by the will of your great-grandfather to endow the hospital for ever, and your grandfather took and spent every penny of it amongst his dissolute companions. And you never did a thing for us, squire; and you can't deny it. If it hadn't been for Miss Gertrude we should have all gone to the House long ago. That's why I took action under our rights conferred by the charter. When the money was found, no time was lost in making our position clear.'

'But who found the money, Craggs? One of your Radical associates, I suppose—the set of people who are never happy unless they are setting class against class. Or perhaps you are in the hands of some speculative money-lender'—

'Nothing of the kind, sir,' Craggs cried indignantly. 'The money came from somebody who is very dear to us—a lady, in fact. But I am talking too fast, like the querulous old idiot that I am. After all, it's no business of yours, squire.'

Castlerayne was ominously silent for a moment. His face had turned very pale; then it flushed very red till there was a mist before the eyes of the squire. He was likely to flare out there and then in a sudden fit of wild Berserk rage, the strong, hasty passion of the man who usually is of even temperament. He restrained an impulse to take Craggs by the throat and choke the life out of him.

The fit passed presently, and left him trembling and breathless. Craggs, staring thoughtfully into the fire through the round glasses, saw nothing of this. He was convinced that the squire didn't suspect anything. He could not look into the black, raging heart of the other. It was some little time before Castlerayne spoke again.

'We need not trouble about the past,' he said.
'It is the future that concerns me. I never thought that I should come here to ask you a favour, Craggs. I bear you no malice. You have fought me openly and honourably, and I am beaten. But from your solicitors' point of view it is a different matter. They look upon this as a

mere money-making game. They are going to have their pound of flesh or force me into bankruptcy. I want you to tell them to give me a little time—say a month. If you will do this for me'—

'I'll do all I can, squire; though the matter you mention is out of my power. It's a dreadful thing for a gentleman in your position to find that—

But I'm getting presumptuous.'

Craggs thoughtfully wiped his glasses again, and Castlerayne stared moodily into the fire. He was cherishing vengeful thoughts now. He was in a black and bitter mood which would considerably have astonished the old cobbler if he could have looked into the mind of his visitor.

'I suppose that you will close with these hotel-

people now?' he asked.

'No, we sha'n't,' Craggs returned with something like a smile. 'There's a better scheme than that. It was useless to bring the scheme before you, because you would have been certain to oppose it. Lord, how short-sighted some people are, to be sure! And how the blessing in disguise is regarded as a black misfortune! You're down on your luck to-day; but the good time is coming, a far better time than you deserve, if you'll pardon me for saying so. I'll do what I can with the lawyers. I'm afraid, though, it isn't much good.'

In his heart of hearts Castlerayne was of the same opinion. But he was not thinking of those learned in the law just at that moment. He had something sterner to distract his attention. His face was dark and stern as he made his way across the Common in the direction of The Towers. He had to deal with the black treachery, as he called it, existing under his own rafters. He no longer doubted where the money had come from to fight Craggs's action. Out of her sympathy for the hospital, Gertrude had found it. In a mean and despicable manner she had helped to ruin her own flesh and blood. If the means had not been forthcoming Craggs could never have been successful in his action; nay, he could never have brought an action at all. And the result had been to drag down an honourable name and cause an unfortunate man to go into a vulgar and sordid bankruptcy. Castlerayne was quite sure that he could have pulled round but for the treachery on the part of his sister.

He swung through the heather, lashing the tips with his cane as he went along. He came at length to his own room, where the candles were burning on the dressing-table and his evening suit had been laid out by his man. He changed very slowly and

carefully. Rarely had he taken more pains over the setting of his black tie. Outwardly he was cool enough, but inwardly he was raging. He was hardly conscious of the fact that his lips were twitching strangely. There was a queer contortion of the left eyelid. The healthy brown of the face had given way to a positively gray tinge. But Castlerayne heeded it not.

Down in the drawing-room the lamps were lighted. Nobody was there when the master of the house arrived. Everything looked so orderly, so refined, so fastidious; there lay no shadow of poverty there. The clock over the fireplace chimed the half-hour after seven; then the door opened and Gertrude Castlerayne, attired in some soft gray silk, came in.

'As the evening was chilly, I thought that you would like a fire, Rayne,' she said. 'What is the matter? How gray and strange your face looks!'

She started back, filled with some undefined fear; but Castlerayne came forward and took her by the shoulders. She had never seen her brother like this before. Her own face had gone as pale and chill as his. He seemed to have some difficulty in speaking.

'I have seen Craggs,' he said between his teeth. 'He did not mean to betray you, but he has. And only this afternoon you told me that you had lost all your money. I know where all that money has gone. There is no need for you to prevaricate. So it is from my own household that the treacherous blow comes. After all these years! Men have done murder for less than this before now. But I shall say nothing. I shall leave it all to your conscience. I shall, I hope, not forget that so long as you are a guest here'—

A quick, broken cry rang through the room, half-drowned by the clang of the dinner-gong. With white face and startled eyes, Gertrude Castlerayne faced the speaker.

'Rayne,' she wailed - 'Rayne, you are cruel!

Oh, so cold and cruel! A guest in the house!

I! And after all these years, to think'—

(W:)

'Will you take my arm?' Castlerayne said. 'I heard the gong. Do not let us forget that, after all, there are certain social obligations to observe.

Will you, please?'

Gertrude Castlerayne sank to her knees on the floor; her head had fallen into the seat of a chair. Her form was torn by passionate sobs that seemed to choke her. The door opened again, and May stood astonished and amazed by the extraordinary scene that lay before her.

(To be continued.)



THIRTY-THREE YEARS' HARD LABOUR AT WESTMINSTER.

PART II.



INCE I first knew the House of Commons the method of procedure and the style of debate have greatly altered. Obviously, the latter is a sequence of the former. Thirty

years ago the Speaker took the dair at four o'clock. Questions began half-an-hour later, the progress of interrogation frequently extending to six o'clock. Then, as now, the text of questions was printed on a paper in the hand of crery member. Nevertheless, in accordance with immemorial custom, every member mercilessly read aloud the full text of his question. The lish members beginning to fall into line under he command of Parnell, shrewd Joseph Gillis Biggar quickly perceived opportunity here provided of obstructing business. At his suggestion they put down questions by the score, making tem as lengthy as possible, as controversial as the spervision of the Speaker permitted.

That is a pleasing habit not unfamiliar at the resent day. But in the seventies and the early sessions of the eighties obstruction had another rapon in its armoury. In those happy times here was nothing to prevent a small but active ique, whether it was called the Fourth Party or bonged to the Parnellite faction, from getting p a wrangle over a Ministerial answer to a restion, and moving the adjournment in order discuss the matter at length. To-day leave is non occasion given to move the adjournment, he privilege being unhampered by the absolutely tile condition that the request shall be supported y forty members. But such motion may not be made till the close of the question-hour; and, if ermission be extorted by the support alluded to, date may not open till the dinner-hour, leaving is ordinary course of business undisturbed.

On one of the earliest days of the Parliament of 1880 Frank Hugh O'Donnell, scarcely veiling ander form of question an attack on a newly mointed French Minister to the Court of Stanes's, met remonstrance by moving the adjournment. This happened at five o'clock in the distribution, midway in the list of questions. A row assed, prolonged till one o'clock the next morning, then, Mr O'Donnell retiring in a state of physical chaustion, the subject dropped and the Speaker gavely called for the next question on the paper.

One result of this state of things was to prevent the cream of debate from rising till after the dinner-bor, an arrangement that involved late sittings. To day, with the House master of its own time, questions are disposed of and the Orders of the Day entered part of the things of the Day entered natically closes at eleven. The great guns are fired of as early as possible, invariably before dispersal

for dinner. In former times, with the length of sitting unlimited by the Standing Orders, the real business of debate did not begin earlier than ten o'clock, when members began to stream back from dinner. When Disraeli and Gladstone faced each other across the table it was a common thing for the Leader of the Opposition to rise at eleven o'clock to wind up a critical debate, and talk for an hour and a half, leaving the Leader to reply at similar or greater length, regardless of the glowing dawn.

In altered circumstances the style of speechmaking becomes wholly different. Then men orated; now they talk. When I first knew the House no speech in full-dress debate was regarded as complete unless it were rounded off by elaborate peroration. In this competition Gladstone was easily first. Disraeli, who among superb parliamentary aptitudes cannot justly be described as an orator, also had his pet peroration. It was pompous in conception, of the tinkling cymbal order in construction. Gladstone's only competitor in this development of oratorical art was John Bright. Varying his ordinary practice of delivering the main part of his speech without the assistance of a note, Bright always carefully wrote out the text of the peroration of his great speeches. He did not necessarily read from the manuscript. It was at hand in case of need.

Another adornment of speeches which did not survive the seventies was the introduction of quotations from the classic poets. John Bright, of course, in this competition sat out, as they say of the fourth partner in bridge. I am not certain if Dizzy did not occasionally try his hand at a Latin tag, but I do not remember hearing him. Gladstone, with the literary wealth of Athens and Rome at hand, frequently gilded his speech with choice extracts of the ore. Here his worthy competitor was Lowe, equally facile. When, in forming his Budget, Lowe embodied a match-tax, ruining his reputation as a financier and imperilling the safety of his Government, it was shrewdly suspected that he was allured by the fancy he, with almost childish delight, communicated to the House of printing on the match-box stamp the motto, Ex luce lucellum. As was written of one of old time, 'he had his jest, and they [very nearly] had his estate.' He saved his Ministerial life only by hastily abandoning his match-tax and his motto.

In House of Commons debate to-day the peroration is as much out of fashion as are the costumes worn in Goldsmith's comedies. The final halt made by the vanishing custom was on Budget-night. Through the last quarter of the nineteenth century the Chancellor of the Exchequer expounding his Budget was expected to make several little jokes and one

serious peroration. Never on such a momentous occasion did Gladstone condescend to the frivolity of a jest; the sustained eloquence of his peroration made up for deficiency in that direction. Harcourt was the first Chancellor of the Exchequer systematically to flash over arid wastes of revenue returns the light of humour. His example was followed by such unexpected practitioners as Mr Goschen and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. In the twentieth century little jokes—the most telling relate to the fluctuating sale of rum and the yield of the death-duties—are still made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on his annual field-night. But, like 'the harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed,' the peroration is dead.

Another marked change wrought by the hand of time in the habits of the House of Commons relates to dress. I have a precious print which shows the House of Commons assembled in the session of 1821. Members are seated in the old House, dimly lit by candelabra pendent from the roof. It is the most appallingly respectable assembly I ever set eyes upon. Neither whisker nor moustache varied the grimness of the sedate countenances. All are dressed alike with high coat-collar, stock carried up to chin, trouser cut tight to the leg and drawn over the instep by a strap. I showed the print one day to Frank Lockwood, beloved equally of the Bar and Parliament.

'How decorously dull!' he exclaimed, regarding the scene with quick interest. 'How portentously respectable! There does not seem to be a single Irish member among them; nor'—he added, running his eye again over the crowded benches— 'even a lawyer.'

Sir James Ferguson, Postmaster-General in the Second Salisbury Administration, tells me he remembers a time when no member of the House of Commons who respected himself and his constituency sat in the presence of the Speaker without wearing gloves. Sir James, elected member for Ayrshire whilst he was fighting in the Crimea, entered the House in 1854, and is from that point of calculation nineteen years my senior. I never saw the gloves, but I have vivid recollection of the Sunday go-tomeeting sartorial style of members of Parliament in the seventies. Every one was black-coated and, of course, top-hatted. One named Monk, who sat for Gloucester, session after session created a sensation, on the whole painful, by presenting himself on sultry days in a dove-coloured suit. It is true his late father had been a bishop, but it was felt that he was rather imposing on the distinction.

I remember another shock suffered by the House when Lord Randolph Churchill entered wearing a pair of tan shoes. The Fourth Party was then at the height of its impudence, the plenitude of its power. Its young leader had for months alternately bullied the Prime Minister and tweaked the nose of the Leader of the Opposition. These things had been suffered, not gladly, it is true, but in recognition of impotence to withstand them.

This tan shoes atrocity was, on both sides of the House, felt to be going literally a step too far.

At this date it is curious to reflect upon these dead-and-gone emotions. On sultry afternoons the benches of the House of Commons present a sartorial appearance suggestive of Henley on Regatta-day. The cylindrical silk hat, which within the memory of the present Speaker was regarded in the light of one of the pillars that sustain the British Constitution, is rarely seen. Straw hats, Homburg hats, and the common 'bowler' have rudely shunted its solemnity. A working-man member, returned for the first time to the present Parliament, has beaten the record by presenting himself in a soft brown wideawake, the rim of which is in size and proportions planned on the scale of the sloping roof of a Swiss chalet. As for clothes, anything will do; the lighter in colour, the less conventional in cut, the better. In summer-time the absence of a waistcoat is amply atoned for by the presence of a cummerbund.

It was in the last Parliament elected in the reign of Queen Victoria, the first King Edward VII. opened in person, that this sartorial revolution was completed. With it came in the fashion of Tea on the Terrace. That such things were accomplished under the genial, happy-go-lucky premiership of Mr Arthur Balfour is a circumstance in which some critics may find a moral. The function of Tea on the Terrace was a natural efflux of the state of things existing in the first five years of a new century. Mr Balfour had at his command an overwhelming, and, up to the time of Mr Chamberlain's excursion into the field of Protection, a united and docile, majority. The last thing demanded from them was contribution to debate. Votes, not talk, were what was looked for from their loyalty. They could not be expected to sit silent hour after hour listening to hon. gentlemen opposite, nor could they be trusted to remain at hand in the Library or Smoking-Room. With quick intuition, the Whips saw the possibilities of an afternoon function to which ladies contributed the charm of their presence. Tea on the Terrace was accordingly encouraged in high quarters. London society eagerly swallowed the bait, and the worried Whips were soothed by the knowledge that at the sound of the division-bell a battalion of Ministerialists would sally from the Terrace to resist the machinations of the Opposition trying to rush an unexpected division.

Not least thorough in the changes wrought in the House of Commons during the last three decades is that affecting the personnel and the position of the Irish Party. When in 1874 they came in with a rush, they were like a string of gamins breaking in on the sanctity of the close of a cathedral. The old traditions of the House of Commons imposing discipline and almost abject submission to the authority of the Chair, deeply rooted, were defied. The authority of the Speaker in pre-Parnellite days is accurately indicated by the old story of a threat to

'name' an offending member. 'And what would happen if you had done it?' one privily asked the Speaker. 'Heaven only knows,' answered the right bon gentleman. For generations a vague, obscure threat had sufficed to subdue the most reckless misdoer. Before Parnell and Mr Biggar had been long to the fore it became necessary to enact a Standing Order attaching definite penalties as a consequence of the Speaker performing the ancient rite of 'naming' a member.

Mr Butt, himself an old parliamentary hand, was in the first session of the Disraelian Parliament so deeply imbued with the traditions of the House that he shrank from direct conflict with the Chair. There came a night when he, once the popular idol of the Nationalist Party, quitted the Irish camp below the gangway to the left of the Speaker, seating himself, in sight of a full House, in the serener quarter above it. Parnell thereupon, with the assistance of his grotesque, honest, delightfully original lieutenant, Joseph Gillis Biggar, took command, entering upon a campaign which before his fall transmuted the parliamentary atmosphere, transformed its methods of procedure. The evolution of these two was one of the most remarkable, not the least momentous, episodes in the parliamentary life of the last thirty years. One, a Cambridge man of aristocratic birth; the other, a provision dealer from Belfast, uncultured, uncouth. The two extremes were drawn together by common hatred of the Saxon, stern resolve to smite him in his most sacred temple. At the outset they were angularly unfitted for the self-appointed task. Neither had that fluency which is the common heritage of their countrymen. They turned the disqualification into a weapon of war. If, being on heir legs, they could not straightway hit upon the preise phrase they sought, why, let the House of Commons wait till they did. The interval would are by wasting a minute of public time, and in the business of obstruction every little helps.

Joseph Gillis, enlarging on the principle, on a famous occasion held the House of Commons at bay whilst in husky voice he read to it extracts from a Blue Book. At a quarter to nine o'clock, the entertainment having commenced at five o'clock in the afternoon, his voice began to fail. The Speaker, rising to order, called attention to the rule requiring members to address the Chair; 'and,' he added, 'the observations of the hon member have not for some time past reached me.' 'Very well, sir,' said genial Joey B., ever ready to oblige, 'I'll come closer;' and placing his Blue Book under his arm and picking up his tumbler of water, he stepped across the gangway, taking up a position conveniently under the hapless Speaker's left ear.

These deliberate systematic outrages on parliamentary etiquette and tradition in time worked out the redemption of the House of Commons. Up to the incursion of the Parnellites, rules of procedure handed down from Stuart times, whilst occasionally failing in their purpose, fared well enough. Evidently they must be recast to meet the new order of things. In the eighties, the House, most unwilling to move in that direction, gave up much time to reforming its ancient Standing Orders. The adoption of the closure, violently resented as an infringement of the privilege of free speech, did much to deliver the majority from the tyranny of the individual. The automatic interruption of debate, first on the stroke of midnight, now at eleven o'clock, struck at the root of possible disorder by minimising the recurrence of late sittings. The appointment of Grand Committees, involving a system of double labour shift, largely assisted in the furtherance of work achieved in a session.

But as the Empire spreads, the burden of legislative labour increases. In this twentieth century the Mother of Parliaments, a weary Titan, yearns for the coming of the inevitable time when her load will be lightened by the devolution to local bodies of legislation on local matters.

SLIOCH'S TREASURE.

CHAPTER V.



HE next day was the Twelfth; but though the birds were plentiful and not too wild, I am afraid none of us shot well. We all felt like conspirators, and every now and again

exchanged whispered confidences, and every now and again exchanged whispered confidences, it dinner the Admiral's wife took us to task about our lack of interest in the day's sport; but, fortunately, just then a telegram was handed to the dinital intimating that the Coastguard officer would write the next morning, and that, under his supervise, the contents of the cave were to be brought to the surface. We took Mrs Benbow into our constance, and all sat up late that night discussing

how the treasure could best be recovered, and expressing fervent hopes that the weather might be favourable on the morrow. I, at least, slept but little.

The morning fortunately broke calm and bright; and after we had finished breakfast Captain Wright, the Coastguard officer, was announced. He listened with great interest to the Admiral's story, heartily congratulated Commander Hardy on possessing the combination of mental and physical abilities which had enabled him to achieve such wonderful success, and cordially approved of the arrangements proposed.

Accordingly, we lost no time in getting on board the yacht, and with a large fishing-boat in tow started for the cave. We anchored between the wreck and the entrance to the small bay, transferred a host of appliances got together by Commander Hardy to the fishing-boat, and soon were floating just above the entrance to the tunnel. Manifestly the first thing to do was to secure the boat; so we backed her stern close to the rock with a view to find, if possible, some projection to which we could make a rope fast.

As we touched the rock just above the tunnel the Admiral put out his hand to steady the boat, and giving a vigorous pull to a projection on the face of the rock, exclaimed, 'Here's the very thing, Hardy. I suspect there's been a rope here before. Anyhow, nothing could be better;' and with that he made fast the stern to the shore.

An anchor was then put out from the bow, and the boat thus securely moored within convenient reach of the submarine entrance to the cave. Commander Hardy then arranged a short code of signals with the captain, and, equipped as he was on his first descent, dived below.

The bubbles of air had scarcely ceased to rise when the signal came that he had reached the shore of the cave, and the captain immediately fastened a strong hawser to the end of the rope he had paid out when Commander Hardy dived. To this hawser were fastened at intervals strong blocks, through which ran an endless rope; and on the signal being given that all was clear on board the boat, the hawser was slowly pulled over the side. In about ten minutes Commander Hardy signalled that his end of the hawser was fast, and the captain, taking in the slack, attached the other end securely to the boat and adjusted the length of the endless rope. Anything fastened to this rope could thus be pulled from the boat to the cave or from the cave to the boat. The first bundle to be sent in was a waterproof case containing candles and matches; and when this was signalled as received in safety, it was followed by a hamper containing tools, a rope-ladder, &c.

Then stillness and silence. The cable and rope hung motionless, with every eye fixed upon them. No one spoke, but the air throbbed with the concentrated thought of what would happen next.

Suddenly the tension was broken like the snap of a bow by Commander Hardy bobbing up at the boat's side. He climbed on board, and slipping on an ulster, said, 'Now, Captain Wright, I think everything is in readiness for the inspection of the cave and its contents. I have left a number of candles burning, and if you don't care to dive, we can easily rig up a cradle and take you down in a few seconds. The venture looks far worse than it really is. Indeed, I question if you ever bathed without being longer under the surface than you will be in going into the cave.' Seeing Captain Wright hesitated, Commander Hardy slipped overboard, and almost before we realised he had gone he was back in the boat, and taking a candle

from his mouth, showed us the wick still smouldering. 'There!' he laughed, 'that will convince you, surely.'

'Well,' replied Captain Wright, 'I suppose it's my duty to inspect the cave. I won't venture to emulate your feat of diving in, but if you'll see me through I'll risk the cradle.'

'I'm very glad to hear it,' said Commander Hardy; and, turning to me, he added, 'Will you come too, Charlie? We'll need some assistance.'

'May I, Admiral?' I eagerly asked. 'I'll take the cradle if you like.'

'Is it quite safe, Hardy?'

'Most certainly, or I would never have made the proposal. Why, I think you should come also, Admiral.'

'No, thanks,' laughed the Admiral; 'that would be too much of a joke. But Charlie can go if he likes, I suppose.'

'Thanks, Admiral!' I exclaimed.

'Come on, boys; get ready the cradle.'

This was soon done, and I volunteered to go first. Captain Wright assented with alacrity, and in a second I was in the cradle and being hauled below. Commander Hardy descended through the water by my side like a huge fish, and before I realised anything of the wonders of the passage he had me by the hand, directing my steps up a shelving bank of sand. Releasing myself from the cradle, we hauled it back for Captain Wright, and in a minute he stood beside us on dry land.

Eagerly we looked towards the huge boulder on which the treasure lay piled, the massive chests showing up weirdly in the flicker of the candles. No better place for safeguarding it could be imagined.

'Come, come,' cried Commander Hardy, 'the first thing is to make ourselves comfortable;' and opening a waterproof bundle which lay at our feet, he produced some rough towels and three pyjama suits.

As Captain Wright and I rubbed ourselves down we saw Commander Hardy pulling something in from the boat, and when two spades appeared we looked inquiringly at him. Turning to Captain Wright, he said, 'I thought that before we did anything else we ought to bury the remains lying at the back of the rock.'

'Of course, of course,' assented Captain Wright.
'Show us the place, please, for somehow I don't fancy handling these chests with a dead man to keep tally.'

We followed Commander Hardy round to the back of the rock; and there, lying just as he had described them, were the remains of one who in all probability had helped to amass the treasure. It was a ghastly spectacle we gazed on, and I shuddered as, with an effort, Commander Hardy and Captain Wright raised the box whose corner rested inside the awesome skull. In silence they dug a grave in the sand, and soon, much to my relief, the thing was decently interred.

The cave had the temperature of a wine-cellar, and Captain Wright wiped his brow, saying with maffected emphasis, 'Man, I'd rather be out with the Excise than at this job any day.'

'Well, well,' sympathised Commander Hardy, 'maybe old Slioch wasn't a teetotaler. Suppose we have a look round before tackling what's on the top of the rock. I've not been farther into the are; so take a candle each, and let us explore it.'

As we advanced the cave narrowed sharply, and about fifty feet from the back of the rock became just wide enough to allow of our walking abreast. A few steps farther on, and it broadened out and ended in an oval chamber, from which we saw, at a great height above our heads, a goodly sight, which I am sure heartened us all—a gleam of blue sky. This evidently accounted for that absence of absolute darkness which Commander Hardy had noticed on first entering the cave. A cursory cumination of the chamber by the aid of the candles showed us that it had been used for human occupation, but disclosed nothing likely to be of nine or interest except some large sea-chests ranged spins the inner wall. To raise their lids was an casy matter, but we only found a varied assortment of ship's stores and some clothes.

'Nothing to keep us here, I think,' said Com-

'Nothing,' assented Captain Wright. 'But I hope you won't have to repeat that remark from the top of the rock outside. Come along! Anytow, we should find something worth taking in the bor we had to lift. Poor fellow! I only tope we don't get more than we bargain for, as is did.'

Soon we were standing round the chest, which, sow that its interest was no longer overshadowed by its dead man, we were eager to break open. It was nade of some hard wood, strongly bound with iron, and took us so long to break open that half-way intogh our task Commander Hardy returned to its bat for a few minutes in order to assure the similar that we were all right, and hoped soon to be some tangible assurance that we had really istanded Slioch's treasure.

At length we succeeded in forcing open the chest, and pouring from it into the sand fell a bewildering assortment of gold and silver coins. Each one repicted up seemed different, and it was manifully hopeless there and then to estimate their blue. So we hastily collected them together, put is marmest of our success.

So son as a signal from the boat informed us of the saie arrival of the last bag, we turned to the rick. After one or two attempts, we succeeded in throwing a rope over the top of the pile of chests, and making sure that it would not dialodge anything, Caprain Wright and I held it on one side while Commander Hardy climbed up by it on the other. When he gained the top we threw him a caple of candles, and having lit them, he examined

the pile, so far as was possible without moving anything, with the utmost care.

When he rejoined us he reported that the pile seemed to consist of a miscellaneous heap of chests, many like the one we had broken open, but others larger and not so strongly made.

'Now, Captain Wright,' he continued, 'looking to the length of time it took us to break open the first chest, it occurs to me that the best thing we can do is to send up all the smaller chests to the boat as they are, ship them on board the yacht, and open them at our leisure when we get back to Eriboll. What do you think?'

'Well,' acquiesced Captain Wright, 'that will certainly save our time considerably. If you will send down as many of the smaller chests as you can get at, Mr Murdoch and I will despatch them to the boat.'

Commander Hardy did not hurry himself; and after fifteen had been carefully separated and lowered he called out that he could not get at any more without help.

'Now,' he said, 'I think we've all fairly earned a rest, so I'll join you, and we'll have something to eat, and discuss our next move.'

While we were eating our sandwiches Commander Hardy explained that, so far as he had been able to see, there were still some of the smaller chests on the top of the rock, but that they were so covered by the larger chests that it would require our united efforts to get at them. We agreed to break open those of the big chests which were most in the way, and send up their contents in bags; so, finishing our lunch, we all mounted the rock and began with a huge chest which stood in front of the others. We forced the lid without much trouble, and found that it was filled with a miscellaneous collection of plate, all in a more or less battered condition. We threw the contents down on the sand; and another and another of the large chests yielding the same kind of plunder, we soon had a small fortune in plate lying below us. Clearing away the now empty chests, we got at the remainder of the smaller ones, and sent them up to the boat. This left the pile reduced to the largest chest of the lot, a massive affair of dark wood, more thickly and strongly bound with iron than anything we had seen. It rested on the rock itself, and had every appearance of containing the most valuable and carefully guarded portion of the treasure. I had a crowbar in my hand, and was just about to try if I could prise off one of the iron bars, when Commander Hardy, showing more excitement than he had done all through, shouted, 'Stop!' and caught my arm in a grip that was not to be gainsaid. I drew my breath sharply with the pain of his hold, and he at once let go and asked my pardon most apologetically.

'I'm sure, friends,' he continued, 'we have done enough for one day. Let us follow the chests; and even if we never see this place again we need not grumble now that we have so much safely out.'

Nothing but the intense excitement of our occupation could have kept Captain Wright and I on our feet so long, and with Commander Hardy's suggestion came a reaction that made the deck of the yacht seem worth all the treasure-caves in existence. In a trice the cradle was rigged up, and without another word we were blinking on board the boat. The Admiral had, we found, been taken off by the dingy; and, getting up the anchor, we pulled a right-well-ballasted boat alongside the yacht. Great excitement, of course, prevailed as the chests were transferred from the boat to the Admiral's cabin. By the Admiral's orders the chest we had broken open was left on deck for inspection, and all hands eagerly surrounded it and discussed the kind and value of the coins. Orders were then given for our return to the head of the loch; and as we picked up our moorings the Admiral locked the door of his cabin, and it was sealed up by Captain Wright.

CHAPTER VI.

HAT night dinner was anything but a quiet meal; and when we adjourned to the smoking-room Commander Hardy's was the only pipe which did not require a match every few minutes. After a time his

silence dawned upon us, and the Admiral voiced

our notice of it.

'Bless me, Hardy!' he exclaimed, 'what's come over you? Why, I don't believe you've said halfa-dozen words since we landed. Are you dead-beat, or are you meditating some fresh employment for Captain Wright?'

'Well, no,' smiled Commander Hardy as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. 'I'm more than satisfied with what we've recovered already, whatever the Government may be. For my part, I don't want to see the cave again.'

'What!' cried Captain Wright; 'and leave all that plate?'

'Yes,' I insisted. 'And what about the chest we left on the top of the rock? Why, I'm sure it's worth more than all the rest put together.'

'Ay,' replied Commander Hardy very gravely, 'I believe, Charlie, it is worth all the rest put together; I believe it's worth our lives!'

We gazed at him in silent and blank astonishment, and he continued:

'You remember I stopped you as you were about to tackle it with your crowbar. Forgive me, lad, if I was rough; but my belief is that to meddle with that chest means an end of the cave and of all who may be in it. As we buried the dead man I thought how often and how closely Death shadows the lust for gold, and I could not rid myself of the thought that he might be tirelessly shadowing us. What more likely, I thought, than that Slioch may not have left the sea the sole guardian of his treasure? Why was it piled on the top of the rock?

Why had the last man to seek it been killed? Was there any deadly method in the apparently confused arrangement of the chests? Try as I liked, I could not put these questions aside; and you may have noticed the care with which I examined the pile of treasure when I first mounted the rock. That examination disclosed no hint of danger, and made me hesitate to mention my yet unsupported, and indeed intangible, reasons for caution. The fifteen chests I lowered down to you before lunch were only handled after the most careful examination of their appearance and position; and, with them out of the way, I could see that whatever danger might exist was at all events unconnected with the larger chests we broke up. We then, you may remember, got access to the rest of the chests; and it was only when these were removed that the largest chest of all was disclosed. More massive than the rest, and far more strongly protected, it was the only one resting throughout its whole length and breadth entirely on the rock; and something-I cannot explain what-made me fear it. Of course,' he finished, with a short, uneasy laugh, 'our success to-day may have played grim tricks with my imagination; but, be that as it may, I for one am quite content with what we have already got, and think we should leave well alone.'

This was a new point of view with a vengeance; and Captain Wright and I urged that the unique nature of the cave put it entirely out of court. However, we could not make much out of Commander Hardy. He simply adhered to the opinion that we had already got enough to satisfy any reasonable man, and was not to be drawn further.

I retired to rest in rather an unsatisfactory frame of mind, and was fated to continue in it all next day; for during the night a strong breeze came away from the west, and by morning a heavy sea was running in the loch. There could be no question of a visit to the cave that day; so we resolved to utilise our time by opening the boxes we had secured the previous day and assorting their contents. We had a very stiff and wet pull out to the yacht, but got safely on board; and at the request of Captain Wright, the Admiral asked Captain Corbett to accompany us down to the saloon. There Captain Wright explained that he would require to take an inventory of what had been recovered, to be forwarded to headquarters for instructions; and suggested that the chests be brought into the saloon, and as each was opened an attempt be made to classify its contents. Accordingly, we adjourned to the door of the Admiral's cabin, from which Captain Wright removed his seal, and on the Admiral unlocking the door we superintended the removal of the boxes to the saloon. We turned first to the chest we had broken open in the cave, and filling the fiddles on the table, tried to sort out the different coins with which it was filled. So varied, however, were they

that a few minutes' work made it evident that if the contents of the other chests were as miscellaneous we had neither time nor patience to arrange them according to their kinds. With Captain Wright's concurrence, we therefore contented ourselves with a simple division of the coins into those of gold and those of silver. Each heap was counted and weighed, and the result headed Captain Wright's inrentory. One after another the remaining chests were opened, and each one was found to contain a more or less varied assortment of coins. These we treated in the same way; and by the end of a hard day's work we had twenty-seven bags of gold coins and forty-one of silver coins ranged along the floor of the saloon. Captain Wright entered them all duly in his inventory, and we got in the sailmaker and his assistant (who had to work hard to keep us in bags) to sew them up. They were then marked with numbers corresponding to those in the inventory, and each bag was sealed by Captain Wright, and thereafter locked up in the Admiral's cabin

When we landed from the yacht Captain Wright telegraphed his report to headquarters, and, pending his recipit of further instructions, all tacitly agreed to avoid the subject of another visit to the cave. Two days afterwards a long telegram addressed to Captain Wright arrived late in the afternoon, and in the smoking-room after dinner he handed it to the Admiral for our information. Briefly, it intimated that a gunboat would take off the coin in the beginning of the following week, and instructed Captain Wright to secure at once whatever of value was still in the cave.

Captain Wright broke the silence which followed the Admiral's reading of the telegram. Of course ary duty is quite plain; I must get what I can out of the cave, and—and I hope, Commander Hardy, I may have the benefit of your advice. I don't ask touthing more.'

My dear captain,' cried Commander Hardy, 'not ally shall I give you my advice—since you have been good enough to ask for it—but I shall right rillingly help you in all things short of interfering with the chest remaining on the rock. That, as I idiated before, I think should be left alone; but I may be able to suggest some way in which you can do so with a minimum of risk. At all events, I shall, if you wish, think the matter over carefully.

Captain Wright thanked Commander Hardy beartily, and obtained the Admiral's permission to pay another visit to the cave the next day, provided the weather proved suitable.

Nett morning broke calm and fine, and we made an early start. We secured the boat above the estimate to the cave as before, and soon had the haver made fast inside and the tackle running ite. In the same manner as before we effected our entrance, and at once started to fill sack after act with the plate on the sand. These sacks we

sent up to the boat; and by lunch-time nothing possessing any appearance of value remained except the huge iron-bound chest lying sullenly and alone on the rock.

In silence Commander Hardy and Captain Wright made a prolonged inspection of it on all sides from the sand; and on their rejoining me neither spoke for some minutes. Commander Hardy broke the silence.

'Captain Wright, I quite appreciate the fact that that chest has all the appearance of being made to contain the most valuable part of the treasure in the cave. Further, I take it that it will be impossible for you to give any valid reason for leaving it as and where it is. But my opinion, which I can neither adequately justify nor force myself to ignore, is that whoever meddles with that chest will not live to regret doing so. It is, of course, for you to decide what you are to do. To the best of my ability I shall cheerfully help you to carry out what you may determine on doing, provided I am allowed to leave the cave with Charlie ten minutes before the chest is actually touched.'

'I quite recognise,' answered Captain Wright, 'your kindness in this matter; and though I cannot follow you in your aversion to this chest being broken open like the others, I thank you very much for your consideration. Still, it is, I conceive, undoubtedly my duty to satisfy myself that I do not leave anything of value in the cave; and if you will stand by in the boat to pull me up when I signal, I propose to try to break open the chest after you and Mr Murdoch have left. I don't see that I have any alternative. Do you?'

'Well,' said Commander Hardy slowly, 'I think I do. I shall be greatly distressed if you do as you propose, and I ask you to consider if you cannot perform what you rightly think is your duty without personally forcing your way into the chest. I think we may take it that whatever of value the chest may contain will not be of such a nature as to suffer material damage by a little rough handling. Look at the contents of the other chests. You might have blown them open with gunpowder and been none the poorer. that has given me my idea. Place a small charge of dynamite on the chest, arrange that it will explode in, say, ten minutes, clear out for the boat, cast her off, and join the Admiral at lunch in the yacht. By the time we've finished you'll find me either optimistic enough to face old Slioch and his crew with you, or-well, if you prefer it, join you in a pipe.'

As Commander Hardy finished, the expression of relief on Captain Wright's face was not to be mistaken, and it did not need his voluble acquiescence in Commander Hardy's suggestion to indicate his agreement with the course proposed.

Commander Hardy must have thought out all this during the night, for he produced from a waterproof case he had brought down with him the materials necessary for the experiment. A small charge of dynamite was placed on the top of the chest, the fuse lit, and in a few seconds we were in the boat. Commander Hardy's orders to buoy the hawser, get the anchor aboard, and cast off the painter came like shots from a gun, and the men fairly jumped to execute them.

'Give way, my lads!' took the boat tearing through the water, and the echo of the order almost mingled with that of the 'Way 'nough!' which heralded our approach to the yacht. Once on board, Commander Hardy, without a word, climbed up the stays and intently gazed at the spot we had just left; while Captain Wright began an explanation of our sudden appearance to the Admiral. Then a tremendous beat that seemed to displace the very air we breathed, a terrible soundless manifestation of titanic force, pulsed through our brains. A slice of the mountain

opposite where the boat had been anchored only a few minutes before slid bodily away, and an erect array of water broke from the shore, burst over the yacht in dense spray, and fled as if in terror across the loch.

'That, Captain Wright,' said Commander Hardy gravely as he rejoined us on deck—'that is the explosion of more than our dynamite, and—The End!'

Commander Hardy was right. The bay where the boat had so buoyantly floated was blotted out, and now the foot of a mountain covered the secret of the cave!

Nor, I think, was any one sorry. We had recovered treasure which proved to be worth about forty thousand pounds without a scratch, and we all shared in the very substantial sum which the Treasury paid over to Admiral Benbow.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE PANAMÁ CANAL.



RESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S recent visit to the vast canal undertaking on the Isthmus of Panamá was made at a most opportune time, for the very extensive work of preparation may now be said to be complete,

and all is in readiness for a determined onslaught to be made upon the enormous difficulties which the scheme presents. Some idea of the magnitude of the undertaking may perhaps be gleaned from the measurements of a single gate of one of the huge locks. Imagine a gate measuring fifty feet in width and seventy-five feet in height. The complete lock will measure ninety-five by nine hundred feet, and at one spot there will be a set of locks in duplicate, side by side, each set consisting of either two or three locks rising in flight one above the other. It is estimated that the amount of excavation necessary in the construction of this set of locks will be three million six hundred and sixty thousand cubic yards, and will involve the use of one million three hundred and two thousand cubic yards of concrete; while for the lock-gates fifteen thousand tons of steel will be required. One of the first difficulties was found in the extremely unhealthy nature of the canal zone, which was a veritable breeding-place of disease; but this problem has been satisfactorily dealt with by a special sanitary corps, by whose operations a plentiful supply of pure water has been provided, yellow fever practically stamped out, and malaria brought so far under control that the canal zone is now considered no more unhealthy than many of the Southern states. The problem of housing and feeding the many thousands of workmen has also been properly dealt with. engineers engaged on the work have endeavoured

as far as possible to utilise the old plant and machinery taken over from the French company; and, strange to say, a great deal of this machinery was found to be in admirable condition although it has been standing idle for some twenty years. Most of the machinery, locomotives, dump-cars, &c. have been pronounced a great deal too small by the modern engineers, who have accordingly turned them to other uses not originally intended, and replaced them by modern machinery and locomotives. A huge system for the supply of compressed air for drilling in the many large cuts of the canal is under construction, including three large compressor plants with the capacity of thirty thousand cubic feet of air a minute, and an elaborate system of pipes varying in size from ten inches diameter, for the conveyance of the compressed air to the various points at which it is to be used.

A POWERFUL PRIMARY BATTERY.

A new form of primary battery was described by Professor Carl Hering at a meeting of the Franklin Institute. The primary battery is, in theory, a far more efficient means of obtaining electrical energy than the steam engine and dynamo, because it utilises a larger proportion of the energy stored in the fuel which it consumes. In practice, however, it is merely a delusion. The fuel consists of expensive metals and acids, and the primary cell has innumerable vices which militate against its utility for anything but the feeble and intermittent currents required for operating bells, &c.; and the trouble and difficulty of looking after a large primary battery can only be adequately described by those who have experience. The battery which the professor exhibited is, chemically speaking, only our old friend the bichromate cell; its difference lies in the mechanical construction. The carbon electrode is

in the form of a corrugated plate of graphite, with a large brass terminal plug embedded in it. The rine plate is in the form of a roll of sheet-zinc amalgamated by a secret process which is said to le most effective. The porous cups are of very ngenious construction, and there are many dever devices to facilitate the handling of the alla Not the least important is the system by which the liquids may be drawn off and replaced with the minimum of difficulty. All the cells of the large battery are in fluid connection with one another through a system of pipes of such length and such small sectional area that they present high electrical resistance, and only a negligible amount of electricity is wasted through them. To give some idea of the high efficiency of the battery, it may be recorded that a single cell weighing about one hundred pounds was discharged at one hundred ampères for nearly six hours at a mean useful roltage at 184, and during the lecture another single cell was discharged at a rate of four hundred ampères without being overworked. In comparison with a standard storage battery, the professor found that for the same duty the latter reghs about three times as much and occupies about twice the space for about the same power.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

An impressive lecture and demonstration of an entirely new form of wireless telegraphy was recently gren in London by its inventor, Mr Valdemar Poulsen. In wireless telegraphy as we now know it the condition of things may be expressed very imperfectly and very simply by saying that the eathe spark occurring between two highly charged bodies gives rise to an electric ripple in the ether, sa stone dropped into a still pond will give rise to a ripple on the surface of the water. According to Sir William Preece, who was chairman at Mr Poulsen's lecture, that gentleman's invention has sounded the death-knell of spark telegraphy. Mr Poolsen likens his system to a tuning-fork giving on steady and continuous vibrations, in sharp disliaction to the series of explosions to which the but form of electricity might be compared. He dams that by his system absolutely perfect tuning a possible, so that there can be no mixing up of heaves intended for different recipients, and also that manthorised tapping of messages will be an impossibility. Moreover, he looks forward to solving the problem of wireless telephony. The reality of the wireless energy was clearly and unmistakably demonstrated to the audience, for incandescent anja were lighted without any metallic connection, opper wire was melted in mid-air, and various the striking experiments performed.

MASSAGE FOR DEAFNESS.

A dever little instrument for the cure of catarrhal beiness by mechanical means has been brought out the the name of the akou-vibra-massage instruand it is believed to be a valuable means for

the cure of this distressing malady. Hearing, which depends upon the free transmission through a short chain of tiny bones of the vibrations received by the ear-drum, is suspended when these ossicles, as they are called, become stiffened so that they cease to respond to the movements of the tympanum. In catarrhal deafness the mucus covering of these small bones is excited, and they become stiffened and no longer able to vibrate freely in synchronism with the ear-drum. The new invention provides a means of transmitting regular vibrations along this chain of small bones until, by the enforced exercise, they regain their power of free movement. The instrument resembles the ear-piece of a telephone receiver, and is operated by electro-magnets which, under the influence of the current from a small battery, set little diaphragms in rapid vibration and transmit wave-motion to the ear. It is said that the treatment is meeting with remarkable success.

PAPER FROM COTTON-STALKS.

On an area of land capable of producing a bale of cotton, about one ton of waste material in the shape of cotton-stalks of practically no value may be gathered. For some years past experiments have been made with the view of utilising this waste product in the manufacture of paper, and it is now believed that a practicable process has been realised, and from this hitherto useless material paper of all grades may be manufactured, and in addition various products such as alcohol, celluloid, and other things can be procured, it is hoped, in paying quantities. If paper-mills can be established in the cottongrowing states of South America to utilise cottonstalks in the manufacture of paper which can be sold cheaply, a service of vast importance will be rendered to the newspaper trade of the country, which at the present time suffers severely from the burden of the constantly increasing cost of paper.

RED NOSES ELECTRICALLY CURED.

Among the lesser evils to which the human flesh is heir, the possession of a red nose may be counted as one of the most distressing to its unfortunate Various causes may be assigned to the phenomenon; but this question may be charitably disposed of by simply stating that the immediate cause is abnormally enlarged blood-vessels. A German professor has invented an electric vibrator or concussion instrument which from the description appears, as it were, to punch the nose under operation hundreds of times a second with a bundle of about fifty gilded platinum points. The application of the instrument is said to cause bleeding, and there does not appear to be any good reason for doubting the statement. However, it is said that the patients are able in most cases to endure the rapidly repeated pricking without inconvenience, and one or two treatments a week are sufficient to bring the most abnormal noses back to their pristine purity and whiteness. As this desirable result is said to be attained without the destruction of the

excessive blood-vessels or leaving any scar, the patient may presumably return to those courses which caused the blushing of the sensitive member in the pleasurable certainty that if the roseate hue should once more appear it may again be put to flight with a little more electrical 'inconvenience.'

DRAUGHTS.

The deadly antagonism which exists between the fresh-air-at-any-cost enthusiasts and the nodraughters-antagonism which is kept burning principally by the difficulty of securing fresh air without draughts in ordinary rooms-is likely to be modified by a recent clever contrivance. It is well known, though perhaps not generally realised, that no open fire or gas-stove can burn in a room without carrying away large quantities of the air which the room contains. On the face of it, this state of things means only healthful ventilation, for the air so removed must be replaced from outside. Unfortunately, however, modern rooms are seldom fitted with any proper ventilator through which the supply of fresh air can find an entrance; consequently it gets in around the sashes of windows and under doors, and the result is found in those miserable, uncomfortable draughts which some people seek to exclude in various unsightly and unsatisfactory ways. But suppose, instead of stopping up the cracks under the door, the door itself be opened a few inches and the open space closed with a suitable wooden fillet. There will then remain a triangular opening at the top, well above every one's head, through which the air from outside may pass without causing any draught at all. For the cold air gaining an easy entrance in this way will well gently in instead of whistling through narrow slits, and, being heavier than the warm air inside, will sink slowly and evenly all over the apartment, pushing some of the vitiated air before it up the chimney. This extremely simple invention is called the Glassford screen, and as it is quite cheap and need not be unsightly, it should add materially to the comfort of many homes during the cold weather.

LIVING CRYSTALS.

There is perhaps nothing more striking about the revelations of modern science than its continual tendency to break down old boundaries; and there are those who believe that at some future time all boundaries will have been removed, and nature will stand revealed as something infinitely simple. The attempt to draw a line between the animal and vegetable kingdoms has long ago been abandoned, and now even the boundary between living and dead is threatened. In a striking communication by Professor O. Lehmann at a concourse of German physicians and physicists at Stuttgart, it was shown that the crystals of numerous substances show all the characteristics of life as revealed in some of the lowest organisms with which modern science is familiar. All substances which crystallise do so in

a specific form peculiarly their own, and many of these forms are strikingly like vegetable structures. Moreover, crystallisation needs a germ to start it, crystals are capable of growth, and they will also absorb substances from the surrounding medium, and thereby poison themselves, as it were, and deform their natural development. But while living things are fluid or partially so, crystals have always been believed to be solid. Now, however, Professor Lehmann has shown that liquid crystals may be produced, and about fifty varieties are mentioned. Among them we find soft-soap, which consists of innumerable soft crystals. Several chemicals, mostly with alarming names, are quoted as exhibiting very wonderful crystalline forms. Some are viscous fluids which, under the microscope, are found to consist of distinctly crystalline structures in constant motion. Another chemical is as liquid as water, but every drop is demonstrably a distinct crystal. Others even have the power of assuming the form of a chain resembling a bacterium, and sometimes these rods are of spiral form and are occasionally seen in serpentine motion. When it is remarked that the rods eventually break up and the fragments develop into perfect individuals, it will be seen that the resemblance between these crystalline structures and some of the lowest forms of life is practically complete. In any case, it appears to be impossible to draw a definite line separating the one from the other.

ALUNDUM.

A new material having remarkable abrasive properties, and considered far superior to emery, is announced as a product of the electric furnaces at Niagara. The substance is produced from the amorphous oxide of aluminium, known as bauxite, which has hitherto been considered absolutely infusible. No ordinary furnace can touch this material; but under the persuasive power of the electric arc it can be fused into a liquid mass, purified, and finally crystallised out into a substance which is practically a mass of tiny rubies and sapphires. The ingots of alundum, as it is called, are broken up by powerful crushers, and then passed through a series of rollers to reduce them to various sizes of grain. From the grains, after thorough screening, various grinding-wheels and sharpeningstones are made. Alundum is said to be considerably harder than natural corundum, to be quite free from water in combination, and to have all the properties of emery in a still higher degree.

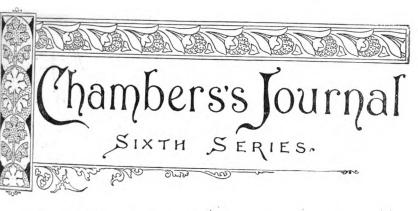
* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in Full.

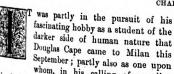
4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



MILANESE MYSTERY.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

CHAPTER I.



whom, in his calling of novelist, laly always acted as a potent stimulus of imagimilion. Like others, he had read about the extraculinary recent occurrences in that city, and he proposed to investigate.

In nine months five persons, including a lady, bil suddenly been blown to pieces in the city of Milan without the slightest indication of an external ware, One gentleman had exploded, as it were, a the act of purchasing a newspaper at a kiosk; mother, on the staircase of his hotel; a third, in is own bedroom, when he had but just put on his ight boot; a fourth, the very instant after he had backed the bell for his morning roll and coffee; and the lady, while she stood at the window of her teamt apartment in the Corso Venezia, dressed for reception. The lady was a notorious beauty, those character rumour had much to say. it fity-nine minutes past seven on a summer traing she waved her hand to a friend at an Troute window; and ere fifty-nine minutes and as second past seven she was shattered into Minigness before the horrified eyes of her

Could any writer of sensational fiction be prewith a more interesting mystery than these fre kindred tragedies suggested?

On his journey south Douglas came almost stately to the conclusion that the murders—for the judged them to be-were caused by a diabolical pill. He was not chemist enough to at the component parts of such a pill; but the more he thought of it the more he was conthat molecular energy compressed and let lose by dissolution in the human stomach explained No. 479.-Vol. X

No sooner was he in Milan than he called on the Cavaliere di Barese. He had a letter of recommendation to this gentleman, who was unofficially connected with the Italian secret police system. Few outsiders were better acquainted with the workings of the Mafia and Camorra, and he was known to have these cases of spontaneous combustion in hand. A frivolous newspaper had termed

The cavaliere greeted Douglas as a friend of a friend, and also (much more eagerly) as a volunteer in the campaign he had undertaken.

'No, no, no,' he said emphatically, however, when Douglas put forward his plea on behalf of the pill. 'That suggestion has been weighed and found untenable. But ecco ! Mr Cape, you arrive to me in the very nick of time, as you say it. You are sure that you have a heart for such a business? You will place yourself truly at my disposal?'

Though disappointed about the pill, Douglas was charmed otherwise by the cavaliere's reception of

'Truly and entirely, in this matter,' he answered. 'Good! Well, then, I shall tell you a little thing that I learned last night. Of those five miserables, two were at one time associated with a certain small street in this city. Andrea Guisano, the talented sculptor, who was, you will remember, annihilated at his toilet, and La Bella Banti, poor light-hearted creature! both lived for a considerable period in the Via Corta, near the Piazza d'Armi. It is not much to know, you think? Well, perhaps that is so if it was to do with only one of them; but when last night at the opera I am told by a friend that he had known the unfortunate Banti seven years ago as the golden-haired daughter of an obscure milliner in this same Via Corta, ecco! I felt the blood make a caper in my veins. My advice to you is, seek a lodging in the Via Corta, as young artist or what you will, and use your eyes and ears with discretion. Do you see?'

[All Rights Reserved.]

FEBRUARY 2, 1907.

Of course Douglas saw. He grasped the cavaliere's firm brown hand and thanked him.

'And, one more thing, Mr Cape,' said the cavaliere when they had smoked excellent cigars together and talked about side-issues, 'you must cut yourself away altogether from that which I presume even such philosophers as you and I may term the upper classes of society. Deny even me the pleasure of your company until—until you have made your discovery. There, Mr Cape! Many of my own compatriots would be so angry with me if they knew how I was confiding in you, a stranger! But you come from the land of the great Mr Sherlock Holmes, whose brilliant fairy-tales are all familiar to me. That is enough. You have a brave face, Mr Cape! I shall wish you God's luck, and for myself the felicity of soon seeing you again.'

Douglas obtained rooms in the Via Corta first with a deaf old signora named Colla, who, he learnt at the Three Stars Tavern in the street, had a passion for artists. But four days with this signora were sufficient and to spare. She was so deaf that she was useless to him. Her late husband had been a scene-painter at the Scala Theatre, and it was of this dear departed saint, and him only, that the afflicted old lady loved to prattle in whispers that were themselves alone hard to catch. She was, besides, a negligent old woman in household matters, with an anchorite's tolerance of dust and dirt.

From the Signora Colla, Douglas transferred himself to the house of Cirilo Bassano, a cobbler. He made the acquaintance of the cobbler through the cobbler's daughter Maria, a young lady with Venetian blue eyes and a plait of coal-black hair to her head, thick and strong enough to draw a wagon.

On his second evening in the Via Corta he entered the cobbler's shop, discontented both with an abrupt burst in his left boot and the futility of the Signora Colla; and Maria Bassano stood before him in a galaxy of cheap gold gauds over her blue silk and lace—smiling a welcome, moreover, of the kind the young ladies of Italy are ever ready to offer to handsome masculine youth even at the first time of seeing.

'At your service, signore!' she said blithely; and in ten minutes Douglas heard that not only would her father mend his boot, but that there was a delightful apartment upstairs which he sometimes let to strangers. 'He is very particular, my father, you must understand,' Maria explained, however, with an alluring dimple in her olive cheek. 'I am his only child, it is necessary to tell you, signore, and, as your wisdom may perceive, of a marriageable age. Therefore'—

Her toss of the shoulders and little gesture with her pretty hand, also her coquettish laugh, which well became her, carried Douglas by storm. He forgot the hapless exploded five. Maria appealed to him as human material; a heart and face, and perhaps even mind, to study for his desk's purposes—appealed irresistibly.

'Do request your father,' he begged her, 'to come and talk it over. I cannot pay very much'—this was artful—'but I am not at all satisfied with my present lodgings.'

She asked him his nationality.

'English, truly?' she exclaimed. 'Oh, then, perhaps, if you will wait a little moment. One is not disposed to be doubtful about an Englishman. In England every one is very honest and very rich; is it not so? My Marco, to whom I am affianced, cannot be expected to object to an Englishman And without question, the signore has a spouse of his own in his own country?' All this with enchanting dimples coming and going on both cheeks, and electric flashes in Maria's blue eyes.

Douglas parried the little impertinence about a spouse. He said, with some solemnity, that he was in Milan for art's sake; also, with less solemnity, he congratulated the happy Marco on so desirable a sweetheart. And, solemn again, he informed the girl that he would regularly dine and sup out, so that there might be scant trouble with him on the premises. A room having a good light and a reasonable amount of service were all his requirements. He mentioned the weekly fifteen lire that he was to pay the Signora Colla.

That won the girl.

'Fifteen lire? What extortion!' she cried; and straightway she ran and called to her father.

It was soon settled.

Cirilo Bassano was a meek-and-mild cobbler with spectacles, and pink rims to his eyes under his spectacles. A man of premature wrinkles and nervous lips, with very few words indeed, and much in the hands of his daughter. Her arguments in Douglas's interest, set forth with flattering favour, scarcely seemed needed; and so that evening Signora Colla was indulged with an eternal farewell and a whole week's rent, and Douglas took possession of his new quarters. Maria herself drew his attention to the peep of the Castello in the Piazza d'Armi to be enjoyed from his window; also, to the various highly emblazoned saints on the walls of his room. The coverlet to his bed was her own workmanship, about the time of her first communion. And-she hoped he thought her much handsomer now than as she appeared in a certain full-length portrait on the toilet-table, taken eighteen months previously.

Thus prattling about herself and the furniture, she already seemed to Douglas quite precious human material. Her ingenuous—if ingenuous—gossip diverted him so much that he was late in seeking his supper. Yet when he went he carried with him a certain astonishment that cast his mind's energies back into the channel to which he had

so lately consecrated them.

He had referred almost casually to the affair Banti of seven weeks ago, and asked her what she thought of it; and all at once she had clutched his arm and implored him, by his love of God, not to name those horrors. With the brightness of her

blue eyes all clouded as if by a storm-mist of fear, the had further conjured him never, never, never to my another word on that terrible subject either to her or her father.

'There are reasons, caro signors,' she had whispered, with the scare still all over her. 'Promise, always, to be silent about such calamities, whatever happena.'

'Why, yes, naturally, I promise,' he had responded, after hesitation.

And now, as he made his way to the Trattoria Bellini in the Via Broletto, he smiled at the absurdity of such a promise. Yet even while he smiled he marvelled why this blue-eyed little Milanese butterfly had been so profoundly moved. Reasons, forsooth! As if such reasons were to be nothing to him! Was her emotion due merely to the extreme sensibility of the Italian temperament and its unwillingness to contemplate the sad or horrible in life? Or had the Bassano family perchance some blood-relationship with one of the victims?

He ate macaroni and Milanese cutlets and drank good Chianti wine, and was of course no wiser on this head when comfortably repleted. But he determined to be in no hurry to seek a third lodging in the Via Corta.

(To be continued.)

RECENT CRITICISM OF SCOTT.

By J. H. MILLAR.



F all our novelists who are fairly entitled to be called classical, Scott and Dickens probably keep the surest hold on public favour. There is more talk about them than ever;

clubs are formed in their honour, banquets are held, and *eloges* are delivered. The chatter and the after-dinner oratory may not always be vise or well informed, but they are symptomatic. When there is so much smoke there is certain to be a fire somewhere.

Another symptom is the constant publication of books about the authors, which shows that people must exist, or be supposed by publishers to exist, sho want to read about Scott and Dickens, whether they want to read their books or not. Unhappily, this indication does not necessarily point to a pure and bright flame of enthusiasm. In Scott's case, there is one book, published nearly seventy years which contains practically everything about Sout that is worth knowing. It is a long book, a look that runs into many volumes. But it was tritten by a master of English style, by a man of fine instincts and exquisite taste, by the one erson fitted by temperament and circumstance to be Scott's biographer. Hence it is one of the most edightful prose works in its own department which English literature contains. Yet the minor works thout Scott which now issue from the press find s justification for their existence in the assumed has that this is not an age of 'leisure,' and that the world has no time to read Lockhart.

Such is the excuse frankly proffered by Mr G. Le G. Norgate for his Life of Sir Walter Scott Lindon, 1906), and, with some misgivings, by Mr Livey Lang for his Sir Walter Scott ('Literary Larg's eries; London, 1906). We confess to taning what is obviously Mr Lang's feeling, that somehow or other find time to read his Life, and that it is difficult to believe that any one seriously are for Scott who has not contrived to do so.

But that is not to affirm that these two volumes are superfluous or to deny that they are heartily welcome in their own way. They disarm criticism at the very outset by the amplitude of their acknowledgments to the great biographer, and as regards Scott himself they are thoroughly sound. They do not blame him for being what he was not. They neither reproach him with having been born too late, nor commiserate him on having been born too early. In short, they take Scott as they find him and as he was; and Scott as he was, like Dr Johnson as he was, is good enough for most men. If we are to draw a distinction, we must own that Mr Lang has the lighter touch and his work the more delicate literary flavour. Moreover, he has the advantage -a decided one in dealing with Sir Walter-of being a 'brither Scot,' forby being a Borderer.

One or two curious little errors may be noted in both books: what work is free from them? Mr Lang attributes to Scott the false quantity in Maida's epitaph, which Scott, no doubt, insisted upon fathering, but which the Life shows was unquestionably Lockhart's. The inference he draws as to the extent of Scott's classical learning can scarcely, therefore, hold good; though in point of accurate scholarship it would require a blind partisan to champion the Wizard, or indeed any contemporary of his who happened to have been bred at a Scots grammar school. Longs and shorts have never been our strong point north of the Tweed, as may still be seen from the annual reports of the Inspectors who examine our secondary schools. But Scott's knowledge of the classics and the extent of his reading in the ancient tongues were in fact much greater than is often supposed, and would appear really considerable were it not for the immense range of his attainments in more congenial branches of learning. The high importance of Latin and Greek in any scheme of education which professes to deal with subjects other than the mechanical arts it never occurred to him to question.

Mr Norgate is no less accurate in his facts, though he places Abbotsford higher up the Tweed than Ashestiel, instead of lower down. We cannot imagine, however, what put it into his head that Fairport is a thin disguise for Portobello, and that the scene of the Antiquary is laid among the fishing villages of the southern coast of the Firth of Forth. The name, no doubt, may be a translation, and Musselburgh may have suggested Musselcrag; but there are no cliffs worthy of the name between Leith and the Rhodes Farm, and the novel itself makes it perfectly clear that, wherever its scene was laid, it was beyond the Forth. Tradition, too, is decided and unchallenged for Arbroath and Auchmithie.

Criticism is matter of opinion, not of fact. It is sufficient, therefore, to express surprise that Mr Lang should find the opening chapters of Waverley 'prolix and unnecessary,' and the hope that when Mr Norgate describes Rokeby as the 'most brilliant of Scott's failures' he uses the word 'failure' in the Brummelian sense. For there are those to whom these chapters seem among the most delightful of Scott's prose writings—the 'cackle' being no less worthy of attention than the 'horses'—while the poem seems second to Marmion alone in the hierarchy of his longer poetical works.

We had imagined that Scott's fame was by this time established on a tolerably secure basis, and that there was a reasonably complete agreement among critics of all schools of thought as to his greatness. But it seems we were mistaken, for the literary critic of a leading London daily paper recently struck with no uncertain finger a note which we had not heard for long, and which we little thought to hear again. To this reviewer's eagle-eye it seems that Sir Walter is 'an author whose name is more and more dropping out of public consideration,' though it is admitted that he retains 'a compact and devoted body of worshippers who have never bent the knee to modern Baals.' 'We'-by which apparently is meant the readers of this generation-'we do not care for prolix introductions. . . . We desire a more intimate and searching psychology, with all that that science includes.' As if there were not enough of such psychology as an honest man may meddle with in Rose Bradwardine and Nanty Ewart to furnish forth a whole regiment of the novelists who appeal to 'us'! The critic then proceeds to an astounding assertion of the superiority of the Byron of the Giaour and Lara to the Scott of Marmion. Byron, forsooth! 'explores all the recesses of the human heart in a fashion of which Scott was incapable.' Scott was incapable (let us be thankful for it), and

with characteristic generosity credited Byron with 'deep-seated knowledge of the human heart.' But we are not bound to follow Scott in all his critical pronouncements, and pretend to hold at this time of day that the Byronic hero—that stagiest of all stagey puppets—is a miracle of psychological analysis.

It further appears on the authority of the same critic that Scott was devoid of 'what we call literary conscientiousness.' 'He was not an artist in the proper sense of the term.' 'His style was of the easy go-as-you-please description.' Both his poetry and his romances suffer from the same fault—the entire absence of critical revision.' Scott has been 'superannuated' by the 'lack of artistry in him.' 'Some of us who care for form are irritated by Walter Scott.' Some of us who care for literature are irritated by Walter Scott's censor. Scott 'lives no more for the present generation' because he defective in 'style,' if it is by virtue of style that authors live.

The cat is now out of the bag, and a sufficiently mouldy and venerable animal she proves to be. What is all this but the dreary old cant about Sir Walter's 'style' for which, most unfortunately, Mr Stevenson gave the cue to a number of writers conspicuously inferior to himself? Scott did not trouble to play the assiduous and meticulous ape to any one. But his style in point of vocabulary and diction will bear comparison with that of the most industrious nigglers who ever subjected their mosaic to 'critical revision;' and, whatever its demerits, it achieves its object and produces the effect aimed at, which is the great and essential thing about the means to any end. That his rhetoric, when occasion demands, is superb not even the dull ear of a London critic can probably fail to recognise. As for the talk about psychology, Mr Carlyle played the part of devil's advocate on that point many years ago, and no modern successor is likely to improve upon his effort in special pleading. Perhaps the Sage's stern view might have been modified but for the mysterious miscarriage or neglect of a letter addressed by him to Sir Walter, on the strength of his intercourse with Goethe. In any event there are no signs that posterity has ratified his familiar strictures about fashioning characters from the skin inwards. The tendency of present-day criticism is all, we think, in the other direction; and the isolated instance from the metropolitan press to which we have directed attention merely serves to emphasise what less antiquated persons than the critic of the Daily Telegraph would never have dreamt of disputing. His remarks may be dismissed (with a caution) to the later Victorian section of the museum for antediluvian curiosities.



THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

By FRED M. WHITE.

CHAPTER XI.



HERE was something very swift and dramatic about the whole business. Castlerayne's face was white like that of his sister, but the expression was not the same. His mouth was hard and cruel, his lips pressed

together with a fine simulation of firmness; he had never been really firm in his life, though he looked it now. He stood there with his back to the fireplace, slim anger in immaculate black-andwhite, with the fine carving of the overmantel for a background. It was no setting for the vulgar emotions—there could be nothing like violence.

In front of him stood Aunt Gertrude, with her slim white hands outstretched tremblingly. A ray of light from one of the lamps shone on her face. For background she had the oak-panelled wall and a couple of sombre brown-and-yellow portraits by Beynolds. Her breath was coming fast between her parted lips.

What does all this mean?' May asked. 'What has Aunt Gertrude done?'

'We will not discuss it,' the stern figure by the freplace said. 'As I informed my sister just this moment, the dinner-gong has sounded.—One should herer keep servants waiting, Gertrude. Let me give you my arm.'

It sounded very terrible and very grand, no doubt. It was the dignified conduct of monarchs and statemen in the hour of stress, the kind of thing one reads in the Grandisonian class of novel. May bit her lips quite in the modern way.

There will be plenty of time to explain after-

dant Gertrude came out of her waking dream.

The mere suggestion of food filled her with loathing,
it she took the proffered arm and clung to it.

In his secret heart Mr Castlerayne was greatly leased with himself. He was about to vindicate the outaged honour of the family without saying ariting calculated to lower the dignity of his position. He chatted affably to May; he smiled samply on his elder daughter. His face grew serre when the dessert reached the table and the sensit in his direction.

les you are expecting me to speak,' he said. His voice was quite smooth; the lamplight gave dainy to his face. Also, the lamplight fell in faing shafts of light on the artistic confusion of full purple grapes and ruddy peaches—old silver ad glass, ruby wines, and the flashing cut-glass decanters. Approving ancestors lined the walls which was a subject to the speaker. After all, is entirely a matter between your—my sister

and myself. She has chosen to take certain steps which I entirely disagree with. I will not blame her; no doubt she has acted according to her lights. It was not the line of conduct I expected. Still, so long as she remains a guest under my roof'—

A moan of pain came from Aunt Gertrude. She sat there with folded hands, meek and quiet as a child.

May rose and kissed her. May understood.

'What is the meaning of all this nonsense?' she demanded.

It was the banal note frequently so destructive of the higher flights of dialectics.

'You had better ask your aunt,' Castlerayne retorted somewhat feebly. 'During the short time that she is likely to remain under my roof'——

'Are any of us likely to remain here long? I am sorry to be rude, father; but this is—is disgraceful. Oh, I know exactly what you are alluding to. But for Aunt Gertrude, old Craggs could not have fought that action of his. She lent him the money. In similar circumstances I should have done the same thing?

'You would have done—the same—thing?' Castlerayne faltered. 'My child!'

'Indeed I would. There would have been no action had you listened to Mr Summers. He told you that Craggs was merely fighting for the rights of the hospitallers, for their very existence. There are people yonder who have worked for us all their lives. It has been an understood thing that we provided for their old age, and now we leave them to go to the workhouse. Oh, the shame of it! the disgrace of it! And because Aunt Gertrude has stripped herself to preserve the good name of the family'——

'What has she done?' Angela pleaded. 'Oh, what has she done?'

'What has she done?' May echoed scornfully.
'Oh, nothing. She has given up her whole life to our father and ourselves. For our sakes she has remained single; she resigned the man who loved her because the family dignity called for the sacrifice.—Aunt Gertrude, I must, I will speak.'

'It were better I had died years ago,' Miss Castlerayne sobbed.

'It would have been a very sad day for us,' May went on. 'We never went to school for the simple reason that there was no money to send us; and yet we are quite well-educated girls because Aunt Gertrude taught us all she knew. No mother could have been more kind and tender, more thoughtful for our happiness.'

'It is all the more inexplicable,' Castlerayne remonstrated. 'that she should ruin us now.'

A bitter laugh rose to May's lips, but she crushed it down.

'Has she ruined us?' she asked. 'I may be dense, but it seems to me to be quite the other way about. I understand that when Aunt Gertrude came to us she had nearly five thousand pounds of her own. That was the provision for her old age, the least that a gentlewoman could live on. Where has all that money gone? It has gone to pay our shameless debts; it has passed into the pockets of poor people who trusted to the word of a Castle rayne for payment. Little by little that money has vanished. A good deal of it has gone to cigars and vintage—clarets, I should say.'

The head of the house winced perceptibly. He murmured something as to the modern daughter and her ways. But the Grandisonian manner was no longer there. Then, to the surprise of everybody, Aunt Gertrude rose. She was trembling from head to foot, her face was very pale, yet her voice was firm and sweet.

'Hush, May,' she said; 'you are forgetting yourself. It is so good of you to take my part; but
you are going too far. I have done wrong in your
father's eyes; he has asked me to look for a home
elsewhere. I have found it. For some time past
I have looked for something of the kind. It was
wrong of me'—

'It was absolutely impossible of you,' Castlerayne

Perhaps so, Rayne. Still, I looked upon the welfare of the hospital as a sacred duty. I knew what was going to happen. That hotel suggestion was a hateful one; but, nevertheless, I welcomed it because I saw in the scheme a way to save our poor people. So long as you, as lord of the manor, had the final word, the scheme was hopeless. But Craggs put a different complexion on it altogether. He proved to me that the Common belonged to the hospital. He could do nothing without money. I lent him the money. I would do it again tomorrow. I am not in the least ashamed of my action. From your point of view, Rayne, I have struck a blow at the family honour. You have told me quite politely that I am no longer a member of your household; you are good enough to regard me as your guest until I can find a home elsewhere. That home is found. I shall not trouble you with my presence after to-morrow.'

'Oh, this is out of the question!' Angela cried.
'What does it matter what Aunt Gertrude has said and done? She is still Aunt Gertrude to us. The Towers would not be the same place without her. If she stays here'—

'She has ruined us,' Castlerayne protested; 'and she has done it deliberately.'

'We were ruined in any case,' May protested.
'My dear father'.....

'The discussion is getting painful,' Castlerayne said with much dignity. 'There is nothing to be gained by continuing it. I hold very strong views in the matter. As a man of determination, I

could not possibly regard your aunt's conduct as

The speaker paused and indicated the door with a fine gesture. It was a signal that the conference was at an end. Hot words trembled on May's lips, but she restrained them. It was an outrage and violation of all the sacred laws of consanguinity. Aunt Gertrude's transient dignity had vanished; she was crying softly now. She passed in the direction of the drawing-room, trembling and marvelling at her own temerity. She did not look in the least like a martyr; but nevertheless she was the stuff that martyrs are made of. She was sorry; she was hurt and grieved; but she had no regret for her action. She sat in a big arm-chair and suffered the girls to make much of her.

'You are not going away,' Angela said vehemently. 'We will detain you by force if necessary. What should we do without you, auntie? All the same, I'm sorry you helped that dogmatic old Craggs to get the best of us.'

'I had to,' Aunt Gertrude sobbed. 'My duty lay plain before me. I could not die happy knowing that my dear hospitallers were in need. They are provided for now that the hotel scheme is accomplished.'

'It isn't accomplished, and it never will be accomplished,' May declared. 'No hotel is going to defile the serenity of our own dear old common. All the same, your great sacrifice has not been in vain, auntie. The result will be exactly the same thing, and the sun of prosperity is going to shine on us again.'

'More of May's enigmas,' Angela laughed. 'And when I ask her to say what she means she tells me to wait and be patient. As if anybody could be patient at such a time as this! Auntie, do you know what this wonderful secret is?'

'Indeed I don't, dear,' Miss Castlerayne said, wiping her eyes on some faded yellow square of lace miscalled a handkerchief. 'May is too clever for me. All I know is that the fate of the hospital is saved, and we can ask Mr Warrener to help us with every confidence that he will not lose his money.'

'Mr Warrener!' Angela exclaimed. A spot of crimson tinged her cheeks. 'I should like to know what Mr Warrener has to do with it.'

'You will know all in good time,' May laughed.
'Strange that our lives should be so bound up in the emollient!—Auntie, you were going to say something.'

'I was alluding to the hospital,' Aunt Gertrude resumed. 'There will be money for each of the houses there now, enough to keep the poor people decently and in order. Unless your father changes his mind I could not remain here. Don't interrupt me, or I shall break down again. The handker chief belonged to my grandmother. It is old Brussels. One of the houses in the hospital is vacant; it is furnished, as you know. With a cottage like that and a few shillings a week it

would be possible to live. Fortunately, my needs are simple. I can quite understand my brother's feelings; I can quite sympathise with his point of view. I have sinned beyond redemption, and he could not tolerate me any longer. Therefore, as lam a poor member of the clan, for the time being

I am going to become a hospitaller. I take up my abode there to-morrow. It is no use protesting, my dears; my mind is made up. And I shall have the company of Craggs to fall back on. I am really fond of Craggs.'

(To be continued.)

JOHN CHINAMAN AND HIS SECRET SOCIETIES.

By ONE WHO KNOWS HIM.



HE appalling ignorance existing about the Chinaman amongst large sections of the English population, evidenced by statements widely circulated and almost as widely believed during

the course of the recent General Election, induces me to hope that some endeavour to remove that ignorance, on the part of one who has had peculiar—in some respects unique—opportunities of becoming acquainted with and studying Chinese life on its social side, may not be unac-

Their customs and methods of thought are the results of a civilisation old before that of any ensing Western nation began, and should suggest a least the possibility of their not being inferior to our own. But such an idea does not enter, and appamaily never has entered, into the minds of the arerage Westerner. 'Chinese' has become with him a smonym for everything odd, bizarre, and unreasmable, and the Chinaman a personality pour rire, or worse. In particular, the moral side of his character is singled out for abuse and reprobation. In the eyes of those who, perhaps, never saw him in the flesh, and who only know him by pictures which are generally caricatures, he is a creature sarely to be ranked as human-immoral and

Over twenty five years of close and constant conbut with Chinamen and their families in their own and in others where they abound, under circamstances enabling him to gain an insight into heir character, manner of living, and modes of thought, entitle the writer to speak with some unhority about them.

The superciliousness with which we Westerns, or some of us, regard the representatives of the most accent civilisation existing in the world, merely because their ways are not our ways and their moles of thought not our modes of thought, is markable, and would be amusing if it did not igne something worse than self-conceit. It is true Last this picture of him has been overcoloured and taggerated of late for political purposes; but the ber fact that such overcolouring and exaggeration bould be accepted as a true picture shows that it ra in accordance with already prevailing popular Milion Yet what is the real truth? Judged by conduct—the only true test in such a matter—it the working classes-and it is with him I chiefly deal in this article-may not give points in morality to his much-lauded and petted brother in Christian countries.

'In daily life,' says Professor Douglas, who did not take his information from the daily papers or political leaflets, 'the Chinese are frugal and industrious. Their wants are few and they are easily satisfied.' They are, moreover, 'sober.' 'Spirits'-they have no wine-'have no attraction for them.' 'They live almost entirely on rice and vegetables, to which they add sometimes small pieces of fish or meat.' They are, therefore, practically vegetarians and total abstainers; yet it would not be a rash assertion to say that by thousands and thousands in this country they have been and are regarded as drunkards and unclean. To opiumsmoking they are, it is true, much addicted, but their indulgence in this respect has been grossly exaggerated. All these things are well known to those who have had personal experience of life amongst the Chinese or who have cared to search the truth from reliable sources. For my own part, having been in close contact with Chinamen for over a quarter of a century, I can confirm every letter of the above, and add fresh testimony in support of his character.

In the first place, not only is he 'frugal, sober, and industrious,' as stated above, but in a remarkable degree trustworthy and reliable in matters of business. During all my dealings with him I can conscientiously say that I have never been 'sold' by a Chinaman. As a rule, his word can be taken in business transactions, and he is more truthful and trustworthy than the average European. In his domestic relations, too, there is much to be commended. He is not only hard-working, but makes a good and kind father; whilst, in the matter of immorality, during the long period of my connection with him and his surroundings no instance ever came to my knowledge of the gross vices commonly attributed to him such as it has been my painful duty to become acquainted with during a comparatively short period of practice on the Home Circuit. But on this point, as it is one which has been brought prominently into dispute at the present time, I should like to quote the opinion of one who is able to speak with more authority, if not more has be doubted whether the despised Chinaman of | for many years Captain Superintendent of the

police at Hong-kong, Registrar-General, and Colonial Secretary. In a letter addressed to me last year he states:

'In reply to your questions concerning the morality of the Chinese, I confine my remarks to the class from which labour emigrants would be taken, generally called the coolie class. My experience, ranging over twenty-nine years, leads me to the conclusion that the cases of gross immorality are few. Their marriage system is based on payment by the intended husband of a dowry to the bride. It is not, therefore, the custom of the labouring classes to marry young. Another custom is that the wife should reside with the husband's parents, to attend to them in their old age. Hence it often happens that the wife is left whilst the husband is at work. In Hong-kong the male European population is to the female as four to ene; Chinese males to females as five to two. Emigration from China to British colonies has been going on for many years. In 1842 there were about two thousand Chinese in Hong-kong; now there are about two hundred thousand. Singapore and the Malay States also owe their prosperity mainly to the influx of the Chinese. The emigration of coolies is subject to stringent laws that are binding on all British vessels, and every precaution is taken to avoid abuses. Coolies make very good hard-labourers, being early risers, hard workers, and remarkably abstemious. A drunken Chinaman is a rare sight. Every Chinese trade has its guild. This extends even to the street urchins who act as porters to purchasers at markets. The guilds or anions have strict laws and various subdivisions of headmen. Any ill-treatment of members of a union would be followed by a strike unless compensation were paid. When in their various callings Chinese are overlooked by Europeans they invariably do their work well and with great intelligence. They are amenable to discipline, and when properly treated can readily be trained to any class of work.

In short, their worth as labourers is undeniable, and it is the virtue of the coolie in this respect, rather than his vices, which is at the bottom of the odium in which he is held by his fellow-labourers in other countries, with whom he is sometimes brought into competition. That, no doubt, accounts, and not unreasonably, for his exclusion, except under peculiar restrictions, from the labour markets of Australasia and the United States, where, if admitted freely, he would soon underbid the white man and reduce his 'standard of living,' as the phrase goes. In South Africa, where he is now objected to, such conditions do not apply, his work there being such as no white settler would undertake. As to its conditions amounting to 'slavery,' the charge is preposterous. They are mild compared to those under which he has been trained and brought up; and as every coolie belongs to some secret society, woe betide the official who should attempt any injustice on him. There would be a rising at once, their trades-unions being more powerful than those of England.

'But what of the opium-smoking and the degradation which it entails, mental and bodily?' I hear some reader exclaim. Well, I have already said that the charge against the Chinaman-the average Chinaman-in this respect has been greatly exaggerated. Terrible examples of the evil effects of over-indulgence in the drug are, of course, to be found; but, as a rule, the Chinese labourer takes his dose in moderation. Whilst with them, as I frequently have been, cutting jungle, I noticed that each, after his work, smoked a pipe as a remedy against the deadly miasma arising from the freshly cleared land, and there is no doubt that the plant used in this way is a blessing to the toiler, and not the curse which it is represented to be by those who have not visited the East. The whiff of opium to the Chinese coolie is, indeed, what the draught of beer is to the English worker, and, being indulged in with moderation, not half so injurious. If those gentlemen who spend so much time and money in attempting to prevent the Chinese from smoking opium would pay more attention to regulating the evils which exist at home, it would be more conducive to the health and morality of the United Kingdom. Having tried the effects of opium myself medicinally, I am able to speak as to its value as a febrifuge. I shall never forget the feeling of rest which it spread through the frame, following upon the passing away of feverish symptoms through the opening pores of the body. One Chinaman in ten thousand may, perhaps, exceed; but the generality, I can vouch, are sober and hard-working, only indulging in a pipe in the same manner as an English labourer might indulge in a glass of beer. It is said that the habit, once acquired, can never be broken off. That may be so in some instances. All I can say is that I smoked it medicinally for some time, and when the necessity for it passed away I had not the slightest difficulty in discontinuing the drug.

The saying of a popular writer that

East is East, and West is West, And never the twain shall meet,

though exaggerated, no doubt contains this much of truth, that the modes of thought are so essentially different in each instance that it is difficult, almost impossible, for the one civilisation to understand the other. The points of difference are almost universal, pervading habits, politics, morals, and religion. Yet, underneath the apparent antagonism, a keen observer may trace some uniformity of principle, some common basis of morals and beliefs. The opinion of the Chinaman, however, which exists with the average European is that his habits, not according to our own, are vile, his politics topsy-turvy, and that as regards religion and morality he has none. I have already said something as to his morality; for his religion, judged by its effects on his conduct, it may, I think, well compare in virtue with the practical Chris-

unity embodied in the lives of the average church or chapel goer in this country. If the religion of the Chinese is not one of dogma, it affects their lives. It makes them good children and good parents by inculcating filial piety, so that, as the writer I have before quoted observes, 'in the ordering of a Chinese household there is much that might be imitated with advantage by European families.' This has certainly been my own experience. That the Chinese have no religion is untrue. On the contrary, they have rather a superfluity, and have no objection to the entertainment of new beliefs, provided their dissemination does not outage their hereditary prejudices or threaten their political constitutions. It was the fear that such night be the case in the design of the Christian missionaries, and especially of the Jesuit propaganda, which led to the fanatical outbursts of which we have heard so much. Otherwise, the bissions might have pursued their object in peace, with as much toleration as that extended to their native religious systems - Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism—which now exist peacefully side by

The truth of this representation is illustrated in the history of the recent Boxer rising, the origin of which was based on spurious patriotism and m the desire to clear out the 'foreign devils' nther than on any inherent dislike or hatred to the Christian faith. This I gathered from Chinese informants, who certainly thought their countrymen, in massacring Christians, were performing a meritorious action. And that all missonaries, Protestant and Roman Catholic, suffered dike is attributable to the fact that the average Boxer was unable to distinguish between one set of rigionists and another. All Europeans and Amerias were identical to them, very much as all reliev men would appear to us. On these grounds be intolerance of the Boxer is intelligible, if not emable. The worst feature in his 'methods of urharium is that he did not confine them to the tale missionary, but extended them to women and ln this, however, he followed the praccommon amongst Eastern and, till comparatively beat times, amongst Western nations.

But when I state, from impressions derived brough personal intercourse with Chinamen, that le Boter fanatics were actuated by a spurious Athicism, I use that word for want of a better. The Chinese have, as a rule, no patriotism in se alstract sense. Their action in this matter 'a prompted only by a desire to relieve themthe personally from the prospect of submission oriorign yoke: the yoke of the foreign devil, the rast majority at once fear and hate. ar the rast majority, because I do not believe be the case with those brought into contact the European settlers, French or English, a liceg-kong, Shanghai, and other parts. With then cordial intercourse is the rule, and in all would intercourse is the rule, and in settlements educated Chinese are always

glad to welcome Europeans to their clubs and festivals, and are invariably hospitable and polite.

It was during a residence in Burma in 1901, whilst engaged in defining the boundaries of certain jungle-lands, that I was able to study the habits of the Chinese so far as I have described them -their opium-smoking and the like-as well as to gather my impressions as to the true character of the Boxer rising. For the purpose of my visit I had hired eighteen Chinamen to build a fence and clear the jungle on the line; and whilst working with them myself, in the cool of the morning and afternoon, I had frequent opportunities of conversing with the two leaders of the gang. They spoke in 'pidgin-English,' and what I have above recorded is a summary of our conversations. Muddling up the European missionaries all together-Anglican, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, American Baptist, and the rest-they were firmly of the belief that the missionaries were all in league to prepare the way for the seizure of their country by the 'foreign devils;' and their indignation was specially aroused by the fact that if a Chinese convert was arrested by the police and brought into court, the missionary claimed a seat by the magistrate.* The 'foreign devils,' thus seated, would openly threaten the magistrate with an appeal, if necessary, to the Consul, and with pictures of the advent of the fleets of foreign nations, in the event of 'justice' not being done -that is, of the convert not being released! How, they asked, should I like to have a Chinaman sitting with our magistrates in our courts and interfering with their judgments? And, in truth, I found it difficult to answer them. Moreover, they averred, and I fear not without some justice, that in many instances known bad characters pretended to be Christian converts, hoping by this means to escape the punishment they deserved.

Such being the evidently sincere belief of the more ignorant portion of the Chinese population, of whom my informants were representative, it was no wonder the Boxer movement gained so much force. Its leaders no doubt, being men of a higher class, were aware of the exaggerations on which the belief was based, but nevertheless made no attempt to correct its error. On the contrary, they encouraged it, fully persuading their followers that little by little portions of their country would be filched by the 'foreign devils' under the excuse of compensation for some harm to the missionary, and that then they and their families would personally suffer.

I have already said that every Chinaman, or at least every Chinese labourer, belongs to a secret society, and that he is by no means the helpless and unprotected individual which humanitarians

^{*} I have only heard of this being the practice with Roman Catholic missionaries. The Protestants seem to have been less exacting. The Chinaman, however, cannot distinguish the one from the other.

at home represent him to be. This fact was particularly and forcibly brought home to me many years ago when it was my lot to act as standing counsel for one of these bodies, with which China may be said to be honeycombed, so numerous are they. Their history is difficult to trace, but they no doubt had their origin and raison d'ètre in the political and administrative corruption which has been from time immemorial the marked feature of Chinese government. All the governing classes are corrupt, from the highest mandarin down to the smallest 'one-button magistrate.' Their pay is a delusion, and so they traffic in bribes. The consequences of this are not far to seek. 'Justice,' as it is called, goes to the highest bidder, and is but rarely meted out to those most in want of it—the poor and needy. This, however, is the result of unenlightened administrative methods rather than of inherent racial vice; and the establishment of secret societies, with their secret tribunals, must be regarded as an endeavour on the part of the people to obtain for themselves, though unconstitutionally, the justice and redress withheld from them in the established courts. Thus regarded, though indefensible from a legal point of view, they are a testimony to the moral instincts of the people rather than the contrary.

In this way they assimilate to some of the European Fehmic associations of the Middle Ages, and, like them, have attained to such influence as to form a kind of imperium in imperio. The heads of such guilds arrogate almost despotic jurisdiction and deal out a rough kind of justice on their own account, not stopping at any kind of violence or even capital punishment if they think it necessary. The Chinese secret society, therefore, is not only a trades-union, but an association for the protection of its members all round, possessing an administration of justice (so called) independent of the national machinery for that purpose, from the decisions of which it forms a sort of court of criminal appeal. Often has the victor in the former been condemned in the latter, his sudden disappearance bearing silent but eloquent testimony to the fact that 'justice' from the vanquished's point of view has been duly executed. His dead body found in the river or elsewhere, with no marks of wounds or signs of violence, excites no surprise in the minds of the finders. There is no need of an inquest, as with us. So necessary in the eyes of the populace have these organisations become to their protection, and so dear, one may say, are they as quasi-national institutions, that they exist not only within China but wherever Chinamen in any numbers fix their home; though experience of the uprightness of British rule is gradually impairing their influence under the English flag.

The particular society with which I became professionally connected was called the 'Shortcoat Society,' and my acquaintance with it began in Burma, where I was engaged as counsel in litiga-

tion proceedings in the Rangoon courts arising out of disputes relating to timber rights in the Burma forests. Burma was then in a transition state. Sir Arthur Phayre, who ruled the province, was attempting to introduce justice and evolve order out of chaos in lieu of Burmese rule. The courts were generally presided over by officers selected from the Indian army, new to the work and ignorant of the rules of evidence, but for all that wonderfully efficient; and it is but justice to say that I never heard a native utter a word against them for corruption or bribery or in any way doubt their absolute honesty. Hence my friends the 'Shortcoats' had no quarrel with them or dissatisfaction at their proceedings. Their grievance was against a kindred society named the 'Longcoats,' with whom they had been at feud from time immemorial. At the time of my visit their animosity culminated in a free fight, in which no less than twelve or fourteen of the combatants were killed and a very large majority wounded. In the inevitable law proceedings which resulted from this bloody encounter I was engaged by the 'Shortcoats,' and was fortunate enough (as they considered) to do them some service. Hence my favour with them and the confidence with which I was admitted into their secrets. They were a powerful society, having ramifications everywhere, and numbering, it is said, over a million members. From their headmen I gathered 'that the origin of these societies went back to the accession of the Manchu Dynasty. These foreign conquerors filled the courts with Manchu officials, who became so corrupt and venal that to the poor justice was practically denied. Consequently, the Chinese appear to have formed a kind of imperium in imperio through their secret societies, which have spread all over the country. They hold their own courts and dispense a rough kind of secret justice.' There does not appear to have been any close amalgamation between the pure Chinese and the ruling Manchus. One of the conditions on which the latter obtained the throne was that no 'small-foot woman' should ever be compelled to enter the royal harem. Consequently, one of the channels by which the two dynasties might have been united has been

Members admitted to the societies are bound by the strictest vows, and betrayals of secrets are unrelentingly punished. The culprit 'disappears,' executed in a novel and ingenious manner. He is generally kidnapped and taken to some cellar or secret place, usually under a joss-house. Here he is drugged, wrapped round with blankets or rugs, and placed upon a table, where he is pounded with the elbows until his internal organs become bruised, but in such a manner that not a mark or sign of ill-treatment appears on the surface of the body.

As an instance of the protective power of these societies and of the benefit of belonging to them, from a Chinese point of view, I may give an instance which fell under my own observation. It

is well known that the Chinese are inveterate gamblers. They bet upon everything; and though there, as here, street betting is prohibited, it is still carried on and I was once retained to defend a man arrested in prosecuting this industry flagrante idicto, with the paraphernalia of his profession, which he kept in a belt round his waist. Being lought before the magistrates, he gave for his defence that it was an affair got up by the police, and that the belt never belonged to him at all; and when, at the second hearing of the case, he vas ordered to try it on, sure enough it was found to be too short by a couple of inches. Policeman after policeman tried to make it fit by pulling and tugging, but all to no purpose, and it ended by the prisoner being discharged. As I was leaving the court I asked the superintendent of police how it was that he had not had the belt tried on at the first hearing. He declared he had never thought of it. It had been taken off the man at the time of his arrest, and he could not really understand it. His eyes, however, would have been eread if he had known what I subsequently found on-namely, that the magistrate's clerk was a member of the same secret society—a brother 'Shortcat'-and had charge of the exhibit. By a sign to the friends of the accused, he suggested that I should be instructed to ask for an adjournment. In the interim he caused the waistband to be shortened by two inches, and that so cleverly that it was impossible to discover the fraud !

Though in this instance the defence was fictitions, it by no means follows that it was an aleard one, for I subsequently became aware tan it was no uncommon thing for the police to connive at the doings of gamblers on the soment of a regular douceur; and that when has was not forthcoming the policeman had his trenge by prosecuting the defaulters for some of tace, or, when there was no offence, inventing the In referring here to the police I do not, of conse, mean the higher class of European officials

-they were above suspicion—but the native underlings. These entered into collusion with the gambling dens, occasionally making a few arrests to 'save their faces' and create confidence with the 'Sahib Inspector.' Often those arrested were not the guilty parties; but, for a consideration, they were induced to plead guilty for the good of the

Another crime for which members of the society were frequently indicted was illicit distilling and the smuggling of opium. Sometimes a dozen or more of the guild were arrested on this charge by the police. Then the culprits would be numbered off in the dock, and I was very often instructed that certain numbers were guilty, and would confess. A hint was given to confine my crossexamination to the defence of an alibi for the others. As Chinamen are most difficult to recognise, and as the police were generally satisfied if they obtained a conviction which would look well in the reports, those who pleaded not guilty generally got off. I could never understand, however, why I was to confine my defence to a few, until I discovered that the society kept a certain number on their books who undertook, whenever required, to plead guilty for the benefit of the rest, on the understanding that if they were condemned to imprisonment their families should be well supported till their release.* Indeed, it is no uncommon thing in China for an innocent person to undergo the penalty of a guilty one for a consideration, though I never knew of an instance extending to capital punishment; yet I have been told that such has been the case. To the average Chinaman, however, death, unless it be a lingering one, has no terrors, and I can readily believe in the truth of my information. For punishment by torture, however, it is difficult to find a proxy, and this is, perhaps, the reason why it is so commonly inflicted in China; it prevents collusion and ensures the punishment of the condemned. Whether he be guilty or not is another matter.

A GIGANTIC IRRIGATION SCHEME.

By MARY SPENCER WARREN.



MERICA is a country of big things; but probably a scheme which has recently been set on foot is one of quite unusual magnitude even for that go-ahead country. Every one

is conversant with the fact that the population of the United States has gone up by base and bounds, and that cities and towns have inreased with wonderful rapidity. But still there the millions of acres of land uncultivated and un-Imital, and there is room for countless thousands of Much of the land was, until quite recently, defined to be incapable of cultivation; now, howttr, the ingenuity of man has devised the means of

overcoming all obstacles, and so no less than sixtymillion acres of land are to become fruitful soil by means of a gigantic irrigation scheme, the greatest the world has ever seen.

Major John W. Powell was the scientific pioneer of the movement, which the Government took up in a practical manner; and in 1902 the entire plans of the capable engineers and surveyors who had made themselves masters of all technical details were laid before Congress, an Act being passed whereby the great work could have an immediate commence-

^{*} The tariff was settled: thirty dollars a month for simple and sixty for rigorous imprisonment.

ment. Congress also provided that a certain amount of funds derived from sales of land be set aside for preliminary reclamation purposes. The scheme takes in thirteen states-namely, California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, South Dakota, Colorado, Utah, Nebraska, Kansas, and Wyoming. The territories are Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona. A number of consulting engineers were at once appointed to take service in the various states, each with a large staff of working engineers and labourers under his control, and it was agreed that the chief engineer should visit regularly all working centres, and periodical staff-meetings be held, when the accumulated progress might be gone into. Already nearly two million acres of land are being actively worked upon, canals cut, dams erected, wagon-roads made, bridges put up, tunnels driven, &c.; while practically measurements have been taken of the greater portion of the entire area, and estimates submitted to the Secretary of the Interior at Washington, many of which have been passed. In the years 1906-8 as much as thirty-eight million dollars will have been spent on the work, ten million dollars of which is already invested.

In order to reclaim this land and convert it into fruitful soil, the courses of rivers must be diverted, and the water of some of the great lakes must be carried across to points where it is wanted; and, what is also one of the main features, enormous reservoirs must be constructed in which this water can be stored. A further scheme is the retention of flood-water both in moderate and torrential streams, and, of course, the proper diversion of such to meet requirements. The Salt River, the Colorado River, the Milk River, the Arkansas River, the American Falls, the vast St Mary's Lake, &c. will all contribute largely to the irrigation scheme, the stupendous nature of which it is impossible for the lay mind to comprehend.

Certain adjacent portions of this great western country are, of course, already under cultivation, producing large crops of wheat, barley, and oats, while here and there are large almond industries. Each and all of these will greatly increase in value, and when the arid soil is thoroughly watered, trees bearing apples, peaches, almonds, olives, plums, oranges, lemons, and all sorts of luscious tabledelicacies will flourish exceedingly. The possibilities connected with this work for engineers, labourers, tillers of the soil, practical farmers, and gardeners are enormous, and literally hundreds of thousands will be employed in transforming the face of the country. Add to this the railways and the various industries and occupations which follow all large or small settlements of people, coupled with the vast amount of territory over which these settlements stretch, and the statement that the scheme means the support of twenty millions of people will not sound so visionary as might be thought.

An important question which will immediately

occur to the reader is: How is the land to be obtained by the would-be settler? The United States is offering very easy terms; but it must always be borne in mind that Government preference is very properly given to Americans. This seems to promise a great future to a people who have already plenty of work, but would-be settlers from other countries are not prohibited from participation; the one preliminary condition, however, being that the alien must become a citizen of the States, this being quite easy of accomplishment.

Then land can be obtained in allotments of from forty to one hundred and sixty acres. There is no charge for the same beyond the usual land-office fees; but there is a water-charge running from three pounds to four pounds an acre in accordance with the situation of the land. This is intended, of course, to cover the cost of irrigation, and when once paid is paid for ever. Moreover, the Government is spreading out this water-charge over a term of ten years, so that the entire sum can be paid in annual instalments, with no extra payment for interest. When the final instalment is paid the tenant acquires an absolute right to the land.

As the scheme progresses, the Government is putting, and will put, all moneys paid for land into the Reclamation Fund for carrying on the remainder of the work; so that, enormous as the undertaking is, and costly as all engineering work must be, the Government will not lose anything at all on the project, and will gain appreciably by the import of good citizens, with added industries. An immense recommendation is the fact of the very healthy climate where these lands are situated. Most of the settlements will be about four thousand feet above sea-level, with a dry, sunny climate and a fairly equable temperature. Snow, which falls so heavily and lies so long in some of the states, never there exceeds a depth of three or four inches, or lies longer than a few days. Truly, this is a new awakening for the great western country, and it is being pushed forward with a zeal and enterprise typical of the nation conducting it.

One outcome of the enterprise-perhaps not altogether welcome to its originators-is a case argued in the United States Supreme Court, the issue of which will affect in a direct way the future of irrigation rights and interests throughout the nation. Two states included in the great scheme are disputing the respective rights in the waters of the Arkansas River. Kansas claims for the supply of its own needs; Colorado replies that it has prior rights, inasmuch as it has the origin of the river within its own borders. Then the United States Government intervenes, stating that it has power to distribute through its Reclamation of Arid Land Service, and maintaining that neither Kansas nor Colorado has full rights. The case has taken two years to prepare; ten thousand pages of testimony having been written, at an expense of two hundred thousand dollars. Broadly, if each state near big streams be permitted to retain all water for its own enterprise, imigation of more remote states becomes somewhat problematical. If Government should secure control, great possibilities loom ahead, and the vast tracks of semi-arid America will put forth fruit and grain in abundance.

AN IRISH PARALLEL TO THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

By A. STODART WALKER.



supplies no more tragic record than the massacre of Glencoe, when, under the cover of hospitality, the Campbell slaughtered the Macdonald.

The circumstances of this affair are amongst the most familiar in our historical annals; but an incident, very analogous in some of its details, which occurred in Ireland in the seventeenth century has not passed into public memory with such a degree of familiarity, and may serve the purcoses of a reminder by the present writer.

The central figures in this tragic episode were representatives of two powerful families in the torth of Ireland, now happily joined not only by xanctions of blood but by a mutual respect which us found expression in a long and unbroken extraged description.

change of deep friendly regard.

Of the families of O'Neill and Caulfeild, the wo leading representatives at the beginning of the erenteenth century were Sir Phelim O'Neill and Sir John Caulfeild, third Baron Charlemont. Sir Phelim O'Neill had, at the time with which we are encerned, been selected by the native insurrecconsts as a man eminently suited to lead them in he rebellion against the new English colonistsmacipally from Yorkshire and Norfolk—who had stablished themselves, not only by their remarkthe capacity as farmers but by their general barery and strength of character, in a position of turked ascendency in Ulster. With Sir Phelim Nell as the leader, the Rebellion of 1641 began. Talike many of his famous ancestors, who had stablished a record for bravery and stubborn reis acce to foreign aggression of which any family hight be proud, Sir Phelim was a man of feeble character and shifty principles, and a mere pawn a the hands of his fellow-conspirators, many of were as fearless as they were determined, ni as brave in arms as they were sure in the ranction of the righteousness of their national was to dethrone from their position is established forces of the implanted—and, as ber regarded, the usurping—colonists.

Almost the first act in the wild and fretful arer of this rebel chief was associated with a star whose uncle—the first Baron Charlemont, then caulful and been sent over by Queen Eigheth to subdue Sir Phelim's ancestor ('the great intor'), O'will, Earl of Tyrone. In the course of ize early expedition the deputy, Charles Mountjoy, foad it convenient to build near to the passage of

the Black Water, in County Tyrone, a fort which he called Charlemont after his own name, and left Captain Caulfeild to guard it. Afterwards Caulfeild was made Governor of Charlemont, and later was created Baron Caulfeild of Charlemont. At the time of the rising of 1641 a nephew of the distinguished soldier was the third Baron Charlemont, and, like his father and uncle, was Governor of the fort from which his title was taken; and it was against this man that the rebel O'Neill struck his first blow, in a manner that recalls the treachery of the Campbell at Glencoe.

On Friday the 22nd of October 1641 Sir Phelim O'Neill was received at the fort by Lord Charlemont with all the courtesy and camaraderie of a friend. From all accounts it may be gathered that the reception of the O'Neill was in accordance with the high tradition of the Caulfeild family, whose spirit of noblesse oblige and generous courtesy had made their name one to conjure with in the circles of chivalry and renown.

While Sir Phelim was being 'joyfully received and entertained,' to quote the contemporary records, his followers had gathered in great numbers in the vicinity, and at the height of the festivities, at a sign from the O'Neill, the rebels attacked the fort, massacred the whole of Lord Charlemont's retinue and men-at-arms, and put the Governor himself, his mother, sisters, brothers, and all the rest of the family under strict and stern surveillance and imprisonment; and it was only on the Governor's consenting to reveal the whereabouts of his many treasures that his life was spared for the nonce. Tradition has it that when the assembled guests were at the flood of their rejoicings the first sounds of the attack were heard, and that Sir Phelim then rose, and, suddenly throwing off the assumed air of friendship, addressed Lord Charlemont in words to this effect: 'For long the taunt has been thrown at my head from the fort of Charlemont that no Irishman could capture what an Englishman had built. Now I shall prove to all you cursed usurping robbers that the taunt is as idle as the spray of the water that breaks over Coney, as meaningless as the echoes of the whaup's cry as he flits over the water-soaked shores of Lough Neagh.'

For fifteen weeks the Governor and his family were kept prisoners at Charlemont. O'Neill then 'sent them about five miles distance to Killenane, the house of Laurence Netterville; and the next day sending away Major Patrick Davy, the Lord

Caulfeild earnestly desired Sir Phelim that the Major might stay with him, because he could speak the Irish language; but Sir Phelim answered that the Major was a traitor, and should not stay with his lordship, but that he would have better company before night!' That night he was sent to the Castle of Kinard, belonging to O'Neill, when, as he entered the castle between two of Sir Phelim's captains, one of them, Captain Neill M'Kenna, thus addressed Edmund O'Hugh, foster-brother to O'Neill, who was waiting to receive the prisoner, 'Where is your heart now?' Whereupon the other captain turned and fired a pistol at Charlemont. The shot missing its objective, O'Hugh seconded the abortive attempt by shooting Charlemont through the back, who, as he fell, cried out, 'Lord have mercy upon me!'

From the many traditional stories that have surrounded this treacherous murder, the following may be of interest to those who are fond of associating the occult with mere matters of coincidence. It is taken from an old Peerage of Ireland, published in 1754: 'The butler, an old and trusty servant, remarked that the assassin, his accomplices, and the noble family made up the odd number of thirteen, and observed with dread and concern that the murderers had often changed both their seats and their countenances, except the brave himself, who kept his place on the left hand of Lord Caulfeild, as he was wont to do, being an intimate acquaintance. The butler took an opportunity, whilst they were at dinner, to acquaint his lady with the cause of his uneasiness, telling her that he dreaded some direful event. She rebuked his fear, told him he was superstitious, and asked if the company were merry and had everything they wanted. He answered he had done his duty; they all seemed very merry, and wanted nothing he knew of but grace; and since her ladyship was of opinion that his fears were groundless, he was resolved, through a natural impulse he felt, to take care of his own person, and thereupon instantly left the house and made the best of his way to Dublin.' A more prosaic examination of this record, added to excellent evidence which was forthcoming at the subsequent trial of O'Neill, leads us to believe that a knowledge of the projected murder had already become known to some of Charlemont's servants and dependants, and that the said butler was merely making a picturesque addition to the dread fact that he already knew of the possibility of treachery. In support of this view of the matter it may be mentioned 'that Peter Pilly, his lordship's servant, three months before the Rebellion broke out, being threatened by the Lady Caulfeild that she would turn him away unless he would go to church,' he said she need not trouble herself, for he did not believe she would stay long at Charlemont herself; and the day the Rebellion began he went with Sir Phelim to Charlemont and took away his lordship's horses.

Following the murder of Lord Charlemont a reign of terror spread over the land, and within a few months forty thousand Protestant colonists were put to the sword or the flame by the order or under the personal direction of Sir Phelim O'Neill.

The sequel to this tragedy of O'Neill and Charlemont is found in the fact that, after the reduction of Ireland by Cromwell, the brother of the murdered man, William, fifth Baron of Charlemont, having received intelligence that Sir Phelim O'Neill was hiding on an island in the north, reached the island by boats, and seizing him there, conveyed him to Dublin, where, after full proof of his guilt had been laid before the Court of Justice, he was condemned and sentenced to an ignominious death; truly 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung,' a veritable monster standing out in his unenviable notoriety as a black and bloody spot on the fair fame of a great and chivalrous stock. For there are few names in Irish history more praiseworthy and consistent than that of O'Neill. During all the troublous and treacherous times of the Danish and Norman invasions, when even the O'Connor sold his allegiance to the foreigner, the O'Neill held steadfast to his country's cause, and even 'the great traitor O'Neill,' named as such by Queen Elizabeth, earned that opprobrious title because of his fervent national patriotism. And there is something from the O'Neill point of view even to be said for the murder of Lord Charlemont, representing, as he did, the authority of 'the English garrison.' It was the manner of the deed that stamped it as a deed of treachery, and which, in addition to the massacres and atrocities which followed in its wake, made, in the words of Mr J. H. Cochrane, 'the name of Phelim O'Neill infamous to the minds of Ulstermen.'

Revenge and retribution being complete, there only remained for posterity to set a romantic seal on the closed wound which had driven the O'Neill and Caulfeild apart, for it is to be noted that amongst the ancestors of the present Lord O'Neill, one was married to Elizabeth Caulfeild, a daughter of the very Viscount Charlemont who had effected the capture and punishment of Sir Phelim O'Neill.



SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

By G. G. CHATTERTON.



WAS but a gosling when my prescience was first roused to the fallacy of the proverb, of which I was yet ignorant, asserting that what is sauce for ganders is sauce as well for geese.

When five years old I and my twinbrother, and heretofore inseparable companion, had been sent on our first trip to the seaside; and, elate in the joy of untried experiences, we were making a simultaneous headlong dash across the shore to where a bevy of children were scooping a sea-filling trench round a castle of sand, when I was stopped short by our nurse.

'No, Miss Sophy, not you!' and she dexterously whisked me back, whilst I wriggled and protested. I must! I would! Fred had gone. Why shouldn't

Master Fred is different—he's a boy. I can't have you messing up your nice new frocks and things—likely as not tearing them to flitters as well. You come and sit by me, like a good little grl, and listen to what the pretty band is playing, and wait till brother comes back to us.'

But, unlike a good little girl, being of an evilly risellious mind, I declined to listen to the pretty band; and closing my ears alike against its music and the soothing conversation of my nurse, I rested in revolt, staring only at my brother's actions.

The water has reached to splashing Fred's trousers now! I cried presently, oblivious of my langity attitude; but, to my unamiable disappointment, nurse replied that wouldn't harm; he was waring only his serge ones, and went on with her swing.

Then why mayn't I wear only serge trousers?' demanded I out of my soul's bitterness.

For shame, Miss Sophy! You, a little girl, to sy such a thing, and after all the lovely frocks and sakes your dear mamma bought for you to bring lete! But we'll see by-and-by how glad you'll be when we make friends with other little girls who laven't half such pretty things, and they invite learn the same of the same transfer of the same trans

But the profered consolation, when it came to be ableved, failed fully to salve my stubborn spirit, and to the end of our sojourn by the sea the sight of my twin-brother waist-deep in oozy sand and simy weed, whilst I played in dull, dry cleanliness with integrils taking care of frocks less embroidered and with narrower ribbons for their sashes than these it formed my nurse's pride to deck me in, it was the profession of the sashes than the my nurse's pride to deck me in, it was the profession of the sashes than the my nurse's pride to deck me in, it was the profession of the profe

it was an epoch in my sex, lingering in my memory, whilst proceeding in life I came to marvel bow an apothegm of the mendacity that alleges that identical seasoning serves for gander and for some could ever have attained quotation.

Yet, void of desire of posing as another Aristides, I launch no comparisons between the seasoning allotted for the ethical garnishing for the symbolic poultry. I cheerfully pass over divagations of my twin through which he continued shining with untarnished lustre, whilst had I ventured on their bare outskirts my reputation, like the restraining smart frocks of my youth, would have been 'messed up, and likely as not torn to flitters as well.' Only, out of the continuous sacrifices since that one of childhood's unfading impressions, I like to point to the unequal liberty between the sexes in the hampering of the body imposed by the array of women. Slight factors form great effects. The quacking of some ducks made all the difference to an imperial city, the nibbling of a little mouse materially affected the most powerful of beasts, 'sands make a mountain,' and it has appeared to me that diversities in modes have preyed upon the comradeship of my brother and myself for all our years. His ever have seemed fashioned for utility and comfort, as mine for hindrance and lack of ease. And I must accept my penalties, because, whilst secretly still longing that my wear might be 'only serge t-,' I am of a moderately modest, partially self-effacing disposition, and regard them as the lesser evil than the ensuing notoriety should I take my walks abroad luxuriously bloomer-clad, with close-cut hair.

From gosling up how I have coveted my twin's cropped locks! Mine, encouraged in redundancy, flowed long and heavy on my shoulders, and, rompruffled, entailed prolonged and often painful combing before I became eligible for the drawing-room, where Fred, spruce and shining after brief administration of the brush upon a head where every hair had stood awry and on end, had long been enjoying the limited period there for the more select toys and stories read aloud. This was my noviciate for travels of our maturity, when, succeeding the night made restless and uneasy by hair adjustments forbidding the angle of comfort to my head, dawned the morn of misbecoming dishevelment, whilst a few turns of his brush restored elegance to my brother, who the night long had nestled luxuriously into what corner most appealed to him.

Then the hats upon these heads of ours! And yet have I heard man, the pampered, rebel against his tall one as heavy and, forsooth, pressing on the brow! How would his plaint be voiced had he to balance and affix it by impaling with long pins, which, unless stabbed in with care and time expended, can preliminarily dig scratches in the scalp, or, wearing against the grain of tight-tied hair, can blight the day with smarting ache? Putting on my hat I must go delicately, though Fred increases in masculine fuss downstairs. 'Hurry up!' he cries

as he takes his from the peg and pops it on without consideration or delay. 'What ages you women always take to get outside a house! I say, it's beastly muddy,' he discovers on opening the door, and stooping, turns rapidly up his trouser-hems, 'and perhaps we'd better take our brolls—just wait a sec. and I'll fetch them from the hall.'

I utilise the 'sec.' in painstakingly gathering up the many folds that form my skirt, feeling my way carefully lest with it I indecorously gather up as well my petticoat beneath it; and Fred, returning, thrusts my umbrella into my least full hand. 'A broll's a bore,' he comments cheerfully, running down the steps in his neatly turned-up trousering.

'A bore!' I cry. 'For you, with a whole arm and hand lying idle at your side! May I ask how you'd describe one were you me, who, year in, year out, whether for umbrella, muff, or parasol, need quite three hands to help me? Just imagine that every time that you set forth you must draw up a trouser-leg in each hand, carefully, so that one may not be raised waist-high whilst the other dips in the gutter at your heel, and then, lest either still may slide to that effect, you must hold them in clutch all through your walk, with fingers growing cramped that must as well grip your brolly'——

'Great Scot,' burst out my brother, having striven to grasp the plight, 'what an inf—an outrageous infliction! I never had thought it out before. Yet, after all, I can't well carry both our brolls along down Piccadilly, can I?'

'No, dear boy, of course you can't,' agreed I, touched by the sympathy in his tone; but whilst on the topic I pressed home to him many other little blessings vouchsafed him over me, which he accepted with the unthankful taking-for-granted begotten of his superior position as a man. I had flamed out over what I held the heaviest of my sex-shackles in carrying about long skirts, and now I dilated gently upon hat-pins and scalp-scratchers to shame him against murmuring over mere weight and pressure of his tall hat; upon brushing out and tying up long hair, and holding it in place with pins and combs, so that he might refrain from chafing about the paltry vexations of shaving, and the falling short from perfection in razors; upon my paucity, if not entire absence, of pockets, so that on an already laden arm I must sling a reticule for the bare needs of my day.

'Your pockets are among your manly boons I greatly envy, whether I see you jingling your loose coin in some deep recess, or producing your delightfully commodious pocket-book for letters and papers; and then you have as well your cigarette and card case; and all so effortlessly laid hands on without even changing your position. And room and to spare behind them, too. Why, the other day I noticed your pocket swallow whole your Royal Academy catalogue! To me it's all as a conjurer's trick. You have pockets of every size and shape, and all at nice reachable points—chest, ribs, hips—

without looking bulgier; whilst, just think, this one small bag must be my all.'

'That one small bag!' Fred echoed stupidly. 'How do you manage?'

'Manage without,' I told him promptly. 'I am a woman.'

'Of course I've always known that women stand out of lots of things,' Fred pursued. 'Of big things—well, I mean of seeing things, and doing them, and going to them; and don't want them, I suppose—used to it, and don't think about having them, or don't care, I always fancy; but, hang it all! all these small handicaps that I had never noticed rounding on one at every turn must be the very—must be beastly drawbacks. You've made me imagine them tacked on to myself, Sophy! I never before thought about'—

'About the different sauce served to gander and to goose in even the small details of their lives.' But never mind, dear; don't deeply grieve for me. We geese contrive all the same greatly to enjoy ourselves.' And we lightly laughed as we turned up gay Bond Street; and, after tea there, Fred, a woman-hustler as are all unthinking men, waited with sweet patience whilst I collected and arranged my little bag and my umbrella, and gathered together the voluminous material of my skirt for its skilled uplifting from the mud.

AN OLD SPINET.

I LOVE it. Why, you fail to understand; Your brow you wrinkle; So thin against a strident modern 'grand' Its tiny tinkle.

I grant you that. But then my old spinet
(Date, seventeen-twenty)
Has, since the past for me is living yet,
Beauties a-plenty.

I love to think of twilights long ago:
Wax tapers glimmer,
And, round my spinet, maids with eyes aglow
And gowns a-shimmer.

The songs they sang! Lilt, catch, and madrigal,
Gracious and flowing;

Such as the faded song-books give us -one and all Worthy the knowing.

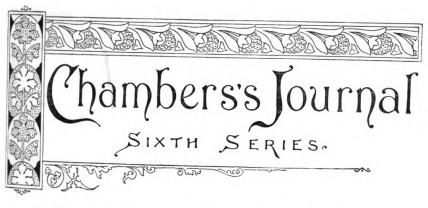
I dream that Prudence touched the small white keys
With hands still whiter,
Whilst Dorothy or Susan sang to please

Whilst Dorothy or Susan sang to please Some valiant fighter.

Or it may be that Lydia, sad at heart,
Loving and slighted,
Played out her sorrow wistful and apart,
And dreamed it righted.

Fantasies all! Yet I have found them fair,
These dreamings golden;
And for their sakes I prize with tender care
My spinet olden.

F. W. SAUNDERSON.



HEROISM ON THE FOOTPLATE.

By G. A. SEKON, Editor of The Railway Magazine.



HE trite saying, 'He carries his life in his hands,' can with absolute truth be applied to the railway enginedriver. His avocation is fraught with continual opportunities not only to bring his own career to a

tragically abrupt conclusion, but to cut short the life of hundreds of people who hourly trust themselves, without a shade of fear regarding the consequences, to the care of our engine-drivers. So well is he trained and disciplined that, however sudden the occurrence or however alarming the direct state of the emergency, the locomotive engine-driver rises to the occasion, and in most case the danger is overcome, death is averted.

Although the contributory causes of accidentssuch as defective permanent way, locomotives, and rolling stock, insufficient signals, inadequate brakelower, and laxity of rules—are now almost things of the past, it must not be forgotten that the improved methods now obtaining in the operation of our nalways have introduced other perils. The monster agines, the heavy trains, and the high speeds now formally made by expresses all tend to bring into play another series of dangers. The danger resulting from a collision or derailment in which an oldime train—weighing one hundred tons, hauled by in engine of fifty tons weight, travelling at forty ailes an hour-was concerned is not likely to be s serious as a similar catastrophe befalling a nodern express, weighing three hundred tons, have ling at seventy miles an hour, and hauled by a locomotive weighing a hundred tons.

Such considerations, however, do not trouble the regine-driver; he accepts the improvements in his machine, in the permanent way, and in the signalling of benefits to his calling. He probably considers them as only lightening the responsibility at one place to increase it at another.

It must be admitted that, broadly speaking, the diver's conclusions are correct; the personal element No. 480 — Vol. X.

the improved methods and apparatus do not count; at such times it is the human element that is everything. Naturally, the modern modes and practices have much limited the field in which untoward events can happen, whilst the stricter rules now governing railway service also considerably restrict the opportunities for doing things that present possibilities of danger.

From the foregoing, readers will gather that whilst the drivers of our trains to-day are as capable as those of yore of acting when emergencies arise, and as willing to perform their duties in the face of difficulties-yea, if necessary, to face death itselfthe occasions when these sterling characteristics are called into play are not now so frequent as was the case some years ago. Yet the risk of danger to limb and even life is ever with them. A tube may rupture; something may cause the flames to rush out of the fire-box door and envelop the footplate ; a steam-gauge glass may burst, with the result that clouds of steam and torrents of boiling waterworse than fire-will force the men from their posts; and to save their lives they must escape to the back of the tender or to the front of the locomotive. At the first outburst of fire or steam we can well imagine that the men will step back from the front of the footplate. The giant engine is then without a guiding hand, rushing onward probably against signals and around sharp curves to destruction. The thought of the duty he owes to the human beings committed to his charge will at once occur to our heroic driver, and at the risk of his life he makes his way through the fierce flames or scalding steam, grasps the regulator and brakehandle, and so stops the train, emerging from the ordeal perchance sightless or with injuries necessitating the amputation of a limb. There is the chance of the regulator jambing, a chance that is increased in these days by high-pressure steam and mammoth engines. In such a case the men on the footplate must rely upon the valve-gear and the brake to control their runaway steed and bring the train to rest.

cies occur, Let us picture to ourselves the last awful tragedy
[All Rights Reserved.] FEBRUARY 9, 1907.

that may at any instant face the men on the footplate of a locomotive travelling at the highest speed. Suddenly they see before them, perhaps but one hundred yards ahead, an obstruction that must wreck the train and deal out death and injury to its living freight. Only these two men out of the hundreds on board know of the approaching disaster; the Fates are more merciful to those in the carriages, for the catastrophe happens to them instantaneously, without the agonising waiting for the crash which is endured by the driver and fireman as each moment brings them nearer to the place of impact. What swift decisions have to be made and acted upon in those few face-to-death moments: whether to shut off steam and apply the brakes, or still to rush forward at the highest speed in the hope of cutting through the obstruction; whether to jump from the engine to save themselves from death in one form, with the certainty, if not of meeting death, of being maimed for life as a result of the leap! Then, after the collision, if these men are not killed outright they will probably be pinned against the fire-box and roasted to death; or, if they escape this terrible fate, it may be that an equally horrible deaththat of scalding-awaits them.

Is there one among us who does not feel that these men are possessed of sterling courage? Any day, at any moment, they may have to face the ordeals depicted above, yet they are apparently unconcerned; for 'men must work; . . . there's little to earn and many to keep.' Doubtless they do not think of what may happen; if they did there would probably be a lack of engine-drivers and firemen.

We shall never know the causes of the terrible disasters at Salisbury and Grantham; but if the drivers were at fault, they paid for their mistakes

by their lives.

How frequently engine-drivers avert direful calamities the public never know. The mere fact that the accidents are averted itself prevents the circumstance of their tragic imminence from becoming publicly known; hence the actual cases that can be referred to are comparatively rare. But cases such as those that we shall refer to have happened, and do happen, whilst similar ones will doubtless occur again.

Two trains travelling in the same direction are approaching each other on converging lines. One or the other driver will see that a collision is inevitable unless co-operative measures are taken before the other-usually the one in fault-will apprehend the danger. How shall the wide-awake driver act to avoid the collision or at least minimise its effect? He must both decide and act instantaneously; a delay of a fraction of a second means increasing the extent of the approaching disaster. Swift as thought, he at once opens his whistle, hoping thus to awake the other driver to the danger of his position. At the same moment his quick eye has taken in and gauged the speeds and weights of the two trains, and has enabled his alert mind to weigh the chances and decide whether his better plan is to

put on speed, in an endeavour to reach and pass the converging point before the other train, or, on the other hand, whether the accident can be prevented or its effect lessened by shutting off steam and applying the brake and using every effort to stop his train. Readers will see that decisions on questions of this character depend on quite a variety of circumstances, if a successful issue is to result. The distances to be covered respectively by the two trains before the fouling-point is reached, and the amount of brakepower at the command of each driver, must be taken into consideration. The sound of the dangerwhistle will probably call the attention of the lethargic driver to the position of the trains, and the chances are that such a man will endeavour to stop his train; so that, other circumstances being propitious, the alert driver will probably make every effort to pass the converging point before the other train reaches it. Think of the mind-tension the men on the footplate must endure whilst the result remains in the balance, each second seeming like a lifetime to them. Perhaps the chances have been too many, with the consequence that disaster -not the boldly-striven-for success-has attended the drivers efforts. It may be that both drivers endeavour to stop; and then the agony is long drawn out as, at ever-decreasing speed, the trains approach the fatal point. Although the duration of the mental anguish is thus prolonged, it gives the enginemen an opportunity to jump off ere the collision occurs, should such be inevitable.

The interlocking of signals, &c., theoretically makes collision impossible if the signals are acted upon by the drivers; but theory and practice do not always agree. At Crewe the signals were at the same time off for a North Staffordshire Railway train and also for one for Shrewsbury. These two trains would have met at right angles and a disastrous collision resulted, as both drivers, having by the signals a clear run, would not expect to meet an opposing train. A driver of a train in a siding saw both sets of signals 'off;' his knowledge of the line instantly told him what the result would be, so he jumped from his engine and hastened to the signalbox, arriving there in time to have one train stopped and the collision thereby averted. An examination of the signalling apparatus showed that some snow had got into the detector lock of the interlocking frame, and so prevented the lever lock from falling into the slots, thus making it possible for the two trains to be signalled at the same time. This example of the alertness of mind and quick appreciation of what would have resulted from the incident was not lost upon the directors of the London and North-Western Railway, who not only rewarded the driver, but had a notice commending his conduct posted up in the various engine-sheds, so that other drivers would know that the directors appreciated his action.

On a single-line section of a Scotch railway the quick-wittedness and pluck of a driver prevented a frightful catastrophe. A goods train was put into a siding to allow an express passenger train to over-

take it. The operations were carried out in a great burry to avoid the passenger train being delayed, and the 'line clear' signal was given before the whole of the train was in the siding. When the express was approaching, it was discovered that the goods train was longer than the siding could accommodate, so that the engine occupied the main line to the extent of several feet. It was too late to stop the approaching express, and a disaster seemed imminent, when a plan of action occurred to the active brain of the driver of the goods train, which he immediately put into operation by opening his regulator and putting the power of the engine against his train. This action caused the spring-buffers to compress, so that the train occupied several yards less space. li was now a fight between the power of the engine and the pent-up force of the one hundred buffer springs. If once the engine-wheels commenced to sip the springs would probably gain the mastery and force the engine on to the main line in the face of the on-coming express. The driver gallantly stock to his post, manipulating his engine until the increasing roar caused by the approaching train told him the express was close upon him; then, leaving the regulator and the sand-valves wide open, he aped from his engine. Fortunately his action was successful. A few inches only intervened between the two trains, but the express swept by in safety.

Sensitional stories are not infrequently current applically describing chases after runaway locobatives. Such events do occasionally happen, for a time an engine does get away, sometimes because it is not properly placed out of gear when the men kit it, and the steam pressure has since increased afficiently to work the engine. Another cause for machine away is the handling of the footplate-gear in machine or inexperienced persons.

The easiest way to stop a runaway is to derail at some facing points; but this method is not l'ars practicable, nor is it always advisable unless the engine is running away on the wrong linethat is, in the up-direction on the down-line, or na row or is likely soon to collide with a train meding in the same direction. In other cases, rouled an engine in steam is available, efforts be made to overtake the truant locomotive; to do this requires a long, clear run, an exenneed and quick-to-act driver at the regulator, riadaring and cool-headed man to stand on the the pursuing engine, ready to spring to the mnaway when the following engine catches the quarry. The dangers of the performance th increased when the operation of coupling the to make together at the time of impact is carried To the daring man who will board the unremit locomotive it is even more risky if the Cant be performed on a parallel line; but as this tethod is safer when the rescuing engine can travel a the right line (the risks of collision with the rant being avoided), it is adopted when the rancies of the traffic permit it. To successfully hanpulate the speed so that a man can safely pass from the footplate of one engine to that of the other requires nice discrimination on the part of the driver.

The continual looking ahead for signals is a strain on the driver; and numerous systems-some simple, but mostly complicated—have been invented by means of which the position of the semaphores along the line, which control the passage of the train, are repeated within the cab of the engine. Some of these systems are already undergoing exhaustive trials, the Great Western Railway giving a good deal of attention to the matter, as it is felt that the substitution of audible signals for visible ones will relieve drivers of the considerable mental strain that results from the continual looking out. for the signals, especially in foggy or snowy weather, when the semaphores are likely to be obscured. It is only during recent years that this view of the subject has prevailed, for the late William Dean, when locomotive superintendent of the Great Western Railway, would have nothing to do with signals fixed in the cabs, but insisted upon the engineman looking outside for the usual semaphores. There was a good deal of sound sense in Mr Dean's view of the case, which was that the signals were not the only thing the engine-driver had to look out for, and that if the signal were repeated in the cab of the engine the men would fail to look ahead at all, and would therefore not see obstructions, &c., on the line, and thus the consequences of not looking out might result in serious accidents.

The semaphores cannot always be relied upon correctly to convey the signal intended. The disastrous Abbots Ripton accident on the Great Northern Railway, and possibly the Arbroath disaster of Christmas 1906, resulted from a signal-arm showing 'off' when, had it correctly reproduced the signalman's movement, it should have stood at 'danger' and stopped the ill-fated Scotch express. An examination of the apparatus showed that the frozen snow had prevented the signal-arm rising to 'danger' when the signalman operated it, so that it consequently showed 'all right' to the express, and the fatal collision resulted. prevent another disaster resulting from this cause, the Great Northern Railway discarded the form of semaphore pivoted at the end, and introduced the balanced type, well known to travellers on that system, which works on a central pivot, and is called the 'somersault signal,' the arm of which has no direct connection with the perpendicular

In addition to the worries that are inseparable from service on the footplate, the engine-driver at times is put to some trouble in answering reports, the framing of an explanation that will be satisfactory to his superior needing much mental effort with some drivers. Occasionally the zeal of minor officers of the locomotive department gives drivers an uncomfortable number of these reports to answer. Meddling people with plenty of time on their hands get to know this, and seem to delight in reporting to such officers what these busybodies consider

are breaches of regulations. The drivers, however, occasionally score, as in the case narrated below, when a certain aged plutocrat residing in the most aristocratic suburb of Liverpool reported the driver of a certain train for 'emitting large volumes of white smoke, and allowing the engine to make a terrible scrumming noise.' The locomotive officer, with more zeal than discrimination, immediately called upon the offending driver for an explanation. He explained that the 'white smoke' was the exhaust steam; and that, with regard to the 'scrumming noise,' he could not find the word 'scrumming' in any dictionary, and so could not explain the circumstance. The locomotive officer thought it best not to pursue the subject further.

If our readers can get the entrée to one of the large 'barracks' provided by some of our railways for the accommodation of enginemen and others whose tour of duty has ended far from home, they will hear narrated numerous narrow escapes that the men have experienced, and they will also have an opportunity of enjoying the wit and humour of the drivers, many interesting mots and much good-tempered chaff being in evidence in the room where the men take their meals. Here are a few specimens of the stories to be picked up:

A certain driver, although frequently called upon to explain breaches of rules, was never fined. This was a circumstance which his mates could not un-

derstand, so they asked the man how he managed to escape. His reply was: 'The only explanation I can give is that I always myself write my explanations very fully.' This explained his immunity from fines. His handwriting was so atrocious that the busy officials could not spare the time to decipher what he had written, and, seeing that he had filled several sides of paper with his explanation, let the matter pass.

12

17

2

On one occasion, at night, the enginemen were relieved at a siding some distance from the 'barracks,' and had to cross a number of point-rods and signal-wires to reach the latter. The driver boasted that he knew the position of all these obstructions in the dark. Suddenly he stumbled over one and measured his length on the ground. As he picked himself up he called out to his fireman, who was following, 'Here's one, mate;' and immediately his worthy fireman, who had seen the fall, replied, 'I can find the beggars that way myself, mate.'

Drivers as a class are particularly steady, and rarely take intoxicants when on duty. There are exceptions, and if the propensity gets known among a man's fellow-drivers, the jovial one (as we will call him) has a good deal of chaff to put up with. Of one driver, who was notorious for making bad stops, his mates used to say 'he could always pull up opposite a refreshment-room, but never at a water-column.'

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XII.



R CASTLERAYNE was having an exceedingly bad quarter of an hour at the hands of his younger daughter. She was full of questions; she bubbled with pointed interrogation. Was her father going to sit down and see

this disgraceful thing accomplished? Was he aware of the fact that, practically speaking, he owed Aunt Gertrude five thousand pounds? Did he know that he had robbed his sister of her fortune bit her hit?

To May's intense surprise, she had found Aunt Gertrude quite fixed on her intention. She had been gentle and smiling, blushing and tearful, by turn; but she was perfectly firm. May had hoped for better things on a night's reflection, but morning brought no change. Aunt Gertrude had been up betimes; she had been as far as the hospital, and Craggs had arranged for a local man-of-allwork to call later in the day for Miss Castlerayne's lares and penates. It is just possible that Rayne Castlerayne regretted his behaviour of the previous evening. But the head of the family had given his word; he could not go back now.

'We were ever a headstrong race,'he said grandly—'headstrong and impulsive.'

'I should scarcely call Aunt Gertrude headstrong,'

May said dryly. 'You have only to go to her and offer her an ample apology for'—

"Apology? My dear May, the magnanimity of my conduct—— But, really, it might be a great deal worse. It is not as bad as a girl of position marrying beneath her station. If Gertrude chooses to quarrel with me, why'—

May abandoned the contest as hopeless. She was a little sorry for her father, too. He had a worried expression, and a heap of papers before him. He was making some sort of effort to grapple with his position. And perhaps Aunt Gertrude had not so very much to regret. It might only be a matter of hours now before the old home was in the possession of strangers. When the crash came the episode of Aunt Gertrude and the hospital would only be a minor one in the clang of the great catastrophe.

'I am not in the least an object of pity,' Aunt Gertrude said cheerfully. 'I shall be very comfortable in my rooms yonder. The sitting-room is charming; the view is far better than the one from here. I have all the furniture I need, and flowers for the getting. All I require is a certain amount of time, with some table cutlery and glass and silver. And there are three bedrooms, in case you and Angela need one each.'

'I am afraid that people will talk,' May ventured to suggest.

But Aunt Gertrude cared nothing for that. People were certain to talk in any case. Her cheerfulness was a pretty thing, but obviously craggerated. For over fifty years The Towers had been her home, for the most part a sad and miserable house; but then it is one of the rare blessings of Time that he softens all the pain and brings out all the pleasures when one looks back from the autumn of life.

It was nearly four o'clock before the exodus was made, and the homely, tender figure crossed the Common in the direction of the hospital. The head of the household had gone over to Hardborough to consult his solicitor. He was more disturbed and dismayed over the business than he would have cared to confess. He had said on the spur of the moment that which had struck him as quite the proper thing to say; he had not expected for a moment that his sister would take him at his word. He had anticipated tears and a plea for ingiveness; he had even prepared to be exceedingly magnanimous. It had never occurred to him how deeply the knife had cut, how cruelly his speech had wounded. And May's plain words had rankled in his beart as he drove along. He had not slept either, and his usually robust appetite had left him. He wondend, too, what brought about these fits of giddiness, and why his lips twitched in that singular manner.

His head cleared again, and his nerve came back to him. Of course, all that talk about Gertrude and the hospital was all so much feminine hysteria; (Gertrude would be seated at the bottom of the diamer table as usual. These things would wear off. The head of the household would not have been quite so easy in his mind if he had seen the late caravansera crossing the Common at that ane moment.

It vas not Craggs who came to meet the processon and give his aid in getting that little pile of bosehold gods into the cottage. On the contrary, a all figure in gray Harris tweed stood on the threshold. May's heart gave a little leap of delight as she recognised the figure in the September sunshine.

'Ar Warrener!' she cried. 'I was wondering that had become of him. I began to think that he Clifford Warrener!

Clifford Warrener advanced smilingly. He was single pleased to see the flush that mantled to the head of the case as he shook hands.

I have been exceedingly busy lately,' he said. I have been exceedingly busy lately,' he said. I slept in Hardborough last night, and came home being to see Craggs. The hero of the fight had to go to Hardborough himself this afternoon, so I did at gather much news, except the startling information that Miss Castlerayne was taking up her abode here for the present. Don't think that I mean to be inquisitive if I make a guess at the reason.'

The reason is quite simple,' Aunt Gertrude said.

'No brother found out all about Craggs and that hare. Naturally, he was exceedingly angry. I

dare say I should have taken exactly the same view if I had been in his place.'

Warrener discreetly turned the conversation; it would have been bad taste to pursue it further. But he could not altogether keep the contempt from his face. He professed his readiness to help with the pile of luggage standing on the smooth turf in front of the hospital.

'I am looking for some outlet for my energies,' he declared. 'Let me act as porter for you. There is something in the air of the place that is a certain cure for idleness. I have brought my golf-clubs with me for a few practice-shots, and I am accompanied by a mighty player who is also a great authority on the game. He can do for a new golf-links what Clement Scott did for Cromer; to go higher up the scale, what Wordsworth and Coleridge did for the Lake District.'

Warrener's eyes twinkled strangely as he spoke, and May laughed as if she understood and saw something subtle in the plain statement of facts.

'What is the name of your friend?' she asked.
'I fancied I saw somebody with a bag of clubs on the far side of the Pulpit Rocks.'

'That was Raymond Brooke right enough,' Warrener replied. 'I left him in a state of fascination by the Pulpit. We are staying at Watson's farm for a few days. But let me help in getting this stuff into the cottage.'

It was all done at length, to Aunt Gertrude's satisfaction. Nothing seemed to have been forgotten. They all sat down to tea, served on an oak gate-legged table of Cromwell's time. Any connoisseur would have raved over the chairs and the settle and the dresser. With tears in her voice and moist eyes, Aunt Gertrude declared that she was delighted with her new abode. They walked out presently across the Common to find the indefatigable Brooke. He came up presently with a look of interest, dragging his bag of clubs behind him.

'Never saw anything like it,' he said. 'And I'm not easily pleased, as you know. How it came about that a spot like this, made for the game, has never been'—

'Try and restrain yourself,' Warrener laughed. 'Manfully refrain from using a language that the ladies do not understand.—Let me introduce my friend Brooke to you.'

They paired off presently, Warrener a little in front with Angela. The heather was crisp to their feet; the glorious breeze from the sea was in their faces. The sun, slanting across the Common, filled it with a golden glow. The distant hills were veiled in a blue haze.

'Mr Warrener, I want to ask you a question,' Angela said suddenly. 'May says that you have come here with some plan; in short, that there is a possibility of averting the ruin that hangs over our house. Our troubles are not strange to you; therefore I can speak all the more freely. I have not forgotten that morning in the rose-garden three months ago. Is it possible that there is any way of saving us?'

'I think I can promise that,' Warrener said slowly and thoughtfully. In fact, I am down here for that very purpose. With a less elaborate and stiff-necked man than your father I could have spoken freely at first of my scheme. He would not have listened to it. He did not sufficiently realise his position. That is why it was necessary to permit things to take their natural course. Had it not been for your aunt I should never have succeeded at all. You don't recognise what a heroine she is: Jeanne d'Arc was no greater. No wonder my father loved that woman.'

'It seems sad,' Angela murmured. 'I-I have learnt a great many things lately. It is very foolish of us to despise other people because they are not Castleraynes. It is a dreadful thing to be living on other people as if you were conferring a favour upon them. And now, what is going to become of us?

'Oh, you will find that there is no occasion to worry,' Warrener said. 'My scheme is going to save all that, and Aunt Gertrude is the heroine of the story. I am going to try to see your father some time to-morrow. I fancy that the time has come when he may be persuaded to listen to me.'

'It has something to do with the Common?' Angela asked eagerly. 'You could do nothing so long as the Common was apparently in the

hands of the lord of the manor?'

'You have guessed it so far,' Warrener said 'It has everything to do with the Common. And it has nothing whatever to do with a hotel. You may imagine that the Common has passed from under your father's sway, and

The next best thing to the rose that is true. is being near the rose, and the next best thing to the Common is all that glorious bit with the lovely views about it. But I see that you are as much in the dark as ever, and I prefer to keep you in suspense for a little longer. It is pleasant to see you smiling in that way; it is a sign that you have forgiven me.'

e :

Angela's face was flushed; there was a tender light in her eyes; her mouth was soft and drooping. Warrener had never seen her look like that before; but in his mind he had always pictured her with an expression like that. He could see that the ice was melting from her heart, that the pride of race was passing away.

'Let me ask you a question,' he said. 'It is a fine thing to be a Castlerayne of The Towers; but has it been a happy life that you have passed there?

'No,' Angela said boldly and candidly, 'it hasn't Mr Warrener, I am ashamed of myself. I should like to have my time over again. There are happier lives'-

Indeed there are, Angela. Mine, for instance. And some of these days, if I could only persuade you to share it with me, why'-

Angela's face flushed again, but her lips quivered

in a smile.

'You have not given me your confidence, so I shall refuse you mine, she said, though there was no sting in her voice. 'I am going back to pet Aunt Gertrude. I feel as if I could not make enough of her to-day.'

(To be continued.)

AYRES. BUENOS

By A RESIDENT.



I must be extremely difficult for the English mind to realise the life of their countrymen resident in the Argentine Republic. It is calculated that there may be forty thousand British subjects here; certainly

it is a very important community, and is also the foreign element of the most consequence, chiefly perhaps because it is British enterprise which controls the railways and financial institutions in a way probably unknown in any civilised country. Indeed, it may fairly be boasted that had Englishmen never entered the republic its wealth and political influence would still be insignificant. The railways have been, are, and will be the principal means for developing Argentina, and they may be said to be wholly due to British capital. That being the case, anything which may enlarge the knowledge in England of this wonderful country must be of importance to the readers of English newspapers, so many of whom to-day have a pecuniary interest in its progress.

It is but natural that any one who gives informa-

tion about Argentina should launch forth into extravagant praise of its resources and of the money made there; but such just tribute is also apt to be misleading. It is at once presumed that with its feverish activity and extraordinary resources such a land must be the El Dorado of the younger son and of those who find life in the Old Country irksome or little lucrative. It is this same tendency that should be carefully guarded against. Indeed, at the outset it should clearly be set forth and insisted on that, however good a country Argentina undoubtedly is for the few to make money in, it is not one to be patronised by the man of little capital and no experience in its ways and customs. No one should dream of landing in Buenos Ayres unless he have an assured income of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, either derived from capital or from work which he is certain will be permanent. Young fellows arrive here every day almost in shoals, both from England and the Cape, to find they are a drug in the labour market, and are told that they are not wanted, and had better-far better-try their fortune in a British colony. Such plain speaking, if not in every case good for them, is certainly good for their friends at home, as it may save many a man from being dumped down here at a later day. This is a warning much needed, and the British Consul, ministers of religion, and leading merchants will certainly testify to its accuracy.

The writer's mind has now been unburdened of its disagreeable load of duty; let it be added that, a firm footing once obtained here, it will be the man's own fault if he do not make a good living, and one sufficient within a few years to justify his marriage and settlement in Argentina—though with such drawbacks in prospect as regards sons and daughters as should make a man count the cost of his primitive audacity. To speak more plainly, the moral atmosphere of Argentina is tainted. Good education is very difficult, if not impossible, to secure, especially for boys, who must also prepare themselves for conscription at the age of nineteen. Of the separation of husbands from wives and both from their children it is needless to speak; but certainly the misery caused by such separations should not be left out of the count when elders are advising the younger generation to emigrate to make their living in distant lands. It is very real, and possibly too addom allotted its full value when the subject of 'where to send our boys' is being discussed. A British colony, though it may not be shrouded in the same glamour as Argentina, would, it may be shrewdly suspected, afford a larger prospect of happiness in the far-off future—a future which to the old looks so short in retrospect. The truth is always the best; and though one may be dubbed a pessimist, it is really kinder when the question arises to speak frankly and not to hide the ills which must be incurred in settling even in such a splendid country as Argentina, for in rery many ways life has considerable charms here for young folk whether in town or country ('camp,' a it is called here invariably, simply because the Spanish word campo means country). Working in the 'camp' means working in the 'bush,' and is the local term to be heard on all sides, and one even recognised as quite classical by the Englishwritten press of Buenos Ayres.

To the ordinary globe-trotter—a disagreeable but expressive word—the beautiful, rather handsome city of Buenos Ayres must come as a grateful surpise. The luxury and wealth which throng the streta, avenues, and parks are almost incredible. For hours during the day it is difficult to thread one's way along such thoroughfares as Florida, Eartoloné, Mitre, San Martin, Reconquista, and Cangallo; and even the magnificent Avenida de lago requires all its wide pavements and roaday to afford comfortable passage to the crowds of men, women, carriages, and cabs which unceasingly throng it till late at night. The perplexing a priads of North American and European made

electric-cars which whirl in almost interminable succession along the streets in the centre and for miles out are alone a revelation. At night the scene is almost as remarkable, thanks to the aid of unstinted electric light lavishly displayed by the municipal authorities and private individuals catering for custom. In the whole of London there is not one street which at night can vie with the Avenida de Mago, and the sight must be seen to be appreciated. Let the reader picture to himself the moonlit river, boundless on the horizon as the sea, above which rise terraces and public gardens (after the interval of magnificent docks and warehouses), crowned by the palatial Government House, covering four acres; then let him look across the Plaza de Mago-bordered with umbrageous plane-trees and enclosing gardens dotted with gigantic tree-ferns-down the Avenida, right away for over a mile to the new Congress Hall, Capitol in form, in width thirty-three yards from wall to wall, paved with asphalt, and illuminated by a lofty line of arc lamps and lined with spreading trees. Having taken his fill of the brilliant prospect, let him saunter down, keeping on the right the lofty municipal offices at the corner, and pass the Prensa building (the most palatial and gorgeous habitat of a newspaper, without exception, in the entire world, with a gilt figure of abnormal size representing the Press, and bearing in its apparent flight an electric lamp fit for any lighthouse, at a height of about two hundred and seventy-five feet above the pavement), past the Progress Club and its luxurious windows of vast proportions, past offices and shops all vaunting wealth and luxury, on beside the small tables and chairs innumerable (each with its occupant drinking cooling beverages or coffee, but very little spirits comparatively, as drunkenness is not an Argentine vice), till he reach the zone of hotels half a mile down the avenue, and then he will begin to realise that it is not for nothing that the luxury and wealth of the Argentine Republic has been written about and wondered at.

Let it be said at once that Buenos Ayres in an extraordinary way is the heart and soul of the republic, where all its wealth is spent-if not squandered-the very soul of the country for everything good or bad politically and socially. To the young Englishman, in contrast with the tourist, the 'camp' affords wonders and pleasures of a different sort, though no less engaging at first; but it must be confessed that the monotony of camp-life becomes in time somewhat trying, unless a man takes a keen pleasure in animal life, if it be only represented by the horse, cow, and Of the political and social life of the country there is no space now to speak; but each has its value to the Britisher whose lot has fallen here; and on another occasion we may try to give some idea of the general life he leads on Argentine shores.

MYSTERY. MILANESE

CHAPTER II.



OUR other days passed, and Douglas was distressed to realise that he still knew no more about the secret history of the exploded five than the average man in Milan's streets. Other investigators were at work

with more success. On his third evening in the house of Bassano the cobbler he read an engrossing column on the subject in the Gazzetta of the day. Andrea Guisano's executors had found among his papers an unsigned letter conveying a distinct warning that something would happen to him if he persisted in refusing a certain demand for money. It was dated three days before his death, and he was given one day to decide his fate. The Gazzetta now boldly charged the Mafia with his murder. There were circumstances, also, connected with the second of the tragedies which seemed to point to similar influences; and the Gazzetta urged the authorities to do their utmost with this one very significant and unquestionable piece of evidence. The article was entitled 'Barbarism in Excelsis,' and was throughout a plain challenge to the Mafia to deny responsibility for the atrocities, if it dared.

Hitherto Douglas had, greatly against inclination, kept his promise to Maria Bassano about these horrors. He had found her very interesting in other respects. She had introduced him to her lover, Marco Merano, a somewhat simple-faced greengrocer of the Via S. Giuseppe, and also to a certain sleek but not simple-faced Count Enzio Masuccio; and his imagination had easily seen substance for real drama in the giddy girl's partitioned friendship between two such men. On but very feeble encouragement he believed she would have admitted him as a third sharer in the affections of her too-large heart.

So far from bidding for this privilege, however, he had ventured to point out to her some of the dangers she was, in his opinion, confronting so gaily with the Count. She had told him that he loved her, and that it was an amusement to her.

'Signorino mio,' she had said, 'one is not young for ever, and why should the rich have the pick of the pleasures? All in good time I shall settle myself down with Marco; but before then I am free to enjoy the sunshine in my own way.'

'You like to play with fire—is it not so?' he had asked, shaking his head, yet smiling as he thought of the miraculous luck by which Southern ladies do escape the shipwreck they seem to court.

'Why not?' she had responded, with ready laughter. 'One need only warm one's hands at the flame, not scorch them.'

'And your Marco—if he were to know?'

'Ah, but what prudence, caro signore!' she had exclaimed, with a reproving click of tongue to

teeth, as if he were quite a baby in the ways of a world like hers. 'Il Signor Conte has many pairs of boots in his wardrobe. Where there are so many, repairs are always necessary. My Marco does not know the gentleman, but my father is celebrated for his work. There is no more clever repairer of boots in this quarter of the city. You understand, signorino? Masuccio is but a customer like others. He pays me for my smiles, signore, even as he pays my father for his stitches. What would you have?'

1 35

Douglas had seen the Count twice in these four days, the second time with a parcel in his hand. And he had liked his looks less the second time than the first. He had also summed up the simple Marco as a youth of spirit when roused, though his nose was a coarse, thick, snub thing, and his eyes were downright Italian, with immense eyebrows to them which

suggested much latent power of action.

But this was all mere castle-building of a sort, and outside his own especial province. Now, with the Gazzetta before him, he rang his bell in the Via Corta, and in spite of his promise meant to show the news to Maria. He rang again after a time. Perhaps a customer was keeping the girl.

And then, with a deferential murmur, the cobbler himself appeared from his workshop in the attic,

with his leather apron on.

'Oh, never mind,' said Douglas; 'it is not so important. I will not disturb you, Signor Bassano."

'My daughter has gone to the church, signore,' said the cobbler, pink-eyed as usual, and with a trembling lower lip. Douglas always felt sorry for the man, and his air as of one silently begging for mercy after judicial or other condemnation. He viewed him somewhat as a genius in his own humble way, whose nerves were ridiculously sacrificed to the task of maintaining his fame as an unrivalled mender of boots-a cobbler with ideals. Well, that was something, even though his constitution might be too weak for an easy pursuit of such excellence in the control of leather.

But in the act of dismissing the cobbler to his

last he changed his mind.

'By the way, have you seen this, Signor Bassano?' he asked, pointing to the 'Barbarism in Excelsis' column of the paper.

'Your goodness wishes me to read it?' questioned

the cobbler, fumbling at his spectacles.

'Well, you might like to glance at it,' said Douglas; and, rising, he went to his window and its finger's-breadth view of the Castello in the distance.

He lit a cigarette. A street-seller below sang 'Beautiful sardines, fresh from the sea!' and proclaimed his beautiful sardines three times thus ere Douglas turned to look at his landlord. Instantly he

aw that something was troubling the man. The cobbler's hands were shaking violently, and the paper between them, as if he and it had become paised. His face was bent over the sheet, and his lower jaw had fallen so that Douglas could see the very positive ruin of his teeth far back. Then, before Douglas could utter a word, the paper slipped to the floor, and the cobbler pressed his palms to his head.

'Mother of God!' he wailed, 'protect me and my poor little house! Oh, my daughter! What misery! What mis'— He stopped abruptly, stared at Douglas with his pink-rimmed eyes, and smost regained his composure. 'It is nothing, ngnorino, he whispered. 'The signorino will graciously excuse me?' And, with a very humble bow, he sidled away and shut the door behind him.

Douglas heard his irregular footfalls on the staircase, then a shuffling and a thud. And then, haring other sounds below, and supposing Maria had returned from her devotions, he opened the door and all but collided with a gray-bearded dwarf of a man no higher than his armpits, with large, close-laid ears that deepened the grotesque impression he made. 'Oh!' Douglas exclaimed.

But with a curt gesture the little man passed

'lam of the family,' he said gruffly, and went on up to the cobbler's den.

feeling excited, he scarcely knew why, Douglas bow took his hat and the paper and descended the stairs, this time to find Maria herself, prayerlook in hand, on the threshold of the house.

lam going for a little walk, he told her. 'Your luber has a visitor. Perhaps it were not uncivil to all him half a visitor, he is so small. He came in

The girl hastily crossed herself.

A deformed old man, signorino?' she asked in a w voice, with fear in her eyes. Precisely. But what is the matter?'

Maria Bassano was briefly convulsed like her while she shook, her bosom swelled and relled; and then, with a sob of breath, she rushed

Douglas would have followed her, but she waved him back.

(60, caro signors /' she whispered, with the fear full poiling her beauty. 'Go away!' She snatched ther rosary, and he left her clinging to the beads and rapidly parting them, with lips that seemed to te struggling dumbly in an effort to pray.

But yet another slight sensation was in store for Douglas this day.

Rarelling at the meaning of these extraordinary stations in Bassano and his daughter, he marched form the street towards the centre of the city, and To met by Marco Merano in his workaday blue bone. He did not recognise him until the man litted his cap, stopped, and spoke. You have your thoughts, signore, any one can

ee, he said jocosely.

'Oh, it's you!' said Douglas. 'Yes, I have my thoughts, as you say.'

He would have gone on; but the other's question, 'Is my little girl in the house, signore?' checked him.

'Yes,' he said. 'But-perhaps you will not be welcome to her at this moment. It is a guess of mine. There is a visitor, a small, stunted man with ears like an elephant's, who has upset her. He is with her father; but she'-

He got thus far before he realised the intensity of the change in the young greengrocer's countenance. Marco was gritting his white teeth like a dog, and there was a passionate beetling of those marked eyebrows of his.

'What is it now?' Douglas asked.

'A man so high, with a white beard?' retorted Marco.

'A man just so high, with a white or gray beard.' 'Then,' said Marco, 'may the Evil One seize him!' He whisked to the rightabout. 'I go your way now, signore,' he added. 'She will not speak to me for days, I think. She will weep and go to church more than ever, and I shall be to her as if I were not a live man. It has been so before. This Bolla-he has a power over her father which it torments her to see. The last time was when the poor Banti met with her end. She was then so ill, signors, that ... But why talk of it, especially when she would not forgive me if she could hear me? Do not tell her that you have seen me, signore. She has her moods, like other girls. It is nothing worse than that.'

But Douglas's mind was now keenly on the alert. 'La Bella Banti, you say?' he asked. 'She was of this street, was she not?

The young greengrocer pointed over his shoulder. 'Yes,' he said. 'That is where she lived with her mother as a young girl. She always retained an affection for the neighbourhood. When she wore diamonds like a princess and drove in her own carriage, it was still to Bassano that her boots and little shoes came to be repaired. From sympathy with the friends of her youth, signore.'

' Ŷes?' said Douglas, disguising his avidity. 'And that other, Andrea Guisano? He also lived here?' 'That is true, signore; and'-Marco laughed rather

bitterly, as if he resented the inclination at such a time-'it was the same with him, signore, as touching his boots. Bassano worked for him as for the poor Banti. Corpo santo! that is what disquiets me. After the Guisano tragedy I jested with Maria in saying that it was a fatality for her father to mend a man's boots, and she was furious with me. It will be the same again unless I hold my tongue. Name of a she-dog! And that ugly little Bolla here as before! But I turn off by this street. To the pleasure of seeing you again, signorino!'

'One moment,' said Douglas. 'This Bolla, you call him? Do you tell me he is, as it were, a coincidence with these mishaps?

'I do not know, signors,' replied the young green-

grocer, with the appearance of suspicion now in his eyes. 'It is not to be talked about. A rivedere!'

He strode across the road.

Douglas turned to the window of a little wineshop and understood why his heart beat so fast. He read the cardboard slips in the window about good red wine at twenty, thirty, and forty centesimi the litre, and told himself that at last he had a clue to the mystery of the exploded five. He could see not at all whither the clue positively pointed. He knew only that a voice had cried joyfully within him, and that his whole brain approved the cause for such exultation. For many minutes he gazed absorbedly at these intimations about cheap red wine. The wine-vendor himself showed a head behind them without disturbing him. Even when the man hung up a new card, announcing excellent white wine of Asti at fifty centesimi the litre, side by side with the others, Douglas paid heed neither to it nor the cunning merchant's face.

He was groping all the time, like a man in the dark who knows for a truth that there is something to be found. What should he do? And then he decided that he would take the most obvious of courses. He would wait and follow this deformed imp of a Bolla. From the wine-shop window he commanded a view of the cobbler's door at the end of the street. He watched zealously for five more minutes, with his back to the advertisements of the good and excellent wine; zealously, yet with dissimulation, smoking and reading to some extent at the same time.

Then, whom should he see come round the corner from the Piazza d'Armi but the well-groomed Count Enzio! He just obtained a glimpse of the gentleman's slender form, pinched at the waist, and of the red flower in his button-hole. The next moment the man had entered the house without knocking. To be sure, the door was generally thus open to the turn of a handle; but Douglas had learnt that the conventional thing to do was to knock before entering.

Leaving the wine-shop, Douglas returned slowly to his lodging. He had some notion that a general embroilment might ensue in that modest house; and if so, it were perchance some advantage to him to take a hand in it.

Nor were his intuitions altogether at fault here also. He found the door open, and the Count, with an inflamed face, on the point of passing towards the pavement. Farther inside was Maria, also red-faced and excited, though with tears on her checks.

The separation between them was immediate when Douglas appeared. With a sweep of his lat, the elaborateness of which hinted at irony, Masuccio stepped from the house, and, after an unfriendly gaze at Douglas, vanished round the corner. The girl rushed from the hall into the little shop to the right; and there, when he presumed to follow her, Douglas found her almost doubled on a chair, rocking herself and shedding abundant tears.

'My dear child,' he said, 'what is it all about? What has happened to distress you?'

She did not reply, but wept on.

Upon the counter was a neat parcel, tied with white tape, evidently, from its shape, containing a boot.

'Tell me the trouble, little one,' Douglas urged, as he looked at the snowy parting in the girl's black hair. 'Has he—that fellow—insulted you?'

She glanced up then with an expression in her tear-charged blue eyes for which a romantic artist might have paid a good price.

'Is the door shut, signorino?' she whispered.

He shut it softly.

'We are alone,' he said.

Then Maria Bassano burst forth.

'I wish he was dead, signorino,' she cried. 'And I wish further that I was in Paradise with my dearest mother. This wicked earth! But no—I will not do it. I will be true to my Marco.'

'The Count'- suggested Douglas.

'Yes, signorino,' she exclaimed, responsive to his prompting. 'He threatens that unless I consent to sacrifice myself to him to-morrow he will make a scandal of me. He is so enamoured. I did not think he had such a heart of fire. I do not love him-no; but I have taken his presents, many of them, and he has twice kissed my lips, and I am a very unfortunate young woman to have let him go so far. He desires to carry me away to his country house by Bologna. Do I say desires? He insists. And he tells me that if, when he comes for his miserable boot in the morning-there, behold it by your hand !--if I am still obstinate he will find out my poor Marco, and-and- Ah! but who shall say what will then come to us all? They will perhaps fight, and I at least shall be disgraced. Signorino, I hate him worse, I think, than that other. What a house is this!

'Poor little girl!' murmured Douglas, stroking the coarse black hair of her head by the broad parting. 'But, you know, I told you before'—

She shook off his hand.

'That is not all, care signore,' she almost screamed, with a fresh flood of tears, and the terror as before staring through the tears. 'There was my poor father lying like one dead on the floor upstairs. He, that accursed other, found him so. I would not help him to his senses at first, when I saw for what purpose that other had come. But it is enough, signorino! I must not talk. This is no house for so gracious and kind-hearted a stranger as you, signorino. Would to heaven my poor father could escape from the city! That is what I have begged and begged. We are of Parma ourselves. There are our blood-relatives, and there we might live happy and peaceful lives, with perhaps Marco, if God willed-if-if things were otherwise. It is because of a weakness of mind in my poor father. But come, I must be courageous and wipe my eyes, signore.

She stood up and jerked her thick black plait

behind her, tried to smile, and used her handker-chief to her face.

Douglas himself was more perturbed now than the seemed.

'That is right. Courage! courage!' he said at a renture. 'But you talk of the man Bolla, do you not—him with the ears?'

The girl's hand clenched into a fist by the side of the Count's parcel, and her full rosy lips tightened grinly. She drew breath before she replied.

'No, signore, I talk not of him. And, excuse me, but it is the hour when Marco comes sometimes.' Stored another smile; without much difficulty either, thanks to her blessed mercurial temperament. 'Marco will not like it if he finds you here with me—thua'

'He will not come to-day,' said Douglas thoughtlasiy. 'He was in the street just now when that other—But for charity's sake don't glare at me The girl's temper had taken yet another turn. No turkey-cock in Douglas's experience ever swelled out so indignantly as she under the digestion of this trivial intelligence about her Marco. She seemed to put on inches of stature, and the flashing of her eyes, the scorn and wrath—he had never seen the like on so pretty a young face. She said something first in dialect that Douglas missed. Then out shot her arm as she pointed to the door.

'Go, signore! Have the kindness to go from this room. I command it. Without words!' she cried, as dignified as a stone Juno.

Hat in hand, Douglas obeyed.

'Certainly,' he said, 'certainly. I am sorry if I have said anything to annoy you; but, remember, I am your friend.'

'I want no such friend, signore,' she said, her eyes like lamp-lit blue diamonds. 'Do me the favour to withdraw.'

(To be continued.)

WHITE ANTS.



HITE ants are a never-ending trouble to the Australian settler. From the earliest period of the white man's residence on the shores of Botany Bay the fragile little creature has

waged a continuous war against him by attacking, dismantling, and in many cases devouring the most cherished of his possessions—his long. Before the white man's advent houses were mknown. The aborigines of the vast territory knew athing of such structures, a few sheets of bark constituting the shelter they temporarily required. But even then the white ants abounded. They ate the standing trees in the forest; they devoured fallen branches; they made nests in logs and roots. From Port Darwin to the south of New South Wales etilences of their activity in far-off times exist in be remains of huge mounds, the labour of millions tpon millions of the tiny insects. With civilisation ad house-building came new spheres for their Minity. Wherever woodwork was used, in city eate or bush hut, the creature had to be guarded Chast, and the utmost care and precaution were often futile in the contest. Buildings in the capitals hare had to be remodelled and sometimes taken form because of the extent of the ravages. A building in the country known to be affected with this anis becomes practically unsaleable. Occasomely the affected board or joist or several affected One are removed and sound timber introduced, in the hope of making good the injury; but rarely does

The white ant is an unseen worker. It may have sourced a lodgment in a house many years back; sections of the creature may have lived and without creating by sound or otherwise the slightest suspicion of their presence;

and it is only when they have consumed the entire substance underneath that the shell of the wood falls in and disaster is revealed. Governments have spent tens of thousands of pounds experimenting with preventives, and individuals have expended even more; but the white ant is now as much a master of the situation as at any time in the past.

It may be necessary to say that the insect, though popularly known as a white ant, is from a naturalist's point of view not an ant at all. It belongs to the Termitidae group, with distinct habits and a distinct life-history. It is only about forty years since it was taken up as an object of serious study; but in that short time there has accumulated about it a literature valuable to the naturalist, and interesting—however painfully so—to all who directly or indirectly come within the sphere of the creature's operations.

It is a tiny creature, about a quarter of an inch in length, and so slight that even a gentle touch of the fingers squashes it. The community has three bodies: the queen, workers, and soldiers. The life of the nest centres in the queen. She is larger, many times larger, than any of the workers or soldiers, and several cells near the foundation of the nest are placed at her disposal. In these cells she deposits eggs, and to the preservation of her and her eggs the tireless industry of the community is directed. The soldiers literally represent men under arms. They stand about the passages or openings as if at attention. They closely observe all that goes on, but do no menial or labouring work. The food is carried in and the litter carried out, but the soldiers lend no assistance to either batch of workers. Strike the nest, however, with a stick, and they will promptly rush to the spot. Make an opening, and they will stand in the aperture and menacingly

snap their jaws together. When the assaulting enemy has gone away they supervise the repairing

of the damage done.

These ants build in the most dissimilar places. At the root of a tree, in the branches, under a heap of stones, on the barren plain, on the floor or roof or mantelpiece of a dwelling, the pulpit or altar of a cathedral, or in the columns or cupolas of public buildings, white ant nests may be found. They may tunnel underground, showing no visible indication of their existence, or build mounds eighteen or twenty feet high, challenging the attention of all who pass; but wherever they live they are equally obnoxious to man and his works. It was at one time thought that far off in the bush they existed on decayed vegetable matter, and thus performed a natural service in freeing the plains from litter. But experience shows that they have no special liking for decayed timber; rather, in many situations, it has been proved that they passed by decayed in favour of sound wood. Sound soft wood such as deal is most to the white ant's taste; but sound hardwood, even ironbark, it will tunnel long distances to reach. Its instinct for finding nutritious food leads it long journeys from home. Through four or five inches underground it will bore in a straight line, if the soil permits, to a standing pine or tallow wood; and if a rock obstruction intervene, it will turn the corner by the shortest curve and go straight for its object. When it finds the distance too far for a day's journey it constructs depôts midway, or a fresh colony is formed.

The great mounds that are so common a feature of Australian scenery are beginning to excite the interest they deserve. These white ant nests are among the marvels of insect architecture. In various parts of New South Wales, in Queensland, and the northern territory of South Australia, mounds up to twenty feet high and a dozen feet in circumference may be met. They look like the work of man, though their purpose would puzzle the most resourceful. A few early observers judged them to be tombs of members of the black race, or monuments to commemorate important incidents. When their origin and use were settled, the reason for heaping them up so high became the tantalising question. That question must remain unsolved for some time yet. The lofty structure exposes the inhabitants of the nests to the assaults of enemies. The white man, as settlement advances, clears them out of his way. He finds that the material of the nest makes a very good substitute for cement as a floor for his bush hut. It takes some labour to break the stuff up; but when broken up and pounded together it is almost watertight and proof against the teeth of rats and mice. Before the advent of the white man, the mound, seen at a distance, attracted, and even yet attracts, the hungry black man. He rather likes white ant as a repast. It satisfies hunger and stimulates him, owing to certain ginger-like properties the food possesses. A few black fellows will devour

a million of the insects in a day, and were the mounds less difficult to smash up the repast would be more frequently enjoyed.

But the height of the mounds is not the only perplexing feature of this architecture of the creatures. One family builds a nest so that the long axis runs north and south. nest has, therefore, its sides exposed to east and west. That insect is known as the compass or magnetic ant; and the only explanation available of its peculiar building habit is that by offering the sides to east and west it exposes the largest possible area to the tropic sun; and this, in regions where heavy, saturating rains are frequent, enables the architect to obtain a dry home in the shortest time. A study of the habits of insects reveals so many subtle adaptations to natural surroundings that one is not astonished even at this claim.

A white ant exterminator has been the dream of many inventors. There is no doubt that where a nest is built in an accessible spot, and the underground avenues can all be commanded, extermination of a particular colony is possible. It has actually taken place under the writer's observation. The bed was dug up and the ground around a radius of fifty feet turned up and trenched, and a liquid mixture of washing soda and arsenic poured over. Usually, however, when ants are discovered it is too late to apply this drastic treatment. The ants may be already in the house or building, or they may be carried in in the next load of wood cut for the fire, or they may come home in a walking-stick. At the swarming season they may even fly on to the roof or make their way through the windows. Thus, extermination in the manner stated does not afford complete security if white ants exist anywhere in the neighbourhood. Of course, comparative security is worth striving for, and consequently almost every one in ant-infested country exterminates where he can, and adopts every preventive within his reach. In many parts the houses are built on blocks capped with zinc, and salt and tar and a number of other ingredients supposed to be odious to the insects are spread about.

Invention also exercises itself in trying to make timber antproof. Fumes of carbolic acid have been injected into building timber; but so far, the fumes have been found to pass away, while new colonies of ants swarm. and stone and as little woodwork as possible would seem to be the building rule most likely to yield satisfaction. Where bricks and stone are procurable the rule is, indeed, generally followed; but over a large part of Australia wood is practically the only material available. And in the cities, though bricks and stone are commonly used, some of the ancient wooden structures still exist. and afford homes for colonies of ants that spread around. The furniture of many houses, even new stone ones, is ant-eaten. A library-case has fallen to pieces and chairs and tables have collapsed in stone houses where, until the disaster, it was believed no ant had entered. One of the largest public buildings in Sydney was lately found to east-infested. An ornamental piece of woodwork on a column of marble was tunnelled by the tiny creatures. In that case, and in others, ex-

amination led to the conclusion that the swarming ants, when their wings can carry them to a fair height, had flown from the trees in the street through the windows of the buildings, and had kept in flight till they found some wooden projection on which to rest and make a home.

THE CHARM OF SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.



O county in England has been more visited by strangers within the past hundred years, or has been more written about, than Warwickshire, the cradle of our great dramatist,

whose works have been termed 'our country in a concave magic mirror,' and whose shrines—even more than those of Scott at Abbotsford or Dryburgh-draw pilgrims from all parts of the world in increasing numbers. It has been aid that one hundred thousand visitors come to Stratford-on-Avon in the course of a year. Some thirty-four thousand at least visited Shakespeare's birthplace in 1905, three thousand of whom were Americans. Stratfordians are now no longer maware, as when the dust of Shakespeare was laid in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, that his life, in insurance language, was one of the most valuable in England at the time. The fact that he was lom and buried in Stratford has brought prosperity to many and an annual shower of gold to the town. No writer helped the sentiment more than Washington Irving in his essays in the Sketch Book, written n the Red Horse Inn, Stratford, wherein he points out that 'the mind refuses to dwell upon anything that is not connected with Shakespeare. The whole place seems but his mausoleum.' Sidney Lee no omit approves of Marie Corelli's advice to Stratlord, to 'lean its back to the wall of the sixteenth century, and refuse to budge,' and conserve what remains of old-world interest. The most casual ristor can see that the magistrates and natives are fully alive to this.

But Stratford-on-Avon, although the most powerin magnet, by no means exhausts the interest of Warnickshire, for this noble county, set in the heart of England, has other claims on our attention, with its picturesque scenery, leafy lanes, old manorhouses, and antiquities domestic and ecclesiastical. The brisk manufacturing towns of Birmingham and Corentry are great industrial centres; Leamington as a reputation as a watering-place; while Warwick by) has its castle—a noble survival, and headworth (in the district) a noble ruin glorified athe pages of Scott. The cities are great workshops; in there are refreshingly quiet villages and hamlets, to the rest is a great garden of diversified and tre-changing beauty. Eminent persons, also, either in birth or residence, have lent interest and lustre to the county, including Sir William Dugdale the atiquarian writer; the poets Michael Drayton,

Richard Jago, and Somerville; Walter Savage Landor of the Imaginary Conversations; Joseph Addison, who wrote some of his Spectator essays at Bilton House, near Rugby; Dr Arnold of Rugby, most famous of English schoolmasters; William Hutton, the historian of Birmingham; Dr Priestley; John Henry Newman; and John Henry Shorthouse. author of John Inglesant. Marie Corelli, who now resides at Mason Croft, Stratford-on-Avon, came to Warwickshire in 1898. Ellen Terry, in a letter in the Shakespeare Museum, confesses in a pleasant way that she hails from Warwickshire; while George Eliot, especially in Scenes from Clerical Life and Adam Bede, has given us fresh and vigorous pictures of life and character in north Warwickshire, in the Nuneaton and Bedworth districts. To the American eyes of Hawthorne, who lived for a time in Warwickshire, the great charm of English scenery was in the rich verdure of the fields, in the stately wayside trees and carefully kept plantations of wood, and in the old and high cultivation which 'humanised the very sods.' A writer in the Athenaum has called it 'a county of bright skies and short distances, of homely, concentrated interests, of agriculture and sport, yet also of manufacture and mechanism; a county, too, which has kept pace with English life as it advanced.'

To the ever-increasing literature of the county of Warwickshire has been added Warwickshire (A. & C. Black), with seventy-five illustrations from paintings by Fred Whitehead, R.B.A., described by Clive Holland, who calls it one of the most lovely of English counties. He says that 'though lacking the peaks and deep-set dales of its near neighbour Derbyshire, which it touches at its northern limit, it is essentially a county of pleasant hills, uplands, and fertile, well-watered vales. Some of the richest meadow-land and most picturesque woodland scenery in the Midlands lie within the confines of Shakespeare's shire.' The early history of the county and that of its chief towns is pleasantly given by Mr Holland, while the artist does his part well. The reader who is going to Warwickshire, or has just been there, may profit by the united efforts of author and artist. Much of the delight and profit received by travel consists in reading wisely before and after a journey. A fault of our systematised methods of travel is that so many people just see what every one else before them has seen. There is not much room for deviation and original research. Yet it is a great

joy to discover something not set down in books: a noble view or something of historical and literary interest. The shows of nature, continually changing, are for all who have eyes to see and hearts to feel; and one never tires of leafy lanes, lined it may be with elms or limes or chestnuts, wheat-fields at sunrise or sunset or when waves of shadow move over them. This book will recall leafy Warwickshire at its best: the towns of Stratford, Leamington, Warwick, Kenilworth, Birmingham, and Coventry, as well as many a manor-house or quaint village, with half-timbered houses, and lilies and roses and old-fashioned flowers growing in the gardens in front. There is less than there should be of George Eliot and her country here, and of Rugby and Dr Arnold, but abundance in picture and text to form an admirable souvenir of the county.

We realise in reading the book that Birmingham, that brisk commercial town, is not wholly given over to the industries; one of its representatives in Parliament is a novelist. The town has fine public parks, and the Cadburys have given an object-lesson in regard to the housing problem and sanitary reform at Bournville. Birmingham University and its other educational institutions are well to the front. In the Art Gallery and Museum, while there is a good representation of the best works of our famous artists, will be found many specimens of David Cox and Burne-Jones, who were natives. The catalogues of the Art Gallery are models of their kind, and enable the visitor to profit fully by what he sees. In addition to names already mentioned, those of Matthew Boulton and James Watt are inseparably associated with the town, as in the Soho Works the steam-engine was perfected. Matthew Boulton said truly, 'I supply here what all the world desires to have-power.' William Murdock, inventor of gas, was also associated with Boulton and Watt. Dr Darwin is another contemporary, while more recently the names of Sir Josiah Mason, Elkington, Ryland, Jaffray, Tangye, Feeney, Timmins, Muntz, and George Cadbury figure as benefactors to the town.

Mr Clive Holland gives the history of the town in detail: its sacking by Prince Rupert and its marvellous progress during the nineteenth century. Coventry, which has exchanged its old celebrity in ribbon-making for a modern reputation in the department of motors and cycles and other manufactures, comes in for adequate treatment; as also Warwick and Leamington. would almost seem that we must dismiss the legends of Godiva at Coventry and Guy of Warwick to the region of myth. Guy may have been a Mercian warrior who successfully resisted the Danish invaders in the tenth century. It is strange to meet with the wonderful Warwick Vase in the grounds of Warwick Castle, a trophy from Hadrian's villa near Tivoli, which stands so utterly despoiled near Rome. Compton Wynnyates and Aston Hall, and many another manor-house and village, find mention here. Aston Hall, that fine

Elizabethan mansion, in a suburb of Birmingham, is now a corporation gallery and museum. Dugdale called it 'a noble fabric, which for beauty and state much excelleth any in these parts.' It was built by Sir Thomas Holte in 1618-35, and here he entertained Charles I. when on his way from Shrewsbury to relieve Banbury. In 1643 the Hall was attacked and taken by the Parliamentary army, and the marks of the cannonading are still visible on the walls of the south-west wing and in the balustrade of the staircase.

Nathaniel Hawthorne terms Leamington one of the cosiest nooks in England or in the world, and a home for the homeless all the year round. Here, at 10 Lansdowne Circus, he wrote chapters of Our Old Home, and completed and revised his Roman story Transformation. Charles Dickens was here in 1839, and made notes for Dombey and Son. John Ruskin was amongst the visitors in 1843. It has a beautiful situation, is connected by electric tram with Warwick, and is a good The Warwick historical centre for excursions. pageant of July 1906 will long be remembered. Its success may be gauged from the drawings, which amounted to thirteen thousand pounds, although the expenditure was eleven thousand pounds.

The visitor to Warwickshire is well advised who reads or re-reads Adam Bede or some other of George Eliot's early novels. 'There is nothing,' says William Sharp, 'of more winsome charm in George Eliot's writings than her description of this very real and intimate country of her life and knowledge. In the introduction to Felix Holt, in Scenes from Clerical Life, and Adam Bede she recalls the district in and around her native parish of Chilvers Coton in the Nuneaton and Bedworth district; in Middlemarch there is an echo of her Coventry experiences. The Floss, in The Mill on the Floss, is the Trent at Gainsborough, however. She painted the country as it was before its picturesqueness was destroyed by smoke from mines and coaltrains. Her roots went down in the pre-railway days, which she realises in a wonderful way. The father of Mary Ann Evans was an estate agent when his gifted daughter was born at Arbury Farm in 1819. Next year the family removed to Griff, an old red-brick house on the Arbury Robert Evans afforded his daughter suggestions for the character of Adam Bede and Caleb Garth, as her mother did for Mrs Poyser. Rufus Lyon and Esther Lyon in Felix Holt had Coventry prototypes. A story which she heard from her Aunt Elizabeth, who had been a Methodist preacher, was the germ of Adam Bede, as this aunt supplied in turn hints for the character of Dinah Morris. At Wirksworth there is a Bede memorial chapel, 'To the glory of God and in memory of Elizabeth Evans, immortalised as Dinah Morris.' Mary Ann Evans had been a boarder from 1831-35 in a large, square-fronted, white house in Coventry, at the corner of Warwick Road, leading to Hertford Street, nearest the

station. Later, the school was removed to Hertford Place, and here she had lessons in singing from Signor Brezzi of Learnington. Afterwards the school was in Little Park Street. It was Warvickshire that afforded the finest characters, scenes, and incidents for this novelist; as Sir Leslie Suphen puts it, 'her early memories had given the best results.' There were sixteen thousand copies of Adam Bede sold within a year of publication, and Messrs Blackwood generously doubled the sum of eight hundred pounds which had been paid for the copyright and returned the book to the author. 'My stories grow in me like plants,' the remarked. 'Shall I ever write another book as true as Adam Bede?' In the enthusiasm of a inst perusal, Charles Reade said it was the finest thing since Shakespeare! It will be remembered how George Eliot brings Hetty Sorrel twice round by Stratford-on-Avon, and how she characterises the grassy Warwickshire field, with the bushy, tre-studded hedgerows that made a hiding-place eren in the leasless season, a feature which also sruck Nathaniel Hawthorne.

'What a hardy plant was Shakespeare's genius, suce it could not be blighted in such an atmo-"bere!" was the thought of one eminent visitor to as birthplace. 'From the people is invariably om the prophet' was the thought of another. Sidney Lee points out that while in the country Statespeare eagerly studied birds, flowers, and trees, and gained a detailed knowledge of horses and dogs, which would not be difficult, as all his ansiolk were farmers. Then he knew about having, hunting-Warwick being the third best country for this-coursing, and angling. Charlecote tradition points to his knowledge of posching also. He had that 'intuitive power of radising life in almost every aspect by force of his imagination, while his genius did not stand in the arof his being a successful man of business. After the cloudy word-spinning about Shakespeare, on comes back to reality in reading the very in tributes by men who knew him. Heminge ed Condell, in the first folio of 1623, say: 'His and and hand went together, and what he thought is attered with that easiness that we have scarce recired from him a blot in his papers. . . For ni rit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. le lonson wrote of Droeshout's engraving in the

Oh, could be but have drawn his wit As well in brass as he hath hit His face, the print would then surpass All that was ever writ in brass.

Firther, 'I loved the man, and do honour his sensory on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free things; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, at the state expressions.

At the tercentenary in April 1864 Chambers's stirely devoted to his memory. This was ex-

panded and amplified into a shilling volume by Mr Evan J. Cuthbertson and published by Messrs Chambers. Robert Chambers wrote an interesting narrative of what took place at the Shakespeare Festival, which was published in this Journal, May 28, 1864.

Since Robert Chambers wrote about the Shakespeare Festival of 1864, the Memorial Theatre, with its picture gallery and library, has been erected beside the winding Avon. In George Macdonald's Orts an essay is printed, dated 1864, with a suggestion for just such a building. On a fine day a most enchanting view of Stratford may be had from the tower here. The library has more than ten thousand volumes relating to Shakespeare, with the original painting from which Droeshout engraved the portrait in the folio of 1623. The fountain and clock presented to the town by the late Mr Childs of Philadelphia, the American window (1885) in the north side of the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, another window unveiled by Mr Bayard, the Carnegie Free Library next to Shakespeare's birthplace in Henley Street, and many houses in the suburbs are a few of the adornments since that date, some of which Marie Corelli calls disfigurements. This lady novelist prevented Sir Theodore Martin, by the outcry she raised, from placing a monument to Lady Martin in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, opposite the bust of Shakespeare. She failed in the case of the Free Library; and no one can say that this building is not in excellent taste, although the annual income of one hundred and fifty-six pounds is miserably inadequate.

Shakespeare's birthplace in Henley Street was purchased by public subscription in 1847, as a national memorial, for three thousand pounds. New Place, where Shakespeare lived and died, at the corner of Chapel Street and Chapel Lane, was purchased by public subscription in 1861, and Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery in 1892 for three thousand pounds. The Shakespeare birthroom is scribbled with names of distinguished and undistinguished people like a badly kept schoolroom. The signature of Byron has been defaced from the plaster; that of Robert Browning is on the ceiling; Scott and Carlyle figure on the window. Two visitors, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Hugh Miller, felt it would be sacrilege to write their names there. The old visitors' book has the signature of Scott, who was at Stratford in 1821 and again in 1828; that of Washington Irving also appears; Charles Dickens was here in 1838 and 1840. Other signatures are those of A. and B. Mendelssohn, Florence Nightingale, 'John Ruskin, junr., May 25, 1830, in a boyish hand, Dionysius Lardner, Countess Guiccioli, Jane Porter, N. P. Willis, Lady Shelley, Halliwell-Phillipps, Daniel Webster, Lady Blessington, our King as Prince of Wales, and General Booth. The building memorable as the birthplace is formed of two houses communicating with each other. In that to the west, which is entered first, the room

on the upper floor is where Shakespeare was born and spent his childhood. The house adjoining, which communicates with it, was also the property of Shakespeare's father, and used as a storehouse for agricultural produce. It is now a museum and library, in which are gathered relics, books, manuscripts, first editions of his works, and all that can illustrate his life and times.

No more patriotic Scot than Hugh Miller ever visited Shakespeare's shrine, and yet he tells us in his First Impressions of England that Robert Burns and Walter Scott rolled into one would not make one Shakespeare. Next to the Bible, the great dramatist comes as our best selling author. One of his editors, the Rev. W. Harness, said: 'There never was such another man, and there never will be.' To be able to write a good essay on Shakespeare, in the opinion of Mr Augustine Birrell, might form the best possible test of an English man of letters. Had we a British Academy there need be no other passport of admission. Flowers are strewed on his grave on his birthday each April, and there is an annual series of dramatic performances in the Memorial Theatre. As Robert Chambers wrote in his 'Shakespeare Festival' article, though his biography is lamentably meagre, 'yet of few great men of three hundred years ago can we say that they are so clearly connected with topography. We have not merely the natal town-still a small town, and with many of the features of his timebut we have preserved to us the plain half-timber house in which he was (in all probability) born, the school in which he was educated, the base of the walls and the garden of the goodly house in which he spent his years of dignified retirement, and finally the graves of himself and his kindred occupying a distinguished and prominent situation in the chancel of the beautiful parish church.' To meditate on these spots, to hear his wonderful words in a temple which had risen not two hundred yards from his tomb, made the writer, as it does every visitor, feel the man Shakespeare to be more a reality than ever. And so, according to Carlyle, he receives homage from all the world, 'that beautifullest English soul that England confesses to have ever made, the pink and flower of remembered Englishmen, the greatest thing that it appears we have yet done, and managed to produce in this world.

It is surely matter of regret that amongst the numberless editions of Shakespeare—of which there are said to be eleven hundred in English alone, and a very valuable one which has been produced at Stratford—misfortune robbed us of a projected and partly completed edition in ten volumes by Sir Walter Scott. It was commissioned by Archibald Constable in 1822; the editorial fee was to be two thousand five hundred pounds, and J. G. Lockhart was to lend his assistance; but the commercial crisis of 1826 put an end to the scheme after three volumes had been printed. These were sold in London as wastepaper. One

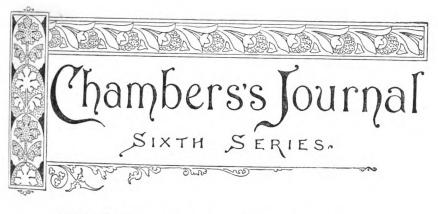
need hardly remark what an interesting find any of the three volumes would be, with the notes of the great novelist on the great dramatist. Our interest in him is not lessening; for the first, second, third, and fourth folios changed hands lately for ten thousand pounds. And quite a romance was the purchase by the Bodleian of the first folio of 1623 for three thousand pounds, a book which had originally been on the shelves of that same library and had been sold for a trifle. It appeared in the supplementary catalogue of 1635, but not in the catalogue of 1674, having probably been sold, according to a rule laid down by Bodley, as a surplus book on the appearance in 1664 of the third folio, which would be regarded as a more complete edition. There are one hundred and seventy-two copies known to exist of the first folio in Great Britain and America.

Mr Sidney Lee, who has weighed every fact in the life of Shakespeare, and has written quite a model little volume upon Stratford-on-Avon, tells us that the origin of the town and its development in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries alone afford a profitable study to students of the great dramatist. He considers it useless to estimate exactly how much Shakespeare owed to Stratford, for 'he did gather the humours of men daily wherever he came.' We must be content to marvel how, in the aspect of the town and country, fair as the latter was and is, in the petty details of Stratford daily life his mighty genius found adequate nourishment. Mr Sidney Lee concludes that 'it is vain to endeavour to solve this mystery, or to strive to indicate either in the world of living men, or in wood and stream and field and hill and ocean, "all he had loved and moulded into thought."'

THE WINDOW.

Some may have their solitudes Of spacious glades in leafy woods, Or sunlit meadows stretching far, Where with green grass white blossoms wat: Or high-walled gardens, rose beset, Where never wakes a wind of fret, But morn to even, all day long, Bird after bird maintains the song. Mine own soul finds, whate'er befall, A cloister chamber white and small, Musicless and picture bare, But open to the salt sea-air. There my lone soul sits all day, Neither discontent nor gay, Looking from the casement high Across gray seas, beneath gray sky. What hath she hope to see afar? Perchance a sail, perchance a star. She knows not what her vigil means; Evermore she looks and leans. Through some mystic sense she knows Whatever fails, whatever goes, This window, o'er the sad, gray sea, Opens towards Eternity.

AGNES S. FALCONER.



THE GERMAN NAVY AT HOME.



ERHAPS the most abiding impression left on any one who has the rare experience of knowing the German Navy from inside is that it is yet in the making—incomplete; and a prolonged residence in contact with

it and within sight of its daily life will strengthen that conviction

The headquarters of the German Navy are nominally at Kiel. But Kiel is on the Baltic; and when the canal was cut, in order to join its excellent harbour to the North Sea, German Dradnoughts had not been thought of, and there is no doubt that the 'mouse-traps' of the Baltic will be as dangerous to them as to the war-vessels of other nations. There are plenty of accidents to the existing ships as it is; and the canal is only eventy feet in width at the bottom, with a depth of thirty feet. Besides, it takes nine hours to pass through its sixty miles of length. A moment's reflection will convince any one that the North Sea will be the battle-ground of the German Fleet; and it is to the North Sea, therefore, that we must hold to see the German Navy as it really is, and

The German North Sea coast is not much more than a hundred miles long as the crow flies, and arrived miles long as the crow flies, and arrived miles long as the crow flies, and the sum of the sum of

Much of the German hostility to Great Britain at the time of the Boer war was caused by the bloom that they themselves were losing what we were figuring for. Apropos of their own South the statement of the statement war, an Ober-lieutenant said to me, obviously to one of a nation that had done likewise, 'We No. 481.—Vol. V.

don't shoot our prisoners. That would not do; they would scream over it too much in Germany and other countries. We put them at the end of the column under no guard, and when the column moves on and they try to escape—as they always do—then they are shot down.' It is true he was in the Navy, and not in the See-bataillons or Marines, the force concerned.

The great war-harbour on the North Sea dates only from 1855, when Prussia acquired the site from Oldenburg and started the making of a Navy. At that date there were only a few fishermen's huts in what is now called the suburb of Heppens. First one harbour was cut out of the land, then another, and then a third. Not until the time of the present Emperor, however, did the work progress with the giant strides it is doing now. Since his advent the expenditure on the harbours, forts, strategic railways, barracks, docks, and other buildings must have been enormous. And all this does not appear in the German naval estimates.

The entrances to the harbour are through locks, for there is not enough water at low-tide to serve. A large torpedo-boat harbour outside the dykes has only recently been enclosed from the Jahde-Busen, an inland circular bay about sixty miles in area formed by an inundation some hundreds of years ago, a great part of which is left dry at lowwater. An additional inland harbour is also being scooped out which will have a separate entrance to the channel of the Jahde. The soft, sandy nature of the soil may be gauged by the fact that quite lately the dam of the new building-slip for ships of the Dreadnought type gave way. This is one of the reasons why the new ships have not yet been laid down. The containing dyke for the new torpedoboat harbour (capable of holding a whole fleet of them) also had great breaches made in it no less than four times in one winter. So that, if excavations are easy, the maintenance of the work done is no light task. A large number of dredges have to be kept constantly at work in order to keep the channel of the Jahde free. Even now the largest battleships can only enter it with [All Rights Reserved.] FEBRUARY 16, 1907.

safety at high-tide. No wonder that the German Navy is casting hungry eyes on Holland.

All round the harbours great barracks have been and are still being built. Their size may be gauged by the fact that one, not the most modern, is called the 'Five thousand men' barracks. No bugle is used in German barracks or German warships to sound the hours, &c.; and but for the sounds of continuous drill in their parade-grounds, they stand silent all day long. Only at ten o'clock at night does a bugle sound for the closing of the gates, and then generally with some false notes caused by lack of practice. Mathematically ruled-out streets, planted with closely cropped trees, all exactly alike, make up the rest of the town; and into the dockyard, across the roads and everywhere, run railways. They would not be long in mobilising anything here. Thousands of workmen are employed in the Werft, as the dockyard is called. Their wages range from forty to sixty pfennige per hour, so that they are rather well paid as wages in Germany go. Their numbers have been more than doubled within the past three years. Wilhelmshaven contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, all of whom are in some way or another connected with the Navy.

No foreigner is permitted to inspect the dockyards without special permission-not easily obtained. Cases of espionage are not infrequent, especially by French artillery officers. The offenders are always sent to prison, and of course are disowned by their own Governments. Not so long ago an English yacht which anchored outside the harbour was stopped for some days; and its owners were not permitted to proceed until they had given a satisfactory account of themselves and it had been verified through the Embassy in London. It must be remembered that Germany is not a land where espionage is easy; for every one, native as well as foreigner, must register himself at the local policeoffice in person, and if a foreigner, exhibit a passport or his birth certificate. In the case of temporary guests, hotelkeepers have to notify the police. The carrier of a camera is well looked after. I remember on one occasion taking a pocket camera with me to the top of the water-tower with the idea of photographing the harbour. But I was stopped. I was afterwards able to buy a picture post-card panorama of it, which, it is needless to state, was anything but accurate.

The German Emperor has lately instituted a new naval rank-that of Gross-admiral (grand-admiral), corresponding to a field-marshal on land, and having a special flag at sea. His brother Prince Henry and Admiral Hans von Coester have been appointed to this rank.

Kiel is under the supreme command of Prince Henry, and Wilhelmshaven under Admiral Bendemann. The shore batteries (many of which are inland), and military as well as naval works, are all controlled by them; and when they are in residence an admiral's flag is flown from the Schloss.

When the harbours at Wilhelmshaven are complete, Einden (the most westerly port) will be taken in hand, and the existing commercial canal to the former place deepened and widened into one for battleships. There will thus be less danger of a successful blockade by a hostile fleet, for the two ports are fifty miles distant, and the coast in between is unapproachable. When Emden becomes a war-harbour, then will come Holland's danger.

Only those who have seen the German Emperor among his ships and men can thoroughly appreciate how completely he is the very soul of his Navy. He continually visits it, knows all his superior officers personally, and loses no opportunity of delivering one of those flamboyant speeches to his men which the world knows so well. At the annual swearing-in of the recruits before him he invariably delivers a speech or sermon to them, standing in front of a field-altar with crucifix and candles on it, and attended by a Protestant pastor and Catholic priest. On board ship, on Sundays, he always conducts divine service and preaches the sermon (generally written for him by a pastor). He is never seen out of uniform, one curious consequence of which is that he sets no lead in the fashions for civil dress. On the contrary, it is our peace-loving King Edward (so cordially hated and so much caricatured in Germany) who is taken as the model for men's dress. The Emperor's son Prince Adalbert is in the Navy. He is not popular among his brother-officers.

When at a naval port the Emperor sleeps on board a battleship, dining in the common room at the midday dinner of his officers at their Kasino. When the meal is over he almost always delivers a speech, and is said to 'let himself go' in the way of expressing his opinions a good deal more than he does in his other and more public speeches. As Emperor he is a very different person from what he is in private life. On hearing him speak in public it is impossible not to think of a drill-sergeant. The loud, harsh voice, the curt peremptory sentences, ending abruptly, irresistibly remind one of the drill-ground. But in private life he is all generosity, lavish even, to his officers, as his gifts of his yachts, pictures (his own drawings among them), books, and many other things show. One cannot help suspecting that the sudden and impetuous manner in which he sometimes acts is provoked by the chronic malady of inflammation of the ear from which he is said to suffer. It is generally forgotten, too, that his left arm is almost useless. It is four inches shorter than its fellow, has a malformed hand with only rudimentary fingers, and is quite limp and lifeless. At table he uses a combined knife and fork.

Among his personal tastes may be mentioned a liking for Dachel-hunds, erroneously called dachshunds in England. He has a liking also for Munich beer and Frankfort sausages, and always drinks Sekt (German champagne, which is not

champagne at all), and smokes the inexpensive ten psennige cigar of a thin Dutch shape. The partiality for the two last is partly dictated by atriotic motives. Lastly, he does not like Wagner | Kirche.

-thinks he is too noisy-and objects to the 'suffragette,' believing that woman's lot in life is to attend to the three 'K's'-Kinder, Küche, and

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XIII.



EEDLESS of these drastic changes, the lord of the manor was spending a very unpleasant afternoon at the office of his solicitor. By this time Castleravne had almost forgotten

the shortcomings of his sister. He had asserted his authority the night before, and he was pleasantly flattered by the impression he had made. He had not really expected Miss Catlemanne to take him precisely at his word; indeed, he had a vague idea that the whole scene vas the result of some novel he had read years wo and forgotten. He was rather pleased with the clever way in which he had informed his aster that she could no longer consider herself one of his household.

There would be something nice in acting with magnanimity later on. That the victim would ule it au pied de la lettre Castlerayne had not thetted. He was disposed to regard Gertrude's ation as one of his misfortunes—misfortunes which k hoped to meet with great dignity. That his creeks and unkindness had cut like a knife he dd not for one moment realise.

all this was forgotten presently. Mr Summers bei no good news to offer; he took the gloomiest The of the situation. He had seen the solicitors vio acted for Samuel Craggs in the matter of the action, and they were obdurate.

'Between ourselves,' he said, 'they are not a un high class firm. Neither is their practice large one. They will only be too glad to get of the eleven hundred odd pounds you owe

They can't do anything for a few weeks, I Emplose?' Castlerayne asked.

the ves, they can,' Summers said irritably. Arange that I cannot make you see things in their proper light. There was no stay of execution, a re call it; the costs had been taxed, and those explicate in a position to come over to The Tores at any moment. To be perfectly frank with you, they are afraid of your other creditors. If they strike now they may get everything; if ther wait there is a chance of having to share with he rest. If they do go to extreme limits there is 'cir one thing for you to do.'

'And what is that?' Castlerayne asked. The stange shakiness had come over him again, the ane twitching of the muscles. He had been bying against hope, in his infatuated way— the beling that Summers would be able to do some-

thing. 'What do you want me to do? I am sure that anything in reason'-

'Bankruptcy,' Summers said curtly. 'If you go into bankruptcy you will be spared the indignity of seeing the sheriff's officer in possession of The Towers. Then everything will go through the hands of the court. Otherwise, Cragge's lawyers will take possession of your effects, and sell them for what they will fetch. They won't care how things are sacrificed so long as they realise enough to meet their own claims. In fairness to the great body of your creditors, your duty is to take this course.'

The dry professional jargon was sinking like lead into Castlerayne's soul. For the first time he fully realised the desperate nature of his position. Still, with the obstinate weakness of his nature, he argued. Was there no other way? Could not Summers do something in the way of a mortgage-anything to get rid of those fellows? The idea of bankruptcy was horrible, repulsive. Was there not such a thing as a public examination in bankruptcy? Would he not have to stand in open court and reply to insolent questions from irate creditors? All these punctilious questions Summers replied to in a cold affirmative.

'Oh, it is not pleasant,' the old lawyer said grimly. 'Nor is there any great consolation in the knowledge that you have brought it all on yourself. At the same time, it may be quite an honourable bankruptcy. If your family treasures are properly disposed of-the pictures sold at Christie's, and so on-I fully believe that there will be sufficient to pay everybody and leave you a small surplus. The Towers would let for three hundred pounds, and you could live on that. But you are your own master.'

Summers shrugged his shoulders as if declining further responsibility. The papers on his desk swam before Castlerayne's eyes; he was conscious of a queer numbness in his left side. The sensation passed, but left him trembling from head to foot.

'I'll think it over,' he whispered. 'I'll let you know to-morrow. Don't force me to-day. I'm not in a fit state to decide. I'm going as far as the club. I feel that I need something to pull me together. I've never done such a thing before, Summers. I have always despised people who touch spirits, especially in the daytime.

Castlerayne lounged away to the club. He stopped once or twice in the road; he was not quite certain which way to go. He had never had lapses of memory like this before. One or two people spoke to him as they passed, but he did not heed. In the club he sat and wondered why the waiter stared at him in that strange way. He could not see the ghastly gray pallor of his Presently he was sipping brandy and own face. soda-water; the strong and unaccustomed cordial filled him with a glow, a new strength. He felt utterly tired and worn out a moment later. When he came to himself again he saw that it was long past six, and the smoking-room was deserted.

He was home again presently, walking up to the porch. He had not the least idea how he had reached there, though he was absolutely free from the touch of insobriety. There was a lapse of memory, a perfect hiatus, the last hour. He dressed presently and went down to the drawing-room. By this time the queer inertia of brain had gone, and he was his quiet, dignified self again. It seemed impossible to believe that anybody could interfere with him here. He was pleasant and affable to Angela and May, who sat in the drawing-room waiting for the gong to ring. Castlerayne had a vague sense of something missing. Presently he realised what it was: the quiet, placid figure in the gray silk who had occupied the big arm-chair by the fireplace all these years. And Gertrude was the soul of punctuality.

'Why is your aunt so late, girls?' he asked. Angela looked up without reply. As usual, it

was May who explained.

'Aunt Gertrude has gone,' she said. 'Surely you have not forgotten what you said to her last night -so long as she remained a guest under your roof?

'Gone? Gone where? She has no money. Do -do you suppose that I meant it? I was deeply distressed by your aunt's conduct. Indirectly she has brought about the downfall of the House. I am not questioning her motives, her integrity. After my discovery of yesterday I had no alternative but to say what I did. But that she would take me at my word like this! Where has she gone?'

'She has gone to the hospital,' May explained. One of the cottages there was empty. We have been helping her to move all the afternoon. Mr Warrener came and assisted. Aunt seemed very

happy when we left her.'

'And you fell in with this idea-you did not make the slightest attempt to'-

'Indeed we did, father. We had no idea that Aunt Gertrude could be so terribly obstinate. She fairly bore us down by her gentle determination. And she has gone.'

Castlerayne opened his mouth to speak with majestic wrath. But the sonorous words refused to come at his bidding; he could only mumble instead. His eyes were filled with tears. It was strange how his tongue refused to speak. It was only when he controlled himself with great effort that he found words at all.

'A further humiliation,' he said. 'Something for

the servants to talk about. Angela, will you take my arm? We must not forget what we owe to our position. We will discuss the matter more fully presently. Directly I become excited my head is all queer. What a dreadfully poor light the lamps give to-night!'

The two girls exchanged glances. A terrible fear was thrilling at May's heart. She saw how gray and twisted her father's face had become. He was a little more like himself presently; he prattled on commonplaces in a way that jarred on May's nerves. It was only after the servants had gone that the effort faded and left an old, gray man behind.

'Tell us what you did in Hardborough to-day,'

May said.

'What I did in Hardborough to-day?' Castlerayne echoed. 'I have not been in to Hardborough to-day. Oh yes, of course, I went to see Summers. My dear girls, that man grows harder and less sympathetic as he gets older. He would not listen to a word that I had to cay. He had only one cry, and that was bankruptcy.'

'And what would be the result of that?' May

asked. Well, Summers seems to think that everybody would be paid in full. If I sit quietly down, Cragge's solicitors will sell everything at any price so long as they are paid. I find that they are in a position to do this at any moment. Not that we need fear'-

'Stop!' May cried. Her face had grown suddenly pale. 'I implore you not to prevaricate at this moment. Remember what happened in the case of the Montagues. Without the slightest warning strangers entered the house, and they had to go. They had to leave everything behind, even the flowers in the vases in the drawing-room. I saw that after they had left; it was one of the most pathetic sights I have ever seen. Father, is that likely to be our own fate to-morrow-nay, to-night?'

Of course I could prevent it by going into bankruptcy,' Castlerayne said hastily. He had answered May's question despite himself. He could see the girl shudder and shrink. 'That is what Summers advised me to do without delay. In that case everything would be sold in a proper way, and he estimated that the creditors would be paid in full. There might even be a small surplus to come

to us. But everything would have to go.'

Angela glanced round the room at the old cak furniture, the old silver and china, the elmost priceless pictures and portraits on the walls. Her slippered foot pressed into the pile of a Persian carpet with the weight of centuries upon it. The girl loved all these things; she would find it hard to part with them. May's views were not quite the same. She was getting to hate these things The upkeep of an artistic house was calculated to destroy the nerve-centres and take all the temper out of life.

'You must do it,' she said. 'There must be no delay. To be out of debt, to be free to local everybody in the face, to think that we had not deprived a soul of a farthing! Oh! I can only partly imagine the feeling. Father, you will do it?'

Really, I think so, Mr Castlerayne murmured. I fancy so. But a step like that is not to be taken is a hurry. Nothing can be gained by undue lase, which, as the poets say, is half-sister to delay. I am going to give this matter my deep considera-

tion. If you think that I am incapable—— Well, what is it?'

The butler stood in the doorway waiting for his chance to speak.

'A stranger—a—a gentleman to see you, sir,' he said. 'He says that it is absolutely necessary that he should see you at once, sir.'

(To be continued.)

WHERE MUNGO PARK DIED.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF BUSSA.

By C. LARYMORE, The Residency, Northern Nigeria.



T the close of last year—in England, and more especially in Scotland the life-history and tragic death of Mungo Park were rather specially recalled to the minds of those who, interested in the process of

interested in the progress of African enderation, rightly regard him as one of our finest the direction. The centenary of his was celebrated at Selkirk, close to his birth-Lee Much was written of him; the same meagre ns of information, bare in outline, deficient in call, and sadly lacking in accuracy, were reiterated to commented on; and now it might be supposed the name and fame of the dauntless traveller and sink again into-not insignificance, that could For he-a place of lesser prominence, the quiet izdons of honourable memory and unfading apprecation. But it may not be inopportune for me to the subject even now. Words of an eyerines have always a certain value of their own, are specially in a matter of which so little is thown; and the number of Europeans who har risited Bussa is so insignificant that perhaps few notes which I have been able to gather esmally on the real story of the death of Mungo tr. and a short description of the scene of the tradit, may be not only of some interest, but may in some a useful purpose in correcting existing

In situation of Bussa is well known, on the Ter reaches of the Middle Niger, some two hundred E or more above the confluence of the Niger and Espane at Lokoja, and about eighty miles north debte from which point it is rendered extremely the of access by water owing to the dangerous the and loaming rapids with which the river is the Niger hereabouts is split up into various canels by islands and rocks, true Highland scenery, tran rater rushing and creaming in its fall round b) of thinge boulders; the river fringed on either the by an immensely thick growth of trees and taba making it a matter of great difficulty for the Region to gain any headway against the strong orning to the almost impossibility of finding 7 nd for their long palm-wood poles. They can chy size branches and twigs, and so endeavour to

haul the canoe up-stream, which method is naturally productive of a rich crop of misadventures, such as the sudden crashing down of the rotten branch to which the muscular brown arms are clinging, and the consequent rush down-stream of the canoe until it can be brought again under control by the whole party hanging desperately on to the nearest tree; then the strenuous effort, swirling and rocking, has to be commenced again until the travellers can crawl back to the same point, and beyond perhaps into quieter water, till the next rapid appears, and the same difficulty, and incidentally danger, has to be encountered once more.

The process of ascending this part of the Niger in a native 'dug-out' cance almost reaches absurdity, so puny do the efforts of stalwart, iron-muscled cancemen appear when pitted against the overwhelming resistance of rushing water, jagged rocks, and unseen snags; but the certainty that one mistake—a single moment of hesitation, or so slight an accident as the snapping of a cance-pole—will probably result in the utter destruction of the frail craft and its occupants keeps one's risibility well in check, especially when the water continuously bubbles through a very inadequate mend in the bottom of the cance just under one's feet.

Anything less like the lower reaches of the Niger could hardly be imagined. In the narrow channels -where the trees meet overhead, and the water tumbles, loud-voiced, over rocks and snags-it is hard to recognise it as the same river, and only in the open reaches the crimson and white quisqualis and purple convolvulus remind me that I have met and loved them some three hundred miles nearer the sea. At the worst points, where the chain of rocks appears to bar the whole face of the river, and the confused mass of tumbling water and foam offers no discernible pathway whatever, the canoes are hauled under the steep bank, and their entire contents bundled out thereon, the passengers clambering by the aid of roots and branches to a place of some security, where they can sit on the warm sand and watch the manœuvres below. The majority of the canoemen, divesting themselves of their clothing, take boldly to the stream, where, with the rushing water up to their armpits, struggling against the

current and slipping on the stones, they deftly and manfully drag the absurd little crafts through the rapids by rope-hauling, vigorous pushing, swimming, and attempts at poling. These men are practically amphibious; and it is a fine sight—the active figures swimming and wading, dark, wet skins gleaming, brawny sinews strained to the utmost, white teeth flashing, and the air full of shouts and cries, not to mention the chorus of directions from the bank and pious ejaculations of thanksgiving as each canoe reaches a place of safety. Once they have arrived in more placid waters, the re-embarkation takes place and the journey is resumed.

When, a year ago, we were travelling up to Bussa in this way, we found it impossible to continue the journey by river beyond Leaba; for just above is the Awuru Rapid, the most dangerous and impassable I have seen. Here the natives have driven great tree-trunks vertically into the rocky bed of the stream, and have attached to them a stout rope, by which the unfortunate traveller must drag himself and his canoe through the seething torrent. There is a saddening loss of life, and death by drowning is so frequent that the river-side folks are perfectly indifferent and unmoved by it, as we noticed on that particular day, when a man lost his life trying to negotiate this rapid. The water is also infested by alligators of considerable size. Possibly they come up-river at high-water, and cannot get back until the next wet season. One is told that the body of a man swept from a canoe in the rapids is seldom or never recovered.

I have purposely given the above description at some length with the object of showing that no same man, if he knew, would attempt to descend the river at low-water (during the winter months) in a native canoe from Yelwa downwards. Descending, the danger is increased a thousandfold, owing to the immensely swift current and the probability of being dashed on to the rocks.

Bussa itself is a straggling village, made up of several small hamlets and clusters of grass-thatched huts stretching along the river-bank, and peopled by the simplest of placid, ignorant folks-herdsmen, and cultivators in a small way, but chiefly fishermen. It is in this connection that I am anxious to record my absolute conviction (it is shared by the few other Europeans who have visited the spot and taken pains to investigate the matter) that Mungo Park's death was entirely an accidental one -that is, due to drowning, and in no sense caused by any hostility from the native population. Time deals very gently with these child-like, unlearned souls; their customs, dispositions, and ways of life are undisturbed by any contact with higher civilisation; nothing connects them with the outer world; and, save that one generation has been laid to rest and another has arisen, they are to-day practically the same people who stood breathless on the riverbank and saw Mungo Park hurried to his death a century ago. They are Kanberis for the most part, fishermen by trade, people of a very low order

of civilisation, wearing no clothing save girdles and loin-cloths of leather, further decorating their persons with beads and cowrie-shells-a race somewhat apart owing to their separate language and customs. They do not trade or travel, but pass their tranquil years in catching fish and growing corn for their simple needs, each hamlet testifying to the occupation of its inhabitants by the enormous heaps of oyster-shells piled around. Nothing is farther from their slow thoughts than war and fighting, except in sternest need of self-defence; their sole desire is to be left alone among the corn-husks and oystershells, to spend the crawling years in producing their simple fare, eating it, sleeping, rising again, living, dying, far more undisturbed, far less alert, than any animal, bird, or insect in the 'bush' that lies behind their river-side hamlets.

The headmen speak Hausa, fortunately, so that I could ask my questions and get my information first-hand without the possibility of muddling through faulty interpretation—a source of only too many misunderstandings and fallacies in this country. One of the most remarkable and interesting of these, by the way, is the entirely erroneous connection of Kishra, the famous warrior and chief of Borgu, with Jesus Christ, and the assumption that traces of Christianity exist among the Borgu people. But this is, of course, quite apart from my present subject, and is far too large and involved a question to enter upon without giving it a lengthy paper to itself.

THE STORY OF THE TRAGEDY.

The only published 'facts' are in the account supplied by Amadi Fatoumi, Park's guide, who was, if I remember rightly, the sole survivor of that fatal day. I have here no access to books of reference, and must depend on hastily noted extracts and memory; I would therefore beg for indulgence if I quote at all incorrectly.

How Amadi acquired the impression of native hostility, or what was the origin of the story of 'an army' being despatched to Bussa, I do not venture to say; but there is so much in this account of his that is utterly incorrect and misleading that I feel justified in rejecting the theory of an attack altogether. If there was any prevalent idea of hostility, why did the Sariki-n-Yauri (King of Yelwa), a powerful and influential chief of the large district to the north of Bussa, on the opposite side of the river, provide Park with every assistance, giving him his best men and his largest canoes? And that he did so is a recognised fact and a matter of local history. There was not the slightest need of 'sending an army' to Bussa. If the destruction of the stranger was considered desirable, these people had but to allow him to drift down the river without warning, when he and his companions were, humanly speaking, bound to perish in the rapids.

But this is exactly what they did not do. The matter is by no means forgotten in Bussa to-day;

such stirring events are few and far between there. And—though it is now a case of 'My father saw it; he was but a small boy, but he saw it all'—the story is as clear and circumstantial as if it had happened last week.

The inhabitants of Bussa were horrified to see the approach of the white traveller, who, evidently in ignorance of the danger ahead, was actually intending, apparently, to try to pass the rapids. What would become of Yauri's canoes? What were Yauri's canoemen about? The people rushed n a crowd to the river-bank with the humane intention of doing all they could to prevent the execution of so suicidal an undertaking. Armed? Of course they were armed. The peaceful villagers of the western Soudan have suffered such massacre and ruthless cruelty at the hands of their enemies in time past that, even to-day, to carry weapons is second nature to them. My dearest and most intimate friends of the country come to wish me a 'Merry Christmas' armed to the teeth, and in many parts of Nigeria the most friendly salutation s the shaking aloft of bows, spears, and fists. More than one newly arrived stranger has been considerably disconcerted thereby.

The 'overwhelming crowd of armed natives in cases' is purely imaginary. No one who has sen the rocks at Bussa would consider the idea seniously for a moment. No canoe could live in the stream, and no native would be so crazy at the embark at such a spot. These canoes are stually built in two parts, and laced together longitudinally, so that they can be more easily carried along the banks where the rapids occur.

The facts which appear the most credible are that the Bussa folks, crowding on the banks, gesticulated, shouted, waved arms and weapons in frantic endeavour to check this foolhardy Park and his companions, not unnaturally, interpreted this as a hostile demonstration, and fired on them, it may be; but from this point there is only conjecture to help us. I cannot ascertain whether the tragic finish was the dashing of the canoe on the rocks, or whether the white men actually jumped into the water, choosing rather to drown than be the victims of the attack they imagined to be in progress. The whole sad affair could only have been a matter of minutes, possibly only seconds, before four lives were sacrificed to a misapprehension, as, alas! so many others have been sacrificed in the same way in Africa.

Further details of Mungo Park's death I do not suppose we shall ever have. Personally, I think the evidence is most strongly in favour of its having been an accidental one; and it is to me a great satisfaction to be able to hold this view rather than to believe him the victim of a cowardly and unprovoked assault.

It is true that no monument marks his grave; but surely none is needed. Mungo Park is not forgotten; and of all the tiny stream of Englishmen who find their way to Bussa, each, seeing those cruel black rocks, must feel his heart beat high with pride to claim citizenship with the man who died there. No gorgeous marble tomb could be half so sacred or so significant in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen.

A MILANESE MYSTERY.

CHAPTER III.



OUGLAS passed the rest of the day in a state of increasing restlessness and conviction: the former because he did not know what to do to substantiate his belief that Bassano

the cobbler had very much to do that the tragedies which were still an unelucidated martel to Milan, and the latter inevitably the more he sought other interpretations of the conduct and works of the cobbler and his daughter.

At one time he was for calling upon the Cavalere di Barese and telling him all he knew and samised. But scruples withheld him. It was try repugnant to him to think that he might be a recter of Bassano's home. He could not do it, indeed, How, for instance, would that poor, pretty girl look at him, forsooth! Why, she would perhaps set to tear the eyes from his head. Moreover, a crain feeling of pride supported his natural indication in the matter. He had undertaken this carge alone. If the worst befell, and Bassano

were really a dastard of the kind indicated by the press, whom to lay by the heels were the manifest duty of the first righteous man who discovered the cobbler's infamy, then he would share his triumph with no one.

He hoped, and quarrelled with his hopes,

In this confusion of mind he wandered about the city. He spent a silent hour in the beautiful Duomo, apparently lost in pious meditation, but most of the time thinking of those three or four souls whose fate might chance to depend upon him: Bassano and his daughter, the worthy Marco, and that abbreviated human devil of a Bolla, with the cars which declared him more brute-beast than man. There was besides the Count, for whom he felt a dislike as great as that inspired by the dwarf. He also could not be disassociated from any exposure of the casa Bassano.

But throughout the reflection there was all the time this one baffling and quite important detail. Though he had it in plain black and white before him that Bassano and Bolla were Mafa

fiends, he could see no key to the manner of their operations. Of all men, Bassano, the shrinking pink-eyed piece of timidity! How could he be made responsible for such magnificent chemistry? There was no trace in him of audacity, whether of mind or body. And from what Maria had told him, her father was little better than an anchorite, shut up all day and all night with his leather and his tools, save when as a rare enterprise he stole out for a glass of vermouth at the 'Nazione.' Maria had said it was but once a week or so that he thus dissipated, and then he was back again in a few minutes. No; there was nothing villainous or masterful in the composition of Bassano the cobbler, so far as the common eye could see.

It was late when Douglas returned to the Via Corta. He felt a little anxious about his reception. In his hand, moreover, was another evening paper with comments on the Gaszetta's article about the five mysteries. But he would keep that to himself, go to bed, and perhaps awake with some wise ideas.

To his satisfaction, however, Maria Bassano opened the door to him with welcoming eyes.

'It contents me to see you, caro signore,' she said with gentle friendliness. 'I was not myself this afternoon. I fear I behaved with some asperity. The signore will, I hope, not remember it.' She proffered her hand in the dimly lighted passage.

'I have quite forgotten it, little one,' said Douglas cordially. 'I sympathised. You believe that?'

He could hear the tap-tapping of the cobbler's hammer upstairs. Bassano did not often work so late, though the sound was always the first that came to him when he opened his eyes in the morning.

'Yes, replied the girl. 'I believe everything that is good of the signors. But there is something I wish to say. It is about Masuccio,'

'What about the fellow?' asked Douglas.

'I have arranged it with myself, signorino. It was a foolishness from the first, that intimacy. I perceive it now. One has one's looks, to be sure, and it seems a pity not to make a little money innocently with one's face as well as with one's hands, if God gives one the precious gift of beauty; but, yes, I reproach myself for Marco's sake. I have done with him. When he returns to-morrow I shall give him his boot and tell him the truth. He may take his boots to another cobbler in future, and if he requires it of me his presents shall all be returned to him. Ah! but it will be a sorrow, signorino, to surrender them. Especially the car-rings of gold and crystal, and the bracelet with the corals! But I tire your amiability, caro signorino. Here is the lamp, and good-night.

Douglas was not eager for the lamp.

'This is fine news, little one,' he said. 'I congratulate you.'

'The signore is very kind to say so,' continued the girl. 'But there may be trouble, nevertheless.

The Count is of a haughty nature. One must trust in God even more than one's self. There is one other thing to say; but I do not like to perhaps vex you, caro signorino, by saying it to-night after my wicked passion of '——

'Never mind that, Maria,' Douglas interrupted, scenting a reference to Bolla. 'Whatever it is, tell

it to me now.'

'Truly?' She put the question with arched eyebrows and a very sweet gravity in her blue eyes.

'Yes, I request it,' he said.

She gave him his candle first.

'It hurts to say it, caro signorino; but I have persuaded my father to leave Milan very soon; perhaps to-morrow, perhaps the day after. Will it incommode you very much to seek another apartment in the morning?'

'You leave Milan?' he asked, astonished.

'Perhaps, signorino. There are reasons. I must not name them.'

Douglas's presence of mind failed him for the time, thus confronted by the likelihood of fresh disappointments.

'Those tiresome reasons again!' he exclaimed.
'Any one would think your father was—was not'—— In some confusion, he stayed his tongue.
'We will consider it in the morning. There will be time then. Good-night.'

He turned for the stairs. The girl's eyes had enlarged with his words, and it would not have surprised him to hear another outburst from her. But none came. Perhaps it had lacked time to develop.

Alone in his little room, with the saints on the walls and Maria Bassano's patchwork bedcover, made in the days of her sublimely innocent early teens, Douglas put the candle on the toilet-table and gave way to his irritation. The tap-tap of the cobbler upstairs still continued. It seemed to add to his annoyance. He was a fool to have let his personal feelings for one moment interfere with his prescribed duty as a pursuer of He ought to have consulted the evil-doers. Cavaliere di Barese that evening. Were it not so late, even now he would, perhaps, have gone to him. What a fool to have allowed a pair of Venetian blue eyes to waste his time, and, again perhaps, involve the downfall of another life! This projected flight of the Bassano establishment confirmed all the portents. The Via Corta was at the root of the five horrible assassinations, and Bassano the cobbler at the very root of the root.

He went to bed with every determination to rise early and make amends for his negligence; and it was with the tap-tapping of the cobbler still sounding in the house like a death-tick that sleep very considerately came to him.

But, in fact, he did not wake early. That is to say, it was eight o'clock before he opened his eyes and turned towards the sunlit corner of the Castello and the patch of the Piazza d'Armi beyond his unblinded window.

He lay still for a few moments, gathering the threads of his life.

There was talking somewhere on the premises below. Outside, a fruit-seller was proclaiming fresh spricots and other things.

Then Douglas jumped from his bed. The importuse of the day thus begun had loomed large to his imagination. It behoved him to waste no more time. He could hear that persistent cobbler at work upstairs; not hammering, but moving weights, Bil were. Most of all, however, he heard the voices downstairs. And it was with only one leg in his pasers that he suddenly realised whose voice it as well as Maria's. Maria's had risen to a is sonate and rather shrill pitch. The other's had is risen from a basso profondo to something like and the other's was the Count Enzio

At such an hour !

Still with the right leg in and the left leg outble his trousers, Douglas quietly opened his door. li relied on a latch only and a key which he never

'It is your last chance, carina,' he now heard the Cantagy. 'I shall bring a carriage to this end of the Via Legnano at ten o'clock. If you do not come to me I come for you. Ponder it well.'

'No, signore,' said Maria Bassano. 'I have told Ist it cannot be.'

And I repeat that it is either that or there will k conething that will make you sorry. I am not meter of myself, my dove.

Have the courtesy to depart, signore, then said Lia lowering her voice. 'My father, I think, is

Ver well, agnorina,' said the Count in a much the ordinary tone. 'It is understood. Addio!' Douglas heard the house door close, and shutting own door, proceeded with his toilet. He stepped the window. The Count lived at the cemetery c of the city, and would probably, as usual, pass trans the plazza. There he was, indeed, with the parcel under his arm, a gray felt Tyrolese to this head; for the rest, perfectly gloved, and the aslender umbrella. It had rained in the night, there were puddles on the road. The Count the careful to avoid the puddles.

For maybe a full minute Douglas kept the Caleman in sight, until he was near by the trees the here bordered the great piazza.

Duglas was buttoning his braces and about to that are, when suddenly he seemed to freeze from tal to foot Could he believe his eyes? The themale Masaccio had disappeared, and instead in there was a little cloud of particles whichthe course he could believe his eyes. The report to a common which sounded a moment later told

Starter borror-stricken, he saw the cloud die try. There was no well-dressed Count Enzio Musuccio visible where the cloud had been; but a gendarme and a man in an operative's blue smock were running towards the site of the explosion.

Douglas slipped into his coat without troubling about anything else.

The silence of the house was almost a stunning contrast to that fatal roar whose echo was still in his ears. Not a sound now came from the cobbler upstairs. But when he opened his door he heard a whisper from below, and a subdued patter of prayers from Maria Bassano drifted towards him. Holy Virgin, intercede for us in this our hour of greatest need!' While he paused, irresolute, Douglas heard this much of the piteous little petition fly off to heaven.

A shout from the cobbler broke upon the girl's prayers like something sacrilegious. 'My daughter!' yelled the man.

Maria Bassano sprang up the stairs. 'Oh, signore!' she gasped as she fled past Douglas.

A minute later she rushed down.

In the meantime Douglas had waited and resumed his dressing. There was a crowd on the piazza now-men, women, and boys looking about them as if they were hunting for many lost pieces of money. At times one would stoop, pick up something, and drop it again. Upstairs the cobbler and his daughter conversed strenuously.

And then the girl descended, and Douglas intercepted her.

'Well?' he said. 'The Count—you know, per-haps—he has been exterminated. He, the sixth!'

Maria Bassano clasped her hands on her bosom. The agony in her eyes was dreadful to Douglas. Yet she spoke calmly in assent.

'Si, signore, the sixth! But it was a mistake. It does not matter. We are, of course, ruined this time. But it was not Masuccio who was decreed to die. Dio mio! no. My father, in his agitation, placed it in the wrong boot-that of Masuccio. He has discovered that it was so.

Looking up, Douglas saw the pallid face of Bassano himself at the top of the stairs. But in spite of his pallor there was an expression of vigour in the cobbler's eyes which was new to Douglas. He had the air, indeed, of a man whose back was against a wall, and who meant to fight.

Thus standing, the cobbler spoke.

'Are you a friend to us, signorino?' he asked steadily.

'That is it, caro signorino,' whispered the girl, still with her fingers locked on her bosom. 'You will not betray us, you who are so amiable and good? There is a train for Parma in an hour.

Douglas glanced from father to daughter, and from daughter to father. Then he turned to the window. It was their simplicity that had first impressed him. As if he could intervene between them and their fate in such a moment! But now, on further knowledge, he perceived that there was at present no evidence to connect this disintegrated

Count Enzio with the house he had left five minutes ago. The crowd had swelled. There were several police, who seemed quite at a loss whether to look up to heaven or down upon the ground for information about the identity of the luckless sixth in this chain of calamities. That a sixth citizen of Milan, or otherwise, had been blown to uttermost fragments was no doubt clear to them; but how

could they ascertain more than that? 'Tell me,' said Douglas to the cobbler, who had come downstairs, 'you are an instrument in the hands of others? Is it not so?'

'A most unhappy and unwilling instrument, signorino,' replied Bassano, tremulously as of old, with shaking hands. 'Before God, I swear it.'

'And did not mean to murder that man?'

'His Excellency the Count, signore? No, by the bones of San Carlo! I confused them. I will confess to you, Signore Inglese, as to God Almighty. The man whom I must not name brought the thing which I must not talk about, and a certain boot. I was to put it in the heel of the boot. Undoubtedly there was a resemblance between the two boots, and being so fatigued last night, I-But your goodness understands without more words.

'An infernal machine in the heel of a boot?' said Douglas, almost incredulous.

'Si, signorino,' replied the cobbler. 'An invention of the devil! I know nothing about it, God be praised! I do but obey the commands which are forced upon me.'

'But how'-Douglas lost sight of all else for the time save the ingenuity and energy of such murders-'how came he to put it on here-the boot?'

'That was an accident, caro signorino,' said Maria. 'It was his right foot, and he complained greatly of the tightness of the boot he was wearing. He changed it for the-the mended one, although it was not a perfect pair with the other one, and'-

She covered her face with her hands.

'There is little time,' protested the cobbler, with urgent eyes between their pink lids. 'May we trust you, signorino?'

'Yes, you may trust me; but there is one thing These misadventures—are they managed by clockwork?'

The cobbler hesitated, sighed, and looked earnestly at his daughter.

'The signore is very inquisitive,' he remarked. 'Shall I tell him this also?'

'He is our friend, father. He has said we may trust him. The English do not lie, replied Maria

That is so. I repeat it. I am your friend to the best of my powers, said Douglas. 'But I am, as you say, inquisitive. Are they little boxes of witchcraft set to a time?'

'No, signore,' replied the cobbler reluctantly. 'There is a head to them which the heel presses. But they do not all go off immediately. The pres-

sure has to be sufficient. Is that all the signore wishes to know?'

And then Douglas realised the cruelty of his questioning at such a crisis. 'It is all,' he said. 'Make haste with your pre-

parations, and good luck to you both. I also will pack my little bag.'

Maria Bassano began to call down Heaven's blessings upon him; but he urged her not to take that trouble.

There was still no indication outside that any one had knowledge of the deceased Count's movements before the disaster. The crowd had swelled, and included mounted officers of the king's army. The roar of voices in exclamation could be heard through the window.

A certain anxiety now seized Douglas. Supposing this general exodus from the house were noticed, might not dangerous inferences be drawn?

Of course it was so. He decided at once to take with him only such things as he could conveniently carry about his person; and thus lightly padded he left the room to say 'Good-bye' to the Bassanos.

'May I come up?' he called, and taking straightway to the stairs, he was soon in the cobbler's workshop.

'I am going. Once more, "Good-luck," he said. He gazed about him as he held out his hand to the pink-eyed accessory in such vile deeds. But there was nothing remarkable in the attic. A bed was in the corner, and the commonplace litter of a cobbler's workshop was all about. He observed, however, a package which evidently contained a boot.

The cobbler wiped his hand on his apron ere, with profound respect obvious in his pink rimmed

eyes, he responded to Douglas's courtesy. 'You are a noble benefactor to us, signorino,' he

'By no means,' said Douglas. 'Don't be rash in your movements, that's all. Let your daughter stammered. walk to the station by herself, and you after her. And don't overload yourself with things, He fingered the parcel idly while he spoke, then lifted it with an inquiring smile. 'Perhaps this also?' he whispered.

'That, caro signore,' said the cobbler huskily, 'is the other one. He, the agent, was to come for it at noon. But his visit will be useless.'

'Bolla?'

'Si, signore.'

'Happy man, then, this other, eh-at least for a time? Well, addio, in conclusion.'

Downstairs he had but few words for Maria, whose tearful blue eyes and quivering lips disconcerted him. He merely repeated the precaution which he had mentioned to her father, wished her every happiness amid more enlightened surroundings, and left the house.

A stream of people was in the Via Corta, making for the piazza; and on the spur of the moment Douglas went with the tide.

He stayed for a few minutes on the outakirts of the crowd, quietly looking about and listening to its comments and ejaculations. The police were busy forming an enclosure, as exact as they could gress at it, round the spot of ground which held conjecturable morsels of the unfortunate Masuccio. But this were a difficult matter if a certain gossip of the crowd spoke truth in saying that he had sen no fragments of anything larger than a coatbutton.

Back at his hotel in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, Donglas spent a quiet, thoughtful day and the subsequent night. And the next morning he left for London without paying a second visit to the Caraliere di Barese. It distressed him a little to act with such apparent incivility, but he feared to face that experienced gentleman. He could not hope to escape easily from such questions as the Cavaliere would be bound to ask; and it were better that the Cavaliere should wonder at his discourtesy than that he should by an involuntary word or look give him cause to suspect the Bassanos. Others might now take up the investigation of the Via Corta's connection with the mysteries. They undoubtedly would do so at once, and Douglas could only hope that the cobbler and his daughter might successfully obliterate themselves in Parma or elsewhere.

His own short week in Milan was at any rate one to remember.

THE END.

THE BLACK CHANTER OF THE CLAN CHATTAN.

By the late ALEX. MACPHERSON, F.S.A.Scot., Author of Gleanings from the Cluny Charter Chest, &c.



MONG the many interesting historical relics carefully treasured at Cluny Castle, Inverness-shire, the seat of the chief of the clan Chattan, is the Black Chanter, or Feadan Dubh, of

the clan, on the possession of which prosperity of the House of Cluny is popularly supposed to depend.

of the many singular traditions regarding it, one is that its original fell from heaven during the memorable clan battle—rendered familiar to general raders through the pages of Scott's Fair Maid of Park—fought between the MacPhersons and the lavidsons, in presence of King Robert III., his twen, and nobles, on the North Inch of Perth, in 13%, and that, being made of crystal, it was boken by the fall, and the existing one made in facsimile.

Towards the end of the combat, we are told that there was seen an aerial minstrel hovering over the bads of the MacPhersons, and that, after playing a er wild strains on the instrument, he let it drop hom his hand. The MacPherson piper secured this tachanted pipe, and, even though mortally wounded, poured forth the pibroch of his clan till death effectually silenced his music. The Black Chanter was ever after endowed with magical properties, and in the opinion of the clan MacPherson, Sir Waiter Scott was even more lamentably in error in thributing their victory on this occasion to the etraordinary valour of one Smith* (whom they ad to enrol hastily to make their numbers equal to those of the Davidsons) than he was when, in common with Stevenson and later-day writers, he nade pure-speaking Celts talk the broadest of Scotch dialecta.

Another tradition is to the effect that this is the genuine, original Black Chanter, and that the cracks seen on it were occasioned by its violent contact with the ground; but be its origin what it may, it is a notable fact in the Highlands that, whether in consequence of its possession or of their own bravery, no battle at which the MacPhersons were present with the Bratach Uaine (green banner) of the clan and the chief at their head was ever lost.

It is related that before the battle of Culloden an old witch or second seer told the Duke of Cumberland that if he waited until the famous green banner and the Black Chanter came up he would be defeated. As a matter of fact, Ewen of Cluny with six hundred of his clan had been present at the battle of Prestonpans, and had accompanied 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' into England. On the latter's retreat to Scotland, Cluny with his men put two regiments of Cumberland's Dragoons to flight at Clifton, fought afterwards at Falkirk, and was on his way from Badenoch to Inverness to join the Prince when flying fugitives from Culloden met him with the news of that day's sad disaster.

The celebrity of the Highland bagpipes and the part they have played, so to speak, in the history of the Scottish regiments are well known-'as others with the sound of trumpets, so those with the sound of the pipes are inspired.' The potency of bagpipe music on the hearts of all true Highlanders is universally acknowledged, and to those whose dearest associations are connected with the heatherclad mountains and rushing torrents of the Highlands there is something singularly heart-stirring in the Failte (welcome) on the strains of the bagpipe, and something inexpressibly touching in the plaintive notes of the Cumhadh (lament), especially when heard in after-years, perhaps in the exile of a distant land. With the echoes of the enthralling tones of the Black Chanter in their hearts, can we

^{&#}x27;it is interesting to note that the Smiths in Scotland dan to be one of the principal branches of the clan Castan

wonder, then, that it was dearly prized by the MacPhersons, and not alone for the prosperity it

ensured to them?

The Feadan Dubh also brought good fortune to its temporary possessors whenever lent to other clans by the generosity of the chief of the time. The Grants of Strathspey, having received an affront through the cowardice of some unworthy member of that clan, and being dejected beyond measure, borrowed the magical instrument. Its bold warnotes soon roused their drooping energies, and stimulated them to such valour that from that time forth it passed into a proverb that 'no one ever saw the back of a Grant.'

It was afterwards borrowed in the same way by the Grants of Glenmoriston, and it was restored to the chief of clan Chattan only in the early part of last century. The superstitious point out triumphantly that it was while the Feadan Dubh was out of the MacPhersons' possession, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, that their beloved chief, 'Cluny of the '45,' suffered such terrible hardships for his devotion to the cause of the hapless Stewarts, dying an exile in France, far away from his beautiful mountain glens, whose frownings crags had so often re-echoed the piercing notes of the Black Chanter calling the brave clan Chattan to battle.

THE UNDERCURRENT.

By J. J. BELL.

I.



HE second-mate of the *Thorgrim* had a grievance, and he was a born nurse of grievances who had nourished many in his time. He gave most of his attention to the present grievance as the whaler neared the

mouth of Isafjord, on her way from the healstation to the outskirts of the Greenland ice, where the rorquals were then being hunted. Apparently he was devoting his whole attention to his duties as steersman. He kept his gaze immovably ahead, yet it is probable that he saw nothing—neither the great brown, bluff headland guarding the entrance to the fjord on the left, nor the range of mountains on the right, their ragged ridges white with eternal snows, nor even the dark water of the wide channel and the gray sky above it.

So absorbed, indeed, was he that he started violently when old Kaptan Svendsen, who was sitting behind him in a corner of the steering-box, stretched out his hand and pulled the cord com-

municating with the fog-horn.

A whaler had appeared round the brown headland, and Kaptan Svendsen, who for the past halfhour had been meditatively regarding the olivegreen horizon ahead, desired some information of her skipper. The approaching whaler blew a white cloud and piped a reply. She was bound for the Langore station, not far off, and she was towing a blaa-hval as long as herself, and swollen above the surface of the sea like the half of an oval balloon.

'I would speak with Kaptan Clausen,' said Svendsen, and the second-mate altered the Thor-

grim's course accordingly.

Ere the two whalers were abreast of each other Svendsen bawled his congratulations. Such a grand blue-whale had not been taken that season by any of the neighbouring companies. Clausen shouted his thanks, adding that the capture had been made

easily and speedily. 'Sixty fathoms he ran out, and then he died.'

'Bad weather, I see,' said the old man, nodding his head seaward.

'Left a gale behind us, kaptan,' replied the other. 'No use going out to-day.'

'I feared it.' Svendsen waved his hand, and the whalers parted.

He turned to the steersman.

'Adelvik,' he said shortly.

Something like animation dawned on the sullen face, something like eagerness awoke in the dull eyes, of Einar Ovesen, second-mate. But it was not a youthful animation, nor was it a pleasant eagerness to see on the countenance of a man of little over thirty.

'Adelvik, kaptan,' he repeated, and turned the bow of the *Thorgrim* in an easterly direction.

Adelvik is a little bay not far from the mouth of Isafjord. It is safe shelter from many winds and a good anchorage. There go whalers when the weather discourages a seaward trip and when a return to the station would merely mean waste of time and coal; there they lie until their impatient captains decide to risk the run to the ice, and give the orders that send them wallowing and staggering across the Arctic Circle.

A couple of hours after the meeting with the Langore steamer, the *Thorgrim*, with wet decks and a salted funnel, slid smoothly into the bay and

presently came to anchor.

Adelvik is bounded east and west by great walls of rock, bare and precipitous, and landward by a strip of stony shore. Beyond the shore the ascent is rapid towards the frowning mountains, which, however, are deeply cleft by a narrow glen—the most vividly green patch, perhaps, on the north coast of Iceland. A few huts, the wooden upper storeys more or less gaily painted, are visible from the water.

By the time the Thorgrim rode safely at anchor it was noon; and on board the Thorgrim noon meant dinner. Einar Ovesen was reminded of that fact by Hansen the cook going aft with a large resel of sweet soup, from which escaped the fragrance of fruit stewed in sugar. Einar was engaged in watching a Danish schooner anchored some fifty fathoms to starboard. He watched espectantly, and smiled when a man appeared at the schooner's rail, waved his hands, held up eight fingers, and pointed shorewards. Einar returned the signals and betook himself to the cabin. Perhaps be was not aware that he was licking his lips.

Kaptan Svendsen and his first-mate, Sigurd, were already enjoying the soup, consisting of raisins, prunes, currants, and small slices of dried apple in symp. The fact that they ate sweet soup three days a week had apparently no effect on their appetites. They glanced towards Einar and nodded pleasantly enough as he took his seat. Einar sowled and helped himself to a small supply of

'We shall get out to-morrow,' observed Kaptan Stendsen cheerfully. 'It is too early for a long gale.'

Kaptan Svendzen was a hopeful man and hard to depress.

'There is no doubt about that,' said Sigurd with a kindly laugh. He picked the stem of a current from his strong white teeth. 'Did you hear, kaptan, that the Hokla came in yesterday with seven whales

'Solved Sigurd!' the old man returned contemptuously. 'Not sixty barrels in the lot!'

But they say that the time is coming when there will be none but sej-hoal to kill from

'it will not be in my time, my good Sigurd. It have heard that the blaa-hval and the fin-hval mi, maybe, the knol-heal are moving south. It may be so It may be that they are becoming afraid. ldo not know. They went north for fear of us, I believe. It is not so long since I killed whales bot two miles from Isafjord, Sigurd; and now we p sity, eighty, a hundred miles, and farther, to had them. But if they go south they will be

llansen entered with a steaming dish of lobscouseall meat and potatoes boiled and mashed together. He laid it on the table, but did not remove the soup, to which captain and mate were wont to return after the meat-course.

Einar, you do not eat,' remarked the old man. You should have hunger after two mouths at the

'I cat as I wish,' retorted Einar sulkily.

'So'' said Kaptan Svendsen quietly, and resumed his conversation with Sigurd.

When the meal was over, Sigurd set his pipe ging, took a fishing-line from his locker, and went on deck. It was customary to fish while stormbound in Adelvik; already the majority of the crew were busy, and numerous haddock and cod, the firmest, whitest, and sweetest in the world, were lying on the deck.

Sigurd with his knife scraped the flat leaden sinker, to which were rigidly attached the two stout hooks, until it shone brilliantly. He took his stand by the rail, and let his line run to the bottom. Raising it three or four feet, he gripped it firmly and began jerking it over the rail towards him and letting it slip back. At the fourth jerk it quivered violently, and he drew on board a fine two-pounder. From which it is evident that the simplicity of the method of line-fishing in Icelandic waters can only be equalled by the simplicity of the fish there.

Hour after hour the sport-or, rather, the business-went on, the men mechanically sawing the air, water, and rail with their lines, and bringing fish, hooked by head, body, or tail, on board at frequent intervals. At four o'clock Sigurd descended to the cabin for coffee.

The old man was sitting at the table with cards in his hands and before him, engrossed in his solitary game of 'patience.' Opposite to him lounged Einar, sullen as ever, staring idly at the skylight, and occasionally sipping eau sucrée from a thick tumbler. The coffee was partaken of in silence, and when he had emptied his mug the first-mate went again on deck.

Five minutes after he had gone the second-mate spoke.

'Kaptan !'

'Well, what is it, Einar ?'asked Kaptan Svendsen, a trifle irritably. The old man did not like to be disturbed at his favourite pastime.

'I ask leave to go on shore this evening,' said Einar, with a furtive glance across the table.

Svendsen laid down a couple of cards and stared at them thoughtfully. Several times during the present season the Thorgrim had been forced to anchor in Adelvik. On each occasion Einar had received permission to go ashore. On each occasion he had returned-after the time stipulated-in a condition which, if it were not that of actual drunkenness, very closely approached the same. The old man had been quite at a loss to understand how the young one had contrived to arrive at that condition. Drink was forbidden on the Thorgrim, and it was scarcely likely that it could be procured at any of the few huts on the shore, the inhabitants of which did not taste alcoholic liquids twice in the year, and rarely possessed any store of their own. Svendsen thought of the Danish trader, but remembered that she had not been in Adelvik since the beginning of the season. Other whalers that had been in the bay along with the Thorgrim occurred to him, but he dismissed the suggestion almost at once. And Einar had sworn, when he was given the berth of secondmate, that he would bring no liquor on board at any time. The old man was sorely puzzled, but he made up his mind as to his duty.

He laid down a third card, and, regarding it

attentively, said quietly, 'I cannot give you leave, Einar.'

Einar changed his position. 'You will not be sailing before to-morrow, kaptan,' he said, still staring at the skylight. 'There is nothing for me to do on board.'

The old man set a card straight. 'I cannot give you leave, Einar. Have you written to your father lately? There is a mail from Isafjord a week hence, and we shall have returned by then.'

'Then you refuse me leave, kaptan?'

'I have said it.'

Suddenly Kaptan Svendsen, as if with an effort, raised his shaggy, grizzled head and fixed his keen

gray eyes on the young man's face.

'Listen, Einar Ovesen,' he said gently. 'Your father, my oldest and dearest friend, gave you into my charge. Your father loves you, though you have not been a good son to him in the pastin the past, Einar-mark that! I speak only of the past. I am not reproaching you now. You have always been clever. You can do well, if you like; you can please your father and make him proud. It is not for me to tell you how. You know it. I gave you a chance because your father asked me. I would not have done it for your sake then; but I am waiting, Einar, to be able to do something for your sake. You have but to give me opportunity.'

Einar shifted his position impatiently. Had the old man turned Lutheran priest?

'Have I not done my work?' he muttered.

'I have not complained. I have sometimes wanted you to take more interest in things, for it is the interest that makes work happy; but I do not complain. And if you do not care for the whaling when the end of the season comes, I will help your father to get you another berth. Mean-

time, I am your kaptan, Einar.' The old man bent over his cards, but his pleasure

had departed.

Without replying, Einar rose and quitted the cabin.

Kaptan Svendsen sighed.

Supper was taken at seven o'clock, and thereafter the old man turned in for a four hours' spell. He had seen a satisfactory change coming over the weather, and he hoped to get the Thorgrim to business in the early morning.

About midnight he went on deck.

'Sigurd,' he said to the mate, 'we will start at four. Do you turn in now; but first send Einar to me.'

'Einar, kaptan? Einar is on shore. He left the ship at eight o'clock. Have you forgotten,

kaptan ?'

'So!' said the old man, looking away. 'Ja, I have forgotten. I—I slept heavily. Get out the other boat, Sigurd. I will go ashore for him; he must not delay our start. I will take Hans with me. Tell him.'

Or maybe a blast of the Let me go, kaptan. siren will be enough.'

'You will take charge till I return,' said Kaptan Svendsen quietly but finally.

And Sigurd, who knew the old man, hastened to fulfil his orders.

'You understand, Sigurd,' said Kaptan Svendsen when the boat was ready-'you understand that the young man was given into my charge by his Therefore I must try to see that he comes to no harm. Did he take his gun with him?'

'I did not notice, kaptan. But when he went ashore another boat went ashore from the trader. I think Einar has a friend on the trader.'

'So!' muttered Svendsen, and dropped easily from the low deck of the Thorgrim into the boat.

On reaching the beach, where the Thorgrin's other boat already lay, the old man bade Hans remain where he was and stepped ashore.

The northern horizon was aglow with the rising sun, which had set less than an hour before in almost

the same position.

In front of the nearest hut an Icelander was shaving the lumpy grass with a tiny scythe. There would be plenty of time for sleep in the long winter, and in eld Isafold it is well to make hay while the sun shines. As Svendsen approached him the Icelander paused in his work and took snuff from a horn flask. They raised their caps to each

Yes; the Icelander had seen two men come ashore in two boats some hours before sunset. They had met on the beach and had gone up the green glen; he could not say how far, but it could not have been a great distance, for erelong one had returned to his boat and rowed to his ship-the Danish

Kaptan Svendsen thanked the man, and went off trader. in the direction indicated.

On a grassy space, hidden from the rough track by great boulders, Einar Ovesen lay asleep. His heavy breathing in the dead stillness of nature had reached the old man's ears, otherwise he might have remained concealed for ever. Little gray moths played over and around him.

'So!' whispered Kaptan Svendsen, and the note

of the whisper was very bitter.

An empty bottle lay on the grass near the sleeper; two bottles, unopened, lay in a cavity under a rock close by, and a flat stone like a lid was beside them. This, then, was Einar's secret store at Adelvik, supplied, doubtless for a consideration, by his friend the Dane.

Brandy of the vilest quality, containing little but a spirit of madness. Svendsen knew the gaudy labels on the bottles. Once in the old days he had seen the beach at the station littered with empty bottles so labelled; and now he saw again the awful night when the sixty factory hands had gone stark, raving mad, and when he, with the manager and the few sober individuals left, had gone forth with guns too late to save a poor wretch from being slit up by a brute with a flensing-knife. He turned and shook his fist at the trader lying in the bay, though doubtless her owner and her skipper were innocent of assisting Einar to his present sorry condition.

Then he stepped to the cavity, picked up the bottles, and smashed them on the rocks.

Einar awoke. First surprise and wonder in his amy eyes, then a very devil.

'You swine!' cried Svendsen. 'If it were not for your father I would leave you here to rot. Get up and come with me.'

'Spy!' muttered Einar, rising slowly. Somehow the neck of the empty bottle had got into his hand. The old man was unarmed.

'Throw that bottle against the rock,' said Svendsen calmly.

Einar hesitated, then obeyed.

'Come!'

Einar lurched forward, pulled himself together, unl walked fairly steadily towards the shore a few paces in front of the captain.

They came to a streamlet.

'Bathe your face,' said Svendsen. 'So!' he murmund when the young man rose from his knees.

As they drew near the boat the old man said barriedly, Einar Ovesen, this matter is between on and me. For your father's sake I will not betray you. I will shield you. I will give you one more chance. When we get on board you will tarn in at once. You understand.'

Stepping into the boat after the young man, hapian Svendsen remarked to Hans, 'Einar had an exident among the rocks. I found him unconscious. Give me an oar.'

And so they went back to the Thorgrim.

Sgurd was the only one on deck. Before the to reached the steamer's side Svendsen called to him, Sigurd, go and see if Hansen has left any coffee in the galley. If not, make me a cup, like a good

'Right, kaptan.'

They clambered on to the deserted deck.

Go to my bunk quickly, whispered the old man b Einar. The captain had a tiny stateroom. 'I bring you coffee. But go quickly.

The half-dazed man obeyed, and the other gave a little sigh of relief.

Signed appeared with a steaming mug.

Tak' said Svendsen. 'Call the men to get up tachor, Sigurd. I will return soon. It is Einar's ratch, but Einar had an accident among the rocks, ad I found him unconscious. He repeated the words rather too carefully.

Ja, kaptan, said the mate, rather too carelessly. Svendsen looked at him keenly. You know, Signed ?

'I know, kaptan.'

A moment's pause. Then, 'I am your kaptan,

'Always, kaptan.'

So they understood each other.

It was the evening of the next day, and the Thorgrim had been fast to a fair-sized 'blue' for upwards of four hours. The harpoon had been well enough placed, but its bomb-point had somehow failed to explode.

The gun had been reloaded, and Kaptan Svendsen was now standing by it, waiting for an opportunity to fire a second harpoon and so put an end to the struggle. The steam winch was grinding away, the cable was coming slowly on board, and the Thorgrim was gradually coming up with the whale, which had been swimming at or near the surface for some time, towing the steamer after him.

Suddenly, at an order from the captain to the steersman, who sang part of it down the tube to the engineer, the Thorgrim spurted ahead and ran parallel with the 'blue,' and four or five fathoms from him.

Kaptan Svendsen slewed the cannon to the left, took a brief aim, and pulled the trigger-but without the expected result.

With a roar of wrath he swung the weapon from him.

'Sigurd!'

'Kaptan?' came the mate's voice from the steering-box.

'Half-speed! The gun is broken. It will not fire. Come you here.'

Leaving Einar in charge of the wheel, Sigurd hurried forward to the bow platform. Along with the captain he examined the gun carefully. Presently he shook his head.

'I think it is the trigger, kaptan. We can do nothing with it till we get to the station.'

Svendsen pointed in the direction of the whale, which was once more swimming ahead of the Thorgrim.

'He will not die,' he said irritably. 'He might live so for days.'

'But he becomes exhausted, kaptan.'

'Ay; and then he finds his strength again. But I will not give him up; I will not let him go. I will lance him, Sigurd. Where are the long lances? I have not required to lance a whale for many years-I know not how many. Find the lances, Sigurd, and send the men to me.'

Presently the six sailors stood before him.

'I am going to lance yonder blaa-hval,' said the old man. 'It is, perhaps, a little risky. I will take the larger boat and three men. Which of you

The six, with one accord, declared their readiness.

'Then I must choose. I take you, Hans, and you, Fred, and '-

The second-mate, having begged Sigurd to take the wheel for a moment, came running forward.

'Well, Einar, what is it?' asked Svendsen coldly.

Einar came close to the captain, his face working. 'Take me, kaptan,' he whispered.

So?' said Svendsen inquiringly.

'A chance, kaptan; you said you would give me another chance.'

The old man's keen eyes softened.

'For-my father's sake, kaptan.' Svendsen cleared his throat and turned to the

'Hans and Fred, lower the boat.-You, Einar, will steer.'

The boat moved cautiously and silently over the smooth swell under the clear sky. Pans of rotting ice gleamed exquisitely here and there; in the distance, under a white haze, lay the sheet ice, and nearer a small berg or two broke the monotony of gray-blue space. The whale had gone under, but his position could be judged not inaccurately from the cable that stretched tautly from the Thorgrim's bow to meet the water at a small angle. The 'blue' was now making slow progress, for the screw of the Thorgrim had been reversed and was acting against the mighty flukes.

When the 'blue' broke the surface at last he paused -it may have been in suspicion. An instant later the boat's bow bumped ever so lightly against his slaty hide, and Svendsen's great hands and arms rammed the long lance through blubber and flesh.

For a quick breath it seemed as if the 'blue' were paralysed; then he slashed air and water with his awful tail. And Kaptan Svendsen's 'little risk' had become great danger. His boat was in fragments and he and his men were in the water.

On board the Thorgrim there was a rush to lower the second boat, while Sigurd, with a hatchet, leapt on the platform and hacked at the hemp, for now the whale, slowly but surely, was towing the Thorgrim from the scene of the disaster. The threeinch cable snapped with a loud report and flashed, a yellow streak, out of sight.

Then Sigurd ran back to the wheel and steered the Thorgrim towards the victims. The four men had been thrown in two directions by the blow. With the help of a couple of oars, Hans, his face bloody, was supporting Fred, who was afterwards found to have an arm and three ribs broken.

Fifty yards farther away Einar held on to the steering oar, and near him Kaptan Svendsen struggled in the direction of the Thorgrim, now rapidly approaching. But the old man's heavy boots and clothing were beating him, bearing him down. He gasped painfully.

'Kaptan,' spluttered Einar, 'take the oar.'

'No, Einar. Your father '-

'I can swim,' replied Einar, and pushed the oar towards the old man.

'Einar'-He caught the oar.

'I can swim. Ah, kaptan!' sighed Einar, and straightway sank.

Kaptan Svendsen took his hands from his worn

face and looked across the cabin-table at his mate. The Thorgrim was making for the station.

'Why,' he asked piteously-" why did he say he could swim, Sigurd ?'

'I think,' said the mate slowly, 'it was becausebecause you were his kaptan.'

'And-and because of his father, perhaps?' 'It may be so, kaptan. Who knows?'

Svendsen sighed. 'His father's heart will be very sore, Sigurd.'

'And, I think, very proud,' said the mate gently.

Their long search for Einar had proved vain. An undercurrent, perhaps. There is always the undercurrent to be reckoned with in the sea, which is deep-in man's nature, which is deeper still.

CASTLES IN THE SANDS.

I sat one night aweary in my room; The lamp was low, my book was laid aside, And in the silence I could hear the boom Of the returning tide.

I thought of all the castles in the sands My little ones had reared with loving care-The wondrous structures of their tiny hands, That seemed to them so fair.

I knew that now, o'er turret and o'er keep, O'er all their work, rolled the complaining sca; And that the prisoners in the dungeons deep Had been at length set free.

Ah, how akin to castles in the sand Are the frail purposes and plans of men! They rise a little, then an unseen Hand Topples them down again.

He was a poet to the finger-tips, A daring soul who the despairing hailed; Who set the golden trumpet to his lips And honoured those who failed-

Who failed and fought and wrestled to amend, Heedless alike of men's poor praise or blame; Who made their failures steps to one great end, And set no store by fame.

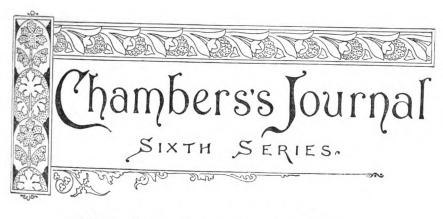
Duty impelled them as the needle sets, 'Mid wind and wrack, to the controlling star; So they beheld amid life's cares and frets Their shining goal afar.

By what is done-and haply they are right-Men judge; but He who reads the anxious heart, And knows its tears and travail in the night, Rates right the other part.

Even as the sea o'enflows the yellow beach, Obliterating castles in the sands, So God's wide mercy human faults can reach; He knows and understands.

HUGH CROSS.

* Josquin Miller.

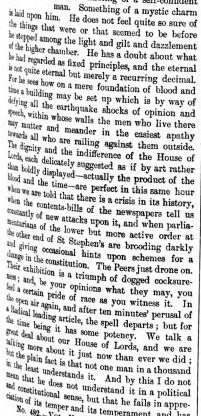


THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, February 23, 1907. walk into the House of Lords in

these days and watch the Peers for the little while that they are at work is an experience that may often result in the humbling of a self-confident



ciation of its temper and its temperament, and has

even but the clumsiest notions of how it does its work. Only the other day, by the kind courtesy of an eminent and well-respected member of this House, I was favoured with a privately published volume of essays by him, in one of which, on the question of the future of the House, there occurs this passage: 'Happily for Great Britain, there exists no constitutional means of forcing the Peers to abdicate the impregnable political position they hold; and although they may be persuaded to reform themselves, we may rest assured that they can only be driven from the citadel of power at the point of the bayonet.' This is the considered expression of a nobleman of extremely well-ordered mind, pacific disposition, and high achievement. Wellington once observed that nobody cares about the House of Lords; and though people do care in a sense now, they have not the knowledge. The average man who reads his newspaper could tell you a fair amount of the contents of Dod's Parliamentary Companion, or the M.P.'s Bible, as it has been called, concerning the House of Commons; but he is ignorant even of the fact that in the Upper House votes are not taken by 'Aye' and 'No,' but by 'Contents' and 'Not Contents,' and that the Lord Chancellor has no casting vote in case of equality of the opposing parties as the Speaker has in the other House. The life of legislation is all so different in the Lords from what it is in the Commons. Lord Lansdowne, the Conservative leader, speaks in a low, subdued, cold manner quite in conformity with the haughty dignity of the chamber. So do all others; no scenes, no excitement, no animation. So far as the Peers themselves are concerned, it is all browns and grays; and in the matter of their dress and accoutrements they are the dullest, most unimaginative set of men to be found anywhere. The Archbishops and the Bishops do not help them at all in this matter, for they never seem quite appropriate to the occasion; and their magnificent dullness is accentuated by the general brightness of the gilded chamber, with its rich ornamentation, its costly emblematical trap-[All Rights Reserved.] FEBRUARY 23, 1907.

pings, and its occasional sprinkling of beautiful and magnificently decked Peeresses in the gallery. It is not an easy thing to go into the Lords; but it is a pity that we don't go oftener than we do and learn a little more about it. The popular impression that the Lord Chancellor is to the Lords just what the Speaker is to the Commons is entirely wrong. He has none of the powers and the privileges of the Speaker save that of putting a question. He has no right to call the assembly to order; and occasionally when, forgettingly, he does so, he is perhaps reminded of the fact by some one or other. The Lords do not address him, but the company generally as 'My Lords.' There are no particular places for anybody, and they sit in any order. There is the easiest fraternity among them all; there is very much of the old-fashioned family party about them. Such is the fine dignity, such the independence and the don't-care spirit, and such the apparent happiness of the whole thing that it seems a pity almost to meddle with it. You would not spoil any of these things by taking away a few members, for there are several who never would be missed; but in adding to them there is danger. And yet see how the House is growing with the birthday and all the other honours! Seventy-seven years ago its numerical strength just turned the four hundred corner. In 1890 there were five hundred and fifty-four Peers; now there are six hundred and nineteen.

Generally speaking, the ways and habits of the people of great nations are not much affected by the alliances and understandings into which the Ministers of those nations enter on their behalf. Be the entente ever so cordiale, and the possible Channel Tunnel ever so wide, it is fairly certain that not a particle of the French feeling of life will ever come into our British systems. Nature always seems to offer a resistance, and the most that can ever be expected is that the plus of one people will by juxtaposition cancel the minus of another, and that there shall thus be made a neutral compromise in some small matter. When it seems to be suggested that an effort is being made to combat this rule, and to absorb into us something of the feeling of foreign friends of a different race and of a vastly different history and training, there is occasion for consideration. We have all admired the Japanese, their magnificent energy and determination; and yet how very seldom have you ever heard a Britisher saying that we ought to take a leaf out of their books in any way whatever save that of efficiency! When the Japanese were doing mighty deeds on sea and land, the English ladies in the West End of London betrayed their sympathy in divers pretty ways, even to the extent of here and there a slight Japanese affection of dress; but it never got further than that, and since then there has perhaps been a tendency to be a trifle more severely analytical of the brave little men and noble little women of the Empire of the Far East. I have been led to the

present fancy by observing a coincidence in which there seemed to be some little significance. The other day Mr Haldane was in Edinburgh, and he set before his audience the example of what Japan had done by organisation and culture, and what a great nation had been made of men with an inspiring faith; and it so happened that at virtually the same time I was privileged with some conversation upon matters of national training and certain tendencies in the British disposition and character with the Earl of Meath, who might reasonably be said to be one of the very highest authorities on such a subject. Educated partly at Eton and partly in Germany, with diplomatic experience in the latter country, and a fine record at home for the encouragement of moral and physical education among our young people-he has been at the head of almost every movement for the encouragement of both in recent years—and a man of broad views and wide sympathies, he is one to whose words on these subjects great weight attaches, and he deplores the ease and happy-go-lucky spirit which animates us in the training of young Britain now, as the result of which some race deterioration is to be feared. He would like to see the introduction into our system of something more of the discipline of Germany and the self-sacrificing patriotism of Japan, which would make us unconquerable in peace and war. What is wanted, he said, is that our system of national training should be imbued somewhat with some such sentiments as those which governed the principles of bushido- the way of the warrior'-the ethical code of the old Samurai, a set of rules for which were drawn up by Kato Kiyomasa, a Japanese general, four hundred years ago, one of the chief articles of which laid stress upon instilling into the minds of the young the necessity for cultivation of the virtues of loyalty and filial piety. The spirit of bushido practically animates the whole of Japan to-day, and has led to its marvellous regeneration. 'Japan,' said Lord Meath, 'has proved herself mighty in war, and because of this spirit she should prove herself as powerful in peace as in war. Every man feels the national responsibility upon him. He is Japan. If the spirit of bushido be fully realised by the people, there should be no laziness, no carelessness, no slipshod work, and no grinding of the faces of the poor. I do not suppose that the people of Japan will reverse all the experience of ages, and ever thoroughly live up to their ideals; but let us ever remember that "he who aimeth at the sky perchance may hit a tree." If their ideals are realised, workmen will not scamp their work and employers will do their duty. There is room for the more strenuous cultivation among ourselves of the virtues of loyalty, patriotism, reverence, and obedience to lawful authority; self-sacrifice, endurance, courage, and devotion to duty. The Japanese live simple lives, and their moral fibre has not yet been weakened as, I fear, the British to some extent has been by prosperity and luxury.' Yet, be it said, the Earl of Meath is known to all as an optimist above all others, and the keynote of his musings always is contained in such words as confidence and hope.

* * * The Press of the country is a matter of such high national importance that any striking departure in the wars and customs of Fleet Street may reasonably be regarded as a matter of national consequence; and though the outside public may have heard little of it-how much they may have seen by the time they read these lines I am not prepared to hazard a guess-such a departure has for some little time been a matter of anxious talk in Fleet Street. The proprietor of one of the strongest newspapers of the time has gone to the length of engaging one of the chief editors of a leading New York journal to come to London to edit this London daily, and it is currently reported that a salary of five thousand pounds a year is being paid to him to do it. He 1, so it is said, given a free hand in the 'Americansation' of his new paper; and what the results, and how far-reaching they may be, are things which we have yet to learn. Some people prophesy success; others declare that American journalism will no more mix with British readers than oil will with rater. But if half that is said about the future omes true, there will be cause to think. It seems that we have already assimilated most that is good, and some that is not good, of American methods. There is a story told among journalists of a curious neibod in which a famous American newspaper one occasion beat its rivals. The Presidential Mesage to Congress was given beforehand, as und, to a news agency on the distinct undersanding that it was not to be sent out to the Apers before a certain time. But late at night the manager of one of the papers informed the agency hat it had obtained the Message by other means, and was going to print it in the next morning's The agency protested, implored, but to no rupose; and so that its customers generally might to be left behind, it felt obliged to deliver the Message to them all itself, including in the routine the paper that caused all the trouble. Tall was the first that paper saw of the Message, leanse its story was all a piece of bluff; but it tond, as it expected to do, by the fact that it knew n rould get the document to print, and had all its printers and arrangements ready for the purpose, rheras the others had not, and the Message was ant round so late at night that they were almost beloless, and could only 'do a summary.' That The long ago; but how the fancy reels before the is of tampering with our King's Speech in such Tag: The idea of the American editor for the English newspaper is not, however, absolutely ber though the meditated thoroughness of the Americanisation is Many years ago one of the raid editors of the New York Herald came to an hapmant place in Fleet Street, and he is now not the very clever and judicious but popular cillor of one of the leading dailies. Other Ameri-

can journalists, as I have met them in London, are models of enterprise combined with common-sense; but so far none of them have suggested that an eagle should be placed among the title words of any of our papers instead of the British royal arms. Of course, in the modern newspaper world it is fatal to stand still for the space of one minute. Something new and good must constantly be done. One great newspaper of the day which is not at all American in its method is rearing up for itself at the present time a new home built on an American system round an iron skeleton. Within the last two years three important London evening newspapers have died. Life in Fleet Street is very strenuous, and the leaders need strong nerves and bold courage.

The mongers in local politics and the newspapers are making mighty efforts to create some excitement in big London just now; and in the course of a few days, when the County Council elections are completed, we shall see what they have all amounted to. If one speaks of these efforts with a soupçon of carelessness, it is not that one has not the fullest appreciation of the importance of the occasion and of the fine civic patriotism of those who give their labour, and often enough the energy of their whole lives, to a task which almost less frequently than any other of a public character yields them any reward of general appreciation. There is only one other election in the British system that is of more importance than that of the London County Council, and the issues that regularly depend on it are of enormous consequence. But the fact is that, despite all the talking, and the newspaper headlines, and the scares, you cannot. reason, or coax, or frighten the Londoner into any regard for even the very best sorts of local politics. The old Londoner and the young one-the rare man who (like his father and his grandfather before him) was born within the one square mile of the City and he who has only just come up from the North-are just the same. The London habit is infectious; you fall into it at once. And one of the salient features of that habit is indifference to the small and regard only for the great. Except for this brief present period, and to a lesser extent on one or two other occasions during the year, the newspapers that are published in Fleet Street fulfil exclusively a mission of treating upon Britain and the world; the purely local press of London is little heard of, and in several of the suburbs the papers have to be given away, and are delivered free at the doors of residents. Kings and queens and the men and women who are making the history of the world are the only visitors of whom the metropolitan takes account. Subconsciously he certainly regards the Houses of Parliament as his own particular governing body, and in much the same light that the citizen of a thriving provincial city would regard his city council. It is, as Boswell remarked in one of his interludes, that the intellectual man is struck with London as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, and the people who witness this variety and live the wider life cannot exalt their sense of duty to the point of bringing their attention to bear upon comparatively parochial matters. Their mode of thought is not so much too imperial as too general for anything of that kind, and so it comes to pass that London, which seems veritably to be the heart of all things, and which sometimes you may be led to fancy as the heart of the universe itself, has no heart of its own. All the efforts of the mastersurgeons in local government have failed to make its pulse show any signs of life-even to find its pulse; and such methods of inducing artificial respiration as by borough councils, so successful elsewhere, have quite failed of effect. There is something pathetic about the meetings that are sometimes held by the little army of the local mayors of big London for the purpose of devising means for the sustenance of their sense of dignity with some few crumbs of pomp. Only the other day in solemn privacy they held such a meeting to determine precisely when they should wear their robes of office, when the chains, and when the badges; secondly, when they should adorn themselves with combinations of two of these things; and, thirdly, when they should wear all three. An elaborate set of rules was drawn up, showing how the worshipful mayor shall be a Solomon in glory when there is royalty at hand, and how at charity meetings and bazaars the magic of his name shall need assistance from the badge alone for the furtherance of the purpose of the time. The local mayors of London are a deserving body of men, but their offices are the least enviable of their kind that are to be found anywhere. And another great reason why the Londoner cannot now be coaxed to the municipal habit is because he has not been given to it in the past, and in the manners and the methods of his life and the old traditions of his general ways he is a prince of conservatives. The City, indeed, has fine civic traditions and modern enthusiasms, because it has always had them; it is the same in a lesser degree at Westminster and Kensington; but for new authorities built with vandal hands the Londoner has no stomach. In just the same spirit he does not take to new buildings, to new gardens, new roads. In the matter of roads and routes, indeed, his unreasoning conservatism reaches its highest point. Let the Londoners be established in one way of going from one place to another, and they never will go by any other route however superior may be the advantages offered by it. Of this we have had one fine example in our midst for a long time, and lately there has been added another to it. One of the most magnificent thoroughfares, and the most picturesque, in London is the Embankment. and yet it has always been comparatively deserted, notwithstanding the number of 'short cuts' to which it will help pedestrians and others. Now

there has been the magnificent new thoroughfare made in the very centre of busy London, called Kingsway, giving a quick connection between those two main arteries of traffic, the Strand and Holborn. The cost of this road has been fabulous; land hereabouts is as precious as if it were paved with gold. Only what appeared dire necessity, the remedying of a great evil in inconvenience, encouraged the authorities to the making of Kingsway; and when they made it they made it well, saying that it should be one of the glories of the town. And now that it is made the people will not walk along it! They cling tenaciously to the narrow, winding lanes of their experience; they go the long ways round from Holborn to the Strand. So it comes to pass that at nights one will look down Kingsway from its beginning as along a dark and lonely road with a fancy of strange dangers and evils that might beset the traveller along it. If you must walk there you do so quickly, not turning the head behind, and you feel glad to be come again into all the glare and the life whether it be at the north end or the south end of this sequestered way. They are not building shops there; the street newsvendors and the gutter-merchants will have little or nothing of Kingsway. Already, with all its spaciousness and its noble conformation, it is in danger of becoming a pariah among thoroughfares, all because of this deadly conservatism of the metropolitan. Kingsway is being cut! In London, indeed, as elsewhere, our tempora mutantur, but it is not so true that mutamur in illis.

By this time the vast supply of new pence and halfpence which was coined at the Mint towards the close of last year will have circulated pretty generally throughout the country, so that almost every time one gets change for sixpence there is a bright new coin among it, and perhaps more than one. As was officially explained, the country was lately suffering from a dearth of coppers due to the penny-in-the-slot machines. This seemed to come about rather suddenly, for I was told by an official of the Mint that some two years ago those people whose business it is to find out the state of the coinage, and regulate it, reported a most abnormal superabundance of coppers, so that for more than six months the issue of pence was entirely suspended in London. This may result some day in people placing a fancy value on 1904 pennies, with the notion that they are really scarce, and that the Mint needs them for some reason or other. Such an idea actually prevails at the present time, and has done for many years, with regard to 1864 pennies. Those who entertain it imagine that such coins are received at the Mint and paid for at ex traordinary rates. So they take them there, and are duly disappointed. In one case an applican asked for seven pounds eleven shillings and four pence for each of several 1864 pennies that he had which he said he understood was the present rate purchase by the Mint!

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XIV.



4

MAYNE CASTLERAYNE rose with dignity. He could not quite understand why anybody should venture to disturb him at this time of night. No gentleman would intrude in the dinner-hour. The visitor had been

asked into the library, of course. It was the two gris who looked so frightened. By the instinct of their sex they had guessed what was taking place. May shuddered; she put down the section of a peach that she was peeling, and the sight of the col, luscious fruit filled her with loathing.

'It has come,' she whispered. 'I feel quite cerwin of it. Why did not dad --- But why do I ask so silly a question? As if he would ever do the proper thing without being forced to it. If he had followed Mr Summers's advice we should have been spared this crowning indignity. It is ad enough to have all these creditors, and nowand never forget that afternoon at the Montagues'. ir though they are living now in a small house a Hardborough, they are quite happy.

is may not be quite what you think it is, Angela said.

You know that it is; you are as certain as I m. 0h, the shame, the vulgarity of it! They are dreadful creatures behind who smoke pipes addrink beer. Ada Montague told me all about t Oh, if I could only do something!

May paced restlessly up and down the room. the longed for some outlet for her fierce energy. l semed almost impossible to believe that in this Test refinement, this cameo amongst homes, the apol reality had clutched like this. A grip with timy fingers, too, and nails in mourning!

Ir Castlerayne crossed with leisurely step to be library. A little, fat man, with a hot, greasy are and impudent eyes of shallow blue, sat there tisting softly. A hard bowler hat lay on the alle on top of some white foolscap papers. Calentne would have frozen his visitor at a take; but the imperturbable stranger merely rose ad lade his involuntary host a cheerful, not to ar impudent, good-evening.

Sorry to trouble you, Mr Castlerayne,' he said; but I couldn't get here before. And, after all, the things are done better in the dark. It's the little matter of Craggs and yourself, suit of Manifis solicitors—one thousand two hundred si steaty-one pounds four shillings and ninesee costs in the action. From the office of the and you know. Of course, if you can pay me noner, sir, I give you a receipt, and there

and if not? Castlerayne asked. If it is not convenient to pay you a cheque? Couldn't take a cheque, my dear sir; cash or

notes. If you don't pay I shall have to leave my man in possession. It is a mere formality, of course; but the man will have to stay till the claim is satisfied or you put your petition in bankruptcy.'

'I have no means of paying you at present,' Castlerayne said hoarsely.

'Right you are,' came the cheerful response. 'In that case I'll call Bob. He's in the hall. If I hurry up I shall catch the ten train back to Hardborough.—Here, Bob; come this way.—You'll find Bob quite harmless, Mr Castlerayne.' little man vanished without further ceremony.

A tall, melancholy individual, with sombre eyes, lounged awkwardly into the library. He resembled nothing so much as one of Leech's sketches of the mute who used to follow old-fashioned funerals. His mouldy black suit was several sizes too large for him; he had not washed within recent memory.

'Good - evening to you, sir,' he said huskily. 'Name of Bob, sir. It is unfortunate as you have got to put up with my company for a day or two. Not that I shall trouble anybody. Give me a bed or a sofa, and my three meals a day, with beer, and I'm willing to make myself agreeable. Which mine is a hard life at the best of times.'

Castlerayne nodded his head slowly; he could not have spoken just then for a kingdom. He felt as if all the world were slipping from him. He was only conscious of the damp, mouldy smell of the intruder's black garments, of the odour of the thick boots. That lank, dark figure seemed to fill the entire atmosphere.

'Where am I going to sleep to-night, sir?' the

Castlerayne roused himself with an effort. He picked his scattered senses up one by one. Something had to be done with this dreadful incubus. He would have to be lodged and fed. And the servants would have to know; it was impossible to keep this from the servants. Castlerayne rang the bell and explained to the butler-at heart he had an idea that he had explained. He dragged himself into the drawing-room, pulling one leg after the other. There was a ghastly smirk on his face; his lips were blue. Angela positively recoiled from him.

'What is it?' she stammered. 'What has happened, father? I heard a voice say '-

'Yes, yes,' Castlerayne said thickly; 'it is the man in possession. He says that he is not likely to cause us any trouble, so I have handed him over to the servants. It seems very strange to think that here, in the old home of the family '-

The speaker paused and threw back his head. A peal of loud laughter came from his lips. The discreet silence of the house rang with it. The

thing was so unnatural, so strident, so terrible, that May held her hand to her father's mouth.

'Oh, hush, hush!' she said. 'Do not go on like that. I had no idea that you felt the strain so much, that you realised how—— Come and sit down.'

The laughter had died away to a shallow cackle. Castlerayne collapsed into a chair, and his eyes closed. Nothing could be heard but his stentorian breathing. The silence was all the more oppressive by very contrast. May turned and whispered something to Angela, who rang the bell. The old butler came in scared and agitated.

'Your master is ill,' May said. 'I am afraid he has had a shock. If you will be so good as to get somebody in the kitchen to go for Dr Marfell'—

'I'll go myself, miss,' the old butler said. 'I know exactly what has happened. And if you will pardon me for saying so, miss, it was bound to come sooner or later. And there isn't one of us in the kitchen as isn't as sorry as you are, miss. We'll take good care as you're not troubled by that man, miss, even if we have to make ourselves affable to him in the kitchen.'

'I am sure you are all very good,' May said tearfully.—'I hope to goodness I'm not going to begin crying now. Oh Angela, if Aunt Gertrude were only here now!'

But Angela had already left the room. May stayed there by the side of the chair, holding a cold, limp hand, and chafing it in her fingers lovingly.

The little house in the hospital was all in order at last, everything put in its place. It was a pity that nothing now remained to be done, Gertrude Castlerayne thought, because the time had come that she had dreaded, the hour when she could sit down and think. That being so, she cleaned out the cage of her canary for the second time in the afternoon, much to the annoyance of the somnolent bird, who had suffered sufficient change for one day. For the moment the eternal knitting had been mislaid; and, besides, Miss Castlerayne was not in the mood to sit down and knit to-night. She could hear some children still playing on the lawn outside, though it was quite dark by this time, and in the next cottage Mrs Masters was obviously putting the smallest of her grandchildren to bed. It was very hard for that poor woman to be saddled with children at her time of life, but then they would have been worse off in the workhouse. It was a vision like this that reconciled Miss Castlerayne to the step that she had taken with regard to the hospital. And before long there was going to be ample provision for the old people.

The children outside quarrelled presently; the sound of a smack floated on the heather-tinged air. Then there was something to do, a mission of forget-fulness. A few moments later, and the two little girls were in the cottage, one on either side of Miss Castlerayne, the pretty faces all smiles again; and never before had they listened to such a fairy tale

as tickled their ears now. The blue eyes glistened; the light of the cheap lamp touched hair that had a warmer sheen of bronze in the shadows. They were pretty children, and they were clever children, which is the more valuable asset so far as the fastidious are concerned; and yet they would have looked commonplace and dowdy in workhouse poke-bonnets.

There was a knock at the door presently, and Mrs Masters's hard, gray head looked in. The vengeance in her eyes softened. Much hard work and much privation and sorrow had hardened a heart that was made to be soft and tender. Miss Castlerayne smiled a welcome.

'Well, I never!' the old woman said. 'I couldn't make out what had become of they dratted children. I thought they'd gone off somewhere. And I've had a time getting their little brother to sleep. Still, I do my duty by them, as I promised their mother I would, poor girl!—And what do you want to come and worry the lady like this?'

'They didn't,' Miss Castlerayne said, with that smile of hers that brought any child or dog in the neighbourhood to her side. 'I fetched them in I am afraid they were having a little difference of opinion, so I got them to come and keep me company, and I told them a fairy tale. I am feeling very lonely, Mrs Masters.'

'Which I can feel for you, miss,' the elder woman said. 'I loved my old man and all my children; and but for you and the grace of God I should have ended my days in the House. And here these children of mine worrying you like this!—Come to had'

'Let me come and help you. I'm not used to idleness.'

It was almost a royal function in its way. Never had the pretty, blue-eyed little girls been put to bed like this before. Under Miss Castlerayne's gentle sway, the brushing of hair even had realised itself into a pleasure. The little ones had deemed that ceremony impossible hitherto without much tugging of tangles and vexatious tears. There was a ring of sincerity in their prayers that was quite unusual. As a token of gratitude, both the children conceived the intention of going to live with Miss Castlerayne as soon as possible. The whole thing was so pleasing that the lonely woman forgot her troubles for the time.

She set out her frugal supper, and afterwards washed up the plates with her own hands. She was just a little afraid to go to bed; she had made up her mind that she was not going to break down, and she had her doubts as to her own strength of purpose. She wondered what they were doing at The Towers now, if Angela was in the drawing-room yet. She could see Angela in her black dress, with the whiteness of her arms and neck gleaming through the network of lace.

And then the door opened, and Angela in the flesh stood there. She was wearing the black dress. Her clear, healthy flesh glowed in the light of the cheap lamp; but there was no smile on the face of the girl. A tragedy was in her dark eyes.

'I knew that we could not do without you, Aunt Gertrude,' she said breathlessly, for she had come across the Common fast. 'The worst has happened the very worst. And dad has had a kind of stroke. We can do nothing with him. Come with me at once, dear.'

They sped over the Common together, leaving the door open and the light of the lamp flaring like a beacon behind them.

(To be continued.)

SOME WONDERS OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

By Dr Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., &c.



N all the range of the sciences no department of thought and practice has advanced with greater rapidity during the last quarter of a century than that branch of inquiry which deals with the causes and the cure

Not merely have our stores of knowledge been largely added to regarding the exact nature of many ailments the causes of which were obscure, but still more in the direction of modes of successful treatment of diseases previously conaddred incurable has the science of medicine progreated. It is of extreme importance, however, to note that all real advance in the healing art is really founded upon the scientific appreciation of the problems which disease presents for the consideration of the medical man. To take a case in point. There exists in the neck-region of man a certain organ known as the thyroid gland. This gland is divided into two halves, one of which is found on each side of the windpipe, the two lobes or parts being connected by a narrow bridge or shmus This organ constituted a grave puzzle in respect of its nature and its duties to the older physiologist. Unlike the liver or sweetbread, each of which manufactures a fluid of service in the digestive work, the thyroid gland did not appear b be concerned with the secretion of any particular substance. Examination of its structure by aid of the microscope did not reveal any special features such as might have formed the foundation of some adequate theory of its functions and uses in the hame. Only through its relations to a very curion ailment was the nature of the thyroid gland

It is needful here to explain that in hard-water destricts this gland is apt to be enlarged, forming a tumour in the neck-region to which the name of goitre is given. Locally in certain parts of Eagland this trouble is known by the name of 'Periyshire neck' and 'Yorkshire neck'. The influence of drinking over-hard water, or, as some physicians are inclined to believe, the result of laraking of water containing certain minerals wher than those which contribute to the hardness of the drinking-supply, appears to act upon the throid gland in a very peculiar fashion, causing it to enlarge, and sometimes to a very great extent. Furthermore, however, it was discovered that in a particular form of idiocy known as cretinism

the thyroid gland was either very imperfectly developed or morbidly enlarged, so that fresh light was thrown upon the function of this gland in respect that its absence or defective development was accompanied by a considerable alteration of body and likewise a deficiency of mental powers. The problem was attacked from a third point of view. A certain condition of body is known as myxœdema. Briefly stated, in this ailment the bodily powers fail at large, whilst the face becomes swollen and the skin baggy, the general appearance of the patient presenting somewhat the aspect of a person suffering from dropsy. In addition, the brain-power fails, the person sinking into a state of what may be called mental indolence, and ultimately becoming incapable of effectively governing and controlling his or her life. Here again the mysterious thyroid gland was found to be involved. Myxœdema was discovered to be accompanied by a decrease in the gland in question.

Such a collection of evidence clearly pointed to the fact that the thyroid gland was to be considered a highly important organ of our economy. When its functions are duly investigated, they are found to comprise the manufacture of a secretion which is poured into the blood, and which appears to be essential by way of enabling the vital fluid perfectly to discharge all its functions in the body. When the thyroid gland ceases to pour this manufacture into the blood, disease of the nature I have just described begins to be apparent.

Now follows the interesting question of medical advance in the way of cure. Knowing the cause of disease, we are capable of then devising scientific means for cure, in place of representing what is known as the empirical practice of medicine; that is, experimenting with this remedy or that, and endeavouring as a mere result of experience to discover which means is the best calculated to effect a cure. Dr Murray, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, logically following up what was known regarding the functions of the thyroid gland, conceived that if the substance of this gland taken, say, from the sheep could be administered to patients, there might naturally follow improvement and cure. The results of experiments fully justified this expectation. The first treatment of myxœdema was that of injecting the substance of the thyroid gland into the system through the skin. Later on it was found that if the thyroid substance were administered by the mouth, practically as part of the food, all the good results which follow injection into the skin were obtained, and so to-day we find the pharmacopæia contains the dry, powdered gland of the sheep, which is duly administered, not merely in cases of myxædema itself, but likewise for the improvement of cretinism.

The example I have just given stands out very prominently in modern medicine as an instance of the valuable results produced by following the plain logical track of investigation into the nature and duties of a given organ. In this sense, if the pathways of disease could be as clearly traced and outlined as are those which mark ailments due to alterations in the thyroid gland, we should be able in much more definite and in quicker fashion to obtain, for many serious ailments which affect us to-day, adequate means of cure.

In the department of surgery, as opposed to that of pure medicine, advances have been made of a nature which to-day may well cause those who are acquainted with the state of medicine in the sixties and the seventies to rejoice in the improvement of surgical methods, and likewise to indulge in legitimate surprise at the rapidity with which improvements in treatment have been made. No doubt the surgeon has a great advantage over the physician in the sense that he comes more directly into contact with the disease states which it is the object of his science and art to cure or relieve. From the nature of his particular inquiries, the physician literally has often to work in the dark. The surgeon, on the other hand, lays bare the seat of disease, and the great advance of the surgical art in modern times may be summed up in the statement that the modern surgeon has learned that practically no organ or tissue of the body is to be regarded as lying outside possible interference.

No better or more instructive example of this latter fact can be found than in the case of the brain. It certainly had long been known that persons who were suffering from head injuries, and who had lost a relatively considerable amount of brain-substance in consequence, frequently recovered, and in many cases did not exhibit such marked failure of the mental powers as might have been expected when regard was had to the severity of the accidents. As a matter of fact, the brain itself is not an extremely sensitive organ, and head injuries mostly concern the surgeon from the point of view of the brain-case itself, and not so much of the organ which that case is intended to contain and protect. Many instances are on record in which extremely severe brain injuries have been recovered from with a facility that has surprised even medical men. But when the question arose of surgical interference with the brain, by way of removing from its substance tumours and growths tending to derange its functions, the matter assumed a somewhat different aspect. In the first place, it was necessary to note the duties or functions performed by different parts

of the brain. This knowledge came to us from the researches of various observers; and to-day, as a result of such investigations, we find the whole surface of the brain mapped out with accuracy in respect of the duties discharged by each part or area. I need hardly remark in passing that these areas do not correspond in any sense with the divisions one sees in a phrenological cast of the head. A new phrenology, if I may still use that term—that of science—has ousted the old.

The functions of the brain being known, it became an easy matter to diagnose or identify particular symptoms exhibited in brain diseases with affection of particular areas of the brain. Twitchings of certain groups of muscles, for example, are related to the part of the brain which covers these muscles, so that if the surgeon and physician together have reason to suspect that any special area of the brain is involved, say through the existence of pressure of a tumour, the surgeon can to-day safely cut down upon the spot, remove the tumour, and not merely in many cases prolong life, but effect an absolute cure of the case. Such brain operations, in fact, represent one of the triumphs of modern surgery, rendered possible not merely, as in the case of the thyroid gland, by the definite and efficient research of science into the natural functions and duties of the brain, but also aided by the experience of the modern surgeon, and, I need hardly add, by the fact that through the action of chloroform and other anæsthetics, the abolition of consciousness on the part of the patient is perfectly

I can well remember when the membrane which lines the abdomen, and is reflected over its various organs-a membrane known as the peritoneumwas regarded by surgeons as a singularly dangerous structure, in respect of its assumed liability when touched or irritated to pass into a state of inflammation. This view, through improved surgical practice, has been entirely exploded. The peritoneum to-day, in various serious operations, is practically as freely handled as is the skin, and very many serious internal diseases, especially of the nature of tumours, are removed with perfect safety to the patient. Indeed, the death-rate from such operations presents to-day, in respect of its lowness, one of the most satisfactory testimonials of the perfection to which the practice of surgery has attained. This special aspect of the matter relates itself in a very marked manner to an ailment which of late days has become unfortunately only too well known by name to the public. I refer to appendicitis. The affection in question implies inflammation of a small rudimentary or vestigial organ attached to the first part of the large intestine. It undoubtedly represents in man the remains of a structure which in certain phases of lower life continues to be large. Subjected as it apparently is in modern civilised life to irritation of various kinds, arising from various sources, the appendix exhibits inflammatory action, which if notern physician, as the result of his experience in other directions, fearlessly tackles the appendix and removes it. In this way thousands of lives are sared year by year which in former days were scrifted to the natural fear of the surgeon to meddle with parts or to interfere in conditions approach to be beyond the reach of human aid.

Even an organ like the heart, which might artainly be supposed to lie outside the sphere d the surgeon, has now come to be included vithin his province. Not so very long ago a case occurred in London where a man stabbed in the hart was taken to hospital. The wound in the beart was duly sutured or stitched, and the patient made a perfect recovery. Surgery in this case and a saved the assailant from being indicted on the capital charge. The heart is, of course, a bollow muscle, and in the case of a wound of this organ everything must depend upon the particular part which has been injured. If a vital part, and the closely connected with what we may call the memal mechanism of the organ, has been touched, recovery, of course, is impossible; but where the Ebstance of the heart itself has alone been affected, energies enabled to place the patient in a condiis souring recovery, and this notwithstanding ix apparently constant work of the organ. For ctample, last March, a negro, thirty years of age, rs treated for a wound of the heart in New York. to show how an otherwise severe injury may not breasily be a fatal one, the patient in this case raked a certain distance to the hospital after being njured, and within forty-five minutes was operated ma The wound was on the left side of the hart, and at the base or upper part of the left Politicle. After due treatment the patient rearead. In another case, reported at a German rigial congress, a wound of the heart was successtreated, the injury being on the right upper arity or portion of the heart. It is related that wound in the heart was closed by three silk and, although the patient suffered from a coplication of troubles thereafter, his recovery The perfect, and he was able to follow his trade, vich was that of a butcher.

Suprems know that in a certain number of the where the heart has been injured, patients

may recover without any operation at all, this being, of course, due to the fact that the wound in the heart closes of itself, a result which, again, depends very materially upon the part of the organ affected. More extraordinary still are those accidents in which injuries to the heart have been inflicted by bullets. Here it might be assumed greater laceration or destruction of the heartsubstance takes place. Yet many cases are known to military surgeons and others in which perfect recoveries have taken place as the result of efficient surgical treatment. Indeed, individuals are alive to-day who carry about embedded in their hearts bullets which have, so to speak, made themselves somewhat at home, and which have through the wonderful power of accommodation of the organ remained in the heart, giving little or no trouble. In one recent case I read that a French soldier was wounded in the left side by a ball from a pistol. The bullet was implanted in the left upper chamber or auricle of the heart. At first no very serious symptoms were experienced, but ultimately the patient sought relief on account of difficulty of breathing, pain, and other conditions. The heart was photographed by means of the X-rays, when the bullet was seen on the left side of the heart, at its base. It was fixed in the heart-substance, and moved with the impulse of the heart. An operation was undertaken, the bullet removed, and the patient made a complete recovery.

Such a recital, amongst others, tends to impress upon our minds the idea that to the advances of the healing art there can be practically no limits set. If we take into account, also, such methods as are represented in the cure of disease by substances known as antitoxins, obtained by cultivating disease-germs in the body of an animal, and obtaining the curative substance from its blood, we note an important advance in another direction. For it may be possible in the future of medicine to find an antitoxin for every infectious disease; and just as diphtheria to-day has been robbed of its terrors by the antitoxins prepared from its germs, so the future of medicine may include in the armamentarium of the physician like substances which can be employed with exactitude to arrest and to cure the onset of the very ailments to whose widespread attack we owe so much of our modern mortality.

THE MAID OF NORWAY.

By A SASSENACH.



OT far from the north end of Loch Eck there is an old cemetery. Its walls are broken and crumbling. No new tenant has been brought to rest there for many a long day, and there is

there is no old family mausoleum mains a hallowed and awesome spot to the fisher-

crofters of Strachur. Its headstones are moss-grown and broken, and the rank grasses and weeds are swallowing them up; but there linger around it many memories and legends, and Donald believes them all—or, at any rate, with the true poetic instinct of his race, he tells them as though he believed.

Donald says she was buried there. She floated

up Loch Fyne upon the tide, and the fishermen caught her up in their nets and carried her to the cemetery and buried her. There used to be a rough headstone with the inscription, 'Maighdean na Lochlin,' by which was meant 'The Maid of Norway,' over the grave; but it is gone now. Even Donald does not explain how they knew who she was, and perhaps the legend might have died or ceased to be believed if Moira, the wise widow of Strath Cur, had not seen and spoken to her herself.

It was late in April when the Sassenach walked up with Donald from the Cur in the gray-green light of a dull spring gloaming. The cemetery lay in deep shadow, and even the hills across the valley to the east were growing dark as a wet mist came up out of Loch Fyne. Donald had a few ewes on the hill; and as he lived all alone on his little croft, he seemed never to be in bed at this time of year. There was always a lamb expected hourly, and Donald tended his flock as a mother would her children.

'I thought I might have seen her myself last night,' said Donald. 'I passed by here just after midnight, and I waited for her; but it was an ill night for a lass to be abroad, so maybe she would lie still. But it must have been on much such a night that old Moira saw her. Moira was a widow, with only her little orphan grandson Hamish to help her, and he was too young to help at the lambing. So Moira was out late attending to her ewes just as I was. An old, childless man or a widow woman is a lonely wight; and it is in the spring and at the lambing that my loneliness comes home to me. Not that the ewes are not companionable creatures; and, after all, there is no friend like an old dog.'

Colin, the old gray collie, with his head stretched out along his paws as he lay at his master's feet, turned up his deep-brown eyes, and that was all-

they only needed to look at one another.

But it is we that live alone that learn not to be afraid,' Donald went on again in his dreamy monologue. 'It is the young man leaving his warm hearth and his wife and children all so full of life who is afraid. Life holds so much for him that he fears death, and fears to behold the dead. Surrounded with living human voices, he is deaf to the voices of "the spirits of the dead."'

The Sassenach knew that Donald would probably come to the point soon, so he let him

ramble on.

'I have always hoped that I might see her,' said Donald. 'They say that only those who believe can see, and I have always believed; but I do not see her though I have often waited and expected her. Perhaps that is why. Moira only came to look after the ewes; but she was not afraid. People always said Moira was so brave to speak to her; but though I never saw a ghost, yet I do not see why they should frighten me if I saw them. Moira only sat here and watched and waited, listening for her ewe bleating in the night. She saw the graves all open,

and the ghosts drifting away silently down the lochside or up the valleys where the clansmen lived in the old days. Then they all came trooping back and glided down into their graves, which closed over them again; but one still remained open. Moirs felt the rustle of little wavering gusts and the shivering among the grasses that tell of the coming of dawn long before any light shows in the sky, and she thought that that wandering ghost must soon come home. She laid her staff across the open grave, for she knew that a ghost cannot go into its grave if anything is lying across it, and she wanted to know who that wandering ghost might be.

Then it came hurrying up from the sea, and Moira was glad, because it was only a young girl, very beautiful, all flowing white, and with brightgold hair and pale-blue eyes full of life; but, oh! so tired—the Maid of Norway just as they brought her up out of the sea. But Moira was not afraid.'

The wind came in a cold gust out of the mist, and whined in the trees behind. The Sassenach shivered with a little eerie feeling; but Donald never noticed, and went on.

'The young girl came drifting quickly to her place, but she saw the staff and she looked at the old woman. She could not speak, because, of course, a ghost can only speak after it has been spoken to. She only looked and sat down upon the grass.

'Moira meant to speak to the ghost, whoever it was, and it was very easy to speak to the poor, tired young girl, so Moira asked her why she was so late of coming back. Then the young girl spoke in the still voice of the dead: "Oh, I have so far to go! The others can go up into the valleys where the crofts were, and all their friends are there where they used to live. But they do not speak to me, though I know that some of them brought me up here out of the sea. My friends, and my father, and all my people are away in Norway, and it is a long way to go."

Then Moira knew that this must be the Maid of

"You see," the girl went on, "I was bathing in the sea on the shores of Norway, far away in the north, with my maidens, and I was carried away by the tide, and so I was drowned; and none ever knew where I was until they were all dead, and then it did not matter, because I can go to them, and I can see my father, who was the king, and all my friends, though my body lies here." And the poor lonely ghost looked so tired that Moira was sorry, and the ghost knew it, and said, "Now, you will take away your staff, because you are kind, and you would not torment a poor shiftless ghost."

'So Moira took away the staff, and the young girl glided down into the grave. But before it closed she stopped and said to Moira, "You are a brave woman. You have not been afraid, and you have been kind, so I will tell you how you may find that which is more than a great treasure. You will go down to the loch in the morning, and there search among the pebbles, and you will find 8

round green stone with a hole in it, like a ring. Bring it back and put it on the finger of your little gandson Hamish, and he will have the second-sgh, and he will grow to be a seer." How could see have known that Moira had a grandson called Hamish? But the grave had closed, and the ghost was gone, so Moira went home and slept.

'So you see,' said Donald, 'we know that it was true, that old story about the Maid of Norway. And if we did not believe what Moira told, there was the stone which she found, and little Hamish thought it was a pretty toy, and wore it on his fager. He grew up so strange—always alone, yet never lonely. He was the friend of all the sheep and the cattle, and even the birds and the wild der, and he had the second-sight, and was a seer, just as the Maid of Norway had foretold.'

Donald is not a mere ignorant crofter. He knows his folklore, he has read his country's history, and he has travelled. Was he not in Edinburgh more than forty years ago, as a volunteer at the great review? But he tells his tale as a true believer.

'Is Hamish still alive, then?' said the Sassenach in his horribly matter-of-fact and incredulous way.

But Donald is patient. 'No, he is not alive; but my father knew Hamish, and he had the second-sight, and also I have heard that story from several ministers and respectable persons.' There was a delightful twinkle in his eye as he gave his authority.

The gift of prophecy, of course, died with Hamish; he could not hand it down to descendants, because, as everybody knows, many boys have second-sight; but the first time that they are touched by the love of woman, then they are for ever shut out from the realms of spirit in which the seer's soul lives. That is why most people who have the faculty are women.

THE TARPON AND THE GIANT SEA-RAY IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC.



OME American writers on tarponfishing assert that the monstrous herring is peculiar to the waters of Florida, or at least is not found anywhere except on the Florida coast and the Gulf of Mozine and

coast and the Gulf of Mexico; and caphasis was laid upon the 'fact' that the fish was minown in the Pacific. This is an injustice to the mighty leaper, for the tarpon is well known in the Western Pacific, as well as at Jamaica and San Domingo. If the present writer is not mistaken, the famous Italian naturalist D'Albertis was about the first person to note its presence in the estuaries of the great rivers of New Guinea which debouch into the Gulf of Papua. And, furthermore, tarpon of great size are taken by the natives of the Entrecasteaux Archipelago and the Louisiades, E the south-west end of New Guinea. Then, too, ber abound in the narrow Princess Marianne Nait, which divides the great Frederick Henry land from the Dutch mainland of New Guinea (vestern side). Here also may be seen perhaps the largest specimens of the gigantic sea-ray or 'devilin the world. Like the tarpon, they are laters, and seem to take an unholy pleasure in tenting their weird gymnastics at night-time, esecially during a calm, and when a heavy downall of rain accompanied by electric disturbance is bothcoming. It is a truly appalling sight to see the of these hideous and dangerous monsters sudbally lift itself out of the sea with its normally ridely expanded wings—twenty feet from tip to p-curred into umbrella shape, with torrents of on pouring from the black dome, and then spread on as flat as a carpet as the ugly and terrifying tradure falls upon the surface with a report that

sounds like a cannon-shot, and can be heard miles away.

The late Dr J. S. Kubary, a famous German scientist who spent many laborious years in the islands of the western and north-western Pacific, and whose investigations into their flora and fauna have enriched the scientific world, had a theory regarding this matter of the 'leaping' habit of the giant sea-ray. He had had several 'devil-fish' disembowelled (after they had been killed by dynamite charges in Princess Marianne Channel, if I remember correctly), and found in each fish pieces of tarpon, partly digested, which were of large size. Kubary's theory was that the giant sea-ray's acrobatic performances were not executed from mere 'devilry,' but as a means of seizing his prey-the tarpon and fish of its kind-which at night-time swim or rest within a few feet of the surface. And the huge sea-ray, being a slow swimmer, is provided with enormous protruding eyes that enable him to see not only far ahead but to port and starboard. Then, when he discerns his prey, he folds his great wings, leaps out of the water, descends upon his victim with stunning effect, and envelops it in a deadly grip.

Kubary's theory may be correct, for the natives of the Gilbert and Kingsmill Islands (Equatorial Pacific), who capture the sea-ray for the sake of the oil obtained from its liver, assert that it attacks and devours a fish called the pala, which attains a length of five to six feet, and is the largest and most voracious of all the deep-sea gars. The writer once harpooned from a whaleboat and killed two large rays at one of the Caroline Islands, and towed them alongside his vessel, where they were hoisted on deck and cut open. One contained a

number of mullet and the partly digested remains cr some large crabs; the other, besides fish, had the remains of three or four small soft-shell turtle, weighing from six to ten pounds. The presence of the crabs somewhat puzzled me, for they were not a deepsea variety of the crustacean, but had their habitat inside the barrier-reef of this particular island of Ascension (or Ponapé, as it is more generally called), where they fed upon the beds of sea-grass growing in shallow water. In the day-time they rest in hiding in the grass or seek the mud of the mangroveflats, but at night are easily caught by means of spears and torches. The natives, however, told me that very often the sea-haunting 'devil-fish' will at night-time come into the shallow water inside the barrier-reefs at high tide (especially when the sea is rough outside) and gorge themselves upon crabs and crayfish. I may mention that one of these horrible creatures weighed nearly three-quarters of a ton, and after being struck with the harpoon, towed the whaleboat for nearly two miles before we could haul up to it and give it the lance.

This evil-looking ranger of the seas is known to the natives of the Ellica and Tokelau Groups (South Pacific Ocean) as the oso 'oso—that is, the leaper. Some of the traders in the Polynesian Islands call it the 'jumping shark,' and in a letter of the writer's to the late Earl of Pembroke (who was always interested in the natural history of the South Seas, that he loved so well) it was

carelessly mentioned as the 'jumping shark.' Lord Pembroke wrote: 'What is the oso oso? Sir William Flower was discussing the subject with me. . . H2 thinks you mean the great ray, or some beast of that species. Send us a rough drawing.' The rough outline of the fish was sent, and with it an account of a tragic incident that occurred outside the reef of Nukulaelae Island (Ellice Group) in June 1866, the details of which were narrated by an eye-witness to a Major Sterndale, the author of a valuable but now forgotten series of articles on South Sea subjects, entitled 'My Wanderings and Researches in the South Pacific.' Sterndale himself told me the story. One dark, calm night several canoes were out catching flying-fish. A sudden rain-squall came on, and the torches of dried coco-nut leaf were temporarily extinguished. As the canoes were quietly floating upon the rainbeaten water there came 'a great upheaval in their midst, and an enormous oso 'oso leapt in the air, and then fell upon one of the canoes, in which were three men.' Only one arose to the surface with the wreckage of the canoe; the two others had gone to their death in that awful embrace or had been stunned and drowned.

This monster, so dreaded, is well known to the Mexicans of Lower California as the mania (or blanket-fish), and in the Gulf of Panama it is called marrayo, which, I imagine is an analogous

term.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

BIRDS AND THE MAN.



VERY remarkable work has been in progress for the last seventeen years under the direction of Professor Beal, who has charge of the division of Economic Ornithology of the Bio-

logical Survey, United States Department of Agriculture at Washington (D.C.). This is no less than an accurate determination of the amount of benefit or harm done to man by the various wild birds which share the land with him. During this period the professor and his assistants have microscopically examined the contents of the stomachs of sixty thousand birds to see exactly what they had eaten. It must be remembered that thousands of tiny insects and grubs had to be recognised by such infinitesimal things as their hairs or scales, for naturally they were not found whole in the stomachs of their captors. For the same reason fruits had to be identified by fragments of seeds, while wheat and other grain were sometimes only discovered by the shape of the starch granules. By most laborious tabulation and examination of the results, it at length became possible to say just how much good or harm, or just what proportion of both, is wrought by all the kinds of birds found

upon a farm or plantation. Those which do good—and there are very many of them—by feeding upon harmful insects, or 'contrariwise' by devouring the parasites which worry the beneficial insects, may be left unmolested or even actively encouraged by the farmer. The gentleman with the gun and the insatiable desire to shoot every feathered thing he sees is robbed of his last excuse for indiscriminate slaughter. Ready to his hand is a list of all birds whose killing is justifiable, with the true amount of its evil-doing debited to each.

BIRDS AND THE WOMAN.

At a recent conference of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, allusion was made to the trade-lie by which women are induced to purchase the plumes of birds under the assurance that they are artificial. So much has been said and written about the iniquity of exterminating whole races of tropical birds in order to decorate the heads of civilised women that the traders have adopted this ruse to calm the consciences of their customers. But it is amusing to note the application of the lie. Some houses adopt the attitude that the feathers could not be so cheap unless they were artificial, while others remark that they are expensive because of the immense amount of hand-

work; real plumes would be much cheaper. Upon examination by the British Museum, all the so-called artificial feathers were proved to be the nesting plumage of egrets and herons. On the trade being challenged to produce the name and address of a single manufacturer of artificial feathers, no response was forthcoming, and one enterprising gentleman offered one hundred pounds to any person who would take him to a factory of the kind, but no one accepted the offer. By the way, it is presumably illegal to sell artificial imitations of anything as the genuine article. Could it not be found equally a transgression of the law to sell feathers as false when really they are real?

RAILWAYS OF TO-DAY.

If it were possible for an ordinary civilised human being-similar to the familiar 'man in the street,' but without cognisance of railway trains to be addenly introduced for the first time to presentday railway traffic, he would marvel at many things. After his first wonderment at the ubiquity of the milroad and the speed and comfort of the trains, he perhaps would be most impressed by the simple cradity of many of the arrangements which we have inherited from the earliest systems unnoticed and anquestioned. In a land where every lift-door is guarded, every tower fenced in lest giddiness overtake a man, he would be astounded to see long platforms crowded with people while express trains dash past on either side, with no precaution whatever but a whistle from the engine and perhaps a varning shout from a porter or two. He would be surprised and amused to hear that the railway carriages were modelled upon the stage-coach of eventy years ago, and that they retain that form to the present day in spite of numerous unpleasant happenings; and that the railway gauge—obviously too marrow for eafety or comfort in present-day highed travelling—is merely a survival from the time when the builder of the first engine measured the ule of an old road-cart and followed that! He would wonder more if he were told that a train thanding in a station is only protected against mother train dashing into the rear of it by visual signals which may easily be misread or missed abgether. He might pass without comment the damey and dangerous method of coupling carriages; but he could hardly help astonishment the almost childish system of signalling by emaphore-arms and coloured lamps, knowing, as be much that the establishment of infallible comnunication between signalman and engine-driver would be a very simple problem to the electrician. Experiments have been successfully tried in conrening by wireless telegraphy between two trains tarelling in opposite directions, and a proposal s on foot to install the system for the use of Pasengera It would be, indeed, a strange anoaly if the passengers in an express train were begiving their possibly frivolous messages by the start means which science can devise while the

driver, on whom their very lives depend, was peering into the mist or darkness for a simple sign that his road was clear before him.

RAILROAD COLLISIONS.

The apparently excellent suggestion has been made that every train should be isolated directly it comes to rest at a station by the immediate movement of switches before and behind cutting it off from the main line. Then any moving train, whether running wild or not, must of necessity pass to one side, and, regaining the line beyond, have plenty of time to expend its momentum harmlessly. This was written in an American paper and apropos of American railways, but it is equally applicable to Britain. Had such a rule been in force here, two out of the three recent terrible disasters probably would not have occurred. At Grantham the train which was out of control would have passed on to the straight main line instead of on to a sharp curve not intended for high speed; and at Arbroath the returning train which missed the signals would have passed around instead of into the standing carriages at Elliot Junction. It is noteworthy in this connection that, even with the simple appliances at present at command, that last terrible catastrophe might have been averted if it had been the rule to place fog-signals in front and at the rear of standing trains whenever the weather is thick enough to make head and tail lights untrustworthy. But it is quite time that the whole antiquated system of signalling by semaphores and fog-detonators was superseded by something more in keeping with present-day requirements and more in line with the capabilities of modern science. On the Boston and New York City subways there is an apparatus in use which comprises an automatic block system of the type adopted by the Pennsylvania and a number of other railways, but with the addition of a short inclined plane alongside the track at the entrance to the block. This is interlocked by the mechanism which lights the red lamp at the entrance to the block whenever it is occupied by a train. The plane, when raised, touches a lever which depends from the second train, and this lever in turn applies the air-brake, bringing the second train to a standstill. Hence an engine-driver cannot run past the danger-signal. This device is reported to be perfectly successful in operation, and is regarded as an absolute protection against the admission of a second train to the block already occupied.

THE CARE OF STORAGE BATTERIES.

Electric accumulators, or storage batteries, as they are somewhat ambiguously called, are generally voted a nuisance whether they form part of the equipment of a large central station or merely an accessory to a small system for lighting a private house. A cell will fall 'sick' from a very little cause, and the disease is often not discovered until it has gone too far to be cured, with the result

that the cell is ruined and the life of the whole battery endangered. But all the illnesses to which a cell is heir have their signs and symptoms by which they may be recognised in time by a vigilant attendant if he have the knowledge. Here has hitherto been the difficulty, for the knowledge has generally been attainable only in the hard school of bitter experience, whose lessons, though well taught, take long to learn. A book which tells all that a battery-user should know has been written by R. W. Vicarey, and published by The Electric Accumulator, 15 Cheapside, London. It is written in a way which is convincing more from its internal evidence of thorough knowledge than from its literary style. The treatment of the subject is very complete, and is all the better for being free from the useless encumbrance of unnecessary information which is so often found in works of the kind. Where necessary, the text is elucidated by clear and intelligible diagrams, and the book is completed by some useful tables and a glossary of technical terms. It is heartily recommended to the careful attention of all who have to do with accumulators.

THE LUSOL LAMP.

Mankind persistently refuses to follow the sage advice of Dr Silvanus Thompson, and, by conducting its business and pleasure during daylight hours, make use of the cheapest of all illuminants. Hence it is one of the problems of the day, or rather of the night, to procure the maximum amount of light with the least expenditure of energy-which means money. When we learn the secrets of the glowworm and the fire-fly we shall be able to make light without heat, and save at once some 90 per cent. of energy; but in the meantime every improvement in our present methods is a distinct gain. A big step in advance may be looked for in the new lusol lamp, which appears to be the most economical light-producer at present at man's disposal; for, light for light, its cost is said to be only a quarter that of the next cheapest illuminant. An article dealing with this lamp, under the heading, 'A New Illuminant,' appeared in Chambers's Journal, 1906, p. 718. Lusol is an impure benzine obtained by the distillation of coal-tar. The lamp is a device for vaporising this volatile hydrocarbon, and burning the vapour mixed with air around an incandescent mantle of the usual type. The lusol is sucked up from the body of the lamp by a wick tightly packed in a closed tube having a single tiny orifice at the upper end. The mantle is hung upon a heavy copper support which is in metallic connection with the top of the tube. This support gets very hot while the lamp is burning, and part of the heat finds its way by conduction to the tube containing the wick saturated with lusol. The fluid is vaporised by the heat, and the gas escaping through the little orifice is mixed with a suitable proportion of air, and, burning, keeps the mantle in brilliant incandescence. It will be seen

that the action requires starting in the first place, and this is accomplished by burning a little pellet of cotton wool soaked in spirit in a position to heat the mantle-support and kindle the vaporiser. In a little while the lamp is in full swing, and will then burn for any number of hours only limited by the capacity of the reservoir of lusol. According to the Scientific American, the new lamp, which is the invention of Mr Louis Denayrouze, should have a great future before it. The obvious objections to its use are the volatile and therefore dangerous character of the lusol and the slight trouble and delay involved in lighting the lamp. But there are dangers of sorts with all forms of artificial illuminants; and extreme cheapness, when proved, may cover many minor defects.

SOAP FROM PETROLEUM.

A successful demonstration of a new process for the manufacture of high-grade soap by the saponification of petroleum was recently given in London. According to the owners of the process, the saponification of petroleum has been sought for many years by the most eminent chemists without success. In the process invented by MM. Lothammer and Trocquenet, 3 per cent of an aqueous extract of Panamá wood was gradually added to a quantity of rather heavy petroleum, and thoroughly incorporated with an egg-beater. The mixture slowly assumed a very much lighter hue and took on the consistency of butter. It was then added to a similar quantity of palm-oil and cooked for some hours, during which time the soda-lye was added little by little. The result was an excellent soap, which is said to offer numerous advantages. It is lighter in weight, bulk for bulk, than primrose, Castile, or other good household soaps, and it is odourless, antiseptic, less wasteful, and cheaper to produce than other soaps of similar quality. It is not inflammable.

A TELESCOPE IN THE WAISTCOAT-POCKET.

A simple little device called the 'Unilens,' and credited to Major Baden Powell, F.R.A.S., should prove itself useful in a great many ways. It consists of a single lens mounted in a simple metal ring, to which a little clip is attached. By means of this clip the lens, which is of convex form and two and a half inches in diameter, can be instantly fixed to the end of a walking-stick or umbrella. Held in this manner at the most convenient distance from the eye, the little glass performs the functions of a small telescope or simple fieldglass, lending to distant objects a magnification of about four diameters. There are numberless uses to which the little contrivance can be put, such as the examination of details of architecture beyond the easy reach of unassisted vision. In all those many instances where one would like to have a field-glass but cannot be bothered to carry one, the Unilens should come in handy. It is even suggested that it can take the place of opera-glasses at the theatre; but the prospect of an auditorium in which every spectator was using a Unilens at the end of his umbrella may be left to the imaginations of the artists of Punch.

AN ELECTRIC FILTER.

It is reported that a Hungarian engineer has invented and exhibited a new electric filter for which powerful germicide properties are claimed. Water in passing through this instrument will be subjected to two distinct processes. In the first place, a powerful current of electricity will be passed through it, by which it is believed all micro-organisms will be killed; and afterwards it will undergo ordinary mechanical filtration for the removal of all suspended matter. Pure water free from saline matter is not a conductor of electricity except at very high potential, so that the new invention will hardly be applicable to the requirements of ordinary households; and it has not yet been geneally proved that an electric current, even under sufficient pressure to force it through water, is necessarily inimical to all forms of bacterial life. When it has been shown that the living organism a really capable of happy despatch by electrocution, it will remain to show that the spores are also destroyed, or its descendants may afterwards come to life and work their will. The new filter is promised exhaustive trials at the St Petersburg hospitals and laboratories, so that all doubts on these points should soon be set at rest.

THE BIRTH OF THE FLYING-MACHINE. Referring to the excitement caused in Europe by the short flights of the Santos Dumont aeroplane, the Scientific American calls attention to the earlier whierement of the brothers Wright of Drayton (Ohio). Owing, it would seem, to the unusual modesty of these aeronauts, who refused to allow actes to their machine or to furnish any particulars u to its details, the stories of its wonderful achieve-Bents received but scant credence in Europe. But arefully conducted inquiries in America left no hom for doubt; and lately the journal in question rs accorded an interview, and has published full Articulars. The inventors commenced experimenting with the duplex aeroplane—like a huge boxtie without the string—and became remarkably Proficient in gliding from slight eminences and stering the machine through intricate courses before it alighted. Then they began to think of adding the motor and propellers to make the big kite selfpropulsive. In the absence of authorities, they had to work out for themselves all problems as to size, thape, and speed of propellers, and many other things. In the end they accomplished a successful continuous flight of over twenty miles at a high ped and with perfect control! They are now building a motor with which to drive their new and larger acroplane, and they expect to accomplish to uninterrupted flight of five hundred miles at an strage speed of fifty miles an hour. Our contem-

porary—which is not given to giddy enthusiasms seems to believe they will succeed. If they do, the feat will not this time pass unrecorded in the annals of aerial navigation.

SUCTION GAS-PLANTS.

The report of Captain Sankey, R.E., on suction gas-plants exhibited at the Royal Show at Derby last year has been issued by the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Amongst exhibitors were the National Gas-Engine Company (Ashton-under-Lyne), Crossleys (of Manchester), and the Campbell Gas-Engine Co. (of Halifax). Professor Stanfield of Edinburgh, in a report made for the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland in 1905, concluded that the economy and workability of the suction gas-producer had been fully demonstrated. It is expected that suction gas-plants will replace portable steam-engines in time; less manual care is required, and there is greater economy of fuel than in either a steam or oil engine. A traction gas-plant is being asked for, and one that can use bituminous coal. As long ago as 1861 Sir William Siemens introduced producer-gas for steel-smelting; but it was Messrs Crossley who, in 1901, made the first suction gas-plant. The Dowson Company exhibited a plant two years later. Producer-gas has a much lower heatingpower than town gas, and has no illuminating power. It is formed when a mixture of air and steam is made to pass through a bed of glowing coke. Producer-gas may be made by forcibly blowing the necessary air and steam through the coke in the retort, or the engine itself may by virtue of its suction-stroke draw the necessary air and steam through the mass of incandescent coke. In the first case, pressure producer-plant is the name given to the system of gas production. In the second case, when the engine draws the air and steam through the coke-bed in the performance of its cycle, it is a suction producer-gas plant.

HOW CANADA IS FILLING UP.

The Outlook, of New York, remarks that for the season of 1905-6 one hundred and eighty-nine thousand immigrants arrived in the Dominion, as compared with one hundred and forty-six thousand during the season of 1904-5. During the twelve months which ended on the 30th of September fifty thousand homesteaders went into western Canada and possessed themselves of twelve thousand five hundred square miles of farm-land. Winnipeg is the clearing-house for most of this Western immigration; and in these days, when the two hundred and fifty million acres of wheat-land in Canada are being so rapidly peopled by immigrants from Great Britain, from the United States, and from the older provinces of Canada, its position among the larger cities of the North American continent is unique. In the immigration season Winnipeg has a transient population of from seventeen to twenty thousand; while as a

result of the immigration of the last three or four years the city has now reached the hundred thousand class. Other Western cities are increasing in population from the same cause; but of all the Canadian cities Winnipeg is perhaps the best from which to form an idea of what the filling up of the wheat-area of the Dominion means in the way of development. In Winnipeg the increase in population has been so great that the municipal equipment of the city is in arrears, and extraordinary exertions and large outlays are now being made to bring the water-supply, the sewerage system, and the street department up to the needs of the city. Even the railway companies, which are usually supposed to look far ahead, have found themselves behind-hand and not quite ready for all the business-passenger and freight-which the rapid development of the prairie country is bringing to them. The new station of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at Winnipeg is, as a station, almost as magnificent as Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. It was opened before it was fully complete; it has already been found too small, and the building of an annex is now to go on side by side with the completion of the main station. East of the city of Ottawa there is only a single track of rails; but the handling of the increasing grain crops-for the Canadian West now raises eighty-five million bushels—has rendered necessary the double-tracking of the four hundred miles of railway which lie between Winnipeg and Fort William, where most of the grain is transferred from cars to steamers for conveyance down the Great Lakes to Canadian and American ports. At the annual convention of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at Winnipeg, the association decided to begin a propaganda in Great Britain in the interest of the factories and workshops of the Dominion. This because the Government hitherto has only used propaganda for settling people on the land.

PETROL, LIQUID FUEL, AND THE INTERNAL-COMBUSTION ENGINE.

To those who have fears that our stock of petrol may be exhausted by the daily increasing demand, the statement of Sir Marcus Samuel, a pioneer in the use of liquid fuel in the Shell Line of steamers, and interested in the oil-wells in Borneo, should be reassuring. The supply of petrol is unlimited. The export of benzine or petrol from Borneo and Sumatra during this year will amount to about two hundred thousand tons. His firm has almost a virgin territory in Borneo which was producing fourteen thousand tons per week of crude petroleum, some four or five thousand tons of which they had to destroy, owing to the lack of a market. They had ceased boring in their territory, which extends for sixty miles, as the supply was so great that they had not means to cope with it. Besides Sumatra, Mexico also affords a supply. It seems likely that had Sir Marcus Samuel, as chairman

of the Shell Transport and Trading Company, not demonstrated the possibility of transporting petrol in bulk with perfect safety, motor traffic would never have assumed its present proportions, for cost would have been prohibitive. The first cargo of petrol in bulk, four thousand two hundred tons, was imported from Borneo in the Shell Line steamer Murex. It now comes in cargoes of eight thousand five hundred tons by the same line, vid the Cape, as the directors of the Suez Canal disallow its transport by Suez. Petrol is imported as benzine, the natural spirit of petroleum, which comes off at the first distillation; the next yield is kerosene, used as lamp-oil. The balance of what is left is used as liquid fuel, which can be procured from Texas and at all ports east of the Suez Canal. It has to be atomised by steam or air before combustion is secured, and is perfectly safe, as if a lighted torch were put into a bucket of liquid fuel it would be extinguished. After ten years' use of liquid fuel, the experience of Sir Marcus Samuel's firm was that the wear and tear of boilers is lessened as compared with the use of coal, it does not soot-up the tubes, and the decks are cleaner. Sir Marcus, as President of the Institute of Marine Engineers, recommended engineers to make themselves masters of the construction and working of internal combustion engines, which need no boilers and use fuel which is cleaner than coal and is easily handled.

A TOAST.

FLASH out the wine, and let it shine Deep down within the glass; No measure thin, fill to the brim Ere we the flagon pass. A glass of wine 'For Auld Langsyne.'

Touch glass with mine, and let them chime-A chime of cheerful lays; Touch rim with heel, and let them peal A song of youthful days. Touch glass with mine · For Auld Langsyne.'

My hand in thine, thy hand in mine; Though summers die and roses fade, Though vines are wither'd and decay'd, Yet friendship lasts, remains the wine And fragrance born of sunny clime, Old friend of mine,

' For Auld Langsyne.' HERBERT J. B. STAVERT.

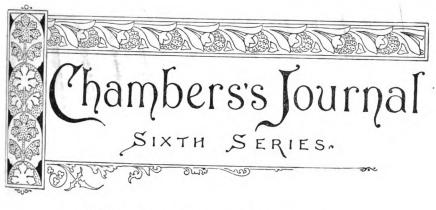
. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address pritten upon them. written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



AN P E NDOOR.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER I. -- IN THE FAR EAST.



a town of the Far East-that comprehensive term which embraces such widely differing regions as the ice-bound harbour of Vladivostok and the palm-fringed shores of

Penang - the English community was in great trouble for want of a clergyman. Not that it was a particularly religious community lar from it; a more worldly set it would have been difficult to find. But the men and women who composed it had their ideas as to what was right, and they liked to contribute towards the stipend of a 'parson;' they liked to know that there was a service on Sunday morning, even though they did not to it; and, above all, they liked to know that there was some one at hand to conduct the burial service or to christen a baby.

and for many years these wishes had been gratihed. The clergyman resident at Satong was a mild hitle man, who preached the quietest of sermons; he was anything but a militant priest, and had given way before the strong tide of worldliness, as being anable to stem it. He rarely said anything that roused the conscience, and there were those among the congregation who sighed for something more spiritual, more bracing; who longed for the dengman to hold up a high ideal and raise them. But there seemed little chance of a change.

Suddenly one morning the community was thrtied by the news that the parson was dead. There was a hurriedly called meeting of the churchwardens, and the question on every lip was, 'Who is to read the burial service?' There was no time to and for the missionary resident up-country, and it vs clear that some one must brace himself for the tak A general consensus of opinion pointed to Mr Scott, a churchwarden and one of the oldest remients of Satong. Mr Scott did not at all like the duty; but there seemed no escaping from it, and he unwillingly agreed.

Confound it Carrie!' he said that evening to his

wife, 'I never knew what it was to be nervous before. I thought I was nervous the day I married you, my dear, but it was nothing to this. There was the clergyman then to put me right if I went wrong; but this time, if I make mistakes, who will help me out? All I can say is that we must get a new man just as quickly as ever we can.'

When the funeral was over letters were despatched to the bishops of nearly every diocese in the Far East, representing that the English inhabitants of Satong were in great need of spiritual ministrations, and would be glad of even temporary help till a clergyman could be got to come from England.

Great hopes were placed on a bishop in whose diocese was a large military station. It was thought that he might be able to spare one of the army chaplains for a time.

In the course of a few weeks answers came dropping in. The bishop who was supposed to have army chaplains at his disposal begged to point out that the chaplains were departmental officers of Her Majesty's service, and no more under his orders than the majors or captains; and that, much as he regretted it, he was unable to help them. Missionary bishops wrote that the clergy of their dioceses were all working under societies at home, who appointed them to their stations, and without whose sanction it was impossible for them to leave their posts. It really seemed as if the whole of the great Far East was incapable of producing a clergyman.

Meanwhile the situation in Satong was becoming very strained. To judge by the commotion caused by his death, one would have thought that the whole life of the place centred round the quiet little parson. The Richardsons' baby became dangerously ill, and the mother wished to have it baptised. Who was to baptise it? Some people thought that the doctor was the proper person in a case of sickness, others said the parents of the infant. while some argued that as Mr Scott had read the

[All Rights Reserved.] MARCH 2, 1907. burial service, he might just as well 'do the other thing too.' There was an immense amount of discussion on the subject, but no one could produce any very conclusive argument; and considerable dissatisfaction was expressed with the Prayer-Book rubrics because they failed to give sufficient guidance.

Meanwhile the baby got better, to the relief not only of the parents but of the whole community.

CHAPTER II .- AN ARRIVAL.

WO Englishmen were lounging on the Satong pier watching the sampans as they came ashore from the mail-steamer.

'Great heavens, Brown!' exclaimed one of them suddenly, 'look at that sampan. What do you see in it?'

'I see a man,' replied his companion. 'What do you see in it to excite you?'

'A man!' shouted the other. 'A man! Can't you see that it is a parson—soft hat, collar, and all? Look! There, now!' in a triumphant tone of voice as the individual in question stepped on to the pier and was clearly visible.

'We can't let those sharks get hold of him. He's a new-comer; but I hope he has come to stay. I'll go and pull him through;' and so saying, the speaker walked up to the clergyman in question and offered his services in helping him through the Customs.

'The Scotts' house? It is quite near here,' he said in reply to a question. 'My name is Stuart; I am an old friend of the Scotts. My trap is waiting just round the corner. I hope you'll let me take you up. Luggage? Oh, don't bother about that; don't you give it a thought.—Look here, you'—this to a Chinese—'see that this gentleman's luggage is brought up. No mistake, now. Right up to Mr Scott's house.'

'Stop, stop!' said the new-comer, somewhat surprised at the cordiality of his welcome. 'The fact is that Mr Scott does not expect me, and it may not be convenient for them to have me, in which case I shall go to the hotel. Mrs Scott is a connection of mine; but as I was not sure of my movements, I did not write beforehand.'

'You bet they will be glad to see you,' was the rejoinder.

And in a few minutes Arthur Sidney found himself bowling along the Satong road. He was a student of faces, and so could not but notice that every European that passed gazed at him with an expression of keen interest. Ladies leant forward in their carriages to look at him, and it seemed as if he gave rise to considerable comment.

'I suppose they rarely see a stranger,' he thought. His companion rattled on with a good deal of information about the buildings they passed, interspersed with questions to Sidney on the subject of his travels.

'Going to stay till the next mail-steamer, are you? That will give you just a fortnight here; but perhaps the Scotts will be able to persuade you to stay on a bit. Not that there is anything to see in Satong. I can't honestly say that there is.'

When they drew up at the door of the Scotts' house his companion jumped out, and, asking Sidney to wait a moment, ran up the steps.

Mr and Mrs Scott were taking tea in the drawingroom when Mr Stuart burst in upon them.

'Cheer up, old Scottie!' he exclaimed. 'What do you think I have brought you? A real live parson. We'll have a fine turn-out, and christen the Richardsons' baby in style. He says he is only going to stay a fortnight, so I recommend putting up notices in the club that those who are thinking of dying are requested to do so within the next fortnight.'

'What are you talking about?' said Mrs Scott.
'I wish you would say what you mean. Where is there a real live parson, as you call him?'

'At your very own door, my dear lady, awaiting your cousinly embraces. He calls himself Arthur Sidney on his luggage.'

Mr and Mrs Scott rushed simultaneously to the door to prove the truth of this statement.

Sidney was touched at the warmth of his reception. The idea of a hotel was scouted, and he was at once established as a member of the household, 'for as long as you will stay, my dear fellow,' said Mr Scott.

'I believe the next boat goes in a fortnight,' said

'Much may happen in a fortnight,' was the somewhat oracular rejoinder.

CHAPTER III .- ARTHUR SIDNEY.

RTHUR SIDNEY was a man of good family; and had he chosen, on leaving the university, he might have taken up a diplomatic life with a good chance of

a brilliant career. But his was one of those deeply religious natures that are from youth absorbed in a love of humanity and a longing for self-sacrifice. He never wavered in his determination to enter the Church. His rare qualities of heart and head were not unnoticed at the university, and when he was ordained he was beset with offers of curacies. It was typical of the man that the country livings and the West End congregations had no attractions for him. He wanted to grapple with problems, to wage a fierce warfare against sin and drink; he wanted to be the friend of the working-man. His mind was filled with visions, but they were all visions of different forms of work and of more complete and absolute self-sacrifice.

Being of a highly artistic temperament, he threw himself with great vigour into the perfecting of the Church services, and his church became a source of pleasure to many. But the work he loved best was that which led him among the poor, with whom he was paticularly popular. He was of a sympathetic nature, and their grievances—at times their fancied grievances—called forth in him the warm indignation felt by youth.

Not long after he had taken holy orders, Sidney beame engaged to a very charming girl, Ethel Biren. Hers, too, was a strenuous nature, and all their castles in the air included great plans for the improvement of the 'masses' and the uplifting of the down-trodden.

They were young and brilliant, and had suffident money to make starts in the schemes that aggested themselves, so that naturally there were many calls made on their sympathies. But no one can make the demands that Sidney did upon his mind and body without at some time feeling the train; and just on the eve of his marriage he had a scrious nervous breakdown, which resulted in singent doctor's orders to take one year's complete rest. As his father was willing to provide the funds, Sidney determined to make a journey round the world. Mr Rivers would not allow his daughter to go off on such a long tour, so the marriage was postponed, and Sidney set out alone. The doctors had recommended his spending the greater part of the time in the bracing air of the Rockies, which he accordingly did; and then, crossing to Japan, he had saved there a couple of months. Hearing that he ould get a steamer straight to Satong, he had thought that it would be pleasant again to see some relations, and so he found himself landing at the

It was not until the evening that Sidney gradually began to understand the situation, and to precive that the hearty welcomes he had received were not all owing to joy at seeing Arthur Sidney, the thiefly owing to his being what they wanted—a dergman.

Would be baptise a child and take a service on Sanday morning? he was asked, and he expressed prict willingness to comply with both requests.

Thank goodness! said Mrs Scott, 'the church iells can again be rung. It has seemed quite weird to hear them on Sundays. I can't tell you two grateful we all are, Arthur, and I do hope we as persuade you to stay a little longer. Do take

The English community in Satong were deterained that Sidney should have nothing to complain of with regard to a congregation, and when Sunday bearing came the church was extraordinarily

'Never seen it so full except for marriages or instrala,' said Mr Scott as he peeped out of the

Sidney being his own relative, Mr Scott felt very repossible, and was quite nervous until the sermon varvell on. But he need have had no fears as to Sidary's powers of preaching. A really devotional an with a fine voice cannot fail to make his mark

as a preacher, and the Satong people knew that the Christianity then preached to them was a living power, not a formula.

CHAPTER IV .- "YOU 'LL STAY."

HE next morning an influential deputation from the congregation called on Sidney and earnestly begged him to stay more than a fortnight at Satong. They represented that the answers to their letters ought to arrive in about two months, allowing for a couple of weeks to elapse while inquiries were made in

sented that the answers to their letters ought to arrive in about two months, allowing for a couple of weeks to elapse while inquiries were made in England. They said that, of course, they could not venture to ask him to stay till the new clergyman came; but would he not consent to help them, say for two months?

Sidney was completely taken aback, the whole thing was so very unexpected. He did not know at first what to answer, and said that he must first consult a doctor; for, as he was travelling for his health, he must consider that in his decision.

The doctor was called in, and on hearing the case gave it as his opinion that to stay in Satong could not possibly hurt Sidney.

'Overwork and a nervous breakdown, with complete mental rest ordered? Well, my dear sir, you'll find it difficult to get anything to work your brain on in Satong. It's just that that plays the devil with people out here; nothing to think about, and so they get into mischief. I don't suppose that a sermon, which need not be more than ten minutes, on Sunday morning can count as much to a man like you. Come now, just decide to vegetate here for the next two months. It will do you good.'

And so Sidney pledged himself to two months more at Satong.

The news spread like wildfire, and when, next morning, he walked down with Mr Scott to his office he was accosted on all sides with expressions of pleasure.

'Oh, Padre!' exclaimed one little lady, rushing up to him, 'I can't tell you how glad we all are that you are going to stay. And look here, Padre, we are all going to turn over a new leaf, and come regularly to church.'

'Padre, indeed! How I dislike that kind of Anglo-Indian slang! I call it very bad form in a lady,' said Sidney as they passed on.

'Well, well,' laughed Mr Scott, 'I suppose no one would hold up Mrs Travers as the ideal of good form. But she is not a bad little creature, though my wife does say that she is going a bit too fast.'

Sidney was, of course, made a member of the tennis-court and the club, and soon knew all the Satong society. Many things that he saw and overheard filled him with horror. He had, of course, in his career as a curate in London met and fought with vice in gross forms; but it had been among the lower classes, among those whom he was plan-

ning for and trying to raise. The set to which he belonged by birth was a cultivated and religious one, and while at Oxford he had mixed with the serious set of men. At Satong he was brought face to face with vice in those whom he had to treat as equals, and it seemed to him much more horrible when the laws of society compelled him to be silent in its presence. He, of course, did not at once see to the full how much there was to demoralise the white man in the Far East; it was a gradual awakening, every week bringing some further saddening revelations.

'Why did you not come to the ball last night?' said a man to him one day in the club. 'Our last parson always looked in for a bit.'

Sidney drew himself up stiffly.

'Then I fear I cannot follow in his steps. I do not consider that the ballroom is the place for a clergyman'

The man looked at him steadily for a minute. 'Look here, Padre,' he said ; 'you have not been out long in the Far East. If you had you would speak differently. Why, good heavens, man!' he burst forth, 'can't you see what is going on around you? Where were Smith and Wentworth last night? Where were they? Not at the ball. You go and see the places they were at, and then come and tell me what you think. I am bound you'll be thankful to hear of a ball; you'll be going on your knees to ladies to give balls. If the young chaps here did nothing worse than go to a ball, and skip round with some girls, and drink a little champagne at supper, and go home to bed-if they did nothing worse than that, why, I should say that they were all making straight for heaven.'

And as the days went on Sidney was always seeing something to fill him with regret, if not with a holy indignation. He saw young Manners, whose people he knew well at home, come out of a gate

with a little boy dragging at his coat-tails, a little boy who was unmistakably Eurasian.

'Bad job that,' said Mr Scott as they drove past. 'Poor chap! he is a soft kind of fellow; said he could not endure living with a lot of men, so he went in for that style of living. He could not afford an English wife; these English girls expect such a lot. After all, marriage is a matter of what you can afford, not what you wish. No doubt he would have given anything to get some nice homegirl for a wife, but he would have had to wait till he was gray-headed before he had the money for that. And he was the kind of fellow that must have a woman about him. Funny how some men are like that, and others, on the contrary, think a woman fussing round nothing but a bore. Oh yes, he married the Chinese woman all straight at the Consulate. The Consul tried to put him off it, but it was no good. Of course he dropped out of society, though some of the ladies tried to go to see her; but what was the good? She has not an idea in her head beyond Manners, clothes, and food, and the children—and not many ideas about them, poor little things! Manners is fond of them, but in a shamefaced sort of way; he knows that they are not much to boast of. You see, there is no school for them to go to, and his wife cannot teach them nor dress them either, so they are a queer little set. He is a man who has pretty well wrecked his life, though he has done no wrong to any one.'

Sidney was soon on friendly terms with a good many of the young men. They would come to see him, and from talk of up-country sport would pass to more serious topics. Some of them seemed to feel that they were drifting, drifting, and wished for a strong influence to come and help them to shape their lives. And every talk wound up with 'You'll stay on, won't you?'

(To be continued.)

THE ENGINE-DRIVER.

By G. A. SEKON, Editor of The Railway Magazine.

Who is it looks with eyes so keen
At night to see lamps red and green,
And keep from dangers unforeseen?

The engine-driver.



HAT man has not been convinced at some period of his boyhood that the only career that has the slightest interest for him is that of a locomotive engine-driver? The intensity of this conviction, and its

duration, depend a good deal upon the temperament and worldly position of the boy; but whilst the conviction continues, the embryo engine-driver is more ambitious to drive a railway-engine than to surpass any of the feats of heroism, daring, or prowess known to him. The many famous deeds ascribed to names modern, ancient, or mythical sink into insignificance before the glamour of the engine-driver's life.

This fascination of the engine-driver's calling ever remains with many of us; and well it may, for 'the man on the foot-plate' often holds in the hollow of his hand, and for hours together, the destiny of hundreds of human beings; a moment's forgetfulness, inattention, or an error of judgment may result in the death of scores of men, women, and children. Although during the past few months disasters have happened at Salisbury, Grantham, and Arbroath that were apparently due to error or neglect on the part of the engine-drivers, yet such are the training and nerve of the men chosen to drive express trains that catastrophes resulting from neglect of duty are so infrequent that they need scarcely be taken into account; whilst the

ocasions when the alertness, decision, and heroism of the engine-driver have averted terrible carnage are perhance more frequent than many of us suspect.

We should be proud that the engine-driver is esentially a British product. In the early days of railwars, locomotives for foreign countries were built here, and drivers to work them were sent all over the world; consequently most of the drivers in France, India, Egypt, and our various colonies were British. Later, British drivers were to be found in Japan, and at the present time large numbers are amployed on the South American railways.

Originally the men who built the locomotives were thought to be the best men for driving the engine; hence many of the early engine-drivers were skilled mechanics, the rest being engineers' handy men'. It was, however, soon recognised that engine-driving and engine-building were totally different things—a man might be a good engine-fitter and a bad engine-driver, and vice versal; so that when the working of railways began to fall into recognised grooves, the manning of the engines as separated from the erection and repair of them; and although the same officer remains 'chief' of both sections, the enginemen now form what is known as the 'Running Department.'

Because the men are no longer trained as engacers it must not be supposed that they have no mechanical knowledge. As a class they are highly intelligent, and their training enables them to pick up and turn to account a deal of useful information regarding the anatomy of their charges; indeed, without this knowledge they could not for long remain 'knights of the foot-plate.' They are indeed triable 'handy men.'

A youth who determines to follow the occupation of an engine-driver will find the training long and aduous. Many are discouraged, and sooner or later gre up; others are found physically, or by temperament, unfit for the position; whilst others fail back the high standard of efficiency required of the securing the post of engine-driver.

Let us follow the career of a youth who possesses all the qualifications necessary to become an engine-tiver, and see what he has to go through before he can be a seen and it is placed in charge of a comotive at the head of a 'crack express.' The parties differs in details on the various railways; but the methods we are about to describe may be exerted as obtaining on most British lines.

Having made application to the foreman at the leal shed, and being of the right age and size, as well as physically fit, upon acceptance of his services the embryo engine-driver will commence duties as a various boy. This occupation is one likely to cool—if the Institute can be allowed—the ambition of the engine and taking out, cleaning, rearranging, when necessary, inserting new fire-bars. As the bars are of iron, and are somewhat lengthy if the fire-box has not thoroughly cooled, for should

a 'bar-boy' attempt to start work too soon after the fire has been withdrawn he is likely to get seriously burned. When inside the fire-box, he also has to clean out the tubes in the front tube-plate. He will continue work as a 'bar-boy' until he is about eighteen years old, unless he has previously grown too large to get through the aperture of the fire-box.

Now comes an important period in his career. He has to undergo a thorough medical examination, the eyesight-tests being particularly searching, especially that of the colour-tests. Perfect eyesight is most necessary, as an important part of an engine-driver's work consists in looking out for signals, &c.; whilst the instant and accurate reading of colours is most important, since, during the hours of darkness, the safety of the train depends upon the engineman's appreciation of the colours displayed by the signal-lights. Various colour-tests are employed, the examination being most searching, and rightly so; although some enginemen consider it more complex and scientific than the occasion demands.

Having successfully passed this ordeal, as well as an elementary educational examination, the bar-boy becomes a cleaner. The recruits of the cleaners' gang have not pleasant work to perform, having to scrape and polish the wheels, motions, &c. of engines that have been laid by for repairs, &c., but are about to be put into service again. After a time he will be promoted to clean the wheels, framing, side-rods, springs, and other parts of an engine and tender in service. This work will not be so dirty, because the engine is more frequently cleaned. Proficiency in wiping the under part of an engine enables the cleaner to take entire charge of a small tank or shunting engine, of which he has to clean the upper part as well as the lower portions. In this position the public has an opportunity of seeing his work, as the chimney, boiler, dome, safety-valves, and other fittings, the tanks, &c., are cleaned by the youth whose work we are describing. Being proficient, he is further promoted, and becomes a 'top-cleaner' of a main-line engine, with a 'wheel-boy' under him. He now has opportunities of enlarging his knowledge, for when the shed is short-handed he is required to assist at filling the boilers, washing them out, lighting the engine fires, &c. After he has been cleaning for about a couple of years, he will, when a vacancy occurs, be appointed a 'washer-out' or 'fire-lighter.' As the names imply, the former has to clean out the boilers of the engines on their respective shed days, whilst the work of the latter consists of lighting the engine fires and attending to them until the drivers and firemen come on duty; and woe betide the firelighter if he has not a fair head of steam and a good fire when the enginemen appear on the scene!

The time of the next upward step depends a good deal on the amount of traffic. If trade is brisk and goods traffic is plentiful, the best youths are told to prepare themselves for the fireman's examination. This notification is naturally received with con-

siderable gratification by those selected; and now comes an anxious time, for another eyesight and general medical examination must be successfully negotiated before the technical examination can be entered upon. This being got through with flying colours, the men are officially known as 'spare firemen.' On passenger lines the examinations for spare firemen usually take place annually, previous to the commencement of the excursion season, when, consequent upon the increase of passenger trains, there is a general moving up of men in the running department; in most cases, however, only to return to their previous position at the end of the holiday season.

Having been passed as a spare fireman, the firelighter or washer-out continues his usual avocation; but he lives in an atmosphere of pleasurable expectancy, his feelings being somewhat akin to those of a budding writer who has penned a communication, addressed it to the editor of a local journal, and awaits the issue of the publication to see whether his effusion has been honoured by appearing in print. As evening approaches the spirits of the spare fireman rise until the 'dutylist' for the morrow is exhibited on the shed noticeboard. With a rush he speeds to the board, and eagerly scans the list to see whether he is booked for firing on the morrow. After disappointmentsmany or few, depending upon the exigencies of the traffic - on one always-to-be-remembered evening he has the satisfaction of seeing his name down to fire on a 'yard pilot' or 'travelling pilot' for the next day. His first experience of firing is a veritable red-letter day in his career; and, given a kindly and considerate mate as driver, the new hand usually gets through his work successfully.

Having once 'fired,' it does not follow that such work will fall to his lot daily. If the railway be busy he may get a good deal of fireman's duty; but, on the other hand, his name will probably only

appear on the duty-list occasionally.

In process of time, the length of which depends upon the amount of traffic to be worked, the spare fireman becomes a regular engineman, and fires on a 'pick-up' goods or the even more humble ballast train; still, he is on the highway to the goal of his ambition-an express engine-driver. As a fireman on the road he enters upon a new phase of the education of an engine-driver. When firing on the pilot, the coal and water supplies of the engine have absorbed the whole of his attention; but now, when travelling over the line, he must observe the signals governing the road upon which he is running. The duty of 'learning the road' is an important part of his training; for not only has the meaning of the various signals to be mastered, but the position of various banks and curves must be noted and remembered; the conditions governing the approach to and departure from stations, aidings, and junctions have also to be committed to memory. A new hand must study well the 'Appendix to the Working Time-Table,' which contains numerous minute directions regarding speed restrictions at certain points, special signalling appliances, directions as to working over certain sections of the line at specified places, and many other things necessary for a man on an engine to know.

The fireman has, of course, his usual duties to perform. Before starting on the journey he will see that steam has been sufficiently raised, that the boiler is well supplied with water, and that the tender carries the requisite supply of coal and water. The head-lamps, injectors, &c. need attention; and when the train is once under way, especially when the load is heavy, the up-gradients severe, or the train is booked at a high speed, he is practically shovelling coal on to the fire the whole time. This work is not so arduous on a slow goods train; but as the fireman gets promoted and fires on express trains running for long distances without stopping, the physical feat of transferring several tons of coal from the tender to the fire-box is not one that many of our readers could perform. To be plying a coal-shovel continuously for four hours or more at a stretch needs considerable stamina, and it has been suggested that the practice obtaining on Indian railways should be introduced here, and that two firemen should be allotted to the modern mammoth locomotives working the present-day expresses, which run for a hundred, two hundred, or even more miles without a stop. Two firemen have also been asked for in the case of the gigantic goods engines now generally in use.

Our fireman has not, however, yet reached so important a post as to be firing on a locomotive giant, so we will accompany him to the shed at the end of his day's trip and see what his duties are before signing off. These are by no means slight. The smoke-box must be cleared of ashes, the boiler filled, and the fire drawn—a lengthy and trouble-some piece of work if bad coal has been burnt, as clinkers will have formed on the fire-bars, and to remove them is no easy job. The ashes have next to be cleared from the ashpan, and the tools,

lamps, &c. put away.

Gradually the fireman is promoted to working on more important trains, and all the time he is learning as much as he can about the engine and its working, for each month brings him nearer the time when he will be examined for the position of driver. This examination is much more elaborate and severe than the fireman's. First his eyesight must again be examined, and the eyesight-test for a driver is much more stringent than that for a fireman, and many men after years of hard work find they cannot become drivers because their eyesight is not sufficiently good. We will, however, assume that our aspirant has perfect sight. He next proceeds to be examined as to his acquaintance with the anatomy of the locomotive engine: how to manage it, what to do when failures occur and when accidents happen

and on many other points that the examiner considers the would-be driver should have knowledge of. Let us hope he succeeds in satisfying the examiner; if he does he has reached the first rung on the engine-driver ladder to fame, for he is a 'passed' driver.

Being a driver, sooner or later he will be placed in charge of an engine, usually the pilot in the locomotive yard. The work of this humble 'puff-puff' consists of shunting about the 'dead' engines, and placing them in position for the washers-out, placing them in order for leaving the shed, and similar work; but the nature of the work counts for naught at first. The man is a driver at last.

Promotion follows much the same course as it did with the fireman. The recently passed driver is given a shunting-engine to drive, after he has gained experience on the locomotive-yard pilot; then a local goods or travelling pilot; later a slow goods, coal, or mineral train; and as he gains experience a through, and finally an express, goods train. At last he finds himself in charge of a passenger train. Of course it is but the local. Still, he is driving a passenger train; but probably by this time most of the enthusiasm that caused him to take to the railway with the position of driver as his goal has died out. He cannot, however, fail to enjoy the pleasure of success when he finds himself driving a passenger train for the first time.

The same graduations of service on passenger eagines have to be gone through before the driver a cutiled to drive a 'crack' express, so that to be one of the regular drivers of these 'flyers' may never fall to the lot of our hero.

We have already mentioned the necessity of 'karning the road,' and this knowledge, partially aquired when a fireman, has to be made use of daily by the driver. On small railways men can learn the road of the whole system; but this is obviously impossible on the large lines, where drivers are consequently attached to a district which they know thoroughly, so that their experience is somewhat loal When new or altered signals, &c., are brought into use, the drivers working that portion of the road are supplied with details, diagrams, &c., to that they may be conversant with the altered conditions affecting them. It happens at times that adriver has to work over a portion of the line of his own company with which he is not conversant, or even over the lines of a 'foreign' railway. On ach occasions a third man, who 'knows the road' to be travelled over, rides on the engine. He is alled what he actually is—a pilot; his business is to ratch the signals and explain same to the driver, but the pilot does not interfere with the actual

Let us accompany the driver on a journey. Having ascertained the previous day from the duty-list the train he is booked to drive, he will arrive at the shed and book on, obtain the keys of his lool-boxes, and proceed to examine the notice-board. The should here state that there is issued each week

a printed notice containing particulars of repairs, alterations on the line, bridges, signals, &c.; details of new roads, signals (with diagrams), &c. to be brought into use during the current week. This notice the driver-so far as it affects the portion of the line over which he works-must make himself thoroughly acquainted with; but unforeseen, and therefore unprovided for, events happen on railways, as elsewhere: the water-supply may fail at a certain station; a bridge may develop signs of weakness; a cutting shows evidences of falling in, or an embankment of subsiding. Such events are chronicled on the notice-board in the running-shed as soon as they happen, so that the drivers may be prepared to act in each case as the circumstances demand.

After taking particulars of the notices that affect the portion of the line over which he will be working, he proceeds to his engine and makes a minute examination of her. No perfunctory survey will do, for unless the driver carefully examines, and when necessary puts right, every part of the machinery that can possibly go wrong, he is sure sooner or later to have a bad failure when running a train, if not a serious accident.

The examination completed, the driver moves his engine into a suitable position for backing on to his train when the time arrives for him to do so. Having backed on to the train, both the driver and fireman have certain duties to perform before the train can go on its journey. Those of the driver are as follows: (1) To deliver up his 'ticket' to the guard, who will during the journey record on it particulars of the running of the train. (2) Learn from the guard the number of vehicles forming the train, and the number of wheels upon which the continuous brake acts. (3) To raise the vacuum by means of the ejector, keeping the ejector open until the vacuum-gauge shows the amount of vacuum required to be maintained while running. (4) Recreate the vacuum after it has been destroyed by the guard in the rear van; the destruction of the vacuum being made to test whether the brake is in order and the pipe's connections through the train properly made.* On trains not yet fitted with the new passenger-signal, which is actuated by the brake apparatus, the driver also has (5) to pull back the communication-cord and shut off the whistle after the cord has been pulled from the rear of the train. This pulling is for the purpose of testing the continuity of the cord.

Having carried out these duties, the driver awaits the 'right away' signal from the guard. It is not generally known that this signal does not authorise the driver to start; it is merely an indication to him that the station duties are completed. If the starting-signal is not off the driver whistles for it to be lowered, but he must not pass it until it is off.

Nos. (3) and (4) are applicable to trains fitted with the automatic vacuum brake. With the Westinghouse brake the requirements are somewhat different.

Sometimes guards do not give the 'right away' signal until they see the starting-signal lowered, but on other occasions they only take cognisance of the station duties without reference to the signals.

The driver must exercise great care in starting his train, particularly when it is a heavy one; for if he immediately open the regulator too fully, the pistons, valve-gear, and reciprocating machinery receive a severe strain, whilst the driving-wheels revolve, but the train does not progress. In starting, especially in damp or frosty weather, it is frequently necessary for the fireman to open the sand-valves, so that sand may fall on the rail in front of the driving-wheels and so increase the adhesion of the wheels to the rails. This work requires to be performed carefully, or damage to the machinery is liable to happen, consequent upon the wheels which are revolving at a high speed on a slippery rail being suddenly checked upon coming to the portion covered by the sand.

A successful start having been negotiated, the driver 'notches up' the reversing lever which actuates the valve-gear, and so by means of the 'cut-off' regulates the amount of steam admitted to the cylinders. The amount of 'notching up' necessary for obtaining the best results—that is, the consumption of the least fuel to do the largest amount of work—depends upon a variety of circumstances: the train-load, the weather, the state of the engine and fire, the gradients, booked speed, &c.; but it is in the manipulation of the reversing lever that the qualities of the driver have an

opportunity of shining. The railways naturally desire to work their traffic as economically as possible, and inducements in the way of 'coal premiums' are paid to the drivers who are economical in the matter of coal. The advantages and disadvantages of the coal premium are many, as so many circumstances have to be taken into consideration, but lack of space prevents us from discussing the various pros and cons in this article. Some drivers will sacrifice everything rather than lose their position on the premium-list, whilst others will place the 'greatest good of the greatest number' before their individual gain. It is even rumoured that 'coal-dodgers' will purloin coal from their mates' engines so as to see their own names high up on the premium-list.

The driver's attention is now directed to looking out ahead for the signals, and to see whether there are any obstructions on the line; and here his knowledge of the road becomes useful to him, for it has taught him the exact spots where he will first observe the various signals. The view of one may first be obtained from one side of the foot-plate, and of the next from the other, so that although he has a definite position on the engine—the right hand on some railways, the left on others—he will constantly be changing places.

There is a movement that desires that the signals should be electrically repeated inside the cab of the engine, thus removing from the driver the mental

and eyesight strains of constantly looking out for the signals. There are obvious advantages in such a system, but it must not be forgotten that the signals are not the only things the driver has to look out for. He must watch the road ahead of him; it may be obstructed in a hundred ways out of the ken of the signalman, whose signals consequently are off, and if the enginemen are not keeping a sharp lookout ahead, frightful accidents may happen. Now and again travellers hear a warning whistle, and at times feel the rapid application of the brakes, and it may be that on these occasions, but for the vigilance of the driver's lookout ahead, a direful calamity would have happened.

The driver's eyes are needed within the cab also. He must watch the gauges and see that the fireman is keeping up the supply of steam by proper attention to the fire, and that the water in the boiler is maintained at the proper level, that the lubricators are working, &c. The roar of the train prevents much talking between the men on the foot-plate, but by means of signs they convey information to each other relative to the working of the engine, the signals, and other germane matters.

On several railways the water-supply in the tender is replenished by means of an apparatus which scoops up the water from tanks placed between the tracks. The lowering of the scoop is done by the fireman, but the raising of the pick-up apparatus after use requires the assistance of both fireman and driver. Methods for working the scoop by means of steam, compressed air, or vacuum are now engaging attention.

At night-time their knowledge of the road enables the enginemen to locate these troughs, and in this they are assisted by the peculiar noise made by the train passing over the troughs.

This reminds us that the driver's ears as well as his eyes enter largely into the performance of his duties. The various sounds made by passing through stations, cuttings, retaining walls, over or under bridges, &c., have each a distinctive voice to the driver's practised ears; and at night-time by their duration, in conjunction with preceding and succeeding sounds, &c., the experienced driver is able exactly to locate his position.

Above this tremendous din there is other and constant work for the ears of the driver. He is ever listening to the beat and rhythm of his engine. This naturally varies with the speed, but such variations do not concern the driver; it is for any strange note in the sound that he is always on the qui vive. Having heard an unfamiliar noise, however slight, the driver concentrates his whole attention upon an endeavour to locate the spot from whence it proceeds. Its position having been discovered, his knowledge of the machinery generally enables him to come to an accurate conclusion as to its cause, and he quickly decides what must be done under the circumstances. If

he be unable to discover the source of the sound, he will at once take steps to do so, either by examining the machinery whilst travelling or by stopping the train. Failure to hear an unusual moise such as the above would probably result in a serious accident to the engine, and possibly to the train.

At last the journey is at an end, and the weight of responsibility is lifted from the driver's shoulders; but his daily task is not yet finished, for upon completion of his day's running he must take his engine to the shed and attend to its coaling for the morrow. This is most important, especially when cal premiums enter into the matter. The fuel is very carefully weighed, and an accurate account is kept of the weight supplied to each driver. This amount and the number of miles run form the data upon which the position of the various drivers on the coal-premium list is worked out. It therefore belowes the driver to make sure he obtains all the coal debited to him; some 'coal-dodgers,' it is whispered, by hook or by crook obtain even more.

The enginemen next visit the engine-shed. Here the driver makes out his ticket, giving particulars of his journey and of the stores (oil, waste, &c.) he has obtained. He also reports any unusual circumstances that have come under his observation whilst on daty. Having previously examined his locomotive, he enters in the repairs book anything that

requires attention, should such there be; then, with a parting glance at the duty-list and the notice-board, he makes for home, feeling the satisfaction that arises from the knowledge that he has faithfully performed an arduous day's work.

Lack of space precludes us from mentioning any of the many remarkable circumstances that arise in the career of a knight of the foot-plate. Some of these are noted in the article, 'Heroism on the Foot-plate,' in this Journal, No. 480. We have but described his daily avocation when all goes well; but when crises happen, as happen they will and do, it is comforting to railway travellers to know that our sturdy British engine-drivers are not found wanting in the necessary resolution, decision, skill, and heroism to meet and deal with them. The safety of the passenger is the cardinal rule that the engine-driver acts upon, and many have sacrificed their lives, and hundreds their limbs, in the faithful discharge of this obligation. Happily for the drivers, no less than for the traveller, so many improvements and safeguards have been introduced into modern railway working and railway apparatus that occasions for so heroic a devotion to duty do not often present themselves; yet we may rest assured that should the circumstance require it, our engine-drivers will ever be found to place strict devotion to duty before all other considerations.

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

By FRED M. WHITE.

CHAPTER XV.



RAGGED moon just gave sufficient light for Miss Castlerayne and Angela to keep to the path across the Common. It had been much darker when Angela felt her way towards

the hospital. She had known every had of it all her life, but it had been terribly hard with to reach her goal in the darkness. There in the pitfalls and stumbling-blocks that she had with the darkness of dangerous gullies and heathery waterways that in the daytime were no more than days for the late gentians.

Tour dress is all in rags around your feet!' Amt Certrude exclaimed. 'It was very brave of the total total the total

I did not stop to think,' Angela said simply.

I was so horribly frightened. And I know that a crisis like this we could not do without you.

They had struck a cart-track by this time, so that raiking was comparatively easy. Miss Castlerayne Them:

There is very little to tell, Angela explained.

Did came back from Hardborough in a very separate state of mind. Mr Summers had pointed

out to him the hopelessness of the situation. He had urged bankruptcy. He said that when everything was disposed of we could let The Towers, which would produce a living income. He wanted dad to take that step at once to prevent the humiliation which has come. The thing should have been done at once; but of course dad put it off. And to-night, about an hour ago, the blow fell. It was horrible!'

'You mean that—that— I hardly know how to express it, Angela.'

'Yes. A man came—two men, in fact; and one of them remained—he will not leave till the money is paid. Don't ask me what money, for I can't say. Dad came into the dining-room and told us. Then he burst into a dreadful laugh and dropped into a chair. It was a stroke of some kind. Evidently he has been grieving and worrying far more deeply than we had imagined. And I came for you, dear.'

The words were simple enough, but Miss Castlerayne did not fail to read the tragedy that lay behind them. A little time before, and she had been praying for some strenuous occupation for her hands and head, and the prayer had been answered. 'Will he know me, do you think?' she asked anxiously.

'I fancy so. I don't think that the mind is affected, only the body and power of speech. I am quite sure that dad was terribly upset to find you gone. From what he said, he was only posing last night. I expect that the phrase as to your being a guest in the house struck him as clever. I am certain he was very sorry.'

Miss Castlerayne was glad to hear it. The ragged moon was falling behind the walls of the old castle and the trees beyond; there were lights all over the house. May sat in the dining-room by the side of her father, still chafing his hands. As yet the doctor had not put in an appearance.

Gertrude Castlerayne came and bent over the couch; a little sigh of gratitude escaped her. She wanted no telling that nothing was wrong with the brain of the stricken man. There was no sign of apoplexy or serious mischief of that kind here. The eyes were too clear for that, their gaze steady and sane. There was utter paralysis, the result of a great shock.

'Can you understand what I am saying?' Miss Castlerayne asked. 'You know where you are?'

The clear eyes responded where the tongue was useless. The head of the house understood.

"I am going to remain here,' Miss Castlerayne went on. 'I should never have gone away. I shall be only too glad to do what I can.—May, you have sent for the doctor?'

May responded through her tears that such was the case. The girl was crying quietly without being in the least aware of the fact.

It was a great relief when Dr Marfell bustled in presently. The white hair was ruffled on his head as if he had had no time to brush it, as if he had tumbled straight out of bed to come here. He nodded curtly without waiting to waste time in words of sympathy. He proceeded with his work.

'Paralytic stroke,' he said. 'Result of some shock. Easy-going people are often more easily knocked over than those who fret and worry. There are no sinister signs, and the patient knows exactly what I am saying. He must be got to bed; he must get aleep, though I don't want to administer drugs if I can help it.'

Mr Castlerayne was in bed at length; he lay there absolutely still, with his eyes closed. At the instigation of Dr Marfell, there were no lights. He could do nothing further, he said; it was all a question of time and nature. He would come again in the morning.

Angela followed the speaker into the dining-room, where May was waiting.

'Is it very, very bad?' she asked. 'Is there any hope of recovery?'

'Bless my soul! yes,' Marfell snapped. 'Every chance. Your father is not yet sixty; he has a sound constitution. He has been worrying lately, and the shock has been too much for him. If you could only remove the source of anxiety he would

pick up marvellously. I've known cases like this practically cured in a fortnight. And, mind you, his brain is quite clear; he knows every word that you say to him. If you can remove the trouble'——

May started eagerly. She moved as if about to say something; then she changed her mind.

'The trouble is in the kitchen,' Angela said bitterly. 'It takes the form of a sheriff's officer—I believe that is the legal jargon. It means, Dr Marfell, that the Castleraynes of The Towers have ceased to exist as a family; it means that we shall have to leave here. I am afraid that that trouble is permanent, if my father's recovery rests on that.'

'I didn't say it did,' Marfell retorted. 'I said that the removal of the trouble would facilitate the recovery of the patient. I hope to pull him round in any case. What you have to pray for is a good night's rest for him, which will be better than all the medicine in the world. I am going to

leave things to nature for the present.'

It was a long and lonely vigil that Angela insisted on taking on herself. She drove Miss Castlerayne to bed on the understanding that the latter was to be called if necessary. She would not hear of May sharing her watch. She sat there in the velvety darkness by the bedside, listening to the heavy breathing of the sick man. On the whole, these were the darkest and most miserable hours of the girl's life. She did not realise, perhaps, that she was better for the ordeal; but so it was. The glory of the family had departed; henceforth there were going to be no Castleraynes of The Towers. She and May would go and get their own living as girls quite as well nurtured as themselves had done before. It seemed incredible now that she had held up her head so haughtily with the full knowledge of the shameful indebtedness of the family. How much nobler had been the part played by the Warreners! Contact with trade had not contaminated Clifford Warrener; he had been enabled to make a garden from an arid desert. Angela blushed as she thought of that June morning in the rose-garden. She had had her chance then; the best man she had ever met had loved her, and she had scorned his advances. He no longer cared for her, or he would never have stayed away all these months. These thoughts and others played through Angela's mind as she sat there till the velvet blackness of the room turned to a sombre gray, and the gray presently was shot with saffron tinges. Then the gold and pink edged the saffron, and the pearly dawn came tiptoe from the mists of the Common. The stentorian breathing from the bed had ceased. Angela bent, to find that her father was fast asleep.

This was exactly what Marfell had hoped for. It was necessary to keep the house quiet.

May came in presently to relieve Angela's long vigil. She hoped that Angela would go and sleep for a few hours.

'I have not the least disposition to sleep,' Angela

whispered. 'I am going to have a bath and a cup of milk. Then, as it is such a lovely morning, I shall take a long walk across the Common and back. All you have to do is to keep the house quiet.'

The red rim of the sun was climbing over the fringe of pines behind the hospital, driving the pearly mists before it. The air was fresh and sweet from the sea, so that a faint wave of exhibaration filled Angela. So far as she was concerned, the bitterness of disgrace and trouble was past; she was in the mood of contentment and the dinner of herbs. She looked very dainty and refined as she reached the fringe of the Common. There was a kind of big valley here, interspersed with patches of gorse and heather, and a ragged pit where the drift and lay. The floor was carpeted with the thick grass of centuries, and each fine blade sparkled with the dew of diamonds. There was the sound of a crack behind, and a little white ball fell almost at Angela's feet. Then came another. It was borne in upon Angela's mind that somebody dose by was practising golf-shots.

'Absolutely perfect,' a clear voice rang out.
'Nothing better in the kingdom. That line of
lateral hazards on the left side of the valley'—

The voice stopped. Angela had recognised it. A moment later and Clifford Warrener was properly apologising for the carelessness of himself and his companion. He had not expected anybody to be out on the Common at that hour of the morning.

'I might have killed you,' he said anxiously.

'You see, it's a blind hole—I mean from where stood in the valley—and out of sight. You have my friend Brooke?—Brooke, come and help have to make my peace with Miss Castlerayne.'

The tall man in the Harris tweeds abased himall before Angela. He was exceedingly sorry, but one of his balls had rolled into a patch of heather. It was a new kind of ball, and he was anxious not to lose it. If Miss Castlerayne would excuse him'——

'Golf lunatic,' Warrener laughed as his colleague moved away; 'otherwise quite sane. He is a marvellous player, and one of the great scribes of the game. You will see later on the uses that I shall put Brooke to. You are out very early, Miss Angela, and, if I may be allowed to say it, you are looking very tired.'

Angela proceeded to explain. She conquered her pride to that extent. It was better that Warrener should hear the story from her lips than hear it garbled by gossip later on. And as the story proceeded, Angela was glad that she had confided in Warrener. He looked very handsome and very sympathetic as he listened to what she had to say. Her words were well spoken and to the point. There was a light like a flash of triumph in his eyes.

'I think I can be of assistance here,' he said.
'Indeed, I am quite sure of it.—Brooke, will you take the clubs back to the farm and ask that breakfast should be ready for me in half-an-hour? I find that I have to go in to Hardborough.—I am sorry that I left this thing so long to take care of itself.'

'You speak as if the fault were yours,' Angela said.

'Well, so it is to a great extent,' Warrener said with a cryptic air. 'Still, Dr Marfell is right in saying that the removal of the source of the trouble will be attended by the happiest results. I shall be able to try the experiment. It would be a terrible trial to you to have to leave the old house behind you.'

'I think I could endure it,' Angela confessed. 'I am not so proud as I was.'

(To be continued.)

80ME WANDERINGS ABOUT NEW BRITAIN.

By Louis Becke.



OUR-FIFTHS of the great semicrescent-shaped island of New Britain is still practically a terra incognita; and whatever discoveries have been and are being made as to its savage inhabitants and its farm

inhabitants and its flora and fauna to be made known to the world except through the medium of the German scientific press; and tareller and explorer—does not take kindly to testing publications in the German language.

My first experience of the great island and its arge and treacherous inhabitants dates back four-twenty years, when the only white residents (shout thirty) were located on Gazelle Peninsula,

at the eastern end of the island. Some years later I visited at various times the extreme western and southern portions, where there was not a single European, and my observations and experiences may prove of interest.

First of all, however, the reader will gain a definite idea of the extent of New Britain by the length of its coast-line, which is about nine hundred miles. In many parts the island is very narrow, and could be crossed in a day's march if there were any track through the dense jungle or over the mountainranges. Everywhere it is well watered, and the country presents a great diversity of scenery: high mountains (in the east), heavily timbered forest, open and lightly timbered downs covered with high grass, long belts of mangrove coast, and, in parts

of the northern coast, miles and miles of country that presents the appearance of a carefully tended English park. The beaches are short and of black volcanic sand; and wherever the foreshores are backed by mountains or hills, fresh-water can be seen bubbling up out of the sand at low tide.

But now I am getting to leeward of my subject, which is to describe some of my tramps and excursions along the shores and into the interior of this little-known island, and what I obtained in the way of sport with gun and fishing-tackle, and a knowledge of the habits of its people, during my first long stay and subsequent shorter visits to New Britain. The acquisition of this island by a foreign Power, and one by no means too friendly to Great Britain, has since made sore the hearts of those Britishers who first put foot on Melanesia and helped in a minor and unrecognised way to expand the Empire of Britain beyond the Seas.

Arriving at the Duke of York Islands (midway between New Britain and New Ireland) at the end of 1882, I found there the remnants of the ill-fated La Nouvelle France Expedition, sent out by the Marquis de Ray to colonise New Ireland. Many of them had died of fever, others had been killed and eaten, and those who had survived were in a state of mutiny. The English traders rescued them from the 'city' (on paper) which they had founded on New Ireland, and brought them over to the Duke of York Islands, from whence many of them were sent to New South Wales, where they were very generously treated by the Government, and given grants of land. The colony was comprised of French, Italians, and Spaniards. The two latter communities were decent but brutishly ignorant peasants from Calabria and the north of Spain; the French contingent were a bad lot on the whole. The original six leaders were military men who had been expelled from the Foreign Legion in Algeria for misconduct, and the women had mostly been recruited from the worst resorts of Toulon and Marseilles.

The principal English trader at the Duke of York Islands was a man named Tom Farrell, an excitable Irishman, but with a keen eye for the main chance. He was, however, very good to all the wretched people who were ill and dying of fever; and being a man of iron will and determination, he, in conjunction with some of the better-disposed Frenchmen, assumed charge of the hopelessly broken-up and disorganised 'colony of New France.' overawed the mutinous rowdies by threatening to turn loose upon them his hundred or so of savage Solomon Island labourers, took possession of the steamer Genil and the storeship Marquis de Ray, and compelled the rowdies to disarm. All the vast stores of food, wines, and spirits he brought on shore and kept guarded, and thus put a stop to the orgies and debaucheries that had hitherto prevailed.

The captain of the Genil was a really gallant little fellow named Rabardy. He was dying of

worry and fever on board his steamer, and sent for me one day and told me that he had heard some of his passengers quarrelling as to who should have his chronometer watch when he was dead! 'I am glad to think these ruffians will trouble me no more,' he added. He died a few hours later.

Almost at the same time that poor Rabardy died, there arrived at the abandoned 'city' at Liki Liki Bay, New Ireland, a steamer named Nouvelle Bretagne, with a fresh contingent of five hundred Spanish colonists, who had left Barcelona in ignorance of the fact that Nouvelle France had collapsed. And twenty-four hours later came another steamer, which, dropping anchor close to the French vessel, ran up Spanish colours, lowered a boat with an armed crew, and in ten minutes the Nouvelle Bretagne was in the possession of a prize crew from the Spanish transport Legaspi of Manila, which had been chasing her hard and fast ever since she had left the Philippines.

The story, in one sense, was a comedy. Here it is, as related by the commander of the Legaspi. It seems that the New South Wales Government had informed the Governor-General of the Philippines of the disastrous break-up of the 'colony,' and so the moment the Nouvelle Bretagne anchored in Cavite Bay, Manila, the authorities warned the immigrants of the fact, and urged them to proceed no farther. But they would not credit the news, and were so bent upon going on that the steamer was seized and a guard of twelve men placed on board. Then the Governor of Manila communicated with Madrid in the usual leisurely Spanish manner to know what was to be done. The immigrants were furious, and the Governor, fearing that the steamer might try to slip away, had part of her steam-chest removed and brought on shore. A week passed, and then came signs of an impending typhoon, and the shipping made preparations to meet it. Captain Henry of the Nouvelle Bretagne, a Frenchman, hurried on shore and pleaded that either he might land his passengers or that his machinery should be returned, so that the steamer could ride to her anchors with steam up. 'If my ship goes on shore through want of steam,' he said to the authorities, 'not only will you be responsible for her loss, but if the wretched passengers are on board they will all perish, and you will simply be committing wholesale murder.

The authorities were in a quandary. They did not want to be burdened with hundreds of penniless and helpless peasants, nor were they devoid of humane feelings. So the missing machinery was restored in haste; and as soon as there was a sufficient head of steam, Captain Henry was told to lift his anchor and proceed to a more sheltered position. He obeyed. Meanwhile he had consulted with his officers and resolved upon a daring course. As the evening came on and the steamer was proceeding to her new anchorage, Henry's crew overpowered the Spanish guard, placed them under hatches, and the Nouvelle

Britagna, under every ounce of steam she could raise, put out to sea in face of the coming typhoon. The forts, not knowing that anything was wrong, and everything being in confusion, let her pass. There days later Henry landed the imprisoned guard at a spot on the island of Samar, hundreds of miles from Manila. He steamed in a northerly direction after leaving Manila, escaped the full force of the typhoon, and eventually reached New Ireland safely—with the Legaspi at his heels.

A few hours after the capture of the Nouvelle Bretagne, the commander of the Legaspi called her passengers together and addressed them. He gave them their choice of remaining to die of fever in New Ireland or of returning to Manila and from thence to Spain. 'You see,' he said, 'what is before you here: a wild and savage country inhabited by a race of stark-naked and disgusting cannibals. You were led by lying French agents to believe that you were coming to a new land and a new city, where the vine and the citron and orange grew in profusion, where a cathedral had been built, and where you would find everything the same as in Spain, but more beautiful. The Bishop, with his six priests and ten Sisters, who came here to this desolate and horrible place before you, has long since returned to Europe. There is no Nouvelle france. It existed only in the brain of the rogue of a Frenchman who has deceived you. Those of you who doubt my words are at liberty to stay here; and at the Duke of York Islands you will et others of your countrymen, and Italians and French people, who have been rescued from death by the English people living in these savage islands. Make your choice.

They made it quickly, and chose Manila. The appearance of the New Ireland natives who had come to board was alone sufficiently terrifying to the portion of the new Ireland natives who had come to board was alone sufficiently terrifying to the portion of the new Irelands of the New Irel

And so the Legaspi, with the daring Captain Henry havily ironed on board, took the Nouvelle Bretagne in tow, and steamed away for Manila; and the tragedy-farce of La Nouvelle France was ended. What became of Henry and the other leaders I fonce, had to pay a fine of thirty thousand france, and was sentenced to four years' rigorous imprisonment. He died only a few years ago in poverty said obscurity. Like the originators of the South Set Bubble and John Law's Mississippi Scheme, he have absolutely nothing of the country to which he was sending the ill-fated colonists, nor did he care for aught beyond his own enrichment.

After a few months at Meoko in the Duke of York Islands, I was sent to Kabaira Bay, the farthest-out station on New Britain. I sailed across the strait in a boat manned by natives, and carrying my stock of trade-goods and my own personal effects. Two days later I found myself alone and at work, the boat having returned to the head-station. Here I remained for six months, until a severe attack of malarial fever compelled me to leave New Britain and proceed to Samoa to recruit.

During my stay at Kabaira I and the few other traders in my district had some serious trouble with the natives of a large village named Kābakadā. They attacked a watering-party from the German labour-recruiting vessel Nuiafou, and then threatened to massacre all the resident white men. As a lesson, we, aided by the vessel's crew, burned two villages and destroyed their canoes, &c. Later on they made peace by paying us a heavy fine in dewarra (shell-money threaded on the mid-rib of the coco-nut leaf).

With the people of Kabaira, however, I was always on very friendly terms. They certainly had a bad reputation. My immediate and only predecessor, the Hon. G. S. Littleton, had been speared to death as he lay reading in his bunk one night. Then soon after a Captain Murray and three of his crew had been murdered by the people of a small mountain-village situated a mile or so back from my house. But in both cases the white men had been distinctly to blame - Mr Littleton especially. I need not enter into particulars, which would be tedious, but will merely say that the savage natives had reason to believe they had been deceived by the unfortunate white men in regard to trading matters, and, knowing no law of retaliation but that of the spear and club, they had exercised it remorselessly. In poor Captain Murray's case, the lives of his men and himself would have been spared had he exercised a little tact and asked for a quiet 'palaver.' But during the discussion he and his men drew their revolvers to overawe the justly angry natives, and then followed the tragedy. Several of the natives who had taken an active part in the killing of Murray and his men frequently visited me, and not only did I sleep in their village several times, but these very men accompanied me in my shooting excursions into the interior, and, I am vain enough to think, entertained very friendly feelings towards me. This was due to the fact of my never carrying a revolver, and letting them carry not only my Winchester carbine, with its ammunition, but also my shot-gun. I was perfectly well aware that if these savages had had any grudge against me they could easily have wiped it out with a spear-thrust in the back or a blow from one of their long-handled, stoneheaded clubs. But knowing that they had no such ill-feeling, I had no hesitation in going far inland with them, sleeping in their villages, and pointedly requesting the chief to take care of my guns and see that the 'young men' did not tamper with

them or take them out in the night air with its heavy dews.

On the splendid rolling downs between Kabaira and the Gazelle Peninsula were many clumps of white cedar-trees, which when in flower were resorted to by thousands of white cockatoos and very large green-and-scarlet parrots, all feeding upon the sweet flowers. They presented a very beautiful sight as they climbed in and out among the foliage, talking and screaming. The natives catch them very easily and sell them to the traders for a mere trifle. Hundreds of the parrots are sent to Sydney, where they sell at ten shillings each, being excellent talkers. I had nearly a dozen of them in a cage of wire-netting, and in a few months they became quite tame. The cockatoos I frequently shot as well as the parrots, for both made excellent soup. Pigeons were in such abundance that I often shot them from my veranda; and from dawn till dark their deep notes filled the surrounding forest. At certain times of the year they are almost uneatable owing to their feeding upon the small red chilli berries, which render the flesh quite pungent. Another curious habit of the New Britain pigeon (before-mentioned in this Journal) is their periodically resorting to and drinking salt-water. As at low-water on the beaches of New Guinea freshwater may be seen bubbling up from beneath the sand, I thought at first that the birds came for this, but soon saw that they took no notice of it whatever, but went to the edge of the beach, both at high and low tide, and drank freely of sea-water.

Among other birds, I shot several splendid hornbills for specimens. Golden plover were also in plenty, as also were a species of sand-grouse, so my larder was always well supplied. For vegetables I had yams, taro, native spinach, and bread-fruit. Fruit was scarce, except excellent wild mangoes, bananas, and pine-apples; the two latter are not indigenous. Fish are plentiful, and the native fishtraps are marvels of skill and ingenuity. In many of the streams are large crayfish, and often, in my excursions, at the end of the day I would have for supper some baked crayfish, a grilled pigeon or two, or perhaps a baked fresh-water fish, all cooked in the native style in a ground-oven with red-hot stones covered with leaves. Yams or taro (Arum esculentum) were always to be had at any village, and the New Britain taro is the finest in the Pacific, some being eighteen inches long and weighing from five to six pounds.

The natives' plantations are something to wonder at. They are kept as free from weeds as any 'show' vegetable-garden in the British Isles, and are usually brightened by numbers of crotons of the most brilliant and diversified hues. In no other island have I seen such a variety of these handsome-leaved plants. At one cannibal village on the west side of Kabaira Bay all the houses were surrounded by carefully tended crotons, and even the steep mountain-paths leading to the village were bordered with plants, some of them, with

curiously long twisted leaves of scarlet spotted with orange, being ten feet high. The people of this village had long been at ennity with those of Kabaira; yet during my frequent visits there my boat was always manned by Kabaira men. Their being in company with a white man bent on trading business rendered them neutrals; but nevertheless no one of them cared to go more than twenty yards away from the boat.

The natives of New Britain generally are hideously repulsive in appearance; but in this particular cannibal community I saw some with fairly good features, and they were quiet and civil in demeanour. Here I bought a considerable quantity of black-edged pearl-shell, which I paid for with fine red 'seed' beads, tobacco, butchers' knives, and tomahawks. Like the farther away natives on Gazelle Peninsula, the men all carried long stone-headed clubs, and the usual half-dozen slender spears beautifully ornamented with a fine embroidery of cane-work and scarlet feathers. Both men and women were nude, and I saw that only two or three were covered from head to foot with the skin-disease known as tinea desquamans. On my last visit I presented the head-man with a pound of tobacco (worth two shillings); in return he gave me a basketful of twenty splendid red mullet, each of which weighed over five pounds, three fine clubs, and a bundle of spears.

My next visit to New Britain was to the western end, to a bay opening out into Dampier Strait. Our vessel was a small one, and our cruise was for the purpose of discovering pearl-shell beds and to gain some knowledge of that utterly unknown part of the coast and its inhabitants, with a view to opening up communication with them, and, if necessary, establishing a station on some suitable part of the coast. Although so small, our schooner carried a crew of fifteen well-armed men, and every care was taken to prevent our being surprised and cut off. We found many villages along the coast, and inland the constant streams of smoke we observed showed that the interior was inhabited. After immense patience we at last got into touch with the people of a small village near Cape St Ann. They spoke an entirely different dialect from the natives of Gazelle Peninsula, and were also of a different physique. None of them would venture on board; and although all were armed in the usual way, they were exceedingly timid and nervous, and I am sure that no one of them had before seen a white man at close quarters. They had no idea of the use of beads, but eagerly accepted knives. Ship-biscuit they smelt at but would not eat; tobacco and clay pipes were also smelt and rejected. No women came with them to the beach, and they evidently did not wish us to come to the village, which was situated a quarter of a mile inland, among a grove of coco-palms, at the back of which was a perfect forest of betel-nut palms. For some days I tried hard to get two of the least timid of these savages to come on board with me, but in vain. They would not stir from the beach. Then one day, taking with me two native seamen, I set out for the village, with some knives, &c., for presents. About a score of fully armed men met us as we landed, and when they found I was going to the village they all darted on ahead, shouting and yelling. In five minutes we heard the hoarse clamour of wooden drums, and then a dead silence.

After waiting half-an-hour, and hearing and seeing nothing of our friends, we advanced cautiously till we ame in full view of the village. It was deserted; not a soul was to be seen. Then, far off, the drums again began to beat. Not wishing to incur the ill-will of the people by prying about the interior of their hurriedly abandoned dwellings, I walked quickly past each house, throwing a new taife through each open doorway. Then we returned to the boat and went on board.

All that day and night we did not see a native, but inland we saw countless smoke-signals rising above the dense forest. In the morning the captain and I went to the village, and looking into the houses, saw that they had been visited; everything portable had been removed, the knives as vell.

That afternoon one of our crew hooked an immense fish of the tarpon species, weighing over two hundred pounds. I had it taken on shore and hung to the branch of a tree near the village. In the matrices did not appear, and for the time being we gave up the attempt to induce them to return. Some weeks

later we were quite successful, and they and we became good friends; but the story is too long to relate now.

Early on the following morning we lifted anchor and crawled along the coast, looking for a suitable place to land the vessel on the beach in order to effect some repairs; for we had twice been ashore on coral-reefs during the voyage, and lost a lot of our copper. Thirty miles to the southward we found a spot that answered admirably-a small, deep inlet, almost landlocked, with a steep-shelving beach of hard sand. The entrance to the bay was hidden by some small, well-wooded, and low islands inhabited by countless thousands of pigeons. Nowhere, as far as the eye could see, could we discern a sign of human occupation, not even a streak of smoke in the interior. With some of the ship's company, I made many long marches along the coast east and west, as well as going inland, but never saw even the track of a human being or anything to show that this part of the country had once been inhabited, until, the day before we left, we saw a great quantity of smoke in various places far inland, as if natives were burning off the forest so as to clear the land for planting purposes or for driving game. During our stay we experienced several earthquake shocks of considerable violence. Game and fish were so abundant that the ship's company lived almost exclusively upon them; and the country generally presented a beautiful appearance, especially in the higher parts. But the heat and the rains were terrific, and we all suffered more or less from fever.

AN OLD HAIR-PICTURE.

By HELEN PORTER.



OWADAYS, when there is a revival of everything old, when we rummage our cupboards and attic presses for anything curious and antique, bringing out daguerreotypes, woollen

pictures, samplers, knitted beads, but worked book-markers, to install them in the pet of honour in our drawing-rooms, it can only a matter of time till the old hair-work becomes the concerning the con

We are all familiar with the square or oblong broch with a plait of hair in its centre surrounded with sed-pearls or, more usually, garnets; these are to be obtained at second-hand shops for a mere triffs, and are of little interest to the collector, who is no sentimental value for the faded hair and to artistic admiration perhaps for the setting. And yet, if we come to think of it, there is elies of the past. The soft, fair lock of baby-hair: bow one wonders if the head from which it was cut trumed gray, or whether the young mother wore it with joyful pride or sorrowful heart-break! All

these old lockets, brooches, hair chains, woven-hair bracelets, have their separate and individual story; and in families where they are collected and valued, not as curiosities but as heirlooms, their histories are well known and preserved. Sometimes the backs of old miniatures contain a curl of hair; but I never remember seeing one on the reverse of a modern miniature. In Ireland the reason is not far to seek. It is a deep-rooted superstition that to wear the hair of a living person brings disaster to him or her; and it is probably the spread of this idea which has destroyed what we may call the romance of the lock of hair; it is no longer the theme of our songs or a usual love-token between engaged couples. Any time I recollect seeing hair worn it has been the hair of the dead, and therefore not mounted as what is known as 'ornamental hair-work.'

Sometimes these quaint souvenirs are of great interest and real historic value. My mother knew a very old Jacobite lady, the last of her race and line, who possessed a ring in which was enclosed the hair of Prince Charlie. He gave the hair to

one of her ancestors when on a visit to their home shortly before one of his unfortunate battles. It was absolutely authentic; but on the old lady's death the ring had disappeared, possibly stolen by some dishonest servant, who would sell for a few shillings what was worth a large sum, and what would have been a valued heirloom to those who succeeded to the historic castle—a castle whose great gate will never be opened 'till the king comes to his own again,' and whose main avenue is now a grass field on that account.

In one of her beautiful short stories Mary E. Wilkins alludes to the hair embroidery done by an old-world lady in America—an old dame who nearly wrecks the happiness of two lives by abstracting the red lock given as a love-token to make use of it in a design of rosebuds. From the story we gather that this sort of work was usual in New England, and consisted of wreaths of flowers worked in hair instead of silk.

My mother has an old 'family tree,' dating about 1785. At a distance it looks like a fine sepia drawing, the work is so fine and so evenly done. It is oval and about ten inches in length, mounted under glass in a gilt frame, and, hanging on the wall, passes for a landscape. It is only on taking it down and examining it that one sees what a real curio it is. It contains the hair of every living member of the family at the time it was done, for in those days men wore their hair long, and more material was available than in the twentieth century. A large tree stands at one side of the picture. Its roots and stem are worked in dark hair, with an occasional strand of gray in it; and as the tree bursts into branch and leaf the hair gets lighter and lighter. I believe that my grandfather's hair, as an infant, is in one of the topmost boughs. A few strokes denote water and outline the distant hills, while a small boat in full sail fills up the centre of the 'piece.'

I once took the glass off to see how it was done. It is worked on white satin-now yellowed with age—in ordinary embroidery stitches, including the 'French knot.' Here and there the hair is a little worn away, and one sees that the design was drawn most minutely in sepia or India ink, so that, though it is completely worked over in hair, there is a perfect drawing underneath; and the brown sepia, being for the most part the colour of the hair, gives it substance, because hair is very fine and difficult to work with, and it is very hard to get a good effect with so slippery a material. I have never been able to find out which of my great-grandaunts worked the little picture, so it will go down to posterity as the embroidery of one of the 'ladies of the family.' This is a work which it would be difficult to revive-still, it could be done by an enterprising worker-because it would lose interest if all the family were not represented; and, as I have said before, our brothers and our husbands have not the generous supply of material to draw from that their ancestors had, and in these days of curling-tongs and 'wavers' I doubt if the fair sex could contribute largely either. Still, the work might be worth trying, as it would be almost absolutely inexpensive. We ought to value any antique specimen of the kind we possess all the more, seeing that it is an art which will probably never be revived unless a turn of Fashion's wheel brings us back to the flowing locks of the Cavalier or the thick queue of the 'days of the dandies.'

THE EVERLASTING GODS.

THEY reign, the everlasting gods,
Afar on immemorial heights,
To scourge us with their scorpion rods,
To steep us in divine delights.
They are the everlasting gods.

Theirs is the barren blue of skies
Beyond the range of storm and wind;
The darkest of our mysteries
Is but a jest to them, who grind
The stars to powder in the skies.

Theirs are the palaces of dreams,
Upreared on clouds we dimly trace
Athwart the sunset's slanting beams:—
And only by their royal grace
We see those palaces of dreams.

Is it because they tire of Time
Who have no need of Love or Hate;
In realms eternally sublime
They weave for pleasure human fate,
Relentless throw the dice with Time?

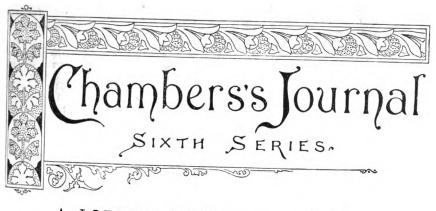
Beyond the whirlwind and the flood, Unmoved by revolutions dire, In some uncomprehended mood, They loose the lightning's glittering fire And give it human flesh for food.

Or is it sometimes they forget, Beyond the reach of mightiest wings, How high above us they are set, Hearing but as faint murmurings Rarth's litanies beseeching yet?

Till centuries of prayer seem vain, Incense and praise of no avail; Dynasties rise and fall again, Imperial godhead grows not pale, Perennial power doth not wane.

The everlasting gods survive,
Upon their knees our fate is set;
They know indeed we breathe and live,
Theirs is a higher justice yet,
For our transition they survive.

Ours is the Soul which godhead shares
With them: when freed from hindering breath
The spirit transcendent glory wears.
The gods weave fate—but it is Death
Crowns us with coronals like theirs!
(C. FARMAR.



A LITTLE TOUR IN SPAIN.

By LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER.

PART I.



FIND that in the book called Records and Reminiscences, which is an abridgment of My Reminiscences and Old Diaries, all that portion relating to my tour in Spain in the autumn of 1870 has been approximately as the second

of 1879 has been omitted. I have therefore thought that it might be of some interest to rewrite my account of that tour, taken from my diary of 1879.

September 26, 1879.—Left London by the tidal train. With my usual luck, I had a most perfect passage, and never do I remember thinking the sea of the Channel so gloriously beautiful; it was a darkly, deeply beautiful blue like the Pacific; and the sun setting in the dark purple waste of waters, against which microscopic-looking sails were seen, was more like something on the stage than what one generally looks on from the deck of a Channel stance. A glorious moon was shining over Paris; the bright magnificence of the other struck me more than while driving from the station past the Opera and the electric-lighted boulevards.

Saturday, 27th.—All the afternoon in the studio.

The 'Hamlet' is now cast, and looks as it should look. Now begins the 'Falstaff;' with his jolly old face and huge paunch he will be a contrast to the other.

28th September.—Spent the afternoon over Falaff. I think he will be a success, as far as I can
juige; but I expect people will say that so large a
juige is to prove the support of the working classes, waiting for the
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of Communards, or, as they now call them,
support of C

for the arrival of the amnisties. Among the crowd were many women in red shirts, rattling baskets in which coppers were being dropped aux secours des amnisties; and very ill-favoured youths and men were hawking about a little red-covered pamphlet inscribed Le Diable Rouge, and sold for the same laudable object. It seemed strange to see soldiers and priests passing in and among this crowd of sympathisers and relatives of their bitterest foes. The papers are full at the same time of the Comte de Chambord—whose fifty-ninth birthday this is—and a number of banquets (fourteen alone in Paris); and an immense gathering under the old oaks in the park at Chambord to-day celebrates the birth of the 'Child of Miracle.'

30th September.—A long day on Falstaff. A lucky thought struck me—namely, to raise his fat fore-finger of the left hand, and place it near his jolly red nose; this has animated his fat form considerably.

On the 1st October I left Paris for Spain with an American friend and his old French valet Joseph. We arrived on a gray, wet morning at Bordeaux the following day, halting there for a hasty breakfast, and then sped on through a wooded but unpicturesque country under torrents of rain to Bayonne, and thence to Biarritz. We are at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, a large building in the Louis XIII. style, full of Russians. From my windows I can distinguish the graceful line of the Pyrenees, purple against the gray sky. At Biarritz I met Mr Goschen (afterwards Lord Goschen), with a youth named Gray who hailed from Dunrobin, and was acting as tutor to young Goschen, a lad of thirteen. I had not seen Gray since he too was a lad at Mr Fraser's school at Golspie; he is now a strapping, fine young fellow, and has distinguished himself at Oxford, and is likely to get on well in the world. Mr Goschen, whom I met after my sea-bath, spoke very highly of him. We left Biarritz at noon, and in a couple of hours were in Spain, having an hour's wait at Irun, where our luggage was searched. Arriving at Burgos, we drove in a tumble-down old car to our [All Rights Reserved.] MARCH 9, 1907.

inn, the Fonda del Norte—very old-fashioned and poorly furnished, but tolerably clean. We had to make terms about the price of rooms, and it was quite a sight to see three maids and several railway porters sitting on the stone stairs with tallow dips in their hands, waiting until this should be decided. 'Est-il concevable,' groaned old Joseph, 'que de telles choses peuvent arriver dans un pays si près de la France?' I must add that the scenery after leaving Irun is most striking, the line running between wild rocky hills which looked weird and fantastic under a brilliant moon; jagged rocks took the forms of enchanted castles under this light. Certainly our first view of Don Quixote's country was not at all a disappointing one.

4th October. - Up early, and drove in a shandrydan vehicle pulled by a couple of mules some two miles out of the town to see the 'Cartuja de Miraflores,' where in an insignificant and half-ruinous church the superb tombs in alabaster of the parents of Isabella the Catholic, Don Juan II., and of Isabella of Portugal would be in perfect preservation were it not for the desecration of the French soldiers in 1812. They are a marvel of intricate and elaborate workmanship, but they lack the dignity of simpler monuments; and my thoughts turned with affection to that plain, but I think more beautiful, monument in the church at Trentham. There is some good carving on the entrance-door of the chapel which contains the royal monuments, but nothing can exceed the melancholy look of the decayed and neglected cloisters. The only living person we saw was an old priest bowed down by eighty Spanish summers. Our next expedition was to the famous Cathedral, which has certainly not been overrated even by Théophile Gautier, who wrote that it so profoundly discouraged him with all the moderns, himself included. Grand, vast, and magnificent is this Cathedral; but what a fatal fault to block up such a building with the heavy coro (choir), which shuts out the proportions of the church more than in any of our cathedrals! We also visited the chapel containing the monuments of the Constable and his wife, as well as the other chapels, also the cloisters, and gazed on the Cid's coffer, which seems suspended like another Mohammed's coffin between earth and heaven.

Poor Joseph had a misadventure after we left Burgos for Madrid. Owing to his having a second-class ticket, he could not go with us in the express train, which is exclusively first class; and he started by a train which left Burgos for Madrid at five P.M., while we left by the eleven P.M. train. Poor Joseph had the bad luck to get a severe shaking, his train buraping into some trucks; and when we saw him buraping into some trucks; and when we saw him at Madrid next morning he met us with bloodshot eyes and the news that he had had to leave my portmanteau on the road. However, it has since turned up, and Joseph's eyes have resumed their wonted colour.

We travelled through the night in comfort, having a carriage to ourselves. When I awoke at

seven on Sunday morning, my eyes lighted on a scene I shall not easily forget. This was the town of Avila. The brightest morning-sunshine blazed on the yellow towers of its churches and showed off in splendid relief the rows of towers along its old walls; beyond, the ragged, bare rocky hills lay all purple and blue, with their outlines marvellously clearly defined against the azure sky. I had more than half a mind to stop at Avila; but, not being alone, I felt it would hardly be fair to my compagnon de voyage, who was dying with impatience to reach Madrid; and perhaps, as is often the case, that passing glimpse of Avila will leave a deeper and pleasanter impression behind than it would had I toiled amongst its streets and visited its churches.

In another two hours the Escorial came on our view-not so terrific and gloomy a building as I had expected. It seemed, as one saw it from the carriage windows, like a huge and glorified hospital perched on the bare hillside; but of this place I shall hope to have more to say later on. As usual in this country, our train was over an hour late, and we reached Madrid at ten instead of at nine. The glare had been rather blinding from the desertlike country we had come through since daybreak, and it was a relief to get into a room once more. We went to the Hôtel de la Paix, where from the balcony of my window I can see all the life of Madrid passing to and fro below on the Puerto del Sol, which G. A. Sala has likened to a glorified Seven Dials.

My first visit was to the picture gallery, and after a second visit I can form a good general opinion of it. The gallery is badly lighted and worse arranged. It contains much trash, but of course the portraits by Velasquez (which do not exceed my expectation) make, as every lover of art has said and felt, the trouble of coming here well worth undertaking; but the Murillos, except two, are not of his best—for such I must wait till I get to Seville. My friend went to a bull-fight, and came back, I am glad to say, quite sick and disgusted with the bloody and disgusting spectacle. Joseph, who accompanied his master, was equally disgusted.

6th October.—Visited the collection of armour near the palace, in the square of which the guard were trooping the colours. Unluckily, we only learnt too late that had we entered the palace we should have seen the king on his way to Mass, when, or after which, he was to receive the new Papal Nuncio. Not knowing this, we missed a sight that would have delighted my friend's heart, who, like most Americans, is very anxious to see a king. The armoury is splendid and most interesting, but not so striking in effect as that in Turin, owing to its being in a poorer building, or so rich in quantity as that at Dresden. We passed the afternoon in the picture gallery, and I have invested in various excellent photographs of some of my favourite paintings of Murillo and Velasquez.

lt was a wet afternoon; but they say it has not mined here for nearly two months, so it will please somebody.

7th October.—Wet; but it became fine in the afternoon, when we walked up the Prado, a feeble imitation of the Champs Elysées, again to the Maseum of the Prado. I think I can now give an account, were it needed, of all the most remarkable paintings in that collection. We also visited the Museum of San Fernando, which contains three superb Murillos; that of 'St Elizabeth and the Lepers,' formerly in the Cathedral at Seville, is a most glorious creation, but I doubt whether I do not consider the unpleasantness of the subject a drawback, and the 'Prodigal Son' at Stafford House superior to it. At Christmas, a year ago, I was shown a little sketch of St Elizabeth which the owner rowed was the original study for this picture. The one here is in a bad condition.

8th October. - We started for the Escorial at seven this morning. It was a beautiful day. We arrived at ten o'clock; walked up the hill; breakfasted at the very clean and decent inn close to the palace, which we afterwards saw thoroughly; not leaving it until we had been to the top of the tower where hang the bells, and down into the imperial vault where rest Charles V., his son and descendants, and about which so much has been written. Although and disappointed with the place, I cannot say that it came up to my expectations of gloom and solemnity; the royal vault is neither as gorgeous as the Chapel of the Medicis at Florence nor as impressive a the imperial tomb-house at Vienna. The chapel immediately above the vault is certainly very grand, and recalls St Paul's and the great hall at Castle Howard. What seemed to me most striking and interesting were the rooms in which lived and died that wretched bigot Philip II. The finest works of art in the Escorial are the kneeling bronze teres, on either side of the altar in the church, of Philip and Charles V., with their queens. The ibary is a noble and splendid room, and worthy of Fontainebleau or the Vatican. On the whole, the Recorial has not the air of desolation attributed b it; on the contrary, I think the view of the at the back of the palace and the valley in hont of it, although wild, not unpleasing; and I ould grow very fond of the arcades and the long eraced gardens with their well-trimmed box-

We also visited the exquisitely fitted-up little Traton.jike villa of Charles IV. near the station, which deserves more praise than travellers have belowed on it. Unluckily it is now allowed to fall into decay. Nothing can be lovelier than the true of little rooms in this miniature palace, each again in itself, the walls covered with the rarest true.

34 October.—We began a very long and interexing day by leaving our hotel at half-past six, before the sun had risen high enough to throw its

full glare across the Puerta del Sol. A long drive to the still unfinished Toledo station, followed by a long and wearisome three hours in the train to Toledo, across a country the desolateness of which it would be impossible to equal, I imagine, outside the Sahara; but the sight of the grand old town crowned with walls and towers, and the Tagus (the only river we have seen since leaving France) winding below, made up for the fatigue of the journey. We jolted up the steep street in a car drawn by six mules, across the double-gated bridge (a most picturesque structure), then up a winding road past the famous Moorish Puerta del Sol, and through streets so narrow that there was barely room for the machine to pass, and at length we reached the courtyard of an inn called the Fonda del Line. We felt grateful, on seeing this fonda, that we should not have to pass the night within its

After breakfast we sallied forth, and, under the conduct of a guide who spoke French, we visited in between two and three hours the places of most interest in the town, beginning with the Cathedral, which is less original than that at Burgos, but richer and more grandiose in detail-it is, in fact, somewhat overcharged with carvings and splendid tombs; banners which floated from the Spanish vessels at Lepanto deck the walls, while in a score or more of chapels, one more gorgeous than another, hang cardinals' hats over where their bones rest. It is like a cathedral that one dreams of, or reads about in a romance, or sees on the stage. We plodded through the hot, narrow streets to the Church of El Christo de la Luz, once a Moorish mosque, to Santa Maria Blanca, and El Transito, and others, all of great interest. What gave me the greatest pleasure were the cloisters of the Church of San Juan de los Reyes. These cloisters are, although a third-part in ruin, perfectly beautiful, and gave me more delight than anything I have seen since leaving my old elms in the Long Walk at Windsor. We also visited the newly restored Alcazar, noble and grand; its fine court, with a copy of the statue in the museum at Madrid of Charles V., and its carved gate; and also the ruins of the hospital of Santa Cruz, a mere wreck, but with a glorious entrance-gateway and stairs in the inner court. At five o'clock we had to be in the Grand Place, to return to Madrid, which we reached at ten that evening.

10th October.—A long and last visit to the museum; and also revisited the only other collection that is worth seeing in Madrid, that of the Royal Armoury. The king's guard was parading in front of the palace. We visited the Buen Retiro, crowded with people driving in their smart carriages in the evening coolness of the dying day.

11th October.—Left Madrid at eight A.M., and passed the day at Aranjuez. I was curious to see a place that Velasquez had painted in his rare landscapes, and the gardens in which, after Versailles, more Court scandals and intrigues had

taken place than perhaps in any other. We reached Aranjuez at eleven, and after breakfasting at the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, close by the modest, single-storied, whitewashed house in which the Empress Eugenie lived with her mother long before any idea of Imperialism had dawned on her. We visited both of the palaces-first that pretty royal folly, the Casa del Lasbrada, with which I was disappointed - but, as Théophile Gautier truly observes, most palaces as well as courtiers resemble one another; but there is one room in it which is worth seeing, the China Cabinet, in which the walls and ceiling are lined with Buen Retiro porcelain. The gardens, especially the older parts, in which is the fountain painted in one of Velasquez's pictures, and the fine old English elms brought from England by Philip II., are worth seeing. Quaint and Easternlike were the camels solemnly parading these neglected gardens, doing the work that donkeys are put to in more northern plaisances. I was now and again reminded of the gardens at Trentham; not, however, that any comparison is possible between them. The finest thing in these gardens are the superb old stone-beeches, which I am sure if my dear mother had seen would have been introduced in the gardens at Trentham and Cliveden. We left Aranjuez at eleven that night, after watching a display of fireworks in the square near the church, and travelled through the night to the south. In the early light of the following morning we saw the picturesque country described in Don Quixote. We crossed a splendid gorge at Venta des Cardenas not unlike the American Rockies; but this part of Andalusia is still more savage and desolate.

12th October .- We arrived this morning at Cordova, hot, tired, and dirty. My first visit was to the Cathedral, an extraordinary and most interest-I could not, however, get the ing building. Brighton Aquarium out of my head. Here the destruction caused by the Spanish pagan Christian is appalling. What histories could not those thousand columns tell could they speak! Architecturally, this church-mosque is the object most worth seeing I have yet set eyes on in Spain. I was charmed, as I suppose every one must be who has eyes in his head, with the court full of orange-trees, its fountains, and graceful palms. I remained in the Cathedral to hear the evening service; it was fine, but there was no congregation but the officiating priest and some acolytes. Cordova is a most puzzling place to find one's way in; the narrow, tortuous streets, with the uniform whitewash on their houses and walls, show one no landmarks; and but for a little boy, who kindly showed the way to the hotel—the Hôtel Suisse, which is a good one, with clean rooms and a marble court and staircase -I should probably have been still wandering in

13th October.—At Seville. As far as Spanish pictures are concerned, I can now sing 'Nunc Dimittis,' having seen all that Madrid and Seville

have to show. To return to the itinerary of our route, we left Cordova at noon on the 13th, after revisiting the Cathedral and crossing the old bridge, from which one gets the finest view of the town. We arrived at Seville at six P.M. A heavy fall of rain met us, and the streets were covered with large pools. We had unluckily settled to put up at the Fonda de Madrid, which we found impossible, and we accordingly left it the next day (14th October) and went to the Quatro Nationes, on the Grand Place, which we found to be an admirable hotel, clean, and with good food, and where I should gladly have stayed a month, but two French acquaintances we met at Toledo, Messieurs de Treville and Gosselin, had made us promise to meet them at Cadiz and make an expedition with them to Gibraltar. However, one can see a great deal of a place in a couple of days, and we have already seen the Cathedral, by far the finest in Spain; the Alcazar, a most beautiful, quaint, and interesting building; the so-called house of Pontius Pilate; and the tobacco manufactory. The latter was a picturesque sight, full of colour, such as John Phillip would have delighted in painting. I wonder that he never put on canvas some groups of those hundreds of brightly clad, black-eyed women working at their task in the long whitewashed corridors of that immense building. It would have made a companion picture to Velasquez's 'Tapestry Workers' in the Madrid gallery. This morning I looked down on Seville from the gallery beneath the green old bells on the Tower of the Giralda, and below lay all the town, a great mass of buildings. The whitewashed houses were almost blinding to one's eyes in the bright sunlight. The Cathedral, in its vastness, its height, and dark grandeur, recalls Westminster Abbey, although methinks not to compare with the northern minster. The more I see of these continental churches the firmer is my conviction that Westminster is of all Christian churches the noblest and most impressive. The High Mass is well performed in this Cathedral; the organs are glorious instruments, and of great scenic effect with their long jutting-out gilded pipes, which seem to me foreshadowings of the Last Great Day and of the great awakening! I returned in the afternoon to the Cathedral to hear the afternoon service. We were assailed by a crowd of choristers in the nave, who demanded cigarettes of us-a cheeky crew!

cheeky crew!

16th October.—We left Seville in the afternoon for Cadiz. I shall not readily forget an effect of sunset we had seen after leaving Lerey, where we arrived two hours behind time, our engine having broken down. The western sky a wild sea of saffron colour crossed with pomegranate-coloured clouds, the foreground to this glory of colour a deep-brown land, with dwarf stone-pines standing out black against the glowing western horizon. On arriving at the station at Cadiz we were met by our French friends De Treville and Roland Gosselin. That night we embarked on board a Spanish vessel,

where we passed the night, and steamed away early the next morning.

17th October.—We left for Gibraltar. The morning was hazy. Cadiz appeared better from the sea than from the land. A long row of glistering white buildings, crowned by a lofty brown cathedral, with a great sweep of sky and sea above and below. One thought of Essex's fine piratical feat, when he so effectually singed the King of Spain's whiskers some three centuries ago. It was four in the afternoon before we came upon the great rock of Gibraltar, like a huge lion couchant. We were not allowed to land on that historic eminence, for our

ship was bound for Algeziras, the small Spanish town on the opposite side of the bay. There we slept in a lodging-house of the most primitive kind. Augustus Hare has written of Algeziras as if it were an earthly paradise; but it is merely a small Spanish port with nothing to recommend it. However, the family of Nicolas Barbaro in the Plaza Paloma made one as comfortable as they could; there was the fat gudewife, with some rather dirty and improper-looking daughters, a niece, and a sick husband, whom his family insisted on our interviewing, although he was in bed.

(To be continued.)

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XVI.



ITH a spontaneous gesture, Angela held out her hand. It was a brave and generous confession, and the girl felt all the better for it. There was a deep, admiring light in

Warrener's eyes as he held the dim fingers in his. He knew what an effort the words cost.

'You can't tell how glad I am to hear you say that,' he said in a low voice. 'You are ready for the sacrifice; but the blow shall not fall if I can prevent it. I shall come and see you this evening, if I may; I shall have something to say to you.'

Angela smiled and coloured. She had forgotten all about her troubles for the moment. The sun and the shadows chased each other across the Common; the breeze was fresh from the sea. Angela's step was light and springy as she turned let face towards home.

All the same, it was a monotonous morning that followed. The patient awoke a little before midday and took some food. He was obviously better for his long sleep; he managed to articulate a few words with difficulty. He seemed anious to know if Miss Castlerayne was there; he seemed to be relieved by her presence. Marfell was frankly pleased. The recovery was only a question of time, especially if the source of the buddle could be moved.

Luncheon was ready on the table when Mr Summers arrived. He had heard casually in Hardbrough what had happened, and had come over at once. There was a repressed air of excitement doct him that was very unusual in the decorous diffamily attorney. Subject to the doctor's approval, he had a proposal to make to his unfortunate client. Perhaps Miss Castlerayne would sad for the doctor after luncheon.

There is really no necessity, Mr Summers,' legels said, 'If you have anything calculated to take my father's anxiety of mind you need not beside to tell him what it is. His mind is as claras yours or mine. Dr Marfell would welcome

anything calculated to ease his anxiety. But it can't be possible that there is any chance'—

'My dear young lady, nothing is impossible. Money flies in strange fashions; it comes in the same way. The wealth of the world was more or less started by a genius who watched a kettle boiling. There are different kinds of diamondmines at the back-door of all of us, if we had the sense to know it. I shall be glad to see your father as soon as possible.'

It was Angela who escorted Summers to the invalid's bedroom. Miss Castlerayne would have done so had not May mentioned that the task should be Angela's. She whispered that there was the beginning of the unfolding of the great secret. But Angela took no heed. She was glad to see the gleam of recognition in her father's eyes as Summers entered the sick-room.

'I'm going to talk to you,' Summers said. 'I can see that you are perfectly capable of following me. If you had taken my advice the trouble would have been saved. Still, it really does not matter, seeing that you are in a position to clear off all your liabilities in a day or two. If you are quite agreeable, we will get rid of Craggs's claim at once. I've telegraphed the Deputy-Sheriff to see me here at three o'clock and get his cheque.'

Angela fairly gasped. It was the old miracle of the unexpected again. Castlerayne's hand moved to his head and then fell again. He essayed a smile.

'What does it mean?' Angela whispered. 'Mr Summers, what does it mean?'

'It means nothing at all unless you restrain yourself,' Summers said severely. 'If you unduly excite your father I shall have to turn you out of the room. It is very irregular for a third person to be present at an important interview between solicitor and client. It means, in plain English, that I have had a good offer—a splendid offer—for the waste land between the high-water mark and the hills that lie on the far side of

the hospital. There are about two hundred acres of this land altogether, and I have been offered fourteen thousand pounds for them. As for some years I have been authorised to accept as many hundreds, I closed with the offer. The purchaser is a rich man, and he paid the deposit to-day. He stipulated that the transaction should be completed in a week, and there is no reason why it should not be so completed. The cheque he paid me will more than satisfy the claim of Cragge's solicitors, so that in a short time you will be rid of your skeleton in the butler's pantry. Within a few days all the creditors will be paid, and you will save your family treasures. But so far as I can see, it would be wise of you not to try and keep up The Towers any longer.'

'Who is this madman?' Angela asked in a voice that shook strangely. 'Who is the dreamer who offers all this money for that waste land?'

'Oh, he is no dreamer,' Summers laughed. 'He is a fine business man, and you may be certain that he is not going to throw his money away.'

'But it sounds so like an act of magnificent charity on the part of some friend'

'My dear young lady, tell me the name of any friend of yours who is in a position to indulge in such an act of magnificent charity. I tell you the purchaser is one of the most successful business men in England. He is speculating. As frequently happens in such cases, he does not wish to have his name declared for the present. Be satisfied that he has saved your good name and lifted the trouble from your house.'

Something like a smile passed over the face of Rayne Castlerayne; it was quite evident that he had followed every word with the closest attention. The white, strained look had gone from his face. He gave a long, contented sigh, and closed his eyes. The obvious suggestion was that he left everything to Summers. A moment later and a sound of his regular breathing could be heard in the room.

'He is asleep again,' Angela whispered. 'Let us go and discuss the marvellous change of affairs with the others. I can hardly believe it yet.'

Miss Castlerayne cried placidly as she listened to Summers's dry recital. The story washed the last drop of bitterness from her cup. She had saved the hospital without doing the least harm to the fortunes of the family. May laughed; there was a strange glitter in her eyes. In some vague way, Angela decided that May knew all about it. She expressed no astonishment at Summers's amazing story. The butler looked in presently with the information that somebody had called to see Mr Summers on business. With a quiet air of satisfaction, the lawyer called for pen and ink, and he produced a cheque-book from his pocket. He came back from the library presently with a smile of pleased contentment.

'The skeleton has gone,' he said. 'The skeleton's

employer has taken nearly twelve hundred pounds that might just as well have been saved; but it is no use to cry over the milk that has been spilt. I am going to take the liberty of settling my esteemed client's affairs for him, seeing that he is incapable of doing so himself, which perhaps, in a way, is not altogether a misfortune. In a few days I shall have the balance of that purchase-money in my possession. If you will supply me with a full list of all the claims, Miss Castlerayne, I will discharge them at once.'

'Oh, indeed, I will!' Aunt Gertrude laughed and cried in the same breath. 'Oh, the peaceful heaven of being absolutely out of debt! I can't realise it yet. And if I could go down on my knees and thank this unknown benefactor of ours'—

'He would feel very awkward,' May smiled.
'Mr—I mean the gentleman in question—may not be such a benefactor after all. He may spoil the place; he may start some dreadful manufacture there—say, for instance, soap. I did not mean that. I'——

May paused in some confusion. Angela shot a keen glance at her. May had evidently known all about this from the first. A flash of illumination came to Angela. All her tenderness and self-abasement had vanished; her pride was in arms once more. She knew everything now as plainly as if May had told her. The first suspicion had been correct. She crossed over to the window and looked towards the Common, soft and tender in the sunshine. It had been bad enough before; it was no better now. What did it matter whether the family had a host of small creditors or one large one, generous as the latter might be? And as if any girl worthy of the name was likely to be dazzled by ostentation like that! Angela was feeling very hard and bitter at that moment.

She was glad to be alone presently. May had gone as far as the hospital after tea, and Miss Castlerayne was sitting with the invalid. He had managed to ask for a cup of tea. Angela had strolled into the garden, where a few late roses were blooming still. The amber light of the slanting sun was on her face; it seemed a very fair one to Warrener as he came up the drive. His head was high; he seemed to be on the best of terms with himself.

'You told me I might come,' he said. 'How is the invalid now?'

'The invalid is much better,' Angela said coldly.
'A wonderful thing has happened. A purchaser has come forward and bought some of the waste land behind the hospital. It appears that he has paid about four times as much for it as the whole estate is worth. Mr Summers told me so. He has paid enough absolutely to clear us and leave us something besides. The skeleton has gone, and my father is so much better that he was able to ask for a cup of tea. And for all this we are indebted to the generous charity of Mr Cliffort Warrener.'

The attack was so swift, so cold, and so unexpected that Warrener was thrown into confusion. His face hardened a little as he noted the clear, metallic brilliancy of Angela's eyes.

'Will you be so good as to be a little more explicit?' he said.

'Why fence with me?' Angela cried. 'I know that you are the purchaser. May could not disguise her thoughts; she was in the conspiracy. A few words of hers betrayed you. Mr Warrener, is this thing kind or generous of you?'

'Generosity has nothing to do with it. What do you complain of?'

'Of the whole thing. Why do you humiliate us? Why do you come here like this, making a display of your wealth? You may think it very clever to trap us like this; but the result is just the same. You might have left us our pride. We were going to sell everything and leave The Towers. The hurt of it would have softened. And your scheme is so transparent. Nobody in their senses would give a tenth part of what you gave for that poor land. I can't recognise it as anything but another form of charity.'

The words came rapidly from Angela's lips; she stood there with the sunshine still full upon her beautiful, haughty, angry face. Yet there was a

pathetic droop of her lips, a suggestion of a plea in her splendid eyes. Warrener was obviously restraining himself.

'You are quite wrong,' he said; 'and you will be bound to admit it when you know everything. And there is no suggestion of charity about what I have done. I am going to make twice the money out of my purchase, regarded as a fine business transaction. If that land had been the property of a total stranger I should have been quite as eager to get it'—

'Stop, before you go any further. Would you have offered as much money for it?'

An angry red flushed Warrener's face. He could not stoop to lie. Angela had hit the one weak spot in his argument. He waited for her to go on.

'I see it is exactly as I say,' she resumed. 'I dare say you mean well. But if you think that your money is a sure and certain way to a girl's heart, why'——

It was Angela's turn to pause in confusion. The cruel scarlet flamed over her face; tears of vexation rose to her eyes. Oh, what must he think of her? By way of reply, Warrener raised his cap, and, turning on his heel, walked slowly from the garden.

(To be continued.)

'THE NEW AGRICULTURE.'*

By WILL H. OGILVIE.



MERICA in late years has done more than any other country, not even excepting Germany, to advance and develop what is generally known as the 'new agriculture;' and therefore it is antirely ex-

fore it is entirely fitting that from amery of recent achievement in the agricultural world.

The subject, from its very vastness, is one which requires some courage to approach; and though Dr Brad Collins confines himself mainly to what has ben done in the United States, that huge territory of such varied conditions and capabilities is surely sufficient field for any one man to handle. Dr Collins has brought more than courage to the task. He writes with knowledge and acumen, with breadth and understanding, with very considerable literary shillty, and with a sympathy that is always shrewd than sentimental.

Agriculture, to its foremost devotees, has become a sience; an exact science, however, as Dr Collins try properly points out, it can never be, dependent it is upon Nature and her variable moods for its itsence and encouragement. It is this breadth of possibility, this open field of enterprise, which con-

stitutes the greater part of the charm of a country life. In the cities we are moulded on a pattern; our individuality is sunk in the particular line of business which we have made our own, and which has been found most profitable by thousands before us. Farm-life gives room to our individual aspirations, encourages us to explore new bypaths and invent new machinery by the aid of which Nature may be induced to uncover for us new treasurehouses of profit and delight. For this reason every year presents us with material for another chapter in the book of 'new agriculture.' The writer of this volume, then, has found no lack either of motive or of matter, and his achievement is one of the most notable in modern agricultural literature.

The chapters of this very interesting book are headed in a manner which serves to accentuate its ruling characteristic: novelty of method. Thus we have such headings as 'The New Call to the Farm,' 'The New Soil,' 'The New Fertilisation,' 'The New Transportation,' and so on; the book ending fitly with a well-written chapter on 'The New Inspiration.'

In the first chapter—that dealing with 'The New Call to the Farm'—the author states the position of the modern agriculturist in a few well-chosen words: 'We are at the beginning of an era wonderful in the annals of agriculture—an era in which experiment and foresight and skill and

^{*} The New Agriculture, by T. Byard Collins (New York : Mann & Company).

invention and learning will transmute, as never before, the labour bestowed upon the land into wealth and health and happiness and length of days; an era of progress and development as wonderful as any that has hitherto astounded the world in other departments of investigation and endeavour, in which agriculture will for progress take her stand side by side with the industry of shipbuilding, for instance, which has within a comparatively few years reduced the time for crossing the Atlantic from three months to less than twice as many days, and increased the carrying capacity of single vessels from a few hundreds to many thousands of tons; by the side of railroading, in which speed and safety and capacity have, in each succeeding year, laughed at the impossibilities of the year just gone; by the side of electrical development, which, from a meagre beginning of a generation ago, now renders us speechless in the presence of its phenomena of light and heat and power and other manifestations still more subtle and marvellous.'

Of the great agricultural colleges, which play such an important part in the United States to-day, he says: 'The different states of the Union, seeing the importance of technical training among the farming community, have provided colleges for this purpose, which now dot the land in all its sections. These schools are surrounded with ample farms, in which practical demonstration goes hand in hand with the theories taught and the facts acquired in the class-room; they are provided with improved buildings, in many cases ideally adapted to the purposes for which they were constructed; they are granted large means for the prosecution of their work; they are equipped with precise instruments and all the paraphernalia requisite for the successful prosecution of scientific investigation; and they are manned by scholarly and competent men, who are imbued with the importance and the possibilities of their positions.' We should have been glad to hear an authority so obviously well qualified as Dr Collins go rather more deeply into the whole subject of agricultural education than he has done in these pages; but agriculture is a topic presenting so many different sides that one aspect or another had to be overlooked if the resultant volume was to be kept within reasonable compass.

Tracing in a wide and general way the extraordinary advance of agricultural method in recent
years, our author emphasises in this first chapter
the insistent call of the country and the growing
response of the cities. He shows us something of the
claim that Nature in her green fields makes upon
us all, and something of the reward which she gives
to those who devote their lives to her aid. He tells
us something of the general march of science in
agriculture: how the wizards of plant-industry—
men like Webber and Burbank—have waved their
wands over orchard and garden, and evolved new
shapes, new perfumes, and new colours; how plantpests and animal diseases which were once the

terror of the farmer are now subject to control, and give him little more than passing concern; how the extraordinary accuracy of present-day weather predictions has given the farmer an advantage which cannot be overestimated; and how school facilities, labour-saving machinery, and a more attractive social life have made farming the most desirable

of all industries. The next chapter, which deals with 'The New Soil' and with irrigation, is a very interesting one. Nothing in the agricultural records of North America is more fascinating than the history of irrigation and its results in the semi-arid regions of the west and south-west of the United States. In northern New Mexico and in parts of Arizona may still be seen the remains of irrigation-works built by a civilisation which centuries ago perished from the earth. The Pueblo Indians may still be found irrigating their little patches of tillage just as their ancestors were doing at the time the first Spanish explorers passed through their country. The beginnings of Anglo-Saxon irrigation seem to have been made in Utah, where in July 1849 the little band of Mormons, camping in the Salt Lake valley, turned the waters of a stream afterwards known as City Creek upon the parched and barren soil, and planted there their last stock of potatoes in the hope of raising a crop which would save them from starvation. Twenty years later the States of Colorado and California had become aware of the vast possibilities in this branch of agriculture, and incorporated companies were formed which planned immense undertakings undreamed of by the pioneers of the movement.

By this organised conservation and distribution of water, every inch of land hitherto barren became productive. Every year vast areas of virgin land are reclaimed from the western prairies and the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and turned into flowering gardens by the gift of the life-giving mountain-water. As Dr Collins says: Irrigation reduces agriculture in the semi-arid portions of this The irrigator country to a scientific certainty. argues that, besides being more satisfactory, his water-supply is cheaper than natural rainfall. He calls attention to the frequency with which drought in the middle and eastern states reduces the crop to half a yield. If the value of the full crop would have been but twenty-five dollars an acre, then the loss per acre is twelve dollars fifty cents. What would the farmer give for a sufficient water-supply to secure a maximum crop? Certainly ten dollars an acre. But the irrigator gets his for two dollars an acre, and besides he has constantly the satisfaction of knowing in advance precisely what he may depend upon, both in supply and results.' On irrigated farm-lands in the western states, and particularly in California, some astonishing yields have been reported. Eight tons of alfalfa and five tons of timothy and clover have been mowed from a single acre during the year. An acre in potatoes will yield thirteen tons, and an acre of orchard will bear twelve tons of product. Onion-growers have raised as much as six hundred dollars from a single acre. In the light of these facts, the lonely figure with the hoe, whom the present writer has pitied at his daily toil in the Rocky Mountain valleys, as he stood ankle-deep in water, guiding the water from the ditches across his land, is not such a subject for compassion after all.

In the chapter on 'The New Fertilisation' Dr Collins is at his best. It is the man of science talking to the farmer and the general public in a way which they can understand. Nothing in agricultural economy has changed more in recent years than the attitude of the tiller of the soil to the soil itself. In a new land such as America, the tendency was to a belief that the earth required no artificial renewing of its strength; and even to this day there are many parts of the United States where the farmers never think of applying their farmyard manure to the soil, but cart it out upon the roadsides or give it away to any neighbour who thinks it worth his while to come and fetch it. The kientist, however, dissolving the plant into its composite elements, has long ago found out that nitrogen is the one which it is most often necessary for him to supply; and now that he has found it possible to sow certain crops which themselves absorb the nitrogen of the atmosphere, and under the action of the plough convey it to the hungry soil, the principal difficulty in the way of fully feeding his land is overcome.

In America, that land of vast areas and interminable distances, the question of transportation has always been a vital one. In the earliest days it was insufficiently answered by inadequate canals and roughly shaped roads; in later times attention was centred upon the birth of the railway system, and the roads and canals were neglected; later still, the rival railway companies found that their success depended upon attention to the approaches by which their lines were fed, and the question of how to make and preserve good roads has again become of attional prominence.

To this keenly interesting subject Dr Collins has contributed a chapter on 'The New Transportation'. In the western states the roads at any distance from the more important towns are still little more than prairie-tracks. There are 'glue-pot' places that remind the traveller of the notorious black soil plains of western New South Wales and Quensland. It is no uncommon sight in the little tountry towns of Iowa and Nebraska to see wagons attually trapped in the streets, bogged down to the alle-trees in a swamp of rich dark clay; and anythe wreks of buggies which have broken down the the streets of buggies which have broken down the tree deep.'

Dr Collins quotes the description given by Charles Dickens of travel by stage-coach as it was in Ohio in 1842: 'At one time we were flung together in a beap at the bottom of the coach, and at another we

were crushing our heads against the roof. The drivers on these roads, who certainly get over the ground in a manner which is quite miraculous, twist and turn the teams about, forcing a passage, corkscrew fashion, through the swamps and bogs. A great portion of the way was over what is called a corduroy road, which is made by throwing trunks of trees into a marsh and leaving them to settle there. The very slightest of the jolts with which the ponderous carriage fell from log to log was enough, it seemed, to have dislocated all the bones in the human body.' And the present writer, mindful of a recent coach-trip through the Colorado Rockies, can testify that that particular mode of travel has changed but little with the years.

Our author traces for us the continual progress in the building of highways and the construction of navigable canals, and shows plainly the renewed interest taken in this work since the first glamour of the railway's advent faded. As he wisely says: 'Good roads mean more money for the farmer. They mean the consolidation and betterment of the rural school; they mean the economic use of the farmer's time; they mean the manifold advantages hitherto enjoyed only by the residents of cities and towns; they mean social possibilities and the gratification of legitimate social desires; they mean freedom of movement and the daily delivery of mail; they mean self-respect and satisfaction with his mode of life; they mean the homestead to which the married children will return with pleasure and which the young folks will not hasten to desert.'

Of 'New Interests' the writer of this book speaks hopefully. Among ventures which have lately claimed the notice of the more advanced American agriculturist he names the growing of rice, the raising of Angora goats, the cultivation of figs, and the growing of tea. It appears that there exists in the United States to-day only one commercially productive tea-farm. It is known as the Pinehurst Tea-Garden, and is located at Summerville, South Carolina; it stands as an expression of the faith of Dr Charles U. Shepard in the possibility of American tea-culture. Tea has already been successfully grown in India, China, Japan, Formosa, Ceylon, Java, South Africa, and the Russian Caucasus, indicating the world-wide adaptability of the plant. Dr Collins claims that, with an annual American consumption of one hundred million pounds of tea, there is sufficient inducement for the American farmer to enter the everwidening market with the highest quality of this product.

Another new interest which he heartily advocates, and which he thinks has not attracted sufficient attention from the settlers of the Pacific slope, is that of perfumery-farming. In France and elsewhere in the Old World this industry has attained very large proportions—in one case, at least, a whole city being built up on the business. And where could one find a centre more adapted to this

industry than the rose-covered slopes of California? With an intimate and accurate knowledge of his subject, our author makes plain the commercial possibilities of a venture in this direction, and details the various known methods of scent-making.

Undoubtedly the most interesting and fascinating chapters in this most fascinating volume are those devoted to 'New Creations' and 'New Varieties.' Here we have the author at his literary and tutorial best upon a subject which, to all men and women interested in plant-life, is the most engrossing in the world. For many years a little band of devoted workers has been toiling unostentatiously at the most ambitious and most interesting of all branches of horticultural science-namely, the evolving of new shapes and colours and perfumes in the flowerworld by a system of selection. By chance, it may be, a white flower is found containing a single streak of crimson on one of its petals; by using the seed of this flower as a parent stock, Nature is, after a lapse of time, induced to evolve a flower of crimson in a family in which hitherto only white flowers were known. In this way there is hardly a limit to the plant-magician's power, and we are even promised-what has up to the present been looked upon as the most unbelievable of the fairy tales of science-a blue rose.

Of the men who are thus working hand in hand with a hitherto unaided Nature, none is now better known or more highly thought of than Luther Burbank, whose marvellous achievements are the wonder of the world. Dr Collins names among other creations of this wizard and his companions in art the white blackberry, the cactus fruit, the seedless apple, the pitless plum, the citrange, the pomato, and the tangelo. Nor are these mere useless and fanciful variations of well-known species, but they have been bred with the business-like intention of evolving varieties which shall gain in market value through certain economic qualities. These chapters are particularly well illustrated with cuts of fruits and flowers, and should be studied by

every one who takes an interest in the absorbing scientific byroad with which they deal.

A chapter on 'New Practice' is soundly written, and shows us the immense strides made in the economy of agriculture within the last two decades and less. The many improvements in dairying methods are particularly treated at considerable length, and the illustrations in this section are very clear and convincing. A book essaying to deal with the 'new agriculture' would, of course, be incomplete without a chapter upon the new machinery, and this our author supplies. America's agricultural machinery is the wonder of the world. There is scarcely a remaining phase of field-work which is dependent upon purely manual labour, and the Man with the Hoe is practically a thing of the past. Road-graders, ditch-diggers, disc-ploughs, manurespreaders, and all the complicated reaping, binding, and winnowing machinery of the Far West are comparatively familiar to most of us through illustrations; but one has almost to read Dr Collins's carefully prepared explanations, as set down in this chapter, before one fully realises the marvels of the workshops and the absolute triumph of man's ingenuity. It is questionable if any development of farming-machinery has been of such widespread and generally recognised benefit as the simple but indispensable cream-separator now to be found in practically every farmhouse in America where dairying is undertaken.

The last chapter of a most remarkable and valuable book is headed 'The New Inspiration,' and deals with the work of the meteorologists, of the chemists, and of the botanists, in their capacity as scientific assistants to the farmer.

Dr Collins has done his part faithfully and well, and has produced a standard work which sums up concisely and adequately the agricultural achievement in America throughout recent years; and we in Britain must perforce acknowledge that in agricultural progress and efficiency America leads the world.

ANOPEN DOOR

CHAPTER V .- DISCUSSIONS.



EFORE Sidney had been a month in Satong the community had come to the conclusion that here was the very man they wanted, and that it was a direct interposition of Providence that had brought

him to their shores.

'Why should he ever go back to England? Engaged to be married? Let the girl come out.'

And some of the residents hinted that they were willing to put their hands pretty deep into their pockets if money were a consideration in the matter.

At the Scotts' house there were many after-

dinner talks on the question as to whether a suitable man for the post could be found in England; but the church committee were very gloomy as to their prospects.

'I suppose if we wait long enough we shall get a man,' said one; 'but what kind of man? That's the question. Look at the chaplains in most of the port-towns in the Far East. You might put them in a bunch and you would not get as much energy as you would find in any ordinary missionary.'

'Yes,' chimed in Mrs Scott; 'if we could get some one who would put as much energy into improving us as the missionary puts into the conversion of the heathen, what a difference it would make!'

'There is no doubt,' said a churchwarden, 'that the missionary societies get some first-class men; you meet them all over India, China, and Japan. But when you want a chaplain, look at the men that offer!'

Sidney represented that first-class men were are anywhere, and not always to be found in England.

Yes, that's partly it,' said another; 'but if ever a good man wants to come out to these parts there is a howl from his relations, and they declare that he is needed at home. I know all about it, for I had a cousin myself who thought of going to Japan, and when he spoke of it there was such a dust raised by his people, and his bishop wrote and told him that men such as he were needed at home. I know, for I saw the keters; and so he gave it up.'

'Yes,' said Mr Stuart; 'I would not mind so much if they stayed at home to work among the poor and help them a bit; but that's not what keeps most of the men at home. It's the beastly edialness of the pious—that's what it is. There's a limited supply of good clergy, like other things, and the religious people in England say, "We have ant pick, and you take what's left," quite forgetting that we really need more help out here than they do at home. And the consequence is that there ar churches at home where there are three or loar clergy, and you can hear a good sermon morning, afternoon, and evening; and then look at us out here. We have had fifteen minutes of old Gray every Sunday for ten years, except when Roberts the missionary gave us a look in, or when the bishop came once a year.'

If they would even send us out some good peacher to go on circuit like a judge it would be senething. I believe that kind of thing is done sentines in India; but I never heard of any one triving in the Far East for the purpose of giving a apirtual stir up.

I suppose we are the stony ground on which to one cares to sow, said Mrs Scott.

Monsense, growled her husband; 'we are no sore tony ground than the unconverted Japanese or Chinese. But no one has ever raised a hand to tatter the seed.'

And think of the poor Eurasian children here, and Mrs Scott. 'I assure you, Arthur, that there are quite big children living in good houses who have never been inside a church in their lives. They are too proud to go to a mission church, and so one particularly invites them into ours, and they are too shy to come alone.'

They are heathen, if you like,' said Mr Scott.

They know nothing of Christianity, and have hot even got a smattering of Confucian morals.

These Eurasian children are growing up wild all over the Far East, and there's a bad time coming it England cannot manage to spare a few of her

really earnest men to come out and influence them. It would be a great help to the missionary cause, too, for the state of society here is a setback to the spread of Christianity, and a good deal that's not very creditable gets into the native papers.'

Sidney always held a brief for the clergy during these discussions, and yet he felt that his arguments as to why the clergy should not be eager to work among the white population of the Far East were very ineffective. The longer he was in Satong the less he desired to stay, and yet he was given proofs that his presence and ministrations there were helpful.

He was much touched by one little incident. It was his custom on Sunday afternoons to take a walk in the cemetery, a quiet, green spot, in which were names of many nationalities. One afternoon he caught sight of a white figure lying over a grave. It was a lady, who lay so still that he feared that she had fainted, so he went up and touched her. To his astonishment, she rose, and Mrs Travers stood before him, her eyes swollen as with violent weeping. She was a flighty, slangy woman, the leader in every wild escapade, looked upon by the Chinese servants with a kind of awe because of her dare-devilry, the very last person that he expected to find weeping beside a grave.

All your own fault, Padre,' she said, attempting to laugh; 'all your own fault! Why did you preach that sermon this morning about the Shunammite woman and the little lad who lay on her knees and died? It brought it all back so-the time when my little chap died on my knees. Yes, this is his grave. Such a little brick he was! I swear to you that if I had him now I would be a different woman. "Norman Travers, aged six." He was called after my father. Poor old dad! he lives in Devonshire. I write to him every mail; it's all I can do for him. It would turn his hair white if he were to hear of my goings on, so don't you let on if you should ever meet him at home. I took a fancy to you the first time I saw you, not because of anything you did or said, but because of a sort of way of looking out of your eyes that reminded me of the little chap. I had put his photo away; I could not stand it on the table; and then your face brought him up before me. Oh Padre, why were you not here when he died? Perhaps you might have played the part of Elijah, and entreated God for me; but there was no one to say even a prayer. You know how I racket about, Padre; it is just to escape from the house and from the empty nursery. I never look at them, but I know just how his little clothes are folded in the drawer—the velveteen suit and the lace collar, with the shoes on the top. I wake up in the night and I know that they are there; but I have not the courage to look at them, so I just racket round and try to forget. But I swear that I'll come to church as long as you're here. And you'll stay on, Padre, won't you?'

CHAPTER VI.-THE STRUGGLE.

TAY on !' Did it really mean that he, the popular Arthur Sidney, was to settle down at Satong for the rest of his life-in this hot, smelly place, where merely to pass

through the Chinese town gave him a sensation of horrible nightmare? Those high houses, with their dark interiors; the shops, at the doors of which lounged fat Chinamen, and from which issued all manner of weird smells! The people's faces, the sounds, the smells, all oppressed him, and seemed

suggestive of evil.

Had Sidney been an older man he would probably have gone to a missionary, and through him got acquainted with some of the simple, honest John Chinamen that are to be found in all large towns in the Far East. Nothing dispels a prejudice against a nation so much as getting to know and respect a few individuals. But there was no mission belonging to his own church in Satong, and Sidney did not care to seek out the only resident missionary, the Reverend Abel Jones. He was an earnest but uncultured man from one of the Western States. When he had heard of Sidney's arrival in Satong he came at once to see him.

'Glad to meet you, brother,' he said, grasping Sidney warmly by the hand. 'It is indeed the Lord's doing that you should have come at this You find a flock without a shepherd, and I trust that the Lord will greatly bless your ministrations. We will be instant in prayer for you.'

When the worthy minister had gone Sidney felt furious-not with the Reverend Abel Jones, whom he saw to be a single-hearted man and a hard worker; his anger was against himself. Why did his English reserve rear itself up in this way, and make it impossible for him to respond to the 'brother' or talk of 'the Lord's doings'? A difference in phraseology is a more effective barrier than a difference of creeds; and Sidney felt that all their lines of thought were so different as to make intercourse an effort rather than a pleasure.

The myriad life around oppressed Sidney, and it was but little relief to turn to his own countrymen. The English community consisted of a dozen or so of good, quiet people, who spent much of their time in thinking of children at home and longing for the time to come when the dollars would be sufficiently plenty to allow of their joining them; and after these there was a set of fast, worldly men and women with whom he seemed to have absolutely nothing in common. When the women were not deep in some wild scheme for 'killing time' they were generally to be found lying in long chairs, with

novels in their hands, complaining of the slowness of life. And when he saw them like this, Sidney's thoughts would fly to the women he had known at home: the gracious, cultured women, with their deep interests in the poor, in music, in art, in everything that was elevating; and he asked himself if he was bound to give up their society

for this. 'Yet what lives these poor things lead! What shall I myself be like after six years of Satong? After all, is not one's environment the deepest

factor in one's life?'

But after asking himself this question, Sidney would remember that as a Christian he was bound to the belief that man possessed a spiritual Guide who could lead him above all degrading influences of environment.

The weather grew warmer; a great lassitude seized Sidney, and the want of congenial companionship began to tell on his sensitive nature. The Scotts and others were most kind, but they had been a long time out of England, and their lines of interest were very different from his.

The Far East, with all its intricate questions of the Yellow Race, and its progress was their topic; but in the actual native life around them they took no interest. Man in the shape of the Chinese was to them nothing but a beast of burden; they had no belief in the oneness of humanity, for White Man and Yellow Man were to them as widely apart To Sidney man was as were man and beast. always a fellow human being; and though he could not repress a sort of shrinking from the Chinese, yet it enraged him to see a young bankclerk kick an elderly Chinaman in order to make him hurry up a steep hill with his rickisha.

'You'll stay on?' Some one was always saying it; and as the wish became father to the thought it became, 'Of course you'll stay! Why, confound it all! you are not going to leave us in the lurch?

The Scotts were placed in a difficult position. They wished Sidney to stay, and yet they knew what a bitter disappointment it would be to his people, who looked forward to a brilliant career for him, and they did not like to press the matter. But they felt that he was a stronger power for good than anything that they had yet had in Satong, and they could not but hope that he would feel that in a peculiar way he had been called to that field of work. The only doubt in their minds as to his fitness was the question of his health; for Sidney was looking pale and haggard. The perpetual debate in his mind was the worst thing possible for a man who had suffered from a nervous breakdown.

(To be continued.)



DOCTORS OLD AND NEW.



HE doctor is in evidence at our advent into this world, and it may be he shall be called to our exit; how often we shall see him between these, to us, all-important events may depend on the state of our general health. We

end for him in slight or serious ailments whether he can do much or little good, for there is a feeling of cowardly misgiving in the hearts of most in the presence of calamity, which is relieved or removed by reference to skilled authority. His advice and ministrations follow some from the cradle to the gave. Others, more fortunate, keep him at arm's-legth, and rejoice in doing so, although their day may come ere they shuffle off this mortal coil. The doctor is a true friend to humanity, who works long and hard for very little, and who deserves our gratitude and readily paid fees.

God and the doctor men adore
When sickness comes, but not before;
When health returns, and things are righted,
God is forgotten and the doctor slighted.

Two hundred years ago, and less, doctors purged and bled their patients in a way that would be thought barbarous to-day. Voltaire said of the eventeenth-century doctors that they poured drugs, of which they knew little, into human bodies, of which they knew less. The training was wretched, that of Dr Thomas Sydenham, at Oxford, consisting mainly of reading the Greek and Latin texts of Galen and Hippocrates. Dr John Radcliffe succeeded raidy, it is said, by his ready wit, and many paid his high fees to hear him talk. His medical library, he said, consisted of small phials, a skeleton, and a bettal. He came from Oxford to London, and was at long there before he charged two guineas for a consultation, and if sent for to the country twenty Finess. He left one hundred thousand pounds, which Oxford was largely benefited. He was closen principal physician to Princess Anne of benmark; and although he cleared six hundred Finess a year by attendance on King William, he refused to be called the king's physician. Queen Mary in 1691 gave him a fee of one thousand Finess for prolonging the life, for a little, of the of Queen Anne, the Duke of Gloucester, 'who,' ars Mr Gosse, would have been king of England, herhaps, if his mother had not given way to temper and denounced the great doctor.' He attended the Est of Albemarle in Belgium, for which the king aid him twelve hundred pounds. He advised Pope then seventeen to study less and ride more, much to the benefit of his health; he was the means of aring the life of Dr Sharp, Archbishop of York, to trated Swift for dizziness. Princess Anne dismissed him because he said her distemper was Making but the 'vapours;' and he reported rather roughly on the ankles of William III.: 'Why, truly, I would not have your two legs for your three kingdoms;' predicting the king's speedy death at the same time. His alleged refusal to attend Queen Anne, with the censure it brought upon him, is said to have hastened his own death from

apoplexy.

There have been Great-Hearts, great heads, and skilful hands in connection with the medical We have had, amongst others, Sir Thomas Browne of Religio Medici fame; Dr John Brown, author of those delightful Horæ Subsecivæ volumes, with the inimitable Rab, and papers on health; Sir James Young Simpson, of chloroform fame; Jenner, renowned for the discovery of vaccination; Lister, for antiseptics; Finsen, for the light-cure; and Lorenz, for bloodless surgery. Oliver Wendell Holmes will be longer remembered as the author of the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table than as Professor of Anatomy at Harvard. In appearance he was quite like a medical practitioner, and when in this country at fourscore nothing but his white hair betrayed his age. He had a merry eye, great quickness of apprehension, and was as full of fun and nimble as a schoolboy. Another American writer, J. G. Holland, founder of Scribner's Mayazine, practised medicine for a short time. Professor William Osler, author of Principles and Practice of Medicine, has come from America to Oxford.

Dr Silas Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, is prominent both as a poet and novelist. Our own Sir A. Conan Doyle received his best literary 'tip' when an Edinburgh medical student from Sir Joseph Bell, which he developed in the strikingly successful series of stories regarding Sherlock Holmes. Medicine knows him no more; he has even diverged into politics. Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, one of the most prolific writers of the age, was an early champion of cycling and of total abstinence. Physician to the Newspaper Press Fund and the Royal Literary Fund, he was notable as a sanitary reformer, and his lecture Hygeia, a modern city of health, was a forecast of the Garden City. Sir William Priestley learned much from his former master Sir J. Y. Simpson, and was the first to convert midwifery into obstetric medicine by using scientific methods to elucidate its problem. Sir Andrew Clark used to impress on his patients that 'Nature is inexorable; you cannot evade her. Sooner or later she will repay.'

Sir Frederick Treves, one of the King's surgeons, has said that all the great advances in medicine and surgery have been made by men who have worked for positively nothing, and have made a present of their discoveries to the world. Sir Frederick told an interviewer that performing big operations every morning made existence rather trying. Besides the operation on the King, he has performed upwards of one thousand operations for appendicitis quite successfully. He got tired of his duties—they bored

him to death; so after twenty-six years of practice he retired. He said, 'Not that my labours were breaking me down. Nothing would, I think, do that. I have no nervous system, not having had need of one, and I have never had to keep to my bed.' Describing his day's work, Sir Frederick says: 'I was invariably down at five o'clock. I breakfasted at seven, and almost without exception there was an operation at nine. Then, right up to one o'clock there were patients to see. After that I went out, and, having lunched in my carriage, devoted the afternoon to consultations. When did I get home? At all hours. This, as I have said, was a sort of existence of which anybody was liable to grow tired.' Since the critical operation on the King, which brought him fame and success, he has taken a trip round the world, and written an entertaining book upon the subject, entitled The Other Side of the Lantern. He quotes a Japanese gentleman's views as to our origin, whose conclusion is that 'we all come from ancestors.' More important is Sir Frederick's tribute to the Japanese army medical staff, which was at war with bacteria long before the nation was at war with Russia.

Nothing is more striking in the history of modern missionary enterprise than the great and immediate success of medical missions. The witch-doctor may cheat the negro or Kaffir of all he possesses, and give him useless charms, bones, or lizard-skins in return; the medical missionary gets the heart of the native by kindness, sympathy, and the cure of bodily ailments. The late Mrs Bishop (Isabella L. Bird), the great lady-traveller, was never weary of bearing witness to this valuable side of mission work.

Sir Francis Laking, another of the King's doctors, whose recommendation of currants has been greedily used by the bakers as an advertisement, is a cheerful optimist, and once, in conversation with a Londoner who complained of hard work and of having little time to play, and the great care necessary in all our habits, the doctor said, 'We do too much of that. Some tell a man to take this for his meal and others to take that, and the man himself wants a steak. Nine times out of ten instinct is right. But instinct means moderation; so, above everything, be moderate. Nature calls for the conservation of energy for use in later years, so conserve your energy. The young man in the City works hard for fifty weeks in the year, and then spends the other two in climbing high mountains in Switzerland. He is wrong; it would be better if he had stayed in bed and conserved his energy.' This is in line with the teaching of Dr George Keith in A Plea for a Simpler Life and Fads of an Old Physician; but how many of us think we can afford the time to follow the rules there laid down?

Our King believes in sunshine and fresh air, and in the proverb, 'Where the sun does not enter the doctor will,' moderation in food and drink, with eight hours' sleep, and prefers cheerful, optimistic doctors around him. He has shown great recupera-

4 14

tive power in serious illnesses, and has been more inclined to accept advice than Thackeray, who said once, in reply to the question if he took medical advice, 'What is the use of advice if you don't follow it? They tell me not to drink, and I do drink. They tell me not to smoke, and I do smoke. They tell me not to eat, and I do eat. In short, I do everything that I am desired not to do; and therefore what am I to expect?' He could hardly expect longevity, and did die much under the threescore and ten. So did Dr E. C. Robson Roose, who wrote upon longevity; he died at fifty-seven.

One out of the thirty-seven thousand medical men in the United Kingdom, who preserves his anonymity, has written a very honest, straightforward, and helpful narrative, entitled Confessions of an English Doctor (Routledge & Sons). The book fairly takes one behind the scenes; the writer is as honest in stating the truth about his fellow-practitioners as he is in dealing with his patients. He tells us plainly that a doctor's life is one of the hardest of the professions; from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. is sometimes the working day, with a chance of being called up during the night. A doctor's life, he tells us, is anything but a desirable one; only a few become rich, and many have to keep up an appearance which 'drains their profits to the dregs.' This English doctor has himself been successful, and began at the lowest rung of the ladder; but he honestly advises those who have the slightest thought or inclination for any other profession to leave medicine alone. Our present writer started in lodgings, for which he paid fifteen shillings a week, with permission to affix his name-plate on the garden-gate. Then he took an empty house next door on faith, and furnished a small consulting-room, two bedrooms, and a dining-room tastefully but cheaply. The sole occupants were a servant and himself. He worked hard inside the house and out, as mechanic, gardener, upholsterer, extra servant, sometimes charwoman, as well as professional man. He never at first employed any one about the house if he could possibly do the work himself. Before moving into his new house, pulling down the blinds in case he should be lowered for ever in the eyes of possible patients, he put down all the carpets and hung the curtains, and did other odd jobs. Once, when his servant had to be dismissed for drink, he turned up his sleeves, and with bucket, soap, and brushes cleaned the kitchen. He says: 'I can feel the very grit of whiting and hearthstone still on my hands as I now write twenty years afterwards. I remember nearly every brick on that uneven floor. I felt happier when I had conquered the kitchen.' By 11 A.M. he was washed and brushed up, and on his way to his patients. In this same house he slept eight nights alone, and managed to keep up appearances. If it had been known that he was as poor as a church mouse his career would have been

The section on the training of medical students is

well worth consideration by parents and guardians. The autobiographer tells a good deal about his own experiences at Edinburgh University, and gives pen-portraits of all kinds of students, the clever, plodding, hard-working, as well as the idle and dissipated. Of greater importance than the choice of a medical school is the social and domestic life and surroundings of the student. How can there be, he asks, any satisfactory examination results if the student takes to 'wasting' or perhaps drinking and gambling? Thousands going into lodgings enter a domestic life that conduces to irregular habits. This is how he puts it: 'The number of youths who commence to study medicine and who rapidly go to the bad is appalling, and this is chiefly due to the fact that they are suddenly cast into vortices of mixed pleasures, having no restraints and no inducements to walk in straightforward paths beyond what their own sense, or want of it, instructs them.' Some of his ollege chums who entered on these paths would now be glad to clean his boots for a drink or a cigar. Besides the inability to pass examinations by loose living, character and health are thus often tainted for life. The author of the book had no inclination towards being a model student, who seemed to him an unattractive, narrow-minded person. He studied life as well as books, and at ast liked Edinburgh society infinitely more than study; but he took alarm in time, applied himself to his books, worked hard, and got his degree. In his opinion the brain of a boy needs a good deal of knowing; supposed fools have developed into splendid men, and clever book-boys have passed

This experienced physician's hints on success show great worldly wisdom and common-sense. Nothing, in his estimation, creates success more apidly than style. Then the public do not like a doctor to be too boyish-looking; he must never display his own ignorance or be seen drinking at Public bars or playing at doubtful games. He must te faultlessly dressed, and a good wife may be a Taluable asset in the way of reliability. Married, be is more of a fixture, more in earnest, and thinks nore seriously of the future. 'Marry, therefore, if on are a young doctor and wish to succeed in practice; but, I pray you, be careful to whom you lasten yourself for life.' Not too soon, however, as to early marriages are seldom happy. The young doctor to be successful must possess steadfastness, directness of purpose, and keen interest in his work. A little 'side' is sometimes useful, and one regrets notice it emphasised that neither business nor Professional men can be strictly and constantly bonest nowadays.' The writer believes in going to durch; attending church is a mark of orderliness and respectability. He keeps himself abreast of the tes medical literature, too. Accurate and final bowledge, he justly says, is the bed-rock of safety

Ductors are the repositories of secrets sad or

glad, and sometimes comic. Sir John R. Robinson has related the story of a beautiful vase in the home of a doctor. It was given to him by a grateful young lady who came one day and said she had a secret. She was about to be married, and married to the only man she loved; but unfortunately, when a foolish girl, she had flirted with a young cousin, and had tattooed his name, 'Johnny,' on the calf of her leg. The doctor asked if the bridegroom's name was Tommy, as, if so, there would be less trouble in making an alteration. His name wes quite different, so the tattoo-marks were redone with milk, although an ugly scar remained. Dr Cæsar Hawkins, when in company with Robert Lee, who had kicked a bit of orange-peel from the pavement to the roadway, replaced it, with the words, 'What are you thinking about?' Was this a joke, or was he in earnest?

The section regarding the writer's fees is inter-We go beyond his record, however, and give a few gleanings from lives of various medical men as to sums earned. It does seem hard that doctors who are saving the lives of patients every day should be the last men to have their bills paid. We are told that doctors in the East End of London will visit and provide medicine for a shilling; others give advice and medicine at a dispensary for sixpence. Contract work is even worse paid. It seems that tens of thousands of families in Great Britain, by the contract system which prevails in working-class or manufacturing districts, receive medical attendance and advice for threepence a week. Medicine and dressings are even provided. A gray-haired, worn-looking practitioner, clever, and only thirty-five, once told the writer that he could retire had all debts been paid by former and present patients. Every doctor has to think a great deal about his fees, his expenses are so great. Very rarely does a medical man become rich. Mr Lawson Tait sets down the average income of medical men in England at two hundred pounds a year. None of the research work done in hospital is paid for, and very little of the hard work. Doctors appear to be debarred by etiquette from suing patients for their bills.

There are some plums going, however. Thomas Dimsdale (1712-1800) was invited to St Petersburg by the Empress Catharine to inoculate herself and the Grand Duke Paul. The visit was successful, and he received as fee ten thousand pounds down, with an annuity of five hundred pounds, and two thousand pounds for expenses. Professor Charcot, a French specialist on nervous diseases, had two thousand pounds from Dom Pedro of Brazil for a single consultation. Dr Playfair received two thousand four hundred pounds for attendance upon the Crown Princess of Roumania on the birth of Prince Charles. The Czar is said to have paid ten thousand pounds to the chief doctor who was present at the birth of a Czarevitch. Sir James Paget thought 24 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, a lucky house, and there his success was gradual but

constant. Beginning at seven hundred pounds, his income gradually rose until it exceeded ten thousand pounds a year. When he gave up operating it fell to seven thousand pounds. For some years he had the most lucrative practice in London. The year in which he attended upon the Princess of Wales his practice was doubled, which shows how people like a fashionable doctor. There was a distinct increase of practice after attendance upon much-talked-of cases. Sir James has recorded that mere notoriety with some people is a sign of merit, and that reputation is measured only, or chiefly, by money, and may be obtained by self-assertion, selfadvertisement, or mere impudence. During the first seven years after obtaining his diploma, his largest income from practice was twenty-three pounds thirteen shillings, and till he had been a surgeon for sixteen years it never exceeded one hundred pounds a year.

Sir Benjamin Brodie's professional income, which was one thousand five hundred and thirty pounds in 1816, had risen in 1823 to six thousand five hundred pounds. This went on from year to year till it rose to eleven thousand pounds. Dr Charles J. B. Williams, who was one of the Physicians Extraordinary to the Queen, had in 1842 fees from private practice amounting to six hundred and eighty-one pounds; six years later they had increased to three thousand six hundred pounds. was his opinion that the fee of a guinea was not sufficient for the amount of time and skill bestowed upon a new case, and that the first fee ought to be at least two guineas. Compared with those of consulting barristers of the highest eminence, the fees of a doctor he considered low. It would be easy to give a contrary opinion. A tribe of Indians on the Columbia River had a simple method of paying their medicine-man if he did not cure his patients. Smallpox broke out among the Wishrams. Their medicine-man devoted himself to the sick, but did not cure the smallpox, and many died. Tying the hands and feet of the doctor, they put a rope round his neck, and attaching the other end to the pommel of a saddle, they started one of their horses, and he was thus hanged. This, of course, was a method of barbarism.

Ian Maclaren pictures Dr M'Lure, the village doctor, that tall, gaunt, loosely made man, with the clever hand and the kindly voice, in the humble room of the shepherd's cottage, taking pretty much what the people chose to give. If a doctor cannot become rich, he can be a wonderful comfort and Aside from medical benefactor to humanity. service, the doctor is a great benefactor both in town and country if he possesses a cheerful disposition, and none but healthy, cheerful men should ever be doctors. Lord Kelvin has declared that when a doctor keeps up a patient's spirits he is administering spiritual consolation, and that many a poor fellow laid up with a broken leg in splints looks for the moment in the weary twenty-four hours when the doctor will give him a kindly word,

although only in passing. Doctors have thus much in their power by way of helping and sympathising with their suffering fellow-beings. And in spite of our advancing civilisation we cannot do without them; nay, civilisation has given them not a few complicated problems in disease to conquer, if

Long ago, in his delightful Horæ Subsectivæ, Dr they may. John Brown inculcated the necessity of having a cheerful and intelligent physician. Now Dr Alfred T. Schofield, in his Unconscious Therapeutics, of which a second edition is published by Churchill, wishes it made a science. No medical training, he tells us, can be complete that does not teach it. Psychotherapeutics is likely, therefore, to be added to the curriculum of the young medical. Dr Schofield gives abundant reason why this should be so, although the thing is largely a matter of training and temperament. The psychic wave, mainly of American origin, besides disgusting most thoughtful minds with its extravagances, and carrying away thoughtless minds with its pretensions, contains sundry deep underlying and notable truths.' Dr Schofield in his book has caught and enforced these truths and avoided the nonsense in the movement, and shows the power exerted by the personality of the physician, a subject the study of which is still ignored.

THE MAN WITH HIS BACK TO THE WALL.

A LITTLE bit gray and quiet—that's all;
With an anxious look to appear his best
And smile as the blows of misfortune fall,
And toss them aside with a seeming jest.

Just a trifle slow where he once was quick,

And the lines that come from fond hopes deferred
On his upturned brow—they are graven thick—
Such a mute appeal for your kindly word!

But no cringing glance in his dauntless eye; Just a tightened strain on the upper lip As he straightens his arm for another try, And clenches his hand for another grip!

They have passed him by; and his clothes are worn,
For the pence are scarce and the times are bad—
So he fights alone, to avoid the scorn
Of those friends that he thought he once had had!

There are hundreds such in this cruel town!

Men are thrust aside as, at forty, old;

For youth will be served, so we tread these down

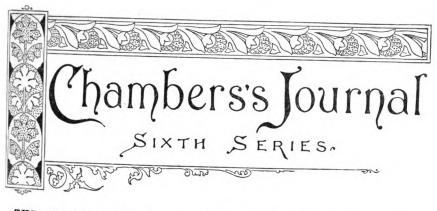
In the scrambling race of the lust for gold!

New methods are born—to be up to date—
Yes, the older man is the one that goes.
Then call him in, and announce his fate;
—And his future?—ah, that God only knows!

On self so intent, as you pass along,

Have you ne'er a word, ne'er a thought at all—
'Mid the rapid rush of the world's gay throng—
For one who fights with his back to the wall!

J. S. REDMAINE, M.A.



THE KREEKARS OR ADVENTURERS OF 1523-24.

By Viscount DILLON.



N 1523, when Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was invading France, we read for the first time of a body of men nearly one thousand in number, 'proper men and hardy, having little

wages or none, which lived alonely on their adventure, wherefore of some they were called Adventurers, of some they were called Krekars.' They are further described as 'light, lardy, and politic, by their manhood and hardiness had robbed many towns, taken many prisoners, with great booty, and daily brought to the army lorse, mares, victual, cloth, corn, &c., and other necessaries which might not be missed. Of this company, the Frenchmen, and especially they of illages and passengers, were sore afraid, for they were never idle, but doing something in one part or other.' They were commanded by Sir John Wallop.

After the capture of the town of Montdidier on the 28th October, the English troops, with some Bargundian allies, began a series of long and tedious marches in bad weather, always looking for the arrival of the Duke of Bourbon with ten thousand Germans, who were to have joined the English Bourbon, however, turned of in another direction, and laid siege to Marcelles. Suffolk then continued his march by Veane, Beanford, and Mont St Martyne, whence he sent home Lord Sandes to tell the king of this want of hith on the part of Bourbon. Still going forward, the English force found the weather worse than free, the men suffering from frostbite and other hardships. At last the Welshmen in the army set To a shout of 'Home, home!' on which the Archars cried, 'Hang, hang!' and the troops ray nearly came to blows among themselves. Suffolk then attacked and took the castle of Boghan r Rowhen. Meanwhile Lord Sandes saw Henry, vho said, 'All this we knew before your coming,' and he added that six thousand men had been got redy under Lord Mountjoy to go to the help of Brandon's force, which was not to break up.

Before this new force could get out, Brandon had moved to Valenciennes, a town of the Emperor of Germany, where he laid up his ordnance, and then marched to Tournay en route for home. Eventually they came back to England, some by Antwerp, some by Calais, but much to Henry's displeasure.

We next hear of the Kreekars in April 1524, when Captain Breerton, one of their officers at Guines, went to a village called Waste and took a large booty; but an alarm being raised, two hundred French horse from Boulogne surprised the English. Breerton called out to the French captain that the whole affair was due to him; that he was a gentleman, and his men should be allowed to surrender. This they did, giving up their arms. However, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty of the country-folks came up and desired to buy the prisoners, which the French troops agreed to, and, getting the money, rode away. The countrymen then cut to pieces the disarmed Englishmen. When Sir John Gage, the captain of Guines, heard of this he called to the Adventurers to revenge the death of their comrades. Accordingly, forty archers and pikes set out on the 14th, and burnt Waste, hanging thirty-six of the thirty-seven prisoners they took. On their way back they met the French troops, who, however, did not interfere with them. The English then sent their one prisoner to the captain of Boulogne with a message that henceforth they would spare neither man, woman, nor child.

In May, Sir Robert Jerningham, captain, of Newnham Bridge, planned an attack on Boulogne with some seven hundred men, including one hundred and sixty Kreekars. Captain Coo, with three ships, was to co-operate by sea; and the land force arrived early, near to Boulogne, but were seen by the French scouts. However, the Kreekars fought their way into the lower town, while Sir William Fitz-William collected many cattle, horses, and other pillage. The alarm being now general, Captain Coo got his men back to their ships; and Reserved.]

MARCH 16, 1907.

[All Rights Reserved.]

the land force, having burnt granges and villages, returned in safety to Calais.

On the 31st May, Fitz-William arranged for another raid, and this time the Kreekars found themselves between two large forces of the French; but some English horse saved them, killing forty-four and taking fifty-six French.

In June, Fitz-William, Wallop, and Gage raided into Picardy and attacked the castle of Hardingham. Here the Kreekars again distinguished themselves; but the commanders, hearing of the approach of some four thousand French, felt that nine hundred English, weary with the assault, would have but small chance, so the force returned to the Pale.

In August the French assumed the offensive, and a large force penetrated far into the Pale, but after a series of skirmishes and ambushes, with varying results, withdrew to Boulogne; promising, however, to visit Calais oftener in future.

Again, on the 12th August, Jerningham advanced to Marquison with three hundred and sixty men and the Kreekars, and also carrying five boats in order to pursue the French across the creek. The Kreekars crossed over and slew sixty of the French, who vainly tried to prevent their landing. More French came up, and the battle was renewed, till, being beaten back, they took refuge in the church of Margyson. The English set fire to it, and of the three hundred French who rushed out of the building only sixty saved their lives. Troops arrived from Boulogne; but, finding they were too late, they did nothing, and Jerningham returned with a good booty to Calais.

The French now thought they would try their luck with the Flemings, and a force marched toward St Omer. The captain of Turnahan sent word to Fitz-William at Guines that the French were afield, so the English captain said he would go and meet them; but, learning that another French body was going to attack Guines, he took up a position to receive the French. However, the

French changed their plan, much to the disgust of Fitz-William, who returned to his charge.

In September three French horsemen who knew their way about actually penetrated into Calais, carrying off a man and his wife, and twenty pounds in money. Nothing was known of this in Calais until the demand came from Boulogne for the ransom.

At the end of September, Jerningham and Sir Robert Palmer each having made successful raids into the French territory, the Kreekars began to think it time, now the winter was coming on, to undertake a profitable expedition. Accordingly, with twenty-five light horse for scouting, and with a banner of St George, the Kreekars went toward Mustrell, where they got a good booty of cattle, &c., and were on their way home when they were descried by the Earl of Dammartin and a French force, who were on their way to attack St Omer. The English horse, on perceiving the large French force, fled, and left the foot to defend themselves. These looked for a good position, but failed to find one. Then the captain said, 'Good fellows and brethren, we have of long time been called Adventurers; now is the time come of our adventure. The Frenchmen will not ransom us for nothing, we be amongst them so feared. If anything save our lives it must be God and our hardiness; and therefore, said he, 'if you see me begin to fly, slay me out of hand.' Then every man cried God mercy and kneeled down, kissed the earth, and strake hands each with other in token not to depart, and then made themselves ready for the defence. While their arrows lasted they were able to keep off the French, but when these were exhausted some of the French dismounted and used pikes and crossbows. Many of the French were slain, but at last the horsemen broke the Kreekars and killed them all. 'This was the end of these companions called the Kreekars or Adventurers, which were as hardy men as ever served prince or captain.'

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XVII.



HE peace of the Indian summer seemed to lie over all the land. They were halcyon days for the Castleraynes, such as they had no recollection of before; and the weather seemed to be in sympathetic mood.

There were the still mornings filled to the zenith with the pearly mist out of which the rowans and the ivy-clad walls of the encircling castle rose, then the gradual transformation to the thin pink veil, with the Common rising like a picture beyond. No sound broke the stillness; nothing disturbed the sheets of bracken beaten now to a dull-red gold, a flaming scarlet, a pure veined cream where the

shade of the oaks had protected it. Nature rested in a kind of orange glory. The fine profligacy of the October hedgesides struck the eye boldly; the bees, drugged by the saffron, had ceased to hum in the still air; even the sea was silent.

The gales would come later; the rain would roar over the hillside in blinding battalions; but that time seemed far off. Inside the house was the same feeling of peace and restfulness, the same brimming joy of existence; for the skeleton had gone, and the cloud of debt had vanished. There was nothing to be afraid of now, and Miss Castlerayne positively grew fat over the red-lettered tradesmen's books which she was now paying

regularly each week. She had forgotten all about her harbour of refuge at the hospital. She had a rague idea that she would go back there some of these days. But not yet, not until Rayne Castlemore was fit to take the reins of government once more in his own hands. He was wonderfully better; he had made marvellous progress since the day when Mr Summers had come with the good news. He had asked no questions; he was quite prepared to take the goods the gods provided. He was getting about his bedroom now, and was eager for the sunshine.

'I've told him to come down to dinner to-day,' Marfell said. He was a little more gracious than usual, his white hair almost on the verge of tidiness. The paying of his account had perhaps had a mothing effect. 'After to-morrow he may do as he likes."

'A most wonderful recovery,' Miss Castlerayne said unsteadily, 'is it not?'

'Nothing of the kind,' Marfell retorted. There was the opportunity to contradict that he had longed for without violating his conscience. 'Really, there was nothing the matter. I told you from the first that there was no real brain-mischief. There are some natures that can't rise superior to trouble, and your brother is one of them. You say that are never worried him. That was because he only thew care by hearsay; he could not believe that it would come. And when it did come, when it was brought home to him, the shock was very great. The trouble vanishes, and he begins to be himself again. He will be quite well by the end of the

Marfell's prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. By the end of the week Rayne Castlerayne was quite himself again. He began to hold up his head coce more; there were one or two little schemes for the improvement of The Towers that might be put in hand. The balance of his windfall he regarded & quite inexhaustible.

'No, no,' May protested; 'let us wait a little and to if the good fortune is going any further. Even as it is, we cannot afford to live here.

Mr Castlerayne demurred. They were walking egether along the terrace on the west side of the house, in the sun. There were still a few late roses, but for the most part the trees glistened with the clasic shine of cobwebs. Angela paced up and down with the others gloomily. She was the only one of the family who looked none the better for the good fortune. She was pale and distracted; there were dark rings under her eyes. She had homents when May found her very difficult.

What do you want me to do?' Castlerayne uked

'Invest the balance of your windfall,' May aid Ask Mr Warrener to advise you. He will te able to do that to the best advantage. It oght to give us another three hundred a year, which, with the rent of The Towers, will enable

'Leave The Towers?' Mr Castlerayne protested. 'Really, my dear child'

'Leave The Towers,' May went on inexorably. 'We had arranged to do it before. We have nothing like enough money to live properly here. Oh! don't let us drift into debt again. Let us be thankful for the unknown benefactor'-

'Is he unknown?' Angela asked suddenly. There was a look of scorn on her pale face. 'May, do you mean to say that you don't know who purchased that land-you don't know whose charity we have been relying on ?

A puzzled expression crossed May's face. It was clear she did not understand.

'Indeed I don't, my dear,' she said. didn't ask any questions. Mr Summers told me that the purchaser desired that his name should not be mentioned for the present. He had consented not to start any trade there, and that sufficed me.

'Then the offer has nothing to do with the great secret you and Mr Warrener

'Nothing whatever,' May cried. 'If you had been sharp-sighted enough to discover'-

'It is rather you who have been so blind,' Angela said bitterly. 'But I thought you knew. The purchaser of that land is your friend Clifford Warrener.

May's look of astonishment was perfectly genuine. Angela could see that at a glance. Mr Castlerayne was taking no interest in the discussion whatever. He was rather afraid that some of the roses needed renewing.

'Are you quite sure of your facts?' May asked. 'I hardly think that Mr Warrener'-

'Would have kept you in the dark,' Angela cut in in the same bitter strain. 'Evidently he has done so on this occasion. But he is the purchaser of that land on the far side of the hospital, because he admitted as much to me.'

'Go on,' May murmured. 'You don't know how interested I am.'

'There is very little more to tell. It happened the morning after father was taken ill. I sat with him most of the night, you remember.'

'Good girl!' Castlerayne said sotto voce. He was examining the heart of a tea-rose with consuming interest. 'The comfort that one gets from one's children, especially if they have been brought up as well as means'-

'It is a blessed privilege.' Angela laughed unsteadily. 'I went for a walk before breakfast-I could not sleep-and I met Mr Warrener. It was quite early; he was out with Mr Brooke practising golf-strokes. It struck me then as rather a strange thing for two grown men to be so childishly occupied.'

'Not at all,' May said in some indignation. 'Golf is a great institution. I have heard it called one of God's good things. Look what a healthy game it is, so devoid of morbid excitement. I have been having lessons from Mr Brooke. He is one

of the finest players in the country; he is a great authority on the game, and he tells me that we have the making here of perhaps the best golf-links in the kingdom. The turf is absolutely perfect; the greens are wonderfully good; the hazards are just what they should be, and they are just in the right places. The Romans probably

played golf here.'

'Go on,' Angela laughed. 'Apparently you have caught the fever. Tell us that golf is a panacea for old age; in fact, there is no old age when one takes to golf. I believe that in Scotland it is an institution. But you interrupted me. As I was saying, on that particular morning I met Mr Warrener. I told him everything. He stopped his game at once, saying that he had to go to Hardborough. Of course I did not guess what was in his mind then, but I knew directly Mr Summers came. As soon as Mr Summers told us all about the mysterious sale of that land I knew quite as well as if Mr Warrener had made a confession to me. And you didn't, May?'

'I give you my word of honour that I didn't,'

May declared.

'I can't think how you could have been so blind. Oh, can't you see that this is only another form of accepting charity? I said nothing about it till dad here was strong again.—There is nothing the matter with that rose-tree; it is only that the bark has grown rusty.—I repeat that we owe all our present prosperity to the charity of Mr Warrener. He didn't come and fling the money at us; he is too much of a gentleman for that. But he does something that is quite as transparent: he buys some acres of mud and sand at a fancy price, and pretends that he has driven a wonderfully good bargain.'

'So he has,' May said calmly. 'I begin to understand now, though I had not been consulted as to the developments. If you taxed him with

'I have done so; and he did not deny it.—

Father, have you nothing to say?'

Mr Castlerayne abandoned his critical examination of the offending rose-tree with reluctance. He had no great admiration for Angela in these moods. He was never likely to conquer his distaste for

facing an awkward question squarely.

'Really, my dear,' he protested, 'I fail to see why you should drag me into the business. I have a certain estate to dispose of; on the other hand there is a man who needs the estate. He offers me what appears to be a fancy price; in reality, it may be a great bargain. I lack the commercial mind, so I can't possibly tell. Warrener is a gentleman; he belongs to a good old family; he is a very nice fellow, but he is essentially a man of business. I refuse to believe that he bought this land to please me. I shall be very glad if you will ask him to come and dine to-morrow, and bring his friend Brooke along. I was at Oxford with a

Raymond Brooke. I wonder if this man is any relation.'

Probably Angela would have persisted in her hopeless task had not she detected the mocking smile in May's eyes. That smile seemed to take all the steel out of her arguments. For, till quite recently, May had been more vehement on the subject of the family carelessness than herself. May had always soundly denounced the extravagance and sin of debt; she was the last person in the world to nibble at the bread of charity, buttered though it might be and spread with caviare withal. And May, though Angela had obviously surprised her, was not in the least annoyed or offended; quite the contrary.

'It is no use for you to "kick against the pricks," the younger girl said. 'I am perfectly certain that Mr Warrener has made an excellent bargain. He could sell that land for twice the money to-morrow. My dear, you are like Mrs Partington with her broom trying to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean; you are a pretty little fly on the wheel of progress. Would you like to know everything?'

'Of course I should,' Angela admitted. She laughed despite herself. 'Being a woman, it is only natural I should have a little curiosity.'

'Then your curiosity shall be gratified. You shall make your peace with Clifford Warrener in your own way afterwards. Go into the house and write the note dad requires to those two men asking them to dinner to-morrow. Cophetua, Cophetua, you are translated! "For you shall walk in silk attire, and siller hae to spare!" And to-morrow night you shall know the great secret.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

T was with some hesitation that Angela fulfilled her father's request. She had not seen Clifford Warrener for some days; it seemed

to her that he was keeping out of the way. She wanted him, and she did not want him; she did not recognise as yet how essential he was to her happiness. It had pleased her lately to look upon Warrener as a purse-proud man who had tried to earn favour at the hands of the Castleraynes by a clumsy expedient which was obviously borrowed from the cheaply sensational class of novel.

And yet Angela was doubtful. She felt more than doubtful after she had exploded her mine with so little effect. She had expected, at any rate, to enlist May on her side. But May seemed to be in close alliance with the foe; also, she had shaken Angela's most cherished convictions by her statement that Warrener's action had had nothing of charity about it, but that the most possible explanation was a mutual convenience.

If that were so, then Angela would have to apologise. In the plainest possible words she had

accused Warrener of thrusting his charity upon the family; indeed, she had gone further than that She knew that Warrener loved her; she dared not ask herself yet if she reciprocated that feeling. She knew that she dared not analyse her feelings, and she had actually told Clifford Warrener that he had done this thing as a cheap and short cut to a girl's heart. The words came back to her now with cruel force. Warrener had turned his back on her and gone away without another word. Really, he might have stopped; he might have given her a chance to prevaricate, as women can in such cases. But he had gone off, obviously wounded, and the girl had not seen him since. If May's contentions were correct, then there would be nothing for it but a penitent apology. Angela recognised that, and she would make the apology whatever it cost her. So she wrote the note, and in the course of the next morning came the reply to the effect that the men in question would be only too happy. Angela had settled the dinner Beau with Aunt Gertrude; she had nothing to do. May stood before her, radiant in homespun skirt and coat, with a bag of new clubs under her

'Come along and try this exasperating, fascinating game,' she cried. 'My new clubs have come; Mr Brooke got them from Westward Ho for me. He says there are no clubs like Gibson's. He is going to give me a lesson. Do come and set'

Angela hesitated for a moment. She had very little doubt that Warrener would be there also. She felt that she would like to meet him before he came to dinner. Angela told herself that the did not quite approve of the way in which lay was passing her afternoons in the company of Mr Brooke. There was a sacred duty before her.

On the level plantation of ground before the half-ruined Dower-House the powerful figure of Mr Raymond Brooke stood. He was contemplating the sweep of landscape before him with admiring trangering rattle of mowing-machines. Certain saches of the turf looked a lighter colour than the rest. Here and there red and white flags fluttered from tall bamboo sticks; here and there were poles picked out in red and white and blue. May's with pleasure.

Oh Angela! they've laid it out,' she cried. They must have worked like demons since the rarly morning. And H—, the champion, only haurally good it is, to get everything ready so

Brooke came forward with his cap in his hand. He took the bags and handed the clubs to a couple of small boys standing by. Angela had lad a great deal to occupy her attention lately, a guilty feeling came over her as she saw

the familiar terms the golfers were on. It was a relief to know that Raymond Brooke was in all ways desirable.

'It's all ready,' Brooke cried. 'The course is as good now as it ever will be. To my mind, there is nothing like it in the kingdom; an absolutely natural course—the golfer's ideal dream! And here it has been all these years, and nobody has discovered it.—Miss Castlerayne, are you going to have a lesson too?'

'I am not,' Angela said decidedly. It was obviously the answer that was expected of her, and Brooke looked relieved. Golfers are generally selfish people, and hunt in couples. Occasionally they make a favour of taking in a third player; but the politeness is of the shallowest kind. 'I am going to keep at a respectful distance, and watch you.'

Brooke smote a ball long and far in the direction of the first flag, and May followed. Angela heard something that sounded like a 'perfect series of brassy lies;' but the jargon of the game was quite beyond her. If she had only realised what an abject slave she was going to become before long!

'It is glorious!' May cried. 'You must have a try, Angela. To think that we have conquered boredom for good and all! Castlerayne will never be dull to me again.'

It sounded foolish and extravagant; but there are thousands of wise and good people—statesmen, divines, authors, poets, and the like—who say the same thing; and there are thousands of poor villagers away up north, on sterile coasts, who have good reason to welcome the advent of the finest outdoor game that ever came as a boon to mankind. But Angela was not enthusiastic yet. She was almost glad when Warrener appeared. He came out of the Dower-House with a man who in some subtle way conveyed to Angela that he was an architect.

'No, I'm not going to play,' Warrener said. 'I have too much to do.—Miss Angela! You have my sincere sympathy in your sister's affliction. She's got the fever.'

Angela laughed; her face flushed slightly. She wondered why she always felt so exalted and happy in the society of this man, and why she always quarrelled with him. She was a masterful girl, and she had met her master. When she realised the fact she had her happiness fairly grasped in both hands. He seemed to have forgotten their last disagreement; there was a smile on his face, and something in the look of his eye that caused Angela to cast hers down. So he had not forgotten her, and she was insanely glad.

'Let us follow them,' he suggested. 'I want to go over the whole course now that it is finished. Between ourselves, I am almost as enthusiastic a player as Brooke, only he has more time. You see, he had his future ready made. At one time he wanted to be Lord Chancellor; but on mature consideration it came to him that Amateur Golf Champion would be a far more distinguished position. I may say it is much more likely to be realised.'

'He seems a nice man,' Angela said. 'He has such a pleasing, open face."

'He is one of the best fellows in the world,' Warrener cried. 'And if my eyes are correct in their reading of those human documents yonder, your sister is a lucky girl. I'm glad of it, because I have a genuine affection for May. She has a very

sweet temper, too.' 'Meaning that I have not?' Angela laughed unsteadily. 'Perhaps you are right.'

Well, you have given me plenty of chances for judging, Warrener said. 'Still, we will not return to that. It is so glorious and perfect a day, with the grass in such good condition, that'-

'Now you are laughing at me!' Angela said with some indignation. 'Mr Warrener, I have to make a sincere and humble apology to you. The last time we were together I was very rude and very unjust to you. How unjust I was I did not realise until this morning. I accused you of laying the family under a great obligation, of taking advantage of your money to impose—to impose—oh, how can I say it? You know what I mean.

Warrener looked down into the beautiful flushed face and tear-laden eyes. Here was the Angela that he had dreamt of, the loving woman who put everything aside for the man and his happiness. All the coldness and haughtiness had gone from her lips.

'I know exactly what you mean,' he said. 'You accused me of trying to win your love that way. It was untrue and unkind, and you knew it all the time.'

'Indeed, indeed I didn't. How could I? You purchased that worthless land at an enormous price, and thus rid us of all our troubles; you saved my father's life. And yet I was angry with you, because I thought more of my wretched self than the others. It is only now that I begin to realise how selfish and cowardly I have been.'

'That's true,' Warrener admitted a little unexpectedly. 'But let me assure you that I have not done anything of the kind. The convenience was absolutely a mutual one. Your father had something to sell; there was something that I wanted to buy. I admit that it was lucky that the purchaser was here just at the psychological moment. And yet, before the misfortune came, if I had told your father what I wanted he would have refused me it. There has been a conspiracy, a conspiracy of three people against the dignity and comfort of the Castleraynes: I allude to your aunt Gertrude, to Craggs, and myself. I am not quite sure that I ought not to include your sister in the plot. At any rate, when I discussed my scheme to her she was very enthusiastic. But we had to use diplomacy. We had to face the latter in the shape

of Mr Castlerayne; we had to make him a rich

'But nobody would call my father a rich man,

'Not yet, but they will in two years' time. The Mr Warrener.' whole thing is going to be divulged at dinner tonight. I was very glad to get your note. And you mean to say that you can't guess what the secret is; that you can't see the gold scattered all over the ground that you are walking on at this very minute?'

Angela shook her head and smiled. She took a tendril of gorse in her slender pink fingers and

'Only this yellow gold,' she said; 'but you can't tossed it in the air.

pay bills with it.' Oh yes, you can. It is all part of the fortune. The gorse is typical of the place, like the heather and the bracken. Angela, if you are satisfied that

Angela murmured a word under her breath. It what I say 'sounded very like 'Bother!' For May and her companion had just appeared from the sloping side of a ravine filled with sand and bracken. Beyond the ravine and a little in front of it was a flat tableland edged with rugged sandhills, and in the centre of the level spot one of the flags waved in the breeze.

'There's no question about it,' Brooke said in the tones of authority. 'These are the best four successive holes in England. Three, two, and one shot holes. To think of this paradise lying neglected here for all these years! I dare say you have been telling Miss Castlerayne all about it.'

'Indeed I haven't,' Warrener said dryly. 'We have been discussing a personal question. I really think that we have come to a proper understanding on a subject that has been a vexed question between us for some time.'

Angela's face flamed, but there was a look of softness and happiness in her eyes. May smiled demurely. Everything was going just as she had

Then you are not in possession of the great hoped for. secret, she said. 'My dear Angela, you must be blind! It lies before you so that he who runs may read.'

Miss Angela has not caught the fever yet, Warrener said. 'But I shall proceed to make a full confession of the whole thing to-night after dinner.'

May waved a club over her head with the abandon of utter enthusiasm.

'To the secret!' she said. 'Here's to the secret, and Castlerayne Golf-Links; and long may they flourish! I shall love them for the rest of my

'Royal Castlerayne,' Brooke corrected. 'If ever the prefix was deserved by any links, it is deserved in the case of Royal Castlerayne.'

(To be continued.)

SOME HAPPY IMPROMPTUS.



HE reference in a recent interesting article, 'With Coleridge at Samuel Rogers',' to Theodore Hook's genius for extemporaneous songmaking suggested this stringing together of various happy im-

promptus, some of which, though doubtless familiar to the reader, are so good as to bear repetition. Of such was the line from Virgil, 'Mantua, va misera nimium vicina Cremona!' quoted by Swift on a lady accidentally knocking down a Cremona violin by brushing against it with her mantle; and that other hexameter, 'Nocte part total; redeunt spectacula mane,' with which he sought to console an elderly gentleman who had lost his spectacles, by telling him that if it were to rain all night he would certainly get them back in the morning.

'Nothing,' wrote Dr Johnson, the prince of teadinkers, as Leigh Hunt called him, 'was ever aid with uncommon felicity but by the cooperation of chance.' His own humorous request b Mrs Thrale for a cup of tea, in ridicule of the

style of the old ballads-

And now, I pray thee, Hetty dear, That thou wilt give to me, With cream and sugar soften'd well, Another dish of tea;

But hear, alas! this mournful truth-Nor hear it with a frown-Thon canst not make the tea so fast As I can gulp it down-

suggests a good starting-point.

The wit of the late Sir William Harcourt is proverbial; but the following piece of humour mar have escaped the ears of the majority. Talking one day to Sir William on the subject of mixing, the late Lord Tennyson remarked that the first pipe before breakfast was the most delightful smoke of the day. 'I see, I see!' Sir Tiliam replied seriously; the first sweet pipe of the half-awakened bard.' The reconstruction of the quotation from the poet's own verse to and the occasion, a reconstruction only involving one rowel, was exceedingly happy.

As the celebrated author of Night Thoughts was one day walking in his garden at Welwyn with two ladies, one of whom he afterwards married, agrant came to tell him that a gentleman wished be the him. 'Tell him,' said the Doctor, 'I am to happily engaged to change my situation.' The blies insisted that he should go, as his visitor Reaman of rank, his patron and his friend. As remasion had no effect, one took him by the rest arm, the other by the left, and led him to be garden-gate; when, finding resistance was vain, be bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and, in the expressive manner for which he was so temarkable, spoke the following lines:

Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driven, And thus disputed orders sent from heaven. Like him, I go; but yet to go am loath; Like him, I go, for angels drove us both. Hard was his fate; but mine still more unkind: His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

It is not likely that many have read the autobiography of Bishop Watson of Llandaff (1783-1813), a clever, political, disappointed man, and a Whig. The Prime Minister of that day expected him, shortly after his appointment to his See, to support the Government in a certain measure in the House of Lords. Said the Bishop, 'I do not consider it consistent with the Christian religion to support such a measure;' to which the Minister replied, 'Nor do I think it consistent with the Christian religion that the first thing a newly appointed bishop should do is to forget his Maker.'

The danger of the use of metaphor in argument was well illustrated the other day during a discussion between a Ritualist and a Protestant. 'You will admit,' urged the former, 'that Music is the handmaid of Religion?' 'Yes,' agreed the latter; 'but I wish Religion would give her a

month's notice.'

Dr Hough, quondam Bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper as for many other good qualities, having on one occasion a goodly company at his house, one of the gentlemen present desired his lordship to show him a curious weather-glass which he had lately purchased, and which had cost some thirty guineas. A servant was accordingly told to bring it, and in handing it to the gentleman he accidentally let it fall and broke it to pieces. The company was a little upset by the accident, particularly he who had asked to see it, and who was making profuse apologies for the mishap. 'Be under no concern, my dear sir,' said the Bishop, smiling. 'I think it is rather a good omen. We have hitherto had a very dry season, and now I hope we shall have some rain, for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low in my life.'

The pump-room at Bath has furnished many a brilliant example of this ready turn of wit. About the middle of the seventeenth century, two subscription-books were opened on the same day—the one for prayers at the abbey, the other for gaming at the rooms. The first evening the numbers stood on them as under, and occasioned the following

impromptu:

The Church and Rooms, the other day, Open'd their books for prayer and play; The Priests got twelve, Hoyle sixty-set How great the odds for Hell 'gainst Heav'n!

A certain captain remarkable for his uncommon height being in the rooms one day, the Princess Amelia saw him and was surprised by the singularity. Upon inquiry, she was told his name and

family, and that he had been originally intended for the Church. 'Rather for the *steeple*,' replied the royal humourist with her usual complacency.

Upon his first going to Bath, Mr Quin the actor found himself very extravagantly charged for eatables and drinkables, as well as for lodging and washing. At the end of the first week he took aside Beau Nash, the Master of the Ceremonies, who had recommended Bath as being the cheapest place in England for a man of taste and a bon vivant. Nash, who loved his joke, and knew that Quin loved a pun as well as himself, replied, 'They have acted by you upon truly Christian principles.' 'How so?' queried Quin. 'Why,' resumed Nash, 'you were a stranger, and they took you in.' 'Ay; but,' replied Quin, 'they have fleeced me instead of clothing me.'

A few nights after, Nash was in company with Quin when he was in one of his satirical moods, and was taking off most of those present in the rooms. Nash, expecting to be the next, got up, and was on the point of retiring, when Quin asked him why he was going so soon. 'In order to save you the trouble of taking me off, I think it is best to take myself off,' quietly replied the Master of the Ceremonies. After his death the corporation of Bath placed a full-length picture of Nash in the pump-room between the busts of Newton and Pope;

upon which the Earl of Chesterfield reeled off this severe and witty epigram:

Immortal Newton never spoke

More truth than here you'll find,
Nor Pope himself e'er penned a joke
Severer on mankind.

The picture, plac'd the busts between, Adds to the satire strength; Wisdom and Wit are little seen, But Folly at full length.

But enough! As Hazlitt truly remarks, 'a perpetual succession of jests is wearisome, and tries the patience of the reader,' so we will close these loosely strung witticisms with one from the floor of the House of Commons. At the time of debating the Union Act, Addison, who, though an elegant writer, was too diffident ever to shine as a public speaker, rose, and thus addressed himself to the Speaker: 'Mr Speaker, I conceive'- but could get no further; then, rising again, he said, 'Mr Speaker, I conceive' Still unable to proceed, he sat down again. A third time he rose, but was still unable to say anything more than, 'Mr Speaker, I conceive' when a certain young member possessed of more effrontery and volubility arose and said, 'Mr Speaker, I am very sorry to find that the honourable gentleman over the way has conceived three times and brought forth nothing.'

AN OPEN DOOR.

CHAPTER VII.-THE DECISION.



OU will come to the moonlight picnic to-night?' said Mrs Scott to Sidney. 'Oh, nonsense. I'll take no refusal; the Wests will be terribly hurt if you don't come.'

So he went with her to the picnic, which was being given at an old ruin, and found a sumptuous repast, with ices and champagne. Mrs Travers was there, talking, laughing, jeering.

'And I thought that I had worked some change in her,' said Sidney to himself. 'Vain hope! Nothing will change her now; she has chosen her own line.'

He began to wonder whether he had influenced any one in these short months that he had spent at Satong. Looking round, he saw some of the young men who had unburdened themselves to him, and he felt that he was an influence in their lives, perhaps the only one that reminded them of purity, of self-control, of the need of Divine help and the possibility of obtaining it.

A few young men! He knew that he had only to take up work anywhere in London to be surrounded by such; so why should he stay in Satong if it was just to influence a few young men?

But as he sat a little apart in the shadow, looking at the somewhat weird scene—the moonlight, the white dresses of the ladies, the impassive faces of the Chinese servants, the things spread for a luxurious repast, with the background of ruins bearing witness of past ages—he seemed to be in a strange dream, in which a voice whispered to him, 'There are souls here which call for your help.' A solemn sense of responsibility came over him; and if the decision had been required that night Sidney would have stayed in Satong.

'Do you see that fair young man over there?' said Mrs Scott, coming up to him. 'He has just come to Satong. He is the son of the well-known Sir Harry Denistoun. I wish they would not send such young fellows out here. I believe the idea was that he should stay some years at Hong-kong, and there he would have found plenty of companionship; but the firm's representative up here fell ill, and so he had to come. It must be a great change for a young man fresh from home.'

'Well, Padre,' said Mrs Travers, joining them,
'no answer yet from England. That shows that
you are to cast in your lot with us. We will have
Miss Rivers out, and Satong will give you a grand
wedding. We will have to get the up-country
missionary to perform the ceremony, as you cannot
be bridegroom and parson at one time.'

'The mail comes in to-morrow,' said Mrs Scott 'and we are hoping that some clergyman may hav been heard of.' That night Sidney was unable to sleep. There was a festival going on in the Chinese town; and, to one unaccustomed to it, the noise was perfectly maddening. When he came down in the morning Mrs Scott exclaimed at his appearance.

'Much as I should like you to stay, I must own that this place does not agree with you,' she said.

'News!' called out Mr Scott, coming into the room. 'The mail is in, and Downes writes that he has got a man named North, who is willing to come out here. Nothing of a preacher—a sort of bookworm, I fancy, willing to come because he is no hand at parish work, but quite unobjectionable. I fear that we can't really expect more. Now, what is to be done? Are we to telegraph to him to come, or will you consent to take the post, Sidney?'

'Nonsense!' said Mrs Scott. 'He certainly will set consent to stay. It is evident that this place does not agree with him. Can't you see how ill Arthur is looking? Telegraph at once.'

It seemed to Sidney as if the whole thing had paned out of his hands; the decision had been made for him.

'Well,' said Mr Scott, 'I believe you are right. I will go and see the church committee, and get the telegram off.—And look here, Sidney, you know we will be sorry to lose you; but the mail-boat goes out to morrow evening, and as the heat is increasing ladvise you to take it.'

Sidney found his farewell visits trying, and was glad that they were limited to one day.

Mrs Travers burst into the Scotts' the next morning.

'And so you are really off, Padre! Well, I suppose it was too much to ask you to stay here. See, I have brought you a few cups to help to furnish your Loadon house. A Chinese Johnnie sold them to my husband, and I think you will find that they are different from the rubbish of the bazaars. I wish you could have stayed, Padre, 'she continued, laying a hand on his shoulder; 'but you won't forget us, will you? And when you get back to dear, cool, clean England, say a prayer for the poor sinners condemned to frizzle out here.' And before Sidney could reply she was out of the room and tearing down the road in her dog-cart, stattering the terrified Chinese before her like leaves in the wind.

The mail-steamer throbbed its way slowly among the islands that lie round Satong; yet when they had been a couple of hours out at sea Sidney already left better, for the breeze was something quite different from the warm, damp air that played round Satong. That night when he sat down in his cabin he took up his Bible, and, opening it at random, his eyes fell on a marked passage: 'No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.' How well he remembered marking that passage! It was at the time of his ordination, when he was full of high resolves and great purposes, when life was too short for all he meant to do for the glory of God; and as for 'looking

back,' such a possibility did not even come within the horizon of his thoughts.

But as he gazed at the words before him a cold conviction seemed to benumb his heart, and he realised that in turning his back on Satong he had turned from the call to a great sacrifice. opportunity for complete self-renunciation had been laid before him, and he had turned to follow his own desires. His brain seemed clearer now than it had been in Satong, and he could see that it was the desire for congenial work, the work in which he knew himself to be successful, that was taking him back to England, not the desire to win souls to Christ. He had stifled the Interior Voice that had whispered of self-sacrifice; he had looked back, and the bitterness of the realisation was such that at that moment Sidney would have given years of his life to be able to stop the engines and step ashore again at Satong!

But life is full of decisions that, once made, can never be altered; and Sidney felt the beat of the engine that carried him on, and he knew that with his consent the telegram had gone that summoned Mr North to Satong.

He flung himself on his knees. 'I have sinned, O God!' he cried. 'But by my life I will show my repentance. I will spend and be spent in Thy service.'

CHAPTER VIII.- COOL, CLEAN ENGLAND.

HEN Sidney arrived in England his relations were shocked at his appearance, and were inclined to blame him severely for having stayed in Satong, in spite

of his representations that he had had medical permission to do so.

A friend made the offer of a small Devonshire living for a year, and it was decided that his marriage should take place at once, and that he should try what the country would do towards re-establishing his health.

During the year of Sidney's absence Ethel Rivers had developed very much. She had always been a girl of high religious purposes; and having met with some enthusiastic missionaries, she had become imbued with their zeal, and work in the foreign mission-field became her ideal of life. She had been quite excited when she heard that Sidney was staying at Satong, and on his return was full of questions as to the work carried on among the native population.

'How I envy you,' she said to Sidney in one of their first long talks; 'how I envy you seeing such places! Oh Arthur, how lovely it would have been if the Satong people had asked you to stay! And then I would have come out to you, and I could have done something among the Chinese.'

'I am not sure that you would have found it so lovely as you think,' replied Sidney. 'Things are apt to look very different from a distance.'

'Oh, I know all that,' she exclaimed impatiently,

'and how people talk of the disappointment of missionary life; but, all the same, I know that I should like it. Did you ask them to let you stay, Arthur? Why would they not have you?

'Have me?' repeated Sidney. 'Why, of course they would have had me. But there were many things to be considered. The new man must be there by now;' and he passed on to other topics. But when she left the room he hid his face in his hands with a feeling of indescribable shame. Had he told a lie? He was not sure whether he had or not. He had said nothing untruthful, yet certainly he had not told her the exact truth, the simple fact that the people at Satong had begged him to stay, and that he had refused to do so. He shrank from going into the matter with her, fearing her young, crude judgments and wholehearted enthusiasms.

""The heart knoweth its own bitterness," he said to himself, 'and however near two people may come, there probably is always some point on which they cease to understand each other.

The quiet and beauty of the Devonshire scenery were a great refreshment to Sidney. The deep lanes, the rich grassy fields with the slowly munching cows, the thatched cottages with the kindly, respectable people, all seemed such a contrast to the heat, the dust, the noise of Satong, where humanity appeared hardly higher than animal life. Yes, to live in Satong would be a daily trial, and it seemed to him that he was only now learning the meaning of the word 'sacrifice.' He had often dreamt of the sacrifices he would makehow he would give up luxury and cultivated society to live with the poor and be their servant; but he realised now the vast difference there is between the self-sacrifice a man chooses for himself and the sacrifice he may be called on to make, and how the heart that is strong for the one may shrink from the other.

One day he and his wife were sitting on a grassy bank, with a volume of Browning which he was reading aloud. In front of them was the blue sea, with red cliffs stretching away in the distance.

Sidney laid down the book.

'It is a perfect shame to read aloud here and break this heavenly quiet,' he said. 'I feel as if I were in the land of the lotos-eaters. I should like to lie on this bank for ever.'

'My dear Arthur,' exclaimed his wife, 'what a speech for an energetic man like you to make! Why, you used never to keep still, and were always thirsting for more work.'

'I hope I may yet thirst for work,' said Sidney. But sometimes I feel as if I had undertaken something that is too high for me, beyond my

'Too high for you!' said his wife indignantly. 'If it is too high for you, who is able for it? You know how much the Bishop values you, and the congregation in London are longing for your

'The praise of man,' murmured Sidney, 'how return.' little it is worth! Promise me, Ethel,' he exclaimed, suddenly sitting up-'promise me that if I die you will put the words "An Unprofitable Servant" on my grave. Ethel, I beg of you to do this.'

His wife was deeply vexed, and she found it difficult to understand Sidney in these moods. Her religion was of the cheerful kind; and why a man who was devoting his whole life to the furtherance of God's kingdom should ever be despondent and introspective she could not understand. Sidney appeared to her to have changed, and she did not hold the key to the workings of his mind. She soon found out, however, that he disliked talking of Satong. He would willingly tell her of Japan, or of life in Canada; but whenever she asked him about the inhabitants of Satong he would change the subject. What had happened there, she wondered, to make him look grave at any mention of the place? And she sometimes thought of frankly asking him the reason. Yet she shrank from making a charge of concealment, and tried to banish the matter from her mind.

It was a small matter, but it formed 'the little rift.'

(To be continued.)

SPAIN. TOUR IN LITTLE

PART II.

18th October.



before daybreak, as the small steamer that was to take us from Algeziras to Gib. was timed to leave at seven. We landed an hour later, and went up to the Royal Hotel, through the only street that can

My companions bear that name in Gibraltar. went off to Tangiers, but I preferred remaining at Gib., wishing for a little quiet after all our recent peregrinations, and also to see Victor Ward, who, I heard, was to leave for England that after-

noon. As it afterwards turned out, the troopship in which he had taken his passage did not start for another day, and we were able to be together a good deal. I dined with him at his mess, that of the Rifle Brigade; there I met an old Etonian contemporary, Monty Curzon, also little Mount Charles.

18th October. - With Victor Ward, Mount Charles, and Monty Curzon visited the lower galleries. These artificial passages in the rock are extremely picturesque. What has most impressed me here has been to see the Ninety-third Highlanders marching through the narrow Spanish street, their band and pipers playing with might and main, making the old Moorish walls to rock with the sound of their pipes. All that the English have done here since their occupation in the way of building is hideous; one can see no greater contrast than the old Spanish, if not Moorish, gateway, with the arms of Charles V. above the entrance, and the ugly low buildings which stand beside it. Gibraltar is, however, a place that every Englishman should see; and I certainly do not feel inclined to agree with Gladstone in his wish to give it up to such a decayed power as that of Spain. Let us keep it as we have got it, although what possible good it could do us in the event of a European war is not very easy to see. It is, for all that, a grand thing to have and to hold.

19th October.—V. Ward drove us as far as one can drive round the rock, to Catalan Bay and on to Europa Point. I have now a good general impression of this place of war, and do not regret having come; but I still regret the shortness of our stay at Seville. I went to early morning service at the Governor's chapel, where the band of the Rifes performed the part of the organ, and so well that I at first thought it was an organ and bot fidles and trumpets that played the grand Old Hundredth.

20th October.—My friend has returned from Tangers. He found that place inconceivably foul and dirty, a bad hotel, and the look of the natives so ferocious that he hardly dared stir out. Another perfect day, ending with a beautiful sunset of gray and rose-coloured clouds, against which the graceful line of the Spanish hills stood out in deep purple. I saw V. Ward off in the troopship Himalaya. Later again to Europa Point, which I think has one of the finest views of sea and rock that I have ever looked upon.

21st October.—This is our last day at Gib., which lam sorry to leave, for it is one of those places that have a charm about them for which one cannot quite account. I fancy there is something in the glorious *a-view and the freshness of the air that accounts for this, and also it being unlike any other place; or although I am now and again reminded here of Naples and Hong-kong, it is different from either of those places, far cleaner and pleasanter than the former, and not having so picturesque a harbour or such a wonderful chain of rugged mountains facing the town as the other. This morning we rode on donkeys to the signal station, after passing through the lower and upper galleries. The They from the station is superb; perhaps the most triking point is that from a narrow ledge of rock. On either side of this ledge not more than a few bet wide the cliff shelves down almost sheer, and above towers the colossal peak of marble, brilliant thite against the deep-blue sky. This peak is a tural pyramid, with its head in the clouds and its feet in the sea. I bought Drinkwater's account of the great siege at a bookseller's here. I had lunch with Lord Conyngham's son, Mount Charles, a small, dark youth of two or three and twenty, with a remarkable double voice, beginning a sentence in a deep bass and ending it in a high treble. We did some shopping, getting a few Moorish things for presents. Mount Charles's room in the barracks is full of such knick-knacks. Later we had a sail, and went out far enough to have a good general view of the grand old rock.

22nd October.—Left Gib. at six this morning in a small steamer. The great rock stood in relief as clear and as distinct against the morning sky of blue and pink as if cut out of pasteboard; very different from its appearance when we saw it first, dim and indistinct, with a great cloud over it like a pillar that enveloped and clung round the top of the great rock. A lovely day and a smooth sea. We reached Cadiz this afternoon at four o'clock, and put up at the Fonda de Paris, a by no means bad hotel.

23rd October .- From Hare's book and other guidebooks, we had not expected to see much of interest in Cadiz. However, as luck would have it, we came in for seeing and hearing one of the finest church services that we have yet witnessed; for this day is the great festa-day of Cadiz, when the titular saints of the town, whoever they may be, are solemnly worshipped. An ancient laquais de place of some eighty years of age, who told us his name was Somerset, and that he was the son of an English captain who lived here in 1810, showed us the way to the Cathedral, where the very high and mighty festival was in full swing in honour of the patron saints of Cadiz. The scene within the magnificent Cathedral was highly picturesque and really imposing. A procession of priests was formed, in the centre of which walked the bishop dressed out in full canonicals. The procession marched round the building, following two hideous bedizened life-size dolls placed within thrones and with palanquins above them, glittering with scarlet and gold; clouds of incense ascended to the lofty roof, and splendid music rolled along the mighty aisles. The ceremony lasted an hour, during which I remained in the church, and not until a corpulent priest ascended the pulpit did I leave. Later, I went to see Murillo's last work—an unfinished picture, exactly as he left it when he fell from the scaffold he was working on, receiving injuries from which he died a few days after. This painting reprehe died a few days after. sents the marriage of St Catherine, and is unworthy of the master. We left Cadiz at three, and arrived at Seville at nine. This time we are at the Hôtel de Paris, where we have better rooms than at the Quatro Nationes, and here I hope we shall have a week's quiet and a rest after our wanderings.

25th October.—A thundery day. To the Cathedral before breakfast, and at last succeeded in seeing the 'Sacristia Major.' Not worth the pains, however, were it not for the two noble hife-size portraits of

San Leonardo and San Isidoro by Murillo. These I greatly admired. A very powerful painting by Campana, a group of Holy Women at the Foot of the Cross, has much of Michael Angelo's manner, of whom Campana is supposed to have been a pupil. The sacristy is a gorgeous temple of carved stone, but the reliquaries and the little temple in silver, the delight of touts and tourists, are but tinselly and gorgeous rubbish. Later, I went with a guide to see the house in which Murillo died. One cannot see the interior of this place. It is in a narrow court facing the old Moorish town-walls. It stands in what was formerly the Jewish Ghetto; to get to it you have to pass through streets so narrow that two stout persons could not pass through them abreast. Close by is a larger house. In the interior of this building is a suite of rooms covered with pictures; and at the end of these rooms is a small one in which the great painter is said to have It has only a single window, with a worked. delightful view from it of an orange-garden. The Moorish walls in front of these houses are those of the Alcazar, in which are stowed some eight hundred religious paintings, spoils of the churches; among all these only three are of remarkable merit, but all three are of great beauty. One is a half-length-size painting of our Saviour, crowned with thorns and His hands bound and crossed; it is one of the finest Murillos in the world. I longed to be able to get it by hook or by crook, but my guide told me that the owner, a Signor Perpero Jacobo, had refused to part with it to a Frenchman for twentyfive thousand francs. Also visited the Church of St Isodoro, in which is a fair painting over the altar by Raelas.

27th October. - It poured in torrents. One experienced that nothing can look more wretched and dismal and uninviting than a Southern city under a damp sky; and Seville is particularly dreary in wet weather, as the spouts from the houses and the many gargoyles on the churches scatter streams of water from above on the pedestrians beneath. Even indoors one was not out of reach of the watery element, as I found to my cost, the rain coming in from two holes in the ceiling of my room to such an extent that pots and pans and baths had to be on the floor to receive the shower, and this in an hotel which has only within a week been reopened and renovated! Partly owing to this uncomfortable state of affairs outdoor and indoor we decided to leave for Granada the next day. I returned for a last look at the Cathedral, got some photographs, and tried in vain to find a curiosity shop.

28th October.—The rain continued. We left Seville at nine this morning, and by train to Cordova, where we changed, and then sped slowly on to Granada, where we arrived at ten that night. The latter part of the route lay among savage and wild scenery. We are at the Hôtel of the Siete Suelos, which at first sight does not produce a very agreeable effect; wretched little rooms

and a general air of neglect and uncleanliness about the people and things in it. The Hôtel Washington Irving is opposite ours, but it is said to be inferior. We found on arriving here our two French friends, but they were on their way to Madrid.

29th October.-It unluckily rained most of this our first day at Granada. We visited the Generalife and the Alhambra. The former is little more than a series of gardens perched upon terraces which command lovely views of the red towers of the Alhambra and of the neighbouring country. No one can, I think, be disappointed with the Alhambra, even seeing it as we did on a rainy and gray day. Its courts and galleries fully come up to the expectation I had formed of it. Now and again we had a rare glimpse of sunshine which illuminated the old red chambers most exquisitely adorned. The entrance to the Ambassadors' Hall and the Hall itself, in which Columbus was received by Ferdinand and Isabella, struck me most. An artist could easily fill his time and portfolio with numberless subjects here; for he need only look Altogether, I think the Alhambra and around. Venice the only places of which I had heard and expected much, but which on seeing have in no way come short of my expectations. The restoration seems to have been skilfully carried out, but ugly fissures appear in the walls of some of the principal halls, and this makes one fear that before very long much of what still remains may fall and be lost. We looked in at the Cathedral, a fine but somewhat scenic building. It was too dark to allow of our visiting the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella. Almost the loveliest impression I shall, I think, carry away with me of this place is the view of the Alhambra from the topmost terraces of the Generalife's gardens. immensely lofty gray-stemmed poplars with their golden and green foliage, with the square red tower of the Palace towering above, is a never-tobe-forgotten sight.

30th October.-Thank goodness we have had a better day; and, although showery, that did not We commenced by interfere with sight-seeing. visiting the royal tombs in the Cathedral. Above rest the gorgeous sculptured monuments; below, the coffins. No spot in Spain is fuller of artistic and historical interest than those tombs in this chapel; very striking and effective are those leaden coffins with their little vault. 'A small place for so much greatness,' as Charles V. remarked while gazing on them. Later, we drove to the Cortuja Monastery-hardly worth the time it takes to go there; one regrets every minute taken from the Alhambra. There are grand views from the top of the terrace before the church; but here, as everywhere in Spain, the place is infested by beggars. We returned in time to hear the organ at vespers in the Cathedral; visited the 'Salon,' a pretty avenue with a fine panorama of hills all purple and blue against the snowy mountains of the Sierra Nevada towering above. In the evening we listened to the King of the Gipsies playing on a guitar as one had never heard that instrument played before, and saw some of the gipsies dance. To the Alhambra after moonrise. After ringing at the bell of the door near Charles V.'s palace, we were admitted with some difficulty, not having a pass from the chief custodian, Signor Conturno. Nothing that Washington Irving or Theophile Gautier has written regarding the magic beauty of the Alhambra by moonlight can give an idea of the effect of a bright moon in these marvellous courts and halls. It passes all words and expression. We revisited the whole building, going up to the 'Queen's Dressing-room,' from whence the view of the town below all twinkling with hundreds of lights, with the surrounding hills and the glorious Sierra Nevada looking more like a bank of intensely white clouds than palpable mountains, was unspeakably glorious. So brilliant was the moonlight that the rich ochre-colour of the old walls, and even the colour of the roofs of Granada below, seemed almost as clear as by daylight. We lingered long, and we shall not easily forget this sary-like scene. I think had it not been for the civil but officious guides who accompanied us we would have passed half the night there. It was rather late before we returned to the Siete Suelos. It was worth indeed all the time and trouble one has to undergo travelling in Spain to have seen this wonderful sight of the Alhambra by moonlight!

31st October.—At length it is fine again. To the Cathedral, where a requiem—I think by Mozart—vas being performed. A service was also taking place in the Royal Chapel. The monument of sabella reminds me of that in the church at Iratham, both in expression and in the look of infinite and perfect peace, and even to the crossing of the hands. Walked up to the Campo Santo, a veriable Golgotha, full of human bones that lie sattered above ground. The view of the mountains, lower, made the nastiness of the spot bearable. Esturning by the outer walls of the Alhambra, we lessed half a hundred places that would make the 77 of a painter's heart. These walls and towers low and again recall Kenilworth.

In November.—A splendid service at the Cathedral.

Tas there from nine till twelve. A bishop, in all the pomp of mitre and crozier, sat on his throne; its singing admirable; priests ranged below the organ-loft; crowds of choristers who sang accommand the same of great age, and a couple of heralds were taleards on which the arms of Ferdinand and labella were embroidered. Across the Alhambra in the afternoon to the Dano, the gipsy quarter. One was not all the same of the

and November.—A day of brilliant sunshine,

and I have seen the Alhambra with a deep-blue sky showing through its elaborate carved windows and its courts illumined by the golden light; very beautiful, but not so beautiful as when, the other night, all the building stood out so clearly, and the old and modern portions of the building were fused in brilliant moonlight or lost in the deep shadows. I read Lockhart's book of Spanish ballads in the Court of the Oranges, and drew a pencil scribble in the book of the view from one of the arched windows in the Court of the Ambassadors. Two English ladies, a Mrs Galway and her sister, who are living in the Tower of Justice, took some of us to see a portion of the Palace not generally open to tourists; this was near our hotel. We went to the top of the Tower dos Infantos, from which one commands a splendid view; the interior of this tower is very handsome although very ruinous. We also looked into a neighbouring tower now undergoing restoration within; in this tower one of the Moorish queens is said to have been imprisoned for twenty years-almost as long as poor Queen Mary! About sunset we visited the gardens of a Mr Calderon, now much neglected, but with fine views and magnolias covered with fruit. This garden might be made into a perfect paradise if taken care of.

Barcelona, 8th November. - On the 4th, long before daylight, we roused ourselves to leave the most interesting and beautiful spot in Spain. Our small party was increased by Mr and Mrs Lock, Mrs Galway, her mother and sister, and by two jolly little sailor lads, Charlie and Reggie. The latter were leaving Granada to pass the colder months at Malaga; we branched off from them before reaching Cordova. We reached Cordova at ten that afternoon, and after a short halt there the train slowly traversed the country northwards. A fine sunset, succeeded by almost sudden darkness as in the tropics, and with also an almost tropically starstudded sky. At one A.M. on the 5th of November we reached Alcazas, some four hours from Madrid. This made one feel that our route was of the most circuitous description; but, having circular tickets, we were obliged to return all this way back in order to get to the eastern coast of Spain. The early sun shone on a fertile plain-the garden, or, as the Spanish call it, the Huerta or Orchard, of Spain. Endless groves of orange-trees filling the valleys of this part of the Peninsula, framed by lofty hills; it was one's beau-ideal of what Spain should and ought to be, but unfortunately is not. Fond as I am of reading in the train, I found I could only look as we travelled onwards at the everlasting groves of orange-trees and on the blue and purple hills. Near La Encina this orchard-like country was at its best. I remember no day in the train in which the scenery one passed through had given one so much delight. At eleven in the morning we reached Valencia, where we lodged at the Hôtel de Madrid, a thoroughly Spanish but not uncomfortable inn. The bedrooms are mere closets opening out of lofty sitting-rooms. There is not much to see at Valencia. The Cathedral is dark, small, and squalid; the public gardens uninteresting, except for some fine palms. In order to get to the sea one has to take a tram over a road inches deep in mud. Altogether, Valencia is a place which is well enough to rest at, after such a long journey as we had had direct from Granada, but certainly not a place to visit for any attractions. The museum is a vast collection of pictorial rubbish looted from the despoiled churches; among a thousand daubs but one or two paintings repay the franc one gives the guardian. But one of these pictures is a really fine canvas-a Spagnoletto; and, black and disagreeable though it is, like most of the painter's works it has great merit. It represents St Sebastian, and is worthy of a place on the walls of the Hermitage or of the Louvre.

6th November .- We left Valencia at noon, and had a beautiful railway journey across a perfect garden of a country-palm-trees, dates, olives, vines, and miles on miles of orange-trees, some with green, others with golden fruit, bordered both sides of the line throughout our course. We also passed many an old town and ruined castle, appropriate to the scenery all around, and what might well make the despair of an artist, outdoing the best scenepainter's fancy or what he could imagine if not realise. The grand old hill crowned with the Roman remains of Seguntum is not unlike Stirling in outline. We reached Tarragona about nine at night; there we stopped, as I was determined to see the Cathedral and the tomb of the Scipios. put up at the Hôtel de Paris.

7th November .- The Cathedral is somewhat disappointing here; there is a fine retallo and a good organ, but little else of note. We drove to the tomb of the Scipios along the shore. The tomb is now but a fine block of golden-coloured stone. The view from the walls over the Mediterranean is worth obtaining. The Spaniards have done their best to destroy all that the Romans and the Moors left behind them in this ancient city; but a fragment-near the modern prison, in which, looking down from the upper walk, one can see and hear the prisoners clanking their chains-remains of what must have been the most beautifully situated amphitheatre in Spain, if not in Greece, Italy, and Sicily. We left Tarragona at six that evening, and after a wearisome four hours in the train arrived here (Barcelona). We are in the most comfortable hotel, the 'Quatres Nationes,' that we have sojourned in since we left Biarritz. And, oh, the delight, after a month without any butter better than railway grease, to be able again to get real good eatable butter! What a terrible material animal one is! I own it with shame, but

I feel more satisfaction from the good things to be had in this hotel than from any of the old cities and cathedrals we have seen during the last month. This is a gloriously bright, picturesque town, with a main street running through it which appears to me, the Parisian boulevard excepted, to have none to equal it in any other town or city. This street is called the Rambla, a mile long, with a wide promenade in the middle lined on either side with tall plane-trees. There are carriage-drives on either side of the Rambla, and also a line for tramways. The whole of this street is alive with a not unpicturesque crowd, and on one side is a fair or market of birds and flowers. All this life and movement take place under the chequered shade of the plane-trees; an intensely blue sky above, and at one end of the Rambla an equally blue sea ends the view. The street terminates towards the sea in a flight of white marble steps reflected in the dazzling waters. The Cathedral here has filled me with a delightful surprise; I had not expected so perfect a gem as it is internally, like a small and glorified Westminster Abbey. The cloisters are small but delicious; the stained glass in the building is the most beautiful I have seen anywhere. The smaller churches of Santa Maria del Mar and Saint Just y Pastos (which is like an unrestored Sainte Chapelle) are both beautiful; in the latter a stream of rainbow-like light that crossed the building had quite a divine beauty in its effect amidst the surrounding gloom, as the light fell and glorified the old walls.

10th November .- Had a busy hour before breakfast visiting churches with a laquais de place. Santa Anna with its pretty cloisters; in these is a neglected garden full of the large white flowers that smelt so sweet in the gloaming at Cadiz, and which the people there called 'lilies of the night.' A funeral service was taking place in the church, so we were unable to see much of the interior; it looked sombre. We visited also the churches of San Pablo and San Pedro. The latter is a very curious building, said to be nearly nine centuries old. San Pablo, however, is even more ancient. It had a very interesting cloister; but this is now turned into a military barrack, and is utterly neglected and desecrated by coats of whitewash. The outside carvings on the church are most curious. Later on I visited the handsome but still unfinished university. My travelling companion left for Paris. After seeing him off I walked up with a guide to see Montjuich, the fortress which dominates Barcelona, and which was taken so pluckily by Lord Peterborough. The view of the town and the sea from the summit, just as the sun was setting, was well worth the climb. The following day I left Barcelona by sea for Marseilles.

A FLOATING SHIPYARD.



NE of the strangest types of craft ever designed has been completed by the United States Government for use in the Philippine Islands. The craft may well be called a floating shipyard, for it will not only lift the

heaviest warship completely out of water, but it contains the necessary machinery for making repairs, as well as store-rooms for plates, framework, and other parts of the ship which it may be necessary to replace. It is the greatest lifting mechanism ere designed, although the enormous power which it ererts is due entirely to the elements of air and water, steam-power only being employed to put these elements in a position where they can accomplish their task.

The mariner terms this marine monster a floating dry-dock, but it differs in many respects from any wher yet built. It must be remembered that the and or graving docks do not exert any lifting power. They are immovable, and a vessel is docked by entering them while they are filled with water. The gates at the dock-end are then closed and the water pumped out. When the cleaning and repairing have been done to the ship, the gates are opened, the water flows in, and the craft is thus floated. In the case of the Dewey Dock, as it is called, it is not hecessary to be located in any harbour, for it is a manumoth mechanical automaton. If the state of the sea permits, it will do its work just as well a thousand miles from land as adjacent to the shore. Suppose a battleship has been damaged by a projettile from the enemy, or her hull needs cleaning to remove the barnacles and other marine growth which have accumulated. The dock is sunk until sufficiently submerged to allow a foot or two of vater between it and the warship's keel-enough to allow the vessel to float above the pontoons without danger of striking. Then the ship is slowly guided between the dock walls. When she has reached a point where her speed must be checked, her engines are reversed and she comes to a standstill, with the further aid of the big cables passed from her to the great stanchions or posts set into the dock. In thort, she is moored in the structure just as if tied to a pier or wharf in a harbour.

Now comes a test of the mighty strength of the dock. Its bottom is an enormous tank made of seel plates over half an inch in thickness, and held in position by a framework of steel girders which ran zigag throughout the structure. This tank is divided into compartments, which ordinarily are raterlight except when they are filled from openings in the hull. Of course they are filled when the dock is sunk to allow the battleship to anchor; here says to do is to pump out the water in the bottom portion. The steam-pumps begin throwing it out from the sides in thick columns. As fast as

the water is expelled the air of course enters the compartments, and really by the upward pressure of the air or pneumatic force the enormous weight, ranging into tens of thousands of tons, is raised foot by foot until in less than four hours the huge seafighter is so far out of water that a man can crawl under her keel with his scraping-tool, and the shipwright take off or put on a plate or rib which may be far below her water-line.

Once out of water, the warship is ready for repairing, painting, or other needed work, just the same as if she were safely enclosed in a landlocked dock. If wind and weather permit, she can be kept high and dry for weeks or months—just as long as the valves are closed which control the inlet of the sea into the great hollow bottom. After she has been made 'spick and span' again, the valves are opened and nature does the rest. Not a movement of the engines is necessary in this process, which marvellously illustrates the force of gravity. The weight of the ship presses the dock down, aided by the filling of the compartments, until she is again afloat and can steam out of the novel repair-yard ready for duty.

But besides being able to lift the man-of-war or merchantman, the dock can actually lift itself, strange as this may seem. Not all can be raised at one time, but the great pontoon which comprises the centre section can be held out of water, so that it can be cleaned and repaired just as any other craft. This novel feature is due to the fact that the dock really consists of three pontoons each complete in itself. Those at the ends fit over the sides of the centre section, which in turn overlaps them at each end. In other words, the dock is a gigantic collapse box of steel, the two end sections sliding under the centre one when it is desired to dock the latter. The way this is done is to pump out the centre pontoon, then fill the bottoms of the ends. They sink until their shipreceiving decks are below the bottom of the centre. As their sides extend beyond the sides of the main pontoon, they can thus be pulled under it without difficulty. As a matter of fact, the end pontoons form miniature floating docks in themselves, as they can be sunk and raised separately and used for docking tugs, torpedo-boats, and other small craft.

A few figures will give a further idea of the immense size of this floating shipyard. From end to end it is five hundred feet long, but can be used for a vessel somewhat longer if necessary. It is one hundred and thirty-four feet in width from outside to outside of its walls, allowing a clear space of one hundred feet for ship-room between the walls. These walls are so wide in themselves that there is ample room in them for all the pumping machinery, as well as state-rooms for officers and crew, the machine-shop, &c. When the dock is submerged to the greatest extent, fifty-three and

a half feet depth of water is required. Possibly these figures give an idea of its really enormous dimensions; but from the bottom to the top of the tower-deck the side-walls actually measure sixty-three and a half feet in height, while the pontoons when merely supporting their own weight float in eighteen and a half feet of water.

The great pumps for emptying the hollow bottom are among the most interesting features of the mechanism. The main pumps are three in number. Each is connected to a compound engine of two hundred and twenty-five horse-power, and forces out a stream of water twenty-four inches in diameter. The discharge of water is controlled by wedge screw-valves, and for the main pontoon three inlet pipes of twenty-four inches, two of eighteen inches, and two of twelve inches are pro-These pumps are merely for the main vided. pontoon, each end being served by an independent system. Steam is supplied to the main engines by a battery of boilers calculated to develop nine hundred horse-power in all. The engines were designed especially for the dock.

The valve-house, as it is termed, somewhat resembles the interior of a signal station on one of the modern railroad lines, as the valves are controlled by a series of levers which are similar in appearance to those used for working semaphores and for throwing switches. The levers are connected to rods which extend downward through the walls, and are attached to the valves by movable joints. Connecting with each valve is also an indicator placed upon the roof of the controlling station. By means of these the dockmaster from his station on the bridge at the end can tell at a glance the valves that are open and those that are shut. Another interesting contrivance is a gauge by which the depth of water in any compartment is continually registered. The gauge contains a column of mercury which is controlled by pneumatic valves, in turn controlled by the pressure of water in the compartments. In all, twenty-four levers are required; but so compact is the mechanism that one or two men can move all the valves. It may be added that the controlling station is connected with the bridge, the officers' quarters, the engine-rooms, and other parts of the dock both by speaking-tubes and a telephone system, so that the valve operators are continually in communication with all parts of the structure.

As already stated, the dock has facilities for making repairs to a vessel if she is not too much damaged. The repair plant contains chisels and drills for cutting off and boring hull-plates. These are operated by compressed air. A swinging crane will lift the plates, frames, and other weights, and put them where needed. In the machine-shop are such appliances as anvils, vices, machines for finishing ship-plates, lathes, shapers, &c. The repair-shop is driven by its own engine, and is as complete as if on shore. Then there are the electric light plant; the galley, fitted out with a full set of pots,

pans, and dishes; as well as mess-rooms and staterooms as commodious as the passenger accommodation on some of the ships running across the Atlantic—all within the great walls. Even marble bath-tubs and shower-baths are provided. But as the dock is to be located in the tropics, arrangements have been made to keep the air between the walls cooled by revolving fans which are continually changing the atmosphere.

Here are a few more figures which show the capacity of the dock and its great proportions: It has been designed to elevate sixteen thousand tons weight to a height which will allow at least two feet of space between the keel of the ship and the ship-deck or floor of the dock, while it is expected to support a weight of twenty thousand tons when the lower deck of the dock is just level with the top of the water about it. When ready for service, with all its machinery aboard, the dock weighs ten thousand six hundred tons, the steel material it contains representing nine thousand two hundred tons, the machinery five hundred and seventy-six tons, water for boiler and plant two hundred and eighty tons, and the anchors and chains fifty tons. The space it occupies when sunk to receive a warship is equal to that of a vessel weighing thirty-five thousand tons.

THE CALL OF NATURE.

I HAVE the love of a thousand years coursing through my veins—

The love of the great pulsating sea, the love of the rolling plains;

My ancestors back in the ages past the whole wide world roamed free,

And the restless blood in my being that flows is the heritage left to me.

Though born and bred in the narrow streets and tuned to the city's toil,

My innermost soul hears Nature's voice, and longs for the reek of the soil;

For the feel on my cheek of the keen, cool breeze from the top of the pine-clad hill,

As the breath of God to me it wafts, my eager frame to fill.

I long for the trail on the restless sea, whereon my ship alone

Is the only vessel in sight to be seen, on its way to lands unknown;

Where the white-tipped waves beneath the prow derid-

ing pass me by,

To the sound of the wind in the creaking sails and the
lonely seabird's cry.

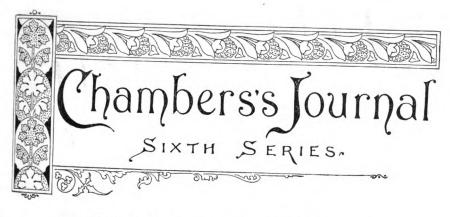
And I long for the tramp on the long white road, the road to a 'Better Land,'

Where the hedgerows glow with the love of life, breathed forth on every hand;

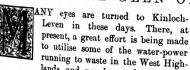
Where the face of a God, so oft denied, is seen through the shimmering haze,

And the voice of a great Creator seems to speak in a thousand ways.

ALBERT DE LANDE JOHES.



THE GLEN OF SAD MEMORIES.



lands, and people wonder what the outcome will be. New industries may be started; new communities may spring up. Work and the rewards of toil may be brought into the very heart of a desolate region. Which things, as Homer says, lie on the knees of the gods.' Before one reaches Kinloch-Leven one passes the entrance to the Glen of Sad Memories. There one might well pause to visit the spot and dwell for a little on the past ere proceeding to speculate on the future. The history of Glencoe was made more than two centuries ago;

that of Kinloch-Leven is in the making. In Scotland the picturesque and the historical are often closely associated. This holds good in a special degree of Glencoe. While its grandeur and beauty can bear comparison with any part of a romantic country-side, the memories which haunt it have cast a glamour of pathos over its physical charms. It is like a human face, beautiful in itself, but bearing a shadow of sorrow. In a district full of historical associations, it occupies a niche peculiarly its own. The tragedy enacted there has et a crown of thorns upon its head. It is impossible to dissociate the place from the event, and the Massacre of Glencoe—an old story now, and a sad one—has added a melancholy charm to a spot which nature has made ruggedly beautiful and Teirly grand. The very heather-bells yonder suggest drops of blood. The river creeping down the trough of the valley whispers of death and fate. The winds moan drearily among the hill-tops like the wailing and sighing of wandering spirits. Across the glen, gaunt, bare heights stare at each other, and their grim silence is more eloquent than words. They were witnesses once of a deed of thane, but they were helpless, and their lips are

Needless now to call for vengeance on those who planned and executed that legal butchery. The

guilty have long since gone to their last account. Seven generations have passed since the fatal February morning in 1692, when the deed was done the tale of which must lie for all time like a dark blot on the page of our history. We can only lay a stone on the cairn of those who fell, chief and clansfolk together, not in fair fight, but like hapless ones ambushed and cut down in their own homes. For fifteen days they had treated with Highland hospitality the soldiers sent down from the garrison at Inverlochy. These came with professions of friendship. Suspicion was disarmed, for the chief was assured that he and his concerns would come to no harm. The very evening before the massacre, Glenlyon, captain of the soldiers, and MacIan, chief of Glencoe, were playing cards together.

Next morning, long before dawn, the soldiers proceeded to carry out their instructions, orders far too clear to admit of any misunderstanding: 'You are hereby ordered to fall upon the Rebels, the MacDonalds of Glenco, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have special care that the old fox and his sons do upon no account escape your hands; you are to secure all the avenues that no man escape. This you are to put into execution at five o'clock in the morning precisely.' And this because MacIan was one day late, his misfortune rather than his fault, in appearing at Inveraray and taking the oath of allegiance to the king.

The night was tempestuous and snowy, as if Nature itself protested against this cruel wrong. The storm delayed a party of soldiers detailed to cut off the escape of any fleeing up the glen towards the wild Moor of Rannoch. Otherwise the MacDonalds had been caught between the jaws of a veritable death-trap and extirpated. Yet their plight was pitiable in the extreme. To remain in the glen was to invite destruction from bullet or blade, for the hearthstone was reddened with the blood of the host struck down by his treacherous guest, and the torches were thrust in the thatch. To flee to the moorland seemed little better than going forth to meet death in a kindlier form,

[All Rights Reserved.] MARCH 23, 1907. the dreamless sleep of those who lie down weary on the snow and never arise. When the gray dawn looked over the mountains it revealed a sight of smoking ruins and murdered glenfolk, a rude testimony to the triumph of the arm of law and order. Surely a dies iræ for the MacDonalds! Doubtless the soldiers had to obey orders or take the consequence; but what of those in high quarters responsible for the issue of instructions which culminated in such a dastardly deed?

Still to this day the memory of that sad morning haunts the glen. Seven generations, indeed, have gone, yet even now the wind in the corries and the Cona in its rocky bed seem to murmur a dirge for the fallen, deceived by fair promises only to be destroyed by hands that seemed friendly. Great towering hills stand watchers over the valley. From the Pap of Glencoe to the Shepherd of Etive they rise like a serried rank of giants to guard the spot and witness for the dead. Down below, the memorial cross at the entrance to the glen was scarcely needed to preserve the memory of chief and clansmen who fell together on that wintry morning. The ruined cottages sheltered by those frowning heights are eloquent enough. Moss and lichen are covering the fallen stones which once formed human dwellings, and time has wiped out nearly every trace of the massacre; but its memory abides. When can it be forgotten?

Could one dissociate Glencoe from the tragedy enacted there, the spot would still claim attention by reason of its picturesque and varied beauty. It leaves the shore of Loch Leven and steals gently inland between ramparts of hills, past trees and fields and human habitations, narrowing as it goes, till it reaches Loch Triochatan, a lonely little lochan of sad aspect, forlorn in its cradle of mountains. Thereafter it climbs more boldly over harsher and more naked ground under the shadow of the Three Sisters—bluff-breasted stacks of rock—until almost at the feet of the Shepherd of Etive it broadens out and merges itself in the heathery wastes of the great Moor of Rannoch. Few and far

between are the human abodes in this upper portion, and seldom, save when tourists invade its solitudes, do the heather and rock feel the footsteps of man. Nature, changeable as a woman, is mistress there in all her wildest and grandest moods. In sunshine, with every ridge cut clear and hard against a cloudless sky; and in gloom, with every hill-top wrapped in a plaid of gray, silent mist; in drought, when the river dwindles in its bed and the watercourses are nothing but gravelly tracks down the slopes; and in rainstorm, when cascades are spouting over every rock, and Cona rises 'drumlie' and hoarse-voiced like an angry monster; with the winds hushed to silence on a starry night, or breaking loose under a threatening sky-whatever the conditions, Glencoe is always beautiful. For a right appreciation of its varied charms it should be seen in all its moods. It should be visited alone if one would feel the spirit of the place, and hear the tread of unseen feet, and reconstruct the tale of a day now dead.

In recent years Glencoe has been brought very near the centres of civilisation. A railway runs to Ballachulish, only a few miles away. Across the hills at Kinloch-Leven a great industry, with all the haste and noise of modern life, is coming into existence. They are harnessing the waterpower of the Black Water Lochs, which for ages untold has rushed with untrammelled freedom to the sea, and breaking it in for the service of man. So far the Glen of Sad Memories has escaped desecration. Neither its solitude nor its sanctity has yet been rudely violated. Doubtless, tourist and tripper wander there at times, drawn by that strange curiosity which must 'see all sights from pole to pole.' Their visits are only occasional. They pass, and the glen resumes its wonted quiet. Up in the high corries deer wander unafraid; ptarmigan flit from rock to rock; the buzzard and the hoodie-crow (scavenger of the moorland) seek out their food along the steeps. The great hills brood over their secrets and listen to the voice of Cona murmuring and rippling at their feet on its unending journey to the sea.

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XIX.



OR once in your life, I believe you are nervous,' May said. She was putting a few deft finishingtouches to Angela's toilet. 'You are pale, my sister; you are anxious over the great secret. There is

nothing to fear.'

'I believe I am,' Angela admitted. She stood contemplating herself dreamily in the long glass. She was dressed, as usual, in black; but she was not pale, and there was the most beautiful tinge of colour on her cheeks. There was a softness about her that was becoming, a gentle expression in her eyes. 'May, I have behaved badly. I'm glad old Craggs won that action.'

'I knew you would be sooner or later,' May laughed. 'But then, you see, I have been behind the scenes all the time. Never was a greater blessing in disguise. We do not deserve our good fortune; and, indeed, we have done nothing to earn it, if we except Aunt Gertrude. We have been perfectly satisfied with the fact that we are Castleraynes. People who are in business we have despised. This pride of ours ruined Aunt Ger-

trude's life; it looked like ruining yours at one time; and now you are going to become the slave of the Emollient!'

'You are ridiculous!' Angela laughed. 'Let us go downstairs.'

'Oh yes, you are. Why don't you be honest and admit it? You love Clifford Warrener, and he loves you. You know it. That is why you were so miserable when he kept away. Let us go down and welcome our guests.'

The curtains were drawn; the lamps, with their pink shades, filled the room with a rosy, subdued light. Angela had gathered the last of the roses; ther had been arranged in the old Nanking bowls, with sprays of asparagus fern—the whole place was ingrant with the dewy scent of them. Here and there a shaft of light broke from under the fringe of the shades, and touched up the sombre brownand rellow of a Reynolds or a Romney. From obscure corners old silver gleamed. There was something very restful and very artistic about The Towers dining-room, Clifford Warrener thought as he glanced around him. Small wonder that the Catleraynes would have found the parting like a slow bleeding to the death. But they were not going to part with it now; the danger was

Rarne Castlerayne stood expansively before the freplace. There was not the slightest trace of his recent affliction on him now; he was essentially master of The Towers, bland, self-satisfied, and let the colour of his speech was a trifle more sabdued than it was wont to be. Like the others, be was just a little restless. Brooke had begun discasing golf eagerly with May directly she entered; Warrener was bending over Miss Castlerayne's chair. There was a small lamp behind it, and the eternal bitting was in her hand. It was impossible for those hands to remain idle for long.

With fingers that trembled slightly, Angela drew the pink bud and a spray of fern from one of the Nanking bowls. She crossed over to Warrener and gently touched his shoulder. His eyes spoke wher; she read their message.

You have no flower, she said simply. 'I-I have brought this for you. It is from my favourite the in the garden, a tree that blooms for four months in the year. Do you remember that morning in June in the rose-garden when'-

Warrener remembered—ay, he remembered. His told Angela that too.

On that morning the first bloom came,' she tent on To-day I found the last one. thould like to put it in your button-hole for

There was no occasion for words; there was a effect understanding between them. It was a very betty and very graceful action of surrender. And Ann Gertrude did not fail to understand; she oked up with moist eyes.

I feel as if Clifford might be a son of mine, the mid. 'We have been talking of his father. So I am going to have my romance over again in a new form, Angela. Oh, I know! And Clifford is so very like what his father used to be when '-

They filed in to dinner presently, the dinner which Aunt Gertrude had planned with such loving care. Her approving eye swept along the table, lingering on the silver and crystal, the flowers, and the fruit still with the ruddy bloom upon it. So the meal proceeded till at length the cloth was drawn in the old-fashioned way, and the dark, gleaming mahogany shone like a brown pool with the orchards of fruit upon it. There was a moment's pause.

'I think,' Rayne Castlerayne began, 'that our young friend on my left has something to say. I hope he will speak freely. We have no strangers with us, unless we except Mr Brooke, whom I am exceedingly glad to see here to-night.'

'I-I hope I shall not be a stranger long, sir, Brooke said calmly. 'It rests more or less in the hands of your-I mean that circumstances have brought me into the conspiracy.

Clifford Warrener rose to his feet. He seemed to feel the gravity of his position.

'The thing began quite naturally,' he said. 'When I met the daughters of my father's old friend in London we saw a good deal of one another. I made up my mind to come and revisit the pale glimpses of the moon the first time I had a chance. Eventually I came down because Miss May sent for me. She wanted to know if I could do anything to rescue the fallen fortunes of the family. Forgive me, but I must speak plainly. I came; I looked about me; I gave my imagination free play. Perhaps it is a little fortunate that I am a poet as well as a man of business. I lay on the Common and reflected. Surely all that grand sweep of country was not intended to be wasted! What good purpose could it be put to, to benefit humanity and put money in the proprietor's purse at the same time? You see, I was bound not to ignore the commercial side of the undertaking. As I walked over the Common the inspiration came to me. I sent for my friend Brooke, and he was emphatically of the same opinion as myself. There was a fortune for the making without doing one single act to defile the Common or mar its natural beauty.

'One moment,' Castlerayne murmured. 'Why did you not come to me?'

'Because at that time you would not have been in sympathy with the project, sir,' Warrener said grimly. 'I am sorry, but I must be candid. I am certain you would have opposed it. Recollect how vehement you were against the hotel scheme. We had to contrive some way to render your opposition utterly powerless. Then the deus ex machina materialised in the person of Craggs. I wanted to do something for the hospital, and Craggs told me of his discovery in the matter of the charter. The hospital was saved. After that action was fought

I had only to get the consent of the hospitallers, and they were secured for all time. They gave me a perpetual lease of the Common on certain conditions, in return for which all income arising from the Common is to be paid to the hospital for ever. Before very long we shall be able to quadruple the hospital accommodation, to build a chapel, to make it one of the finest charities in this part of the world. But I am getting on too fast.

'Let me look to the great discovery. My discovery was that Castlerayne Common has the making of the finest golf-links in the world. Practically, nothing requires to be done to it; it is ready to play on to-day. In my friend Brooke I have the right man to make the place known far and wide. Whatever he writes about the game is law; and golf has become a British institution, one of the blessings of modern life. Any doctor will tell you that. Brooke says there is no place like the Common-it has everything. The golf will be perfect, the air delightful, the view unsurpassed in these islands. Close by we have aristocratic Hardborough, with its population of a quarter of a million. Within fifteen miles are quite a million and a half of people. We can command five hundred members at any entrancefee we like to ask for, and any subscription. There will be no difficulty in getting a station here, as the Great Midland are going to make a line to Castleford; and if we can show them that it will pay they will make a detour here. That is only a detail.

'I bought that piece of land above high-water mark. I was supposed to pay a fancy price for it; but I was in a position to accommodate my father's old friend here and do myself a good turn at the same time. I want to make that point clear.'

Angela bent her head over her plate. Her face had grown suddenly warm. It was very fine and noble for Clifford to take his revenge in this way. She knew that he was speaking now to her alone, that he would never allude to the topic again. Oh, it was a fine thing to have a lover like that!

But Warrener was speaking again.

'We shall get our station,' he said, 'and, therefore, there will be no trouble to reach here. Before very long Castlerayne Links will be known all over the world. Well-known players will come here and give the place their blessing; doctors will recommend it. All I want Mr Castlerayne to do is to give us the use of the Dower-House; it will make one of the finest club-houses in the kingdom. It is so old, so artistic, so fitting to the place. If we can manage that, our task is complete.'

'I am quite in your hands,' Mr Castlerayne murmured. 'I owe you so much.'

'Thank you sincerely,' Warrener went on. 'Then everything is done. The income from all this will go to the hospital. I promised you that not one single inch of the face of nature should be defiled, and I

have kept my word. Fortunes have been made in this way, and they will be again; but no greater fortune than lies in the splendid range of hills and heathery dunes that fringe the Common. To pursue the sordid side for a little longer, what is the present value of the land I allude to, sir?'

'Practically nothing,' Mr Castlerayne smiled.
'And I quite fail to see'----

'Oh, that is because you have not had the business training. There must be at least five thousand acres of that land. People with means will naturally want to come and live here; they will require houses. We will cut the land up into plots of good size; we shall be able to sell that land at our own price-perhaps five hundred pounds per acre. We shall be able to dictate terms as to the class of house to be erected. There will be no shops or hotels—as lord of the manor you will see to that. We will have red roofs to all the houses as well. You will forgive my dwelling so long on the sordid side of the question; but I wish to impress upon you the fact that your fortune lies yonder, beyond the Common. That fortune is assured; it is so certain that at this very moment I would give something like sixty thousand pounds for the land. You will be happy and comfortable here. There will be Castleraynes of The Towers for generations yet. And all this because of the cult of the little white ball! People say there is no romance in business. I have just given a practical demonstration to the contrary. In my way I am a philanthropist, for I have promised one of our lovely spots to the people for ever, and at the same time I have extorted a fortune from it. And this is the great secret unfolded at last. Let us drink properly to the Castlerayne Common Golf-Links.'

There was silence for a little time, a reflective silence that was soothing. Then Miss Castlerayne rose suddenly and gave the signal for departure. Her heart was full of happiness; but she saw little of the faces of the others, for her eyes were dimmed in tears.

L'ENVOL

The restoration of the Dower-House had been finished some time; Angela had been most interested in the furnishing of it. It had been a costly proceeding; but Warrener would not hear of anything but old oak there. He was justified in his extravagance, he said, by the fact that the club membership had filled in six weeks after the first of Raymond Brooke's glowing paragraphs in the press. The great gods of the game had been hurried down there to play matches, and the salt of the earth had gone away enthusiastic. Everybody, except the forty odd million who sat in the desolate darkness beyond the bunkers, was talking of the wonderful Castlerayne Links. The winter visitors from Hardborough had been over in shoals. There had been no trouble with the railway com-

pany; and all this blessed result for the simple reason that one of the Warreners had broken away from the old traditions and had gone into trade! Already, though not quite six months had elapsed, the roads in the new estate were made, and people were tumbling over one another to get the precious land. Castlerayne's bankers took off their hats to him. He was invited to the manager's room when he called. As to the rest, he trusted implicitly to Warrener's advice. He was even beginaing to learn the advantage and value of paying ready money for everything.

March was gone and sly April was at hand. The warm breath of spring came over the Common, where solemn men in red coats marched. There was no longer any distress or any calls for occupation at Castlerayne; the golf-links took all the casual labour that was to be had. A telephone line to Hardborough ministered to the natural comforts of the players.

Nothing had been forgotten. Warrener was ex-Plaining all these things to Angela. They had just been playing a round together. Angela had deemed it base ingratitude not to take an interest in this wonderful game that had so altered the face of the family fortunes. She was a very different Angela in these days, too; all her old haughtiness had gone. She began to be mildly amazed at her own growing popularity. Latterly she had won Cragge's approval, and after that there was nothing to strive

We've gotten our own, Cragge had said. There's a hospital now that is a hospital and and the land's been turned to the best advantage without harm to anybody. Our become comes from the soil, and the soil is none the vorse for it. Also, there is occupation for everybody. A little more of this kind of thing, and they'll come back to the land fast enough. It is i fine thing that Mr Warrener and myself have brought the squire to his senses.'

'li was very good of you, Cragga,' Angela said hambly. 'You always did your best. I dare say 100 will come to forgive me in time.'

Oh, you'll be all right enough when once you are married, Cragge declared. 'Mr Warrener will se to that. I always said as what you needed was masterful man, and you've got him. Not as anybody's told me as you be going to marry Mr Warener; my old spectacles ain't so old as they can't see that coming this long time.'

Angela beat a hasty retreat. She was terribly thaid of the old man and his tongue. Time was when she would have resented a speech like that; but the spring was in her veins, and she The at peace with all the world, and Clifford

There is one thing about golf, Clifford,' she said. the flung herself down recklessly on a sand-dune and took off her hat so that the breeze could play ore her forehead. 'I am quite certain that it is god discipline for the temper. I am the better for playing it. Don't you think that I have a better temper than I used to have?'

'I am quite certain of it, sweetheart,' Clifford replied. But don't you think that the sense of prosperity has something to do with it as well? There is nothing that sours the disposition like poverty, especially the poverty that oppresses the fallen family. I ought to know, for I saw enough of it in my childhood. Which reminds me I have been terribly neglectful of my obligations lately. I have practically lived here all this winter. have my own people and my own obligations to think of. I want you to come and share them all first, Angela. I want you to come down to my village and make friends with the workers there. I am anxious to introduce them to my

Angela's reply was probably suitable, for Clifford caught her in his arms and kissed her. There was an obliging dip in the sand-dune that hid them from view.

'Then let it be soon,' Warrener said. 'We can work all the rest of the year, and come back in the summer to Castlerayne. I shall build a house here, and I know that Brooke is going to do the same. Brooke told me last night that May'-

'I know,' Angela laughed. 'They are going to be married in June. And as I am the elder sister, I am not at all disposed to let my junior assume matronly airs before me; and that being the case, Clifford dearest, I shall be quite ready

There was no need to say any more. May and Brooke found them presently, and they went back to The Towers to luncheon together. They were going to tell Aunt Gertrude, but there was no occasion to do anything of the kind. By some instinct, Aunt Gertrude seemed to know. She kissed them all in the most natural way in the world.

'I know exactly what you are going to say,' she said. 'Don't tell me that I am crying, because I know that perfectly well, my dears. It is only because I am so very, very happy. I seem to have found a romance in my old age. I am living again in your happiness. And everything has happened in such a strange and wonderful way. I can't quite grasp it yet. Do come in and have luncheon, and try and keep me sensible. I hope you are not getting married before June, as I shall never have finished knitting those silk shirts that I had intended'

They all laughed together as they trooped into the dining-room. It was a tradition in the family that although Aunt Gertrude was always knitting she never finished anything.

Angela threw her arms round the elderly lady's neck and kissed her. 'We are very, very fortunate,' she said. 'But out of all our good fortunes, the greatest that ever happened to us was the kindly fate that gave us and kept for us our aunt Gertrude.'

THE END.

JURY. $\mathbf{B} \mathbf{Y}$ TRIAL



GOOD, contented, well-breakfasted juryman is a capital thing to get hold of. Discontented or hungry jurymen, my dear sir, always find for the plaintiff.' 'Bless my heart!'

said Mr Pickwick, looking very blank, 'what do they do that for?' 'Why I don't know,' replied the little man coolly; 'saves time, I suppose.' The 'little man' was Mr Perker, solicitor for Mr Pickwick in the world-famous breach of promise case Bardell v. Pickwick. But Mr Perker is not the only man who has tried to forecast the verdict of a jury in certain given circumstances. Said a late learned counsel, 'Give me a widow as pursuer and a railway company as defender, and I will tell you what the verdict will be without any regard to the evidence at all.'

Trial by jury is an ancient institution, and has been called by grandiloquent writers the palladium of the Constitution.' In England it has existed in a definite legal shape since the reign of Henry II., towards the close of the twelfth century. In criminal cases it virtually superseded trial by ordeal, although trial by ordeal was not abandoned until a century later. Trial by ordeal was a fearsome thing. There were several kinds of ordeal; but the three most usual in practice were that of hot iron, which the accused had to carry for a certain distance; that of hot water, where he had to take a stone out of boiling water in a pitcher; and that of the accused morsel, where he swallowed a piece of bread and prayed that it might choke him if he were guilty. Whatever be its defects, it may safely be said that trial by jury is a little more logical and much more satisfactory than trial by ordeal.

There was in olden times another kind of trialtrial by battle, which was not actually abolished until the reign of George III., although it had become obsolete long before that time. The occasion of its abolition was this: In the year 1817 Abraham Thornton was tried for the murder of Mary Ashford at Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire. The case is rather interesting. The couple had danced together at a village ball, and Thornton had gone to walk home with the lady. Next morning she was found dead by a pond, with marks of violence. Thornton, having been the last person seen with her, was apprehended and tried. He proved an alibi, it being shown that at the time when the supposed murder must have been committed he was many miles away. There was considerable dissatisfaction at the acquittal; and the young lady's brother, as her nearest relative, brought an appeal of murder. Thornton thereupon challenged him to the wager of battle, which Ashford declined, and the matter ended. Parliament, however, thought it proper that this ancient mode of trial should be formally abolished, and an Act of Parliament was passed.

And now to return to trial by jury. The theory which supports this form of trial is that every one has a right to be tried by his peers. The theory was long ago extended to questions of private right in England—that is, to what lawyers call civil cases, as distinguished from criminal cases. Trial by jury in the criminal courts of Scotland has been in existence for a very long time, and Sir Walter Scott in his Heart of Midlothian has depicted such a trial with remarkable fidelity. It is interesting to note, however, that the extension of the system to civil cases in Scotland was not made until the year 1815, and then only experimentally. An Act of Parliament with a very pompous preamble was passed in that year. This preamble set forth that trial by jury in civil cases would be attended with beneficial results to the administration of justice 'in that part of Great Britain and Ireland called Scotland. Scotland, 'the knuckle end of England,' as Sydney Smith playfully called it, would appear to have taken kindly to the new order of things, because in 1819 trial by jury was made a permanent institution so far as concerned certain classes of civil cases. It is doubtful whether Scottish lawyers are now fully convinced of the 'beneficial results' to which this Act of Parliament refers. Only the other day one august judge said that when he was an advocate and had a bad case he always preferred to have it tried by a jury; and, in what must be considered unguarded moments, other eminent Scottish lawyers have been known to speak somewhat disrespectfully of trial by jury as applied to civil cases. But then, as Sydney Smith (to quote him again) once remarked, 'some people would speak disrespectfully of the equator.

Even in England jury trial is not considered as above criticism. A witty judge once said, 'If you have a good case you are safe with a judge. If you have a bad one you always have a chance with a jury.' If this be true-and, personally, we think the learned judge was a little too sweeping-juries must have deteriorated since the days of Chief-Justice Fortescue, who flourished during a considerable part of the reign of Henry VI. That eminent judge described English jurors as 'honest, considerable, and creditable men, who value their character, who are neighbours to the parties concerned, to whom there can be no cause of distrust as touching the verdict they shall give.' He averred that 'the common people of England are better inclined and qualified to discern into such causes which require a nice examination than those who dwell upon their farms and are constantly employed in husbandry affairs, whereby they contract a rusticity of understanding.' The italics are ours. With all deference, as lawyers say, we think the learned judge was a little too severe upon the farmers.

There are important differences between England

and Scotland as regards trial by jury. In England the jury, whether in a criminal or a civil case, consists of twelve 'good men and true.' In a Scottish criminal case the jury, following a practice which has existed from time immemorial, consists of fifteen good men and true; in a civil case the number is twelve. In a criminal case in England there are only two verdicts possible, Guilty or Not Guilty; in Scotland there is a third, the muchcanvassed verdict of Not Proven. In neither country are jurymen paid for their services in criminal cases. In a civil case in England a common juryman is allowed five shillings a day for 'a view'—that is, for inspecting any property or thing in dispute—but otherwise he is, in law, not entitled to any remuneration. It is usual, however, in the High Court to give him a fee of one shilling, and in the counties eightpence.

Special jurymen receive much higher remuneration; but it must frankly be said that the scale of remuneration of English common jurymen is absurd, and one wonders why it is tolerated. Doubtless the scale was drawn up by some wiseacre in the Middle Ages; but in course of time, when the salaries of judges and court officials were increased, the poor juryman was forgotten. If so, why does he not agitate now? The fee in the County Court is one shilling per case, in the Mayor's Court twopence, and in the London Sheriffs' Court fourpence. Who shall say after this that the English are not a thrifty people? But English jurymen have been accorded some highly important privileges. The Act of 1870 by it down that they may, in the discretion of the judge, be allowed the use of a fire when not in Court, and may also be allowed 'reasonable refreshand, to be procured at their own expense.' The italics ire, once more, ours.

They manage these things a little better in Scotand In a civil case, jurymen get ten shillings per day for their services, and the litigants must, in addition, provide them with lunch. If two cases are tried consecutively on one day, and the same jurymen oficiate, they get ten shillings for each case. It would the be reasonable that the litigants should pay the alway fares of all persons cited as jurymen, whether bey are actually called upon to serve or not. En panant, and while we are on the subject of reform, may we suggest that the right given to each litigant to challenge, without reason assigned, four of the persons cited as jurymen should be abolished. In that case it would not be necessary to cite so many when only twelve are required, and an old and Fell-founded grievance would be much minimised. But the most important difference between an English and a Scottish jury is this: an English jury when returning their verdict must be unaniand if they fail to agree after a certain high of time they are dismissed and the whole procedings are begun again de novo before a fresh ing. This is a most expensive mode of administering justice. In civil cases, in order to avoid this

result, the litigants sometimes agree to accept the verdict of a majority. In Scotland the jury can always give a verdict by a majority, in civil cases after the lapse of three hours. It humbly appears to us that in this matter the Scottish system is preferable to the English. The English 'unit' rule was declared by Mr Hallam to be a 'preposterous relic of barbarism,' and Bentham denounced it as 'no less extraordinary than barbarous.' Reason and analogy are against the practice. In political and social matters the majority rule governs. In a court composed of three or more judges the majority dictate the decision. As an American judge once said: 'Many cases occur about which men can no more think alike than they can look alike. The diversity of opinion is not due to perversity of judgment, but to that honest difference of human opinions without which the body politic would become torpid and the State perish of the dry-rot. If unanimity were tantamount to infallibility there would be some reason for the rule; but there is no more infallibility in twelve men than in seven or nine.'

What are the functions of a jury? This question may be answered by saying that while it is the province of the presiding judge to lay down the law which governs the case, it is the duty of the jury to decide upon the evidence. They are called upon, as ordinary men of the world, to decide questions of fact, to answer a simple issue or issues. Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty? If the verdict be guilty, the judge in an ordinary case decides what the punishment shall be. If, however, the verdict be one of wilful murder the judge has no alternative but to pronounce sentence of death. In a civil case, such as Mr Pickwick's, the issue would be: Did the defendant promise marriage to Elizabeth Bardell, and is he guilty of breach of that promise? In this case the jury, if they decide in the affirmative, also assess the amount of the damages. We have, as yet, no Court of Appeal in criminal cases, but in a civil case there is a limited right of appeal. The court, however, will not interfere with the verdict unless they are satisfied that the jury have gone very far astray, or have been misdirected by the presiding judge. In such a case it is usual to order a new trial.

11.

A well-known King's Counsel avers that he finds juries pay more attention to the plaintiff's case than to the defendant's. They hear the plaintiff's case first. Their minds are then fresh and receptive, and take in the facts according to the plaintiff's version of them. These facts having found a lodgment, it becomes very difficult for the defendant to displace them. The vagaries of some juries are proverbial. Perhaps the verdicts of some Welsh juries are the most remarkable of all. In the celebrated case of Price v. Morgan, on the jury being asked in the usual way whether they found for the plaintiff or defendant, the foreman said,

'My Lord, we don't know anything about plaintiff or defendant, but we find for our neighbour David Morgan.' During the land troubles in Ireland it was often very difficult to get a satisfactory verdict from a jury, or indeed any verdict at all. A single juryman who stood out against his brethren could effectively bar the administration of justice. One thing that too often weighs with a jury in a civil case is the relative positions of plaintiff and defendant. The plaintiff is a poor man, badly injured we shall say, and looking very miserable as he appears in the witness-box, and, naturally, the sympathies of the jury are with him. The defendants are a rich corporation or a wealthy limited liability company, and can afford to pay damages. They will never miss the money. This view of the matter sometimes induces a jury to decide for the plaintiff, and they pay little attention to the crucial question: Were the plaintiff's injuries caused by the fault or neglect of the defendants? Juries have at times a very roughand-ready way of assessing damages. Each juryman writes on a slip of paper the amount which he thinks ought to be awarded. The figures are added up and divided by twelve, and the foreman announces the result as the amount of the damages which they award. Sometimes even stranger things have taken place after the jury have retired to consider their verdict. It has been whispered that juries have been known to draw lots or 'toss up' for the verdict when they could not agree.

A word must now be said for the poor juryman. His is a thankless task. He is called away from his ordinary avocation, often at great inconvenience to himself and others. To his honour be it said, he almost invariably responds to the call of duty. When he does not do so he is fined. He knows that to serve on a jury is one of the ordinary duties of citizenship, as imperative as his obligation to pay taxes, and often a great deal more irksome. Sometimes he must wonder why certain privileged classes such as clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and others are not called upon to serve as jurymen, and why these people, being themselves exempt, should criticise him so freely. Frequently he finds when he reaches the court that his services are not required. Meantime his day, or a great part of it, is lost, and he gets no compensation. If he is empanelled he is compelled to hear what may turn out to be a sordid, uninteresting case or a family squabble, and long before the day is ended he will feel unutterably weary of the iteration and reiteration of the same facts by witnesses and counsel. Some counsel (for Serjeant Buzfuz and his type are not yet quite extinct) do their best to-shall we say ?-'bluff' the jury, to appeal to their sentiments, to harrow their feelings, to minimise by every means in their power their opponent's case, and as a matter of course to magnify their own. Some of these pleaders are consummate actors. They draw pathetic pictures of their clients, and very commonplace human beings, sometimes even rogues, are made to appear as angels of light or deeply injured innocents, while fire from heaven is called down to consume their opponents. Sometimes a text from Scripture or a tag of poetry has a wonderful effect upon a jury. An irritable judge once referred to these orations as 'sympathetic speeches.' One barrister in his eagerness to win has been known almost to embrace the jury. The arts practised are indeed varied and ingenious; but it was too bad of one critic (now a judge) to refer to these arts as 'the whole bag of tricks.'

Counsel on both sides having spoken, the judge sums up; and if he does so in the manner of Mr Justice Stareleigh the jury will be more befogged than ever. Dickens, in his own inimitable way, says that his lordship 'read as much of his notes to the jury as he could decipher on so short a notice, and made running comments on the evidence as he went along. If Mrs Bardell were right it was perfectly clear that Mr Pickwick was wrong; and if they thought the evidence of Mrs Cluppins worthy of credence they would believe it, and if they didn't, why, they wouldn't. If they were satisfied that a breach of promise had been committed, they would find for the plaintiff with such damages as they thought proper; and if, on the other hand, it appeared to them that no promise of marriage had ever been given, they would find for the defendant with no damages at all.' No doubt the jury found this summing up exceedingly luminous and helpful! We do not say that many judges sum up in this way; but there is just a soupçon of truth in this pen-portrait, broadly farcical as it is. After such an oratorical effort well might some member of the jury have exclaimed, in the words of one of Shakespeare's characters, 'Let's kill all the lawyers!'

Most jurymen are solid, respectable, and intelligent men, fathers of families, and good citizens. Some of them are sharp fellows. We do not refer to the juryman in Bardell v. Pickwick who distinguished himself by asking whether there was any date on the placard, 'Apartments Furnished for a Single Gentleman,' which Mrs Bardell placed in her front parlour window. That man was not a genius. In a very well-known case, however, one of the jurymen was bold enough to put a few questions to the then Prince of Wales, now his Majesty the King. After counsel had examined and cross-examined His Royal Highness, a thrill of astonishment ran through the court when one of the jury 'rose in his place' and said, 'Excuse me, your R'yal 'Ighness, but I have one or two questions to put to you.' And he did put them, with the result that it was generally admitted that the questions were very much to the point, and were the very questions which counsel had omitted to ask His Royal Highness. That juryman was a credit to his country; and here let it be said that if we have been somewhat playful in telling humorous stories about jurymen, we are well aware that in thousands of cases juries have discharged their duties admirably. Indeed, we are convinced that capable jurymen are the rule and not the exception, whatever the wags may say.

'Should trial by jury be abolished?' This is a question which has often been debated by young gentlemen in church literary societies and elsewhere. Well, it might be asked, what are you going to substitute for it? In criminal cases the system works very well on the whole, and with the institution of a Court of Appeal it will probably work still better. No doubt, in a civil case the jury are more likely to go wrong than in a criminal case. The facts may perhaps be inextricably mixed up with legal questions, and the issue is not so clear. When the question is simply one of fact, as in a running-down case, or a breach of promise case, or a case of slander, it is quite suiable for decision by an average jury. If the

presiding judge be what is known as 'a strong judge'-that is, a really able man-he will make the issue clear to the jury. Without exceeding his functions in any way, he will give them light and leading by putting before them the crucial points and brushing aside what is irrelevant, and in nine cases out of ten the verdict will be a correct The system is not perfect, and we have one. touched upon a number of things where reform is necessary. Perhaps, too, the powers of the Court of Appeal in civil cases may stand in need of enlargement, and when these reforms are carried out we shall have a machine which will work a little more smoothly. Without being enthusiastic defenders of trial by jury, we may at all events plead that there is no pressing demand for its abolition, and that the merits of the system outweigh its defects.

AN OPEN DOOR.

CHAPTER IX .- THE SATONG MURDER



T was when Sidney had been about five years in London that the whole of society became interested in Satong. For a couple of years he had hardly ever heard the place mentioned, and then all of a sudden

mentioned, and then all of a sudden Satong and its inhabitants became one of the topics of the day.

'Tragic occurrence at Satong. Edward Neville, youngest brother of the well-known Countess of was murdered to-day by the son of Sir Harry penistoun. Both young men are known to have been living dissipated lives. The deplorable incident took place in a Chinese gambling-house.'

Such was the telegram which threw more than one house into deepest gloom.

It was a time when there were no events of importance going on in England, parliamentary business was dull, and the newspapers were hard up for want of good 'copy,' so that this news was just what they required.

Sir Harry Denistoun was well known in London; his name had often before appeared in newspapers and telegrams, but always as leading his soldiers to victory; a white-haired man, with a cheery toice and sunshiny presence, full of vigour and enjoyment of life, he was a welcome guest wherethe went.

Lady Denistoun was one of those gracious women who seem born to reign. In India she had been a botel for her charm and her hospitality. Scandal lowely and of good report flourished. The fast women were afraid of her, but the young men the seems of the

They had two daughters, who were popular in the large circle of old Indians resident in London; the eldest son was in the army, and the younger had been intended for the same profession, but had

failed. A friend of Sir Harry's offered a post in a business house at Hong-kong. Lady Denistoun did not like the idea of her boy going so far away, but she ran over in her mind all the people she knew at Hong-kong, and came to the conclusion that he would have many to befriend him.

'There's Colonel Green there,' she said to her husband; 'I am sure he would be kind to him. And the Hamiltons. You know, my dear, we really did a good deal for young Hamilton when he had fever, and they are not the sort of people to forget it.'

So the offer was accepted, and the boy sailed. Everything that love could devise was put into his box; and though years passed, in Lady Denistoun's mind he was always the blue-eyed, careless boy that kissed her on the ship, and gave a parting shout of 'Cheer up, mammy!'

And now she knew herself to be the mother of a murderer. There had been nothing to prepare them for the blow. Letters had become rare, and Sir Harry often grumbled at their meagre contents; but Lady Denistoun knew that writing was an effort, and declined to be alarmed.

'Young men are so inconsiderate,' she would say with a sigh; and the next mail would take him out a long, loving letter.

When the young man in the Scriptures went away into 'a far country,' did any one tell the old Judean father that his son was spending his time 'in riotous living,' or did each turn on his own way and say, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'

People did not go home very often from Satong, and of the few that met Lady Denistoun there was not one who had the courage to say to this gracious, queenly woman, 'Your son is acting the part of the prodigal. Go, rescue him.'

It is one of the theories of modern science that women have a much greater stock of reserve strength

1

than men, and are able to bear sufferings under which a man would inevitably sink. Whether that is the case or not, it is an undoubted fact that a severe trial which completely crushes the man often only serves to bring out unsuspected strength of character in the woman.

The news of his son's crime prostrated Sir Harry. In a few days he aged visibly; the brisk step became shuffling, and his voice quavery. He seemed to lose all power of action; and it was his brother who telegraphed out to Satong that a counsel was to be obtained, and no expense spared in the prisoner's defence. Sir Harry merely wrote notes to the secretaries of the many clubs of which he was a member, and asked that his name might be taken off the books. 'The father of a murderer is not fit company for gentlemen,' he said sternly to friends who ventured to remonstrate.

When the news came Ludy Denistoun shut herself into her room for many hours, but when she came out she was absolutely calm.

'You will have to help me, my dears,' she said to her daughters. 'Your poor father is quite bewildered; he can't grasp it. You understand that every expense must be cut down, for we do not know what calls there may be on us; and the voyage will cost a good deal. I shall start by the next boat.

'You, mother!' exclaimed the girls, looking at each other in utter amazement.

Of course, my dears. You did not think for a moment that I would not go to your brother, did you? Oh! it breaks my heart to think that six weeks must pass before I see him.'

'Then you will take one of us with you?'

'No, certainly not. You will both be needed at home; and there is the expense to consider, said Lady Denistoun.

Her husband tried to remonstrate, but she turned on him quite fiercely.

'Do you wish to rob me of my one and only help, Harry?' she said. 'If I could not go to him I should become mad. And, oh, think of Gerald in prison!'

In the morning Lady Denistoun went out by herself, and was absent the greater part of the day. She came back looking much exhausted.

'I took my rubies to ---,' she said, 'and asked what he would give me for them. him that they were considered fine, and that the Maharajah had given them to me. He offered fifty pounds, and I am glad to say that it covers the price of my ticket.'

'Covers your ticket! Nonsense, my dear,' said Sir Harry irritably. 'You must be making a mistake.'

'No,' said Lady Denistoun, 'no mistake. Of course I took second class.'

Sir Harry sprang from his chair.

'Amy, this is too much !' he shouted. 'My wife travelling among the lady's-maids and valets! I won't hear of it!'

Lady Denistoun smiled faintly. 'If there were !

a fourth or fifth class, Harry, I should travel by that—anywhere, so as not to meet people. I told the agent that any cabin would do, so long as I could have it to myself.'

Her daughters were amazed. The mother they knew was a woman who had hardly ever taken her own railway ticket-the kind of woman who is always 'met' and 'seen off,' and whose luggage is looked after for her. If by chance she went to Scotland alone, Sir Harry put her into the train, and a well-tipped guard was told to see that she had all she wanted. And now she talked of changes at Colombo and Hong-kong as if they were matters of everyday occurrence.

Sir Harry did not go down to the ship with her. Lady Denistoun would not allow it. 'He has never been in the second class,' she said. 'Why fix it on his mind that I am there? Let him forget it.'

As she parted from her daughters Lady Denistoun for the first time broke down.

'Oh girls!' she said, 'morning, noon, and night pray to God that that may not happen.'

And for the first time they realised that hanging is the fate of the murderer.

CHAPTER X .- MOTHER AND SON.

T was towards the end of April when Lady Denistoun arrived in Satong. The news of her coming had preceded her by telegram. The community hardly knew whether to be

'At any rate, they can't sentence him to death glad or sorry. with his mother in the place,' cried Mrs Scott; to which her husband replied that the law did not recognise the existence of mothers.

For various reasons the trial could not take place until a couple of months after the crime had been committed, and these weeks were a period of misery in Satong. Every one knew young Denistoun, and every one felt that possibly had he or she made more effort for him this might have been avoided.

As the time of the trial drew near the suspense became very great. In the club men talked together in low voices about the jury-list, and the one thought was how to get off this horrible business. A telegram summoned one man to Japan, and several talked of important business at Shanghai. But the authorities had some idea of what was going on, and a notice appeared in the papers to the effect that any one who failed to appear when summoned would be fined; no excuse of absence from home would be accepted, and any plea of illness must be accompanied by a doctor's certificate.

It was but a couple of weeks before the trial, when one day Mrs Travers burst into her husband's business-room, her face expressing extreme terror.

'Philip,' she cried, 'it can't be true! Oh, say it

Whatever is the matter, Nellie?' said he. 'What are you talking about?'

'They say that if that boy is found guilty he must, by law, be hanged, and the gallows will be erected in the garden of the Consulate. Oh Philip!' ahe shrieked, 'my room overlooks the whole Con-

'I wish you would not listen to all the talk that is going on, Nellie,' said Mr Travers angrily. 'How can they possibly know anything about it?

'Then, say you don't believe it. Tell me that it is impossible. No, don't turn away, Phil; look me in the face. Oh, I can see, you know it is true, and we shall see the gallows there under my room, and that poor boy will have to go up to it, and then '-

Late that night Mr Travers came to the Scotts' house. He entered the room abruptly. 'I've come to ask your help, Mrs Scott,' he said. 'My wife is nearly out of her mind. I can't get her to go to bed She says she sees the gallows already under her window. Unfortunately, it is a fact that they will probably have to erect it there. May I bring her to you ? '

Mn Scott was much shocked. Like many others, she had taken it for granted that if the young man was found guilty of murder he would be taken to Hong-kong, or even to England, to have the senknce carried out. That he would be actually hung in their midst had never entered her head.

Mr Scott, when appealed to, unwillingly allowed that the subject had been discussed, and that the legal opinion was that the sentence must be carried out at Satong. He strongly urged his wife to go across to Japan, and take Mrs Travers with her.

I would give anything to have you out of the place, Carrie, he said; 'for, to be plain with you, it is as clear a case of murder as ever came before a juy.

Mrs Scott refused point-blank.

'I can do nothing to save the boy,' she said; 'but, Ton, think of that poor mother arriving next week. I can do something for her.

And Mr Scott could not urge the matter.

The day before Lady Denistoun's arrival was a day of misery for Mrs Scott.

Of course I must meet her. I could not let her arive and find no one. But what shall I say? If she saks questions shall I tell lies? Tom, tell me, shall I pretend that he is going to get off?

But Mrs Scott might have spared herself all these anistics, for Lady Denistoun asked not a single question. She received all Mrs Scott's kindness with gratitude, and merely begged that she might be driven straight to the prison.

I am afraid that you will find your son not very well, said Mrs Scott as they drove along. 'He has had a kind of low fever, and seems a good deal Pulled down by it. In fact, the doctor says he is very weak, and is keeping him in bed."

There was no prison for Europeans in Satong. The offences committed there were generally of the nature of embezzlement and such crimes as admitted of bail; so that one of the Government

offices had been used as a temporary prison. The heat was very great; a punkah flapped in the waiting-room where Lady Denistoun stood for a few moments before she was shown up the great bare staircase.

When a door closed behind her she stood as if transfixed, gazing at the camp-bed in the centre of the room. There had been some horrid mistake. That gaunt, unshaven man on the bed was not her light-hearted son Gerald.

The sick man opened his eyes.

'Mammy,' he said after a moment's pause, 'is that really you? They said you were coming, but I did not believe it.'

Lady Denistoun sank on her knees beside the bed, and it seemed as if all the tears which had been held back so long were now unpent.

'Hold on, mammy! I can't stand much of that kind of thing; but how I wish I could cry too!'

CHAPTER XL-THE TRIAL

HEN at length the day for the trial arrived, every man whose name was on the jury-list received a summons to appear in court; and, after considerable chal-

lenging, twelve unfortunate men found themselves doomed to sit in judgment on the young fellow whom they had all known well.

The arrival of his mother roused Gerald Denistoun from the state of apathy into which he had fallen, and he was able to appear in court.

As the prisoner pleaded guilty it was expected that the trial would be a short one; but the learned counsel, who had come from a great distance to conduct the defence, was determined to leave no stone unturned that might mitigate the sentence from capital punishment into lifelong imprisonment. He first tried to prove that the crime was manslaughter and not murder; that the knife had been caught up impulsively, and with no intent to kill. But the evidence of a woman in whose presence the struggle took place showed that the two men were in the midst of a fierce dispute, and that after she had wrested the knife from him, young Denistoun had seized it again.

This line of argument having broken down, the counsel proceeded to prove that for some months the prisoner's mind had been gradually giving way from the effects of drink. This argument involved an investigation of the books of the hotel bar, and it was a distinct shock to the community to find what large sums of money went in drink.

The counsel spoke very strongly on the subject of 'chits,' the devil's own baits, as he called them, for by them men were blinded to what they were really spending; and for young, unreflecting men like the prisoner, the free use of 'chits' constituted a sure road to ruin.

When the doctor-a man who had spent many

years in the Far East-came to give his evidence, he said that this sad event had not been altogether a surprise to him, as he had felt sure for some time past that young Denistoun was gradually losing his moral self-control. He stated that he found that young men of a light-hearted and gay temperament were particularly subject to fits of depression, and in the Far East these fits are sure to grow worse unless a man is very strict with himself. doctor cited several cases of suicide which had been caused by nothing but low spirits, and he stated it as his deliberate opinion that young Denistoun was in that frame of mind that had he not killed his friend he would have very shortly killed himself. He believed that the murder did not proceed from any murderous intent, but from that loss of selfcontrol which may lead a man to commit sudden yet unplanned wickedness. But the doctor was not prepared to say that the prisoner was what could medically be called insane, nor was there sufficient evidence to prove that at the moment of the murder his brain was clouded by drink.

The counsel was a good man, and was filled with pity for the haggard young fellow beside him. When the evidence had all been given he made an eloquent defence. He did not attempt to palliate the crime, but he asked the jury to consider the temptations that had been brought to bear on inexperienced youth. He pictured the boy in his English home. 'What that home was like I do not need to tell you, for you have seen the sorrowing lady who has come so far to visit her son. You have but to look at her to know that evil and impurity never found its way into that home.' He pictured the boy's high spirits and love of adventure, the curiosity of youth which led him to many places where he could not fail to be contaminated.

'It does not seem right to speak evil of the dead, and yet I should be failing in my duty towards my client if I were not to point out to you the part which Neville played towards Denistoun. I declare to you that in the sight of God I would rather stand in the place of the murderer than of the murdered. We only recognise the murders of the body, but the eyes of God behold the slow processes by which men can poison and finally destroy the inno-Young Denistoun came out an cence of youth. immature and careless boy, with no one to act as a check on his follies, and separated from the guarding influences of home. He met with Neville, who found an interest in leading the younger man into vice. All that was good and true in Denistoun had died a slow death under the hands of Neville. The destroyed soul had turned against its destroyer.'

The counsel told the jury that in the prisoner they saw a broken-down man who was suffering from a perfect hell of remorse, for whom there was no future in the world, but who earnestly prayed that the revered name of his father should not be further disgraced.

During the days of the trial Lady Denistoun had

passed through what seemed like a lifetime of exquisite agony. She was a woman who was accustomed in all the trials of life to turn to religion for strength and comfort, and she had been fortunate enough to have earnest and spiritually minded clergy for her advisers. Thrown among strangers at Satong at a time when belief in God's guidance of the world seemed shaken, she had turned at once to the same source from which she was accustomed to receive help. To send for the clergyman was the natural step for her to take, and she did it fully expecting that Mr North would be able to restore some peace to her troubled soul.

He came at once in answer to her summons, but she soon saw that she was inflicting pain without receiving help. A mere bookworm, interested in the events of the early Roman Empire and such topics, Mr North had nothing to offer when brought face to face with deep mental anguish. He murmured a few words about 'this deplorable event' and 'submission to the will of God.'

'The will of God!' said Lady Denistoun, rising and confronting him. 'How dare you say that this is the will of God? It is not the will of God that is triumphing in Satong, but the will of the devil.'

And when, bracing herself to it with a supreme effort, she listened to her son's tale—the tale of the road to ruin—her soul was filled with a great indignation.

'Was there no one, Gerald, in all these years,' she asked, 'to remind you of an all-seeing God?'

'No, mammy,' he said. 'You see, I never went to church except on Christmas Day. North is such a dry old stick. When I came out there was a very different man here, called Sidney. He was an awfully good sort, and we all wanted him to stay. A number of men went to hear him who have never gone to church since. You see, we are not like you, mammy. You go and get good whatever old fossil is in the pulpit; but the fellows out here have no idea of going for the prayers. They go because they like a man; but it helps to keep them straight.'

'And this,' said Lady Denistoun—'this is called a Christian community.'

CHAPTER XII. -- THE SENTENCE.

N account of the great heat, the court held its sittings from seven o'clock in the morning. On the final day every corner of the place was full. A number of ladies were there, drawn by that overwhelming love of the sensational which takes people to see things

were there, drawn by that overwhelming love of the sensational which takes people to see things they even dread and dislike. Punkhas waved above, ladies pulled out fans and scent-bottles, and there was a rustle of expectation as seven o'clock struck. But neither judge nor counsel appeared, and when half-an-hour had passed the strain was so great that there was an oppressive silence. After an hour's wait a messenger arrived from the judge informing the jury that they might retire till sum-

moned. The general public did not know what to do; no one liked to go home; every one wished to know what had happened. After two hours had slowly passed, the judge was seen coming towards the courthouse. When the jury had taken their places he told them that he regretted having had to keep them waiting so long, but he had spent the time at the bedside of the prisoner. A sudden rise in his fever had been too much for the young man's feeble strength, and he had been unconscious already for some hours and was at the point of death. That being the case, the judge said he felt it to be an

unnecessary formality to proceed with the trial, and the jury might consider themselves dismissed.

The next evening a largely attended funcral passed through the streets of Satong. Several ladies accompanied Lady Denistoun when she followed her son's body to the grave.

After all was over, Mrs Travers went up to her husband.

'Come, Phil,' she said; 'I am going back to our own house. I want to take out the little chap's things. I know now why God let him die.'

(To be continued.)

LONDON AT NIGHT.

By LEWIS MELVILLE.



Dappreciate at its full value the quiet beauty of London at night it is necessary to mix with the crowd during the later hours of the day. Late on a summer afternoon enter

Hyde Park by Apsley House, and valk slowly to a chair within the dwarf railings opposite Stanlope Gate. Sit there and watch the sabionable and the would-be fashionable folk who promenade from Albert Gate past the Achilles statue to Groevenor Gate. If so disposed, indulge in a crnical smile as within half-a-dozen paces of each other you observe famous men and women and the unknown honourable people rubbing shoulders with not only the dishonourable but also with the dishonoured, the strong with the weak, the secessful with those who have failed: a true republic such as the most hopeful can only expect to be realised in dreams.

Remain while those around go home to dine. By half-past seven will have departed the last of the loungers who prefer the cooler air of the open gardens to the hotter atmosphere of the house. look well at the green lawns stretching far on tither side; the huge old trees opposite the lodge, with its beautiful creeper; the fuchsias, pansies, tal geraniums in the flower-beds across the road, continuing so far as the gardens of Hamilton Place; Dorrhester House, stately and impressive, with its tel gravel drive; and the delightfully situated houses of Seamore Place, overlooking the Park. Soon the carriages which had deserted the drive return, passing hurriedly with their occupants in full evening toilet. A little later, and note how the Park again becomes peopled, but with persons requited from a different class of society: men and women—chacun avec sa chacune—released from City warehouses, West End shops or offices, servants (their day out), with eager eye and unstately guit ll hastening from north and south, from east and vest, towards the bandstand.

London at night! How the phrase excites the imagination! How it suggests pleasure and all these ills that flesh delights in! The mind con-

jures up pictures of exquisite Bohemianism, visions of champagne and truffles, of an easy, devil-may-care life, full of joy and allurements, where cares cease from troubling and worries are at rest! London, however, is of all great towns the one it is most incorrect to regard as a City of Dreadful Night. Its places of amusement close at eleven, its restaurants and public-houses at half-past twelve. By midnight the streets are deserted, except for the small area between Burlington House, Leicester Square, and Charing Cross. By one o'clock silence reigns supreme; and the quiet solitude is disturbed only by the rattle of a cab, the voices of men returning from a club or a dance, and the heavy tramp of the policemen.

Leave the Park and go southwards. Londoner almost forgets that the Metropolis is situated on both banks of the river. In the daytime, to the man of business there is no river, only so many bridges. He remembers it only when he is in a hurry, because there is no short-cut across it. The man who lives in the West End, if he thinks of it at all, regards it as the line of demarcation separating the London he knows from the London with which he is acquainted only by hearsay; probably in the whole of his life he has never crossed the Thames except in a train. In the daytime, with its huge warehouses, its grimy barges, its tramp steamers, the river is an eyesore to the Londoner, to which he shows his dislike by avoiding most sedulously the fine Embankment. Rather than pass down the splendid boulevard, he makes a detour by way of the crowded Fleet Street, Strand, and Whitehall. But what a difference there is in the view at night! Let a man stand at midnight with his back to the town at the right angle formed by the Embankment and Westminster Bridge, and if he does not appreciate the wonderful picture let him for ever be set down a barbarian.

On the left is the massive, imposing pile of buildings wherein the Parliament holds its sittings, making laws that control alike those who live by the banks of the Ganges and those who dwell in the Manitoban forests. The beacon-light announces that the faithful Commons are still deliberating—doing non-contentious business, for Bills that are opposed are shelved temporarily when Big Ben strikes the hour of twelve. Wait a little and hear the cry, 'Who goes home?' a survival of the days when footpads abounded, and members for their safety proceeded in parties. Westward, in Palace Yard, stands the ancient Westminster Hall; and a few feet farther away looms out against the skyline, gloomy and stately, the historic Abbey. Through how many centuries has it endured the storm and stress of weather! Wheel about, and stand with back to St Stephen's Club, facing the river,

When the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
From window and casement,
From garret and basement—

lights from the terrace of Parliament House; on the Surrey side, lights from the great building of St Thomas's Hospital, from Lambeth Palace in the distance, from the many ships from the Bridge

of Westminster to the Bridge of Sighs.

Passing the new police-offices and the magnificent block of residential flats, Whitehall Court, catching a glimpse of the Horse Guards' headquarters, on to Northumberland Avenue, with its great caravansaries and its mammoth clubs, to Charing Cross with its memorial cross erected—how long ago!—by Edward the First in honour of his consort, the very name a corruption of chère reine. Down the Strand, where now only the names of streets record that here once lived the great families of Bedford,

Northumberland, Essex, Arundel, and many others. On past Waterloo Bridge and the palace of Protector Somerset, past the church of St Clement Dane's with its historic oranges and lemons, past the new Law Courts to the spot where once stood Temple Bar has gone, and only the Griffin marks the boundary of the City of London. Through Fleet Street, where Dr Johnson used 'to take a stroll,' tapping the railings as he went-the Turk's Head Coffee-House, where he used to rest, has been improved off the face of the land—and where the printing-presses are in full swing, and tired journalists may be seen making their way to the Press Club. On past the site of the old Punch office-with its memories of Thackeray, Leech, Doyle, Mark Lemon, Jerrold, and the others-to Blackfriars. Then up the Embankment again.

Te 1

. n

But now there are the herald signs of dawn. The clouds which have been sailing lazily over the moon's pale face have disappeared, and the moon itself is retiring for its well-earned repose. Comes the soft air of the morning, the rustling of leaves, the scent of the flowers in the Temple Gardens, where once were housed the Knights-Templar, whose duty it was to protect the Holy Sepulchre; the river streaming on, and in the distance the golden cross of St Paul's, on which gleams the first ray of sunshine.

Then suddenly awoke the clang
Of waking life, the streets were stirred
With country wagons, and a bird
Flew to the glistening roof, and sang.

AN EPISODE OF THE FOOTHILLS.



EAN CAMERON watched the cavalcade of riders fade away across the purple-gray reaches of prairie into the lemon-and-gold of sunrise. Her half-brother and his cowboys were off to a round-up; her sister-in-law

and niece were riding with them to a distant ranch. Jean was alone, and free to indulge the great wave of loneliness and home-sickness that oppressed her.

She leaned against the door-frame, and through that eyes saw the steep streets of her Scottish home, the stone cottages, the rippling harbour, the fishing-boats, the gray kirk, and the quiet graves. The long lines of level prairie, the sluggish river, the lush richness of nature, held nothing in common with that early home. 'The cry of the human' that comes to us in such moments rose to her lips: 'Be pitiful, O God!'

The words were so startlingly distinct on the quiet morning air that a man on his way to the house turned his horse quickly across the sward to the stable. From its lee he watched her with interested curiosity, and ten minutes later came whistling down the path with a cheery 'Goodmorning.'

He heard with apparent surprise that the men were off on a round-up, and the family away for the day. It was immaterial that she should know that he was well aware of this. He had met the whole 'outfit;' but this seeming ignorance made a chance for conversation.

Dalziel's ranch was in the foothills, and in the neighbourly way of the West he always stopped at the Cameron ranch to feed his horses and get a meal in his journeys to and from the railway station. To her he was only one of the many strong, prosperous men who enjoyed the Cameron hospitality, and who flirted mildly or desperately with pretty Ada Cameron. As for Dalziel, he had for months been accustomed to see her moving deftly to and fro in the Camerons' kitchen. He had never bestowed more than a very cursory glance upon her; their conversation had been restricted to monosyllables, and he had had no desire that it should be different. To-day he wished quite otherwise. That glimpse of the heart of the lonely woman had roused his interest.

He was in no hurry; the summer day was long; Jean Cameron was alone, and Dalziel proceeded to make himself agreeable. With nice

intuition he chose interesting topics of conversation, and was unaccountably elated to find that the usually silent woman talked with a freedom and ease that surprised him.

Perhaps it was the effect of the excellent dinner that she prepared, and of which they partook together, that sent Dalziel's mind speculating as to the future while his horses wandered lazily homeward.

That was the beginning; a friendship purely platonic and disinterested was apparently the result. Dalziel paid more frequent visits to the Camerons, brought books and magazines for Jean, observed her narrowly, and flirted openly with pretty Ada Cameron.

Jean would have scouted the idea that Dalziel was developing a sentimental interest in herself. She knew that he enjoyed their conversations, and there was a quiet pride in the thought that she was as well read as he. She was very modest in regard to her accomplishments. The emergency of a praiseless service in the little schoolhouse first taught the prairie-folk of the magic of her beautiful voice. 'We will praise God in the One Hundred and Twenty-First Psalm,' announced the missionary. Outside bees hummed and cicadas shrilled; but inside was blank stillness until Jean's glorious voice rang out: 'I to the hills will lift mine eyes.' Others quickly joined, led by the inspiration of her clear, flute-like notes. Dalziel, who happened to be present, listened with concentrated attention for that one voice, angry that the discordant jubilation of others should drown its sweetness.

Jean had some bitter moments that summer, generally after visits in which Dalziel had devoted himself to Ada; and once, harder still, when he had taken her for a drive across the prairie to the cut banks of the river. In the warm dusk of the summer night the shadows were purple-black in the river gulch, and the yellow fires of an Assiniboine encampment twinkled like stars in the darkness. The horses wandered at their own sweet will. He talked and she listened. She could recall every word. Perilously near to lovemaking it seemed. His voice was very earnest; there was something else in it, too, that made her tremble. She had suddenly braced herself at the thought that it was sentiment born of propinquity and the beauty of the night, something that Ada or girls of her age might indulge in, but quite out of date for a plain woman in her thirty-fourth Jear. The sudden change in her manner was most effective. Dalziel understood, or thought that he did, tightened the reins, and drove home through a chill mist, figuratively and literally.

He had thought about it many times since. Had he been on the verge of making a fool of himself? Would he have been a fool, after all? She would make a splendid wife for some one—the missionary, for instance. Dalziel's disgust at the possibility of such a contingency was intense.

He was perfectly willing that Ada should marry any one of her numerous beaux, but somehow with Jean it was different.

He smiled to himself as he remembered the swift rush of colour to her cheeks and the happy expression in her eyes when he had remarked on the becoming style of her coronet of fine braids. There had been a time when he had thought that he disliked red hair; lately—— She had worn a white dress that day. If she were his wife she could wear white every day if she wished; he would get it out from Scotland—woollen stuff, webs of it.

Then would come the remembrance of that chill drive in the mist. She was prim and old-maidish, and didn't care a hang for any one. In fact, he didn't believe that she could care; neither did he, and with a vicious slash of his whip the meditations would come to an abrupt close.

Dalziel administered what he hoped was salutary punishment to Jean by long absences. He was chagrined, too, at nearly always finding her away.

It had been a season of accidents, and Jean's skill in nursing had proved a boon in many a lonely ranch. The care and love bestowed upon others less fortunate than herself, the busy days, and outside interest were good for her, carrying her away for a little time from an atmosphere charged with possibilities of trouble.

One evening in the late summer Dalziel came to the Camerons' with a pitiful story. A neighbouring ranchman was down with typhoid fever. He had been living alone in a shack, no one to look after him, no comforts, dirt and huther indescribable. 'I've taken him home,' he said. 'The doctor has been to see him, and reports it a very bad case. He has telegraphed everywhere for a nurse, Victorian or otherwise. There is not one to be had. I have scoured the country in vain for help. My Galician man and his wife threaten to leave if'—— Dalziel stopped abruptly, and a painful silence fell upon the company.

There was no doubt about his errand. He wanted Jean as a nurse. Mrs Cameron looked at the slim figure in the doorway and realised that this would be different nursing from Hugh Carruthers's broken arm or Mrs M'Coll's baby. Besides, it was a house with no woman excepting the uncertain Galician.

Cameron, too, looked at his step-sister. He had grown fond of her within the past few months. He was not sure that he ought to sanction her going with Dalziel; and, besides, he had a mighty fear of typhoid.

Ada noted the eagerness and pallor of Dalziel's face, and the tremor of Jean's hands, and smiled.

'I shall be ready to go with you in half-an-hour.'

Jean's words broke the stillness like an electric shock.

There was an instant bustle of packing and preparation; many things to be remembered, and

comforts provided that were not likely to be found in Dalziel's bachelor establishment.

It was not until they were alone in the wide silences of the night that he tried to thank her. He was strangely moved, and his voice was broken and almost inarticulate as he made halting apologies for the discomforts she would have to endure.

The patient was awake when they arrived. Although unkempt and unshorn, he was still a handsome man. Dalziel did not observe the sudden pallor of Jean's face; and when she looked down upon the sick man her trembling lips again framed the prayer, 'Be pitiful, O God!'

The fever-parched voice, strained and quavering, called, 'Jean;' and at her murmured answer he lay quietly back upon the pillow with no further question, no surprise, only a great peace and con-

tentment.

The weeks that followed seemed but a hideous nightmare. Passing time was recorded by the doctor's visits. Brenton was very low, and needed the most constant attention. In his delirium he babbled of incidents familiar to both, his own name coupled with hers in the life of that far-away Scottish town; while Dalziel, consumed by jealousy, forgot that there had ever been a time when he had looked with pitying indifference upon Brenton's nurse.

Jean realised the difference in his manner, and guessed its cause. While Brenton remained critically ill she had been too busy and too anxious to heed it. Now, in the beginning of the long convalescence, she felt aggrieved at his cold politeness and avoidance of her company.

A woman with over-tried nerves and body is usually both irritable and unreasonable. Jean was no exception. The weather, too, was dispiriting; rain fine and penetrating had fallen unceasingly for three days, and the distant peaks of the Rockies and the long undulations of the foothills were completely blotted out. Weary in mind and body, Jean dropped into a rocking-chair beside the kitchen fire. The Galician woman knew the characteristically feminine mood, and respected it.

Dalziel was with the patient, who was in a grumbling frame of mind. Unused to the vagaries of women and of invalids, Dalziel unwittingly did the things most exasperating to both. He fussed back and forth between bedroom and kitchen, asking unnecessary questions and making vague remarks.

A last time he came. 'Brenton wants some broth, Miss Cameron.'

'Well, can't you give him some?'

'Yes; but he wants you.'

'Let him want,' snapped Jean, and Dalziel retreated with a lighter heart than he had known for weeks.

Jean did not know of a hurried conference the next day between Dalziel and the doctor; consequently she could not divine the sequence of Mrs M'Coll's timely visit. She came with her precious

baby, bundled Jean off to bed for two days, and, as she expressed it, 'put things straight.' During these two days she settled a number of questions that had vexed her downright mind. Just who Brenton was. When and where he had known Jean. Also, the story of his ranching ventures in the North-West. From Jean, too, she inadvertently learned much. And because all the world 'loves a lover,' and because she loved Jean and owed her a world of gratitude, she told Dalziel. An Englishman, well born and rich, Brenton knew Jean Cameron well a dozen years ago when she visited at his aunt's, a connection of hers. He married some one that his family did not approve; they quarrelled, and Brenton and his wife came to Canada. She died in the East, and he had drifted to the ranch.

What Mrs M'Coll did not tell, but perhaps guessed, was that in the sunny days of a long-gone past Brenton had made love to Jean. Carelessly, idly, he had won the young girl's heart, only to fling it away. It had been a pastime for him soon forgotten, but an episode that had been as apples of Sodom for Jean.

Lying in the little, bare room in Dalziel's house, listening to the fretful voice of the invalid downstairs, she found it difficult to realise that there had been a time when that voice possessed the power to make her happiness or despair. Her heart beat quickly as she thought of the difference in her mental outlook that a few short months had wrought.

In the late afternoon of the third day the weather cleared. Looking from her window, she saw the tops of the Rockies standing out from the nist-wreaths like points of burnished gold. An Indian family with pony and trailing traveis were silhouetted against the purple shadows of the foothills. During the long weeks of her nursing the harvest had been garnered, and now the stubble-fields were alive with migrating birds. Away in the distance she saw Dalziel galloping after cattle.

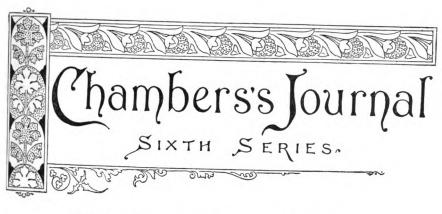
Mrs M'Coll peeped smilingly in. 'Oh, you are awake. Won't you come down and have tea with Mr Dalziel and me? He says that you haven't had a meal with him since you have been here.'

Jean nodded assent, then proceeded to comb out her wealth of red hair, and to braid it into the fine coronet that he approved. She put on a white dress. There was a soft flush in her cheeks, and, with gray eyes shining, she was no longer plain.

Mrs M'Coll's baby sitting on the doorstep gurgled a welcome as she came downstairs. Jean took him in her arms. He was a fat, pink-and-white baby,

with hair as red as her own.

Dalziel, riding down the trail, saw them standing framed in his doorway. He slipped from the saddle in an instant, and in that instant she saw his face, and before he had taken her hands or word had been said both knew that Dame Fortune had opened for them her treasure-chest, and from it had bestowed her choicest gift.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, March 23rd. happens constantly at the first advent of the sunshine of spring and the signs of the approach of another London season, when the life of the town begins to open itself

out to luxury again, that there are tertain demonstrations of the wealth of the Metropolis and the great increase thereof. The latest we hear is that there are over two thousand miles of streets in London, and that its rateable value is over forty-three millions sterling! And it is always increasing, fast increasing; there is nothing like London for that. But it must surely be increasing in the bulk rather than in all its parts, and there can be no greater error than to think that all land and property in all parts of the Metropolis is more valuable each year. The truth is that in some respects London is getting too big, and is certainly being overbuilt in the suburbs. The middle classes who Work in it have developed a passion for the country, and little Londons are being made very far out, particularly to the north, where they extend beyond St Albans. The result is that in the close suburbs there are rows and rows of untenanted houses, giving the appearance of deserted and decaying heighbourhoods, where rents are tumbling down and values thus decreasing. Those who know to their cost will tell you that there is no such uncertain investment now as that of suburban house property. But in the heart of the town it is, of course, not the same. There seems to be a magic in the increase of values there. It is said that Cornhill is the highest-rented spot on earth, and a year or lwo since a single room was let in this quarter for between two thousand pounds and three thousand jounds a year. There is a very small shop and asement in Bond Street which lets for a thousand a year, and the rest of the house in proportion. Some of the houses in Park Lane have been rented at ten thousand pounds a year, and one in Hamilton Place was recently offered for sale at forty thousand Pounds. The County Council paid thirty-four

pounds a square foot, or at the rate of over a million and a quarter an acre, for a piece of ground at the corner of St James's Street and Piccadilly. The Lord Mayor says that the lowest calculation of the rental-value of the Mansion House is fifty thousand pounds a year, and over a million pounds has been refused for the church in Austin Friars. So valuable is London! Well may visitors be satisfied simply to stroll along the streets and wonder. And as one of the charms of London is its contrast, let it be mentioned that till just lately there were sixteen houses in the Limehouse district the tenants of which had paid no rent for years as nobody knew the owners. The houses are now being pulled down, the owners being still unknown.

And with one's mind led thus towards finance, there comes up the natural question at this time of the year as to the Budget and its possibilities. It goes without saying that the process of Budgetmaking is a vastly complicated and tedious one, and for weeks past the servants of the Exchequer department have been grappling with the problems of deduction and construction which it involves. The popular impression that the Chancellor has some clear idea as to what he is going to do and say long before he does and says it is quite wrong. It is not until almost the last day that he comes by his own secrets, and even then he runs the risk of his plans being revised by the Cabinet at its final meeting before Budget-day. But there is this much to be said just now, that the impression is gaining ground that there is no justification for optimism in regard to the Budgets of the near future; and it was stated on exceedingly good authority lately that the people who are looking forward to something remarkable from the Chancellor of the Exchequer this year are doomed to disappointment. The truth is that the problems of national finance in these days are not amenable to any treatment that has for its object the pleasing of the people; there are such stern and unpleasant necessities as do not look likely MARCH 30, 1907. [All Rights Reserved.]

ever to cease again. We must pay for the complications of our civilisation; and, whatever may be the qualities of the Chancellor for the time being, he must not be called upon for feats of wizardry. One is inclined to doubt whether in our time the same popular success will ever again be achieved by a Chancellor as was by Chancellors the living image of whom still remains on our memory, and so the office becomes constantly the less thankful and the less leading towards distinction. Shortly before the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, John Bright called on him, and in bidding his visitor good-bye his lordship, adorned with a wonderful dressinggown, accompanied him to the top of the stairs, and said, 'Well, Mr Bright, I am glad to remember that I have been Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer,' and it is remarked that he lingered as if affectionately on the last phrase and suggested that in his estimation it was the greater office. Great it is; but one wonders whether any Chancellor since Harcourt has found much to love in it, or has had many kind memories of it afterwards.

* * *

Scarcely a week passes but we hear of some sensational feat in medicine or surgery being performed by the doctors of the United States; but how is it that the moneyed American, when he feels the necessity of some very good advice or treatment, packs up his traps and departs for a season to London or Paris? Not that they all do so invariably, for the American doctor is well supported, and he has as little cause as any other to complain of any paucity in the pecuniary reward for his skill. What might in America be called famous 'scoops' have been accomplished by the medical and surgical men there. A lady of the eminent American family of Armour had something the matter with a hip, and the American doctor was given five thousand pounds and his expenses for treating it. Senator Magee died, and Dr Browning of Philadelphia thereupon sent in a little bill to his executors for thirty-eight thousand pounds as the price of his efforts to prevent or delay this lamentable affair. That the dignity of American dentistry should be maintained a fee of two hundred pounds was demanded of Prince Louis of Battenberg when the British fleet was in American waters some little time ago and something was the matter with the Rear-Admiral's teeth. Yet, with all their wonderful operations and fine fees, you cannot persuade a large and influential portion of the American public that anything else is quite as good as the London or Parisian doctor, but particularly the London man with all his vast dignity and the awe-inspiring General Medical Council at his back; which Council, sitting in its mighty conclave in Oxford Street, will banish a young doctor to the outer darkness for ever for selling a box of patent pills, and, further, will excommunicate a man from Harley Street as soon as look at him if it thinks that by a hair'sbreadth he has departed from the narrow lines of

professional custom and tradition. It is the virtue of age, and the good American often comes to Europe for his medicine and his operation, just as he comes for his pictures. When he has millions that he cannot spend the new American pictures do not suit him, and he wants the old-fashioned but still up-to-date British doctor; and perhaps, if such a thing were possible, he would like our lawyers also sometimes, instead of the highly dramatic men of one of whom, engaged in the cause celebre of the generation, we are told that he once fired off six shots from a revolver suddenly in court to show the jury how simple and natural it would be to shoot a man in certain circumstances which had just been described! In estimating the significance of the American patient's visit to London and Paris, you must think first of the utter impossibility of the British patient's visit to America. These matters are called to mind by the circumstance of a recent law case over a doctor's fees that took place in Paris, one of the parties being a French specialist of great eminence, and the other a rich American; and also by the statement to me the other evening by a celebrated London specialist that there is a constant procession of rich Americans from the Fifth and other Avenues to Harley Street, and that at times fees like little fortunes are almost as plentiful as refractory livers and irritable digestive apparatus. When your thoughtful American comes over in the summer-time—as he will be doing again very soon now-to 'do Yurrup,' and wants a little of the best and most expensive of everything the Old World can give him, it is as like as not that one of the things he has set his mind on is being overhauled by a great doctor. And, furthermore, I have just heard in this connection a rather remarkable story of a pretty piece of surgery that is in the making at the present time; that is to say, the parties have been slowly leading up to it for the best part of a year, and we are now approaching the grand climax. There is a certain specialist in London who is greatly skilled in his operations on such features as the nose—from what I could gather, they are more in the nature of external than internal operations—and there is a certain American millionaire who is troubled by some outward affection or disfigurement of his nose which he is very anxious to have remedied. While I know the name of this American millionaire, it is perhaps best not to indicate his identity further than in saying that he is quite one of the most celebrated financial magnates in the world, and that no man in compiling a list of three such would ever think of leaving him out. This multi-millionaire came to the conclusion some time since that the man to put his nose to rights was this London specialist, and accordingly negotiations of a kind were opened with him. The millionaire professed that his time was valuable, and that he could not afford enough of it to go to London. On the other hand, the specialist, who is of a distinctly independent turn of mind, declared that on no terms could he be bothered to go to America. Eventually the millionaire agreed that he would come here when he would be made humanly certain beforehand that he would be coming for a cure. In order so to satisfy himself, it was determined that two other nren with similar affections should be found out for him in America, and that each in turn should be sent over here for treatment by our great man, which was accordingly done; and there are two comparatively humble Americans who are now rejoicing exceedingly, and are somewhat doubtful as to whom their gratitude is chiefly due—the millionaire or the specialist. So the way is now clear for the visit of the magnate, and my information is that one of the ships that will be coming across the Atlantic very soon will be bringing him. It will probably be announced that he has some dark financial whemes in operation, or that he is here merely for a little rest or curio-hunting. The British doctor does not advertise, and he takes care that, so far as he can possibly prevent it, the public knows nothing of these things.

There is a new alarum in the world of books and hierature almost every week in these days. The booming of the cannon in the great 'war' having become less frequent, and the enemies having exhausted their power of attraction for the public, something else must needs be done by some publithers, to be labelled with much distinction as a 'new move' submitted grandiloquently to the public notice. One week it is one thing, and another it is something else, and generally the idea to show the public that the price of books is cally coming down, and to encourage the hope that a the present generation they may be bought by the pound or the yard just like any other commercial product, with no sort of nonsensical sentiment about the business or any gibberish about the er of the author. What is the use of talking about art and ideals and inspiration and all that and of thing when it is being announced broadcat that certain novels 'of exactly the same length and quality as six-shilling novels' are to be on sale or half-a-crown? Evidently, then, the length and the quality of the six-shilling novel is determined eactly by a definite standard, and it would be a lelight to see the machine, which is surely Amerion and worked by either electricity or petrol, viich measures the book and decides whether it conforms to the standard of quality. Since the sixshilling quality is such a definite thing, and there is allowance whatever for the variance of opinon, the evident that a machine of some kind must be You throw in a couple of hundred or so of ter novels, and they must come out at the other ad with their cash value stamped upon them. How the 'six-shilling length and quality' principle 70th out in the case of the grandest English and that are now to be bought for sixpence each, or is cloth at a shilling, one hardly knows. The fearful and wonderful historical novel of the young miss new from school is of 'six-shilling length and quality;' but what of the master's work? All this is very irritating; and as a really great writer, a lover and a maker of literature, said to me the other day, it is hard for a man to cling fast to his idealism when he has to spend half his time wrangling about percentages, means of advertisement, and so forth. Ideals, sentiment, truth, puritythey are all stuffed away impatiently in the cupboard like the skeletons which only remind us regretfully of a past and of a present and probable future that might have been so much better. It has been said for many years that authors are bad business-men; but it must soon cease to be said, for the exigencies of the situation are bringing forth a new kind of author, who has a City-made head. And ask any publisher with whom he prefers to negotiate in these days-the businesslike author who reckons the words he writes by the pint or the pound, or the genius-and he will very soon tell you that he is most attached to the former. Such are the facts of the case, and such the influences at work, that the business-like author sells his books in scores of thousands while the crystallisations of genius are hesitating in the middle of a first edition.

Influences at work? you ask, and say that surely the reading public is the arbiter and decides at all events whether a novel shall be merely a success, as 'push' and fine reviews might make it, or a great success. Let us in answer give a concrete case of the influences as exerted by the business-like author: and the facts are known to be true. There is an author whose merit need not be discussed. No doubt the works are good of their kind. That by their own unaided recommendation they would ever get through more than two or three editions each, one may be permitted to doubt most gravely. But they run to many, many editions, and he makes some thousands of pounds in a year. Nobody would suspect this; you, reader, might even be disposed to class him as a decidedly second-rate author of no pronounced popularity. But his publishers know better, and they would not part with him for a cartload of geniuses. He knows how to make a book 'go.' This author-not the publisher, but the author-has his own commercial traveller constantly touring the country and dropping into the bookshops on his behalf. He enters these shops not as a traveller but a private gentleman and customer, and he makes great friends with the man in charge. Then he happens to mention the novel that is to be pushed, strongly recommends it, and insists that the assistant must read it himself. Eventually he generally makes him a present of a copy; the bookseller reads it; he is predisposed in its favour, likes it, and recommends it to the customers. That is it: he recommends it to the customers; and if the truth were known as to how much the sale of books depended on booksellers' recommendations some surprise would be caused. The publisher is hardly in the position to do such work as this; but the clever author of the City strain can do it to perfection, and in the case that has just been mentioned it is carried on in the most extensive scale. This is surely a better system than that by which the American author breaks the windows of the bookshop which contains a large display of his new book, declaring to the assembled crowd that the work is a pollution of print and ought to be suppressed, and that it is a glory to go to jail in such a cause. Here indeed is the literary machine. And this is the generation that turns up its nose at Trollope because he confessed that he wrote to the clock, so many words per hour. I had a close friend-dead now, poor man !-- who was the editor of a very popular weekly paper, and he knew how to deal with the public in the matter of serial fiction. He invented the beginning of a plotonly the beginning of it; then he advertised it most expensively, and got an author to put his ideas in words-a sensation in every chapter. Like the little brook, the story went on and on for months and months, and seemed to come no nearer to an end. In one sense the readers 'got no forrader,' but every week they had a new sensation, and they liked it. While they did so, and the circulation kept up, the story continued. As soon as there were indications, as revealed by the publishing department, that the public was getting tired, the story closed with a snap, and to the sound of trumpets and drums another one began. He told me some of his secrets. Once a week, he said, he had a committee meeting with the author and his wife, and they discussed the next chapter and what they would do with it; and the essence of their methods was that none of them should have the faintest idea of the development of the story beyond that next chapter, or the end of it; but that as soon as an end was wanted they supplied one in the most suitable form. That man established a system, and more money was made by these committee-made serials than was ever yielded to the simple, artistic methods of a genius.

That the Lord Mayor of London, the successor of Whittington, of Gresham, and of other commercial and civic personages of historic note, is a great and wonderful man is a thing known to the world, and that vast and curious traditions surround his office is very well appreciated; yet only the man who has held office at the Mansion House has any opportunity of realising the full depth of these traditions or the full extent and scope of his truly magnificent appointment. Even Lord Mayors have come to the Mansion House, and at the end of their term have relapsed again into the plain state of alderman in ignorance of some of the dignities that have been theirs for the time being, and have through oversight neglected to exercise some odd

privileges that they will never have the opportunity again of exercising. To a Lord Mayor of an enterprising and inquiring turn of mind there is a rich field open for the investigation of his powers and his abilities. London is happy in these days in a Lord Mayor who in many most important respects approaches very near to the ideal; and it is evident that Sir William Treloar in his odd moments has been dipping into the archives of the City and finding out something new about himself and his office. He made a discovery the other day which he did not noise abroad, and which was not printed in the public press, to the effect that in addition to being more than a hundred other things, and having more than a thousand powers, he was nothing less than 'Admiral of the Port of London,' and, as such, a person of very considerable maritime importance, with much responsibility devolving upon him. Forthwith he called a meeting at the Mansion House of a body of which Londoners in general perhaps know no more than they do of the functions of their own particular Admiral-that is to say, of the Local London Marine Board, the members of which duly discussed with him certain matters of importance, and were entertained to luncheon. Few people probably are aware that the Lord Mayor has jurisdiction of a kind far beyond the confines of the City, and that in fact he has, nominally at all events, the uncontrolled conservancy of the Thames and the waters of the Medway the whole way from Oxford in the west to Rochester in the east, and that in this matter it is his privilege to summon courts at any time and place. In times which are not so very far back that there are no people left to remember them, such courts were held in the gorgeous state barge. It is his duty in this connection to visit Oxford once in fourteen years-that is, one Lord Mayor in fourteen should do so-and to go to Rochester once in seven; and such are the traditions that have to be observed on these occasions that according to general understanding the visits cost a matter of a thousand pounds each. And by way of a regular annual display of possession of the Thames, it is the business of the Lord Mayor and Corporation to go up it as far as Twickenham once in the summer-time. How many people are acquainted with the scores of other such interesting details of the Lord Mayor's office? Do they know that unless the Lord Mayor gives the permission even the King's soldiers cannot march in any considerable numbers through the streets of the City, and that-such is the deference accorded to the Chief Magistrate—he has the ineffable privilege of driving straight into the Ambassadors' Court at St James's Palace, while other most exalted personages are requested to drive round by Constitution Hill? Strangest of all, perhaps, the secret password of the Tower of London, bearing the King's signature, has to be sent to him periodically! The Lord Mayor and the City would not willingly part with any of these official reminders of the romance and the tradition of the one square mile.

A N OPEN DOOR.

CHAPTER XIII. - DIFFERENT OPINIONS.



HE newspapers containing details of the Satong trial were read by mothers sitting in quiet English drawingrooms; and many, as they read, laid down the paper and thought, 'My son-what of him?' Some could,

indeed, say with thankfulness that they could trust their sons to be the same at home or abroad; but many parents' hearts grew very heavy as they thought of those whom they so sheltered in their infancy, but who now seemed to be 'set in the midst of so many and great dangers.'

Newspapers of every kind-the Times, the World, the Guardian-all wrote in their own way on the subject of the Far East and its European inhabitants. The Englishman in the East, his life and temptations, became the subject of endless letters. Some correspondents hoped that the Satong tragedy would arouse the English to take a deeper interest in their countrymen who did not live under the British flag. They said that England would never really deserve the name of Greater Britain till she cared for those countrymen who pushed her trade and furthered her supremacy by living under a foreign flag. Some correspondents gave gloomy accounts of life in the Far East: its want of large interests and the demoralising effect on the average Englishman of living with the Yellow Races; but others took quite a different line. They declared that young men met with temptations everywhere, and that it was absurd to think that the Far East was one bit worse than any other part of the world. lt was, however, generally conceded that though there may be temptations everywhere, they come with greater force in the Far East, where friends and interests are comparatively few, and where women as well as men give way under the deteriorating effects of a hot climate. All the writers agreed that had Gerald Denistoun remained in England it was, humanly speaking, quite certain that he would never have become a murderer; but it had been his misfortune to be placed where every good influence was withdrawn from his daily life.

Every good influence!' When Sidney read the worls they seemed to stab him like a knife. Why had he not stayed and become the good influence of hat boy? He remembered so well the night of the picnic, and the fair, blue-eyed youth who had been Pinted out to him. A murderer! Sidney could picture to himself only too well the steps by which he had gone down the road to ruin.

Every good influence withdrawn.' It seemed as if the murder lay at his very own door, for he had been called to that place, and he might have been the restraining influence which would have kept the young man to better things. It was his fault that a man of no power was the representative of

Christ's Church in Satong. He stood condemned at his own judgment-bar, for he had turned his back on the place in search of more congenial surroundings, and it seemed to him that life could never again contain for him any gladness.

The only very clear idea in his mind during those days was that he must tell his wife everything, and, if possible, enlist her sympathy in an effort to enter on some entirely new line of life. For he was filled with a kind of hatred of the life he was leading. The devoted followers, the fashionable church, the exquisite music: what had all these things to do with one who professed to be a follower of the Man of Sorrows? True, he had worked hard in the cause of the poor, but his labours only served to bring him all the more prominently before an admiring public, who appealed to him as an authority on all kinds of charitable questions. He had deliberately chosen his path in life, and it had certainly brought him to great success; but had it brought him equal happiness? He could not feel that it had.

The Sidneys had no children, or their home-life might have counted for more; and, though looked upon as an attached couple, both Sidney and his wife were conscious in their secret hearts that married life was not what they had expected to make it. That intimate friendship which constitutes its finest and rarest part seemed rendered impossible by the multiplicity of their social duties and friends. Sidney had never dared to analyse his feelings on the matter; but now that his heart was filled with bitter thoughts, he realised that he and his wife had floated far apart, and that it would require a great effort on his part to bring them close together again, for there is no greater blow to a high-minded woman than to find that one she loves has failed to act up to her ideal. A woman's mind easily forms an ideal, but if it is shattered a man must have something really noble in him if he is to raise the structure again. Sidney knew this well, and he felt that the task was one in which he might fail. Would she be pitiful and forgive?

CHAPTER XIV .- WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



N consequence of Sidney's increasing reputation as a preacher he had been asked to preach in Westminster Abbey. It happened that during the couple of weeks when the

Satong murder had been so much discussed his wife was away visiting relations, and so he was spared having to answer her questions on the subject. He now resolved that after his sermon in the Abbey he would go away for a couple of days to some country place, where, free from interruptions,

he could tell her of his failure to pursue the highest path, even when he had seen it lying clear before him.

The first sermon in the Abbey must always be an event of some importance in a man's life. The illustrious dead are so near that it seems as if the voice must reach them; and wherever the preacher looks there are the visible signs of a mighty past mixed with the living, thinking multitude whom it is his duty to impress. The great Abbey was crowded; the boys' voices rang melodiously; the organ gave out wonderful notes that sounded like the deep boom of breaking waves.

Sidney looked up to the traced roof, where the sunbeams were showing up the dust of centuries, when suddenly it seemed to him as if his surroundings faded away, and he saw instead the little whitewashed church at Satong, where the punkahs were flapping feebly, while a handful of people struggled through a hymn to the accompaniment

of a squeaky harmonium.

'The luxury and the poverty of spiritual things! There is where I was really needed, but I chose my part with the luxurious,' was the thought in the speaker's mind as he followed the verger through the standing crowd up to the pulpit. He announced as the subject of his sermon the young man of great riches who came to our Lord, but went away sorrowful. 'He had great possessions, and when called upon by our Lord to renounce them he could not make up his mind to the sacrifice. Was he, then, a lover of money—a miser? No; emphatically no. We can be certain that our Lord did not love a man who was a miser or who spent his wealth in selfish indulgence. This young man "loved God and loved his neighbour," and could look up into the face of the Divine Man, from where he knelt at His feet, with such a look of truth and simplicity that he was at once admitted into the little company of men and women of whom it is said that Jesus "loved" them. We may believe that he was a forerunner of the modern philanthropist, who delights in having the command of large sums as a means of benefiting his fellowcreatures, and Christ asked him to strip himself of this power and become the penniless follower of an itinerant preacher. He asked the young man, in fact, to resign the guidance of his life into His But at this point the young man's faith failed him, for he loved the exercise of his great powers, and so he went away sorrowful. And we may venture to think that it was a sorrow that never left him. All through life, even in the midst of honourable ease and surrounded by friends, he would hear the Voice that had once said to him, "Follow Me," and no doubt he knew that in refusing that call he had turned from the path that led to his highest spiritual development. And it is the same with the Christians of to-day. They have faith and accompanying good works; they strive to obey the commandments of God, and to love their neighbours; but when it comes to the surrendering of their lives into the hand

of God they draw back. They wish to retain the guidance of their lives. They are like men who, having called a pilot on board, refuse to let him control the ship. We look round a church full of Christians, and what anxious, careworn faces we see! They are all agonising over the guidance of their lives. But some one will perhaps say, "God no longer gives us direct guidance; no pillar of fire goes before us; no angel visitant points out the way; no voice of Christ falls on our ears." Yet to the heart that is looking for it, the guidance comes often in ways that we cannot make clear to others, but it is recognised by the heart; and if we have the strength to yield ourselves to it we enter a haven of deep peace. If we refuse it, like the rich young man, we may live good and useful lives, but there will always be in the background a sense of something missed.'

When the preacher went on to describe the unquiet of the man who has deliberately taken a lower sphere than that to which he was called, the interest of the congregation was riveted. He spoke with the power that comes from personal experience of what is described, for he realised now that the restless energy of his life, with its unsatisfied longings, rose from the consciousness of a call received and refused.

As he left the cloisters after the service a hand was laid on his shoulder, and, looking round, he saw a well-known Cabinet Minister.

'I hope that you will come round and have lunch with me,' he said. 'It would be a pleasure to us to make your acquaintance.'

Sidney excused himself on the plea that his wife had not been able to come with him, and was awaiting him; and he hurried home, filled with a great desire to see her and talk over the past.

CHAPTER XV .- A VISITOR.

HE servant who opened the door informed Sidney that there was a visitor in the drawing room.

As he entered, his wife stood up, and saying, 'Here is a visitor for you, Arthur,' she quickly left the room, but not before he had become conscious that something had happened.

Looking from his wife to the visitor, he saw Mr Scott from Satong.

'How are you, Sidney, my dear fellow? I have come straight from the Abbey. Saw your name down in the papers as preaching, and thought that I really must go to hear you. By Gad, that's something like a congregation! Rather different from our sleepy little set at Satong, eh? I was just telling your wife how hard we tried to get you to stay out there. She seemed to have got some queer notion that we had not wanted you to stay; but I told her that she was never more mistaken in her life. Of course we wanted you; but you were quite right, Sidney, not to listen to us—quite right; and I don't know how we were such fools as to imagine for a

moment that a man of your ability would remain at Satong. Why, I hear that you are spoken of as one of the rising clergy of the day. You will be a bishop soon, and live in a palace

Before Mr Scott had finished speaking Sidney perfectly understood the meaning of his wife's abruptness, and he felt sure that at that moment the was bitterly accusing him in her heart. She had heard from a stranger what he had meant to tell her himself, and she knew now that he had allowed her to labour under a delusion with regard to the way in which he had left Satong. To some women the whole thing would have seemed a mere nothing; but to Ethel Sidney the discovery that her husband had failed to respond to a call was a real blow.

Sidney longed to go to his wife, but it was clearly his duty to ask Mr Scott to stay to lunch. His wife sent a message that she had a headache and would not appear.

Sidney never forgot that meal; it seemed to him to last for hours, though it was really but a matter of minutes. Fortunately, a few questions were enough to draw forth a flow of conversation from Mr Scott.

Yes, we came home very unexpectedly. My wife would not hear of poor Lady Denistoun going home alone, and the firm had some business to do in England, so we managed to get away. It was a sad voyage. Poor Lady Denistoun! she felt the arrival at home terribly. The eldest son threw up his commission in the army, he was so crushed by this sad affair. He decided to go to Canada, and his mother insists that they shall all go with him. The best thing they can do, I think, for the old General may pick up a bit in new surroundings. Lady Denistoun is quite broken down now-much more so than at first. She does not brood over the actual murder so much as the fact that the poor toung fellow had been going wrong for some years. She thinks that all this might have been prevented, and she does not say much, but she blames us all, in a way, and she openly blames old North. But what could he have done? He had no kind of influence with the young men. If it had been you, how, it would have been different. We have often regretted your leaving; and upon my word, Sidney, you could not have looked worse there than you do hor, for you look about as ghastly as I ever saw a

A lew hours afterwards two doctors were bending orer Sidney and shaking their heads while they talked of brain-fever and the different methods of varying it off.

There were many days when Sidney hovered between life and death; but as he slowly recovered be felt that the illness had been a veiled mercy.

Long before the doctors had given him leave to talk, he had begged his wife to bend down so that temonstrances he slowly told her the history of that decision at Satong, and how the remembrance of his

weakness then had clouded the brightness of his spiritual life ever since. Had he been well and active and going about his usual work it would have been impossible for him to have had so much uninterrupted conversation with his wife; but laid on a bed of sickness, with long hours when no one else was by, little by little he got back to that heart-intimacy which had belonged to the early days of their love for each other.

Ethel took a woman's practical view of the matter, and would not let Arthur blame himself for the Satong murder—that she would not allow to be in any way laid at his door; but he could see how very hard she found it to get over the fact that, while she had been longing to go to work in a heathen country, he had refused a call to do so, and had hidden the matter from her.

It seemed to Arthur that she could never again have the same confidence in him. One day before he was yet able to be out he was told how his name was being mentioned in connection with the appointment to an important living. It was a post of great distinction, where he would have ample scope for his powers; but the prospect gave him no pleasure, and the thought of life in a palatial house was very oppressive.

In turning over the sheets of the paper that mentioned his name his eye fell on a letter dated from a town in Western Australia. It stated that a few years before this town had been a mining-camp, but that circumstances had led to its rapid development, and that now the better class of the inhabitants were desirous of building a suitable church, if only they could get a clergyman to go out to them. The stipend offered was small, but they pledged themselves to try to increase it, and to give every help in their power. The name of their representative in London was given.

'Ethel,' said Sidney, 'if I were to resign my present living, do you suppose that there would be any difficulty in filling my place?'

'Why, no,' said his wife. 'I imagine that there are a number of men who would gladly take it. But why do you ask?'

'Because,' said Sidney, 'I have heard of a place where there are people wanting to be led aright, and there is no one to lead them—a place to which I expect no one will be willing to go. Shall we make inquiries about it?'

A week later the papers announced that the well-known Reverend Arthur Sidney had accepted the chaplaincy of a mining township in Western Australia. What were the bishops about to let such an able man leave the country? cried the press. And the bishops did their best to prevent it by letters of expostulation and offers of many kinds of work.

You are quite sure that you do not regret your decision?' asked Ethel.

'With that in front of me?' he said reproachfully, pointing to the grateful letter accepting his offer of service and telling of the fruitless search which had been carried on for more than a year.

'And this,' handing her the letter from the patron of his present living, a letter which mentioned that his successor had already been fixed on.

CHAPTER XVI.-IN AFTER-YEARS.

T was some years after this that a large public funeral passed through the streets of a town in Western Australia. There was an expression of sorrow even on rough faces, and the name of Arthur Sidney was on every lip.

On the evening of the same day a brotherclergyman entered the room where Mrs Sidney

was seated.

'I hardly like to intrude,' he said, 'but I wished to tell you of the meeting held this afternoon. The way in which some of the miners spoke of your husband, and the feeling shown all through, was quite remarkable. He gave up a career and fame in England to come here when this place was not much more than a lot of shanties; it is now a prosperous town, but all that is of good in it is owing to him. The amount of money for the memorial that has flowed in is wonderful; with it they can build splendid memorial schools. The men also

chose a beautiful design for the grave, and a

...

700

. F. ' 18

Mrs Sidney leant back and closed her eyes. A long-past scene rose before her: the deep grass of a Devonshire field, blue sky and red cliffs, the sweetscented wind, and in her ears the voice of her husband: 'Put on my grave the words, "An Unprofitable Servant." How vividly it all came back to her mind! There was a silence for a few minutes, and then she looked up.

'I can't tell you,' she said, 'what a help the miners' sympathy is to me. The happiest years of our married life were spent here, and never for one moment did my husband regret his decision to come out. It is very sweet of them to respond so warmly about the memorial; but I must mention one thing. Many years ago my husband almost made me promise that on his grave should be put merely the words, "An Unprofitable Servant."

'Just like Mr Sidney's humility, and if you were choosing the monument you might feel bound to respect that wish; but, as you have put it into the hands of the men, don't you think you must leave

the choice of the text to them too? They have already decided that at the foot of the cross are to be the words, "Thou Good and Faithful Servant,"

THE END.

SCIENCE AND ARTS. THE MONTH:

VIVISECTION.



HE Royal Commission on Vivisection has issued an interim report containing the results of the examination of seven witnesses. The evidence of Mr E. H. Starling, Professor of Physiology at University College, is

of a striking character, and may be commended to the careful attention of both sides in the controversy which rages round the question of vivisection. Pointing out that under the present law experiments on animals were never performed by students for the purpose of acquiring knowledge, and that even surgeons were forbidden to perform operations on animals with the object of attaining skill, he says: 'The student's first administration of an anæsthetic or his first tracheotomy is, therefore, performed on the human patient.' It would almost seem that the framers of the present law had thought less of human life than of that of the lower animals. In Professor Starling's opinion, 'a new operation, or one which is new to a surgeon, should most certainly be tried by him-under anæsthetics and with the same aseptic precautions as would be used on man-on the lower animals.' He goes on to say: 'I think the present regulation of the law which expressly forbids surgeons to acquire skill by experiment in operating on animals is most immoral. A man must acquire skill somehow, and it means

his acquiring skill by experimenting on his human patients. The effect of that will be evident if you took half-a-dozen surgeons and compared the deathrate of their intestinal resections in the first ten cases and in their second ten cases. You would see what that means in human life.'

ANOTHER NEW FILAMENT.

The light obtained from the incandescence of a thread of refractory material under the stress of an electric current is probably the most all-round satisfactory form of artificial illumination we have. That this is so may be gathered from its very widespread use in spite of the fact that it is perhaps the most expensive of all the common artificial illuminants. But constant effort is being made to reduce the cost of producing light by this means, and every new invention is a step in the right direction. Of late some of the rarer metals have been called into requisition to replace the carbon filament in the familiar glow-lamp; but these have certain disadvantages, such as the great length of wire necessary, undue delicacy, or high initial expense, which militate against their complete success. Now there is news of a promising new filament which has been given the name of 'Helion,' because the pure white light it gives has a spectrum like daylight. The new filament is the invention of Professor H. C. Parker and Mr Walter G. Clark, of Columbia University, who have been working on it for seven

years. It is said to be composed chiefly of silicon reduced and deposited upon a very thin basic filament of carbon similar to that used in the ordinary glow-lamp. It is not of undue length, and it is sealed in an ordinary glass bulb exhausted of air in the usual way. It yields an intense white light at a comparatively low temperature, the consumption of electric energy being one watt to the candlepower. When it is remembered that the consumption of the ordinary carbon-filament lamp is from three and a half to four and a half watts per candlepower, it will be seen that a very notable economy is here foreshadowed. The experiments so far made appear to indicate a long life for the lamps, which compare well in this respect with the glow-lamp of commerce, and the drop in candle-power towards the end of the experiments was small. It is to be hoped that if these early reports be substantiated the new lamps may soon be obtainable commercially, and that the price will be sufficiently low to ensure them a fair trial.

TRANSPARENT TILES.

Interlocking tiles for roofing purposes have taken the place of slates in a great many modern buildings, for they have a much longer life and are quite as cheap. Hitherto they have only been made in red, but now, according to the Scientific American, they are being made in green, buff, brown, and other colours, an innovation which will no doubt be followed in this country, where it will be much appreciated by architects. Glass tiles have also recently been introduced. They are made uniform with the clay tiles, and may be used in a roof in any desired number and wherever it may be wished to give light to the place beneath. Skylights are always more or less unsatisfactory, for the best of them leak in time, and the worst of them behave in an altogether abominable manner which only those who live in houses fitted with them can fully ap-Preciate. But to transparent tiles, inserted with the others wherever required, no such objections can be urged. For factories, studios, and other similar structures they should prove a great boon.

MORE FLYING-MACHINES.

In a recent article in the English Mechanic a few Particulars are given of a flying-machine which is leing constructed upon a new principle by Mr Thomas Coop, a Lancastrian engineer. The flyingmachine, which is of the 'heavier-than-air' type, is designed to rise by the direct lift of several propellers, and is not dependent upon the inclined plane which forms the basis of most machines of this type. It is believed that by avoiding the use of the inclined plane the danger so often met with, caused by sudden puffs of wind as the machine ises will be obviated. The new machine has alto-Sther eight flights of wings, the principal ones being in the centre at the top; while there are pro-Pellers fore and aft, side-propellers to check the action of cross-winds, and one at the bottom to help

in regulating the descent. It is stated that much ingenuity has been devoted to the combining of extreme lightness with strength in the construction of the machine, which has a framework of bamboo. It is intended to carry three persons and two twentyhorse-power petrol motors. It will readily be understood that a very high degree of efficiency will have to be attained if the machine is to rise with this load under the influence of its wings alone. Another new machine known as the 'Cornu helicopter' is in course of construction in France, where a series of trials has been made successfully with a small model. In this machine, which is also of the 'heavier-than-air' type, the ascensional power is provided by screws, but light canvas planes are used to assist in the flight. In the trials with the model apparatus, the machine, which carries a twohorse-power gasolene motor, rose readily in the air, the propellers having to lift a total weight of over thirty pounds. Monsieur Cornu, the inventor, proposes to build a larger machine on the same lines, and to enter with it for some of the aeronautic prizes which have been offered by different people.

A BALLOONIST'S RECORDS.

It may be true—it probably is—that the 'heavierthan-air' type of aerial machine will very soon oust for ever all the air-ships which depend upon displacement for their ascensional force, and that balloons of every shape and form, from globes to cigars, will remain only as curiosities of the earliest experimental days. Even so, a record of the experiences of balloonists must have an interest of its own, and a little booklet, Five Thousand Miles in a Balloon (Horace Cox), which has been compiled recently by Mr R. Hedges Butler may be commended to the attention of all who are interested in the subject. If Mr Butler were not already known, his book would reveal him at once as an absolute enthusiast, and in that respect he is closely resembled by his friends whose contributions are also included in the volume. Enthusiasm is proverbially catching, and it is impossible to read the records of these aeronauts' adventures without a longing to participate in the joys they describe so rosily. The book is of a rather heterogeneous character. It includes an account of the inauguration of the Aero Club of Great Britain; a description and diagram of a balloon, with the names and uses of the various accessories; a 'Log' of The Dolce far Niente, the author's balloon; some photographs taken from a moderate height, and many other things; and Mr Hedges Butler's own connection with all these matters is clearly indicated. One is prone to envy the author and his friends their keen enjoyment of a pastime which is most aptly described in the name which he has chosen for his own balloon.

A NEW TRAMWAY BRAKE.

Despite the lively competition of the motoromnibuses, electric tramway systems are continually being opened up, and the question of effective

brakes for the heavy vehicles is one of ever-increasing importance. Indeed, the alarming increase in speed which vehicles of all kinds are exhibiting at the present time makes effective braking a burning question of the day, whether in connection with pleasure motor-cars or express trains. But it is most important of all in a vehicle intended to be run on public roads and yet incapable of dodging any sudden obstruction. The only alternative to collision being to stop, the ability to stop quickly is very necessary. Of course, the limit of efficiency of any braking device acting upon a wheel is reached when that wheel is stopped by the brake and begins to skid. In certain states of the weatherall too common in this country—that limit is quickly reached, and the tram-car slides on to destruction, for it is beyond the power of any man to stop it. The many lamentable accidents which have occurred from this cause have led to the invention of a brake which acts directly on the tram-rails independently of the wheels. The invention, which is credited to Mr Edwin Freund, is simple in its construction and its application. The brake-blocks are pressed upon the rails by very powerful spiral springs, but are normally held away by counteracting springs drawn into place by the windinggear on the driver's platform. A simple movement on the driver's part releases the winding-gear and applies the brake. The greatest nicety of adjustment of the braking force is quite easily obtained, and the mechanism is so arranged that the failure of any part is more likely to put the brake on than to release it at a critical moment. As this new brake is obviously independent of, and may be used supplementary to, any existing brakes acting upon the wheels, it is likely to come into considerable favour. It is reported that the working of the device as attached to a car at Liversedge, where it is being tested by the Yorkshire Tramways Company, is remarkably good.

WIRELESS TELEPHONY.

Very interesting articles on the present position of wireless telephony are contributed by Mr R. A. Fessenden to both the English Electrical Review and the Scientific American. According to this writer, the telephone without wires is now in actual successful operation over a distance of more than ten miles. This is merely a beginning; for while the difficulties of the ordinary telephone increase rapidly with the distance to be spanned—as all users of 'trunk' lines know to their grievous cost-the same trouble does not appear to apply to the wireless system. Moreover, extraneous sounds are delightfully conspicuous by their absence, and no harsh noises interrupt the serenity of a wireless conversation. How far this perfect serenity will obtain when the time comes for more than two people to be talking in one continent is not yet quite clear; but the faint-hearted must take hope from the remarkable results in 'selectivity' already achieved in the field of wireless telegraphy. The effects due to the electrical capacity of a cable submerged in water make long-distance telephony across the seas practically impossible by present methods, and it is in this connection that the wireless method may find its principal use, for when there is no wire there can be no capacity effects. It is perhaps too much to hope for a telephone system with no exchange and no telephone-girls; but one may look with the eye of faith to the time when actual personal speech may be possible across the pathless ocean.

GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

If those who had the original placing of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich could have foreseen its future, and that of London, they would probably have chosen a spot more remote from the great Metropolis. One of the first signs of the times was observed when the delicate instrument intended to record the magnetic storms in the earth, which have some sympathetic relationship with the spots on the sun, suddenly took to recording instead the movements of the South London tube railway and entirely neglected its real duties. More recently, the erection of the London County Council's electricity generating station gave promise of serious trouble, and a committee was appointed to inquire into the situation. The lately published conclusions of this committee of experts are to the effect that properly balanced turbines should be installed for the additional engines required to complete the equipment; that thereafter the present reciprocating engines should not be used at night; that the present unfinished chimneys should not be carried higher than two hundred and four feet above Ordnance datum, and that the discharged gases from them should not be hotter than at present. However, the London County Council has been 'advised'—it is not said by whom-that many of the provisions of the committee of experts are needless! They will be accepted, therefore, with some alterations. It is to be hoped that when the situation is reviewed in a couple of years' time, as provided for by the committee, it will be found that the interference with observations has been sufficiently moderated, for the value of an observatory to which the whole world looks for accuracy must not be lightly sacrificed to the exigencies of municipal trading.

A TRAIN OF MOTOR-CARS.

A motor train of an unusual pattern forms the subject of a French patent which appears to have a useful future before it. The train is designed for use upon ordinary roads, and it may comprise any reasonable number of cars. It consists of an engine-car carrying the motive-power, and as many other carriages as may be required. So far it resembles an ordinary railway train; but here the resemblance ends, for the engine does not pull the carriages, which, on the contrary, are all self-propulsive. The engine provides the motive-power, which is transmitted to

every carriage of the train by a longitudinal flexible shaft running its entire length. Each carriage has three pairs of wheels, which are so pivoted that every or follows exactly the course previously taken by the leading vehicle, which is the only one steered. Thus the driver on the front carriage may take the most erratic course necessitated by tortuous country lanes in full confidence that the rest of the train will follow him exactly even though he may have doubled on his track before the last carriage is round the corner. As the engine does not pull the carriages, there is no necessity to make it additionally heavy in order to give it adhesion to the road, so that the difficulty with most traction-engines, which are forbidden on many bridges because of their weight, is not present with this train, where the weight is more evenly distributed. The invention, which is shortly to be introduced into this country, is known as the Renard train.

THE MOTOR-CAR IN WARFARE.

In a lecture before the Royal United Service Institution, Sir J. H. A. Macdonald advanced the view that motor-cars on common roads in the near future will prove a more efficient means of concentrating troops to repel an attack than that afforded by the railways. It is self-evident that in a case of invasion by sea, one hundred men on the spot while the invading forces are practically helpless in boats rould be more valuable than a thousand later on. Sir J. H. A. Macdonald appeared to think that the motor-car would almost entirely supersede the nilway, and in enumerating the disadvantages of the latter, he certainly made out a strong case for the road-cars. But it is probable that in actual Parlare both means of transport will be taken full idvantage of. The very valuable services which a sufficient number of motor-cars could render an amy in case of sudden invasion were well enumerated and marshalled by the lecturer, whose carefully prepared paper formed a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the subject.

THE ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE.

The Times has recorded the inauguration of the stat interoceanic waterway and transcontinental route across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, where Hemando Cortes once led his victorious army, and There, some thirty-eight years ago, General Diaz imself was fighting for the very existence and integtity of the Republic of Mexico. This comprises a nilvay of about one hundred and ninety miles and ivo terminal ports, Salina Cruz, on the Pacific, and Cathacealcos, on the Gulf side. Vast changes have taken place here, as in most other parts of Mexico. Not only have the burning of villages, the looting of classes, and numerous executions among the habitants given place to the laying out of planthing, the erection of factories and mills, and the contraction of railways, but a complete transfornation of sentiment towards foreigners has manilested itself. The once hated gringo is now regarded

with respect, and the British are gratefully recognised as legitimate developers of the Republic's immense natural resources. The important undertaking is mainly the outcome of British enterprise and capital. With the arrival of the first vessel, the Arizonian, of the new American Hawaiian line of steamers, at the entrance of the inner harbour of Salina Cruz, the world's newest and shortest interoceanic route was inaugurated.

THE OKAPI.

The Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh, has been lately enriched by a fine specimen of an adult male okapi, the strange new mammal discovered by Sir Harry Johnston in Central Africa, and known to science as Ocapia Johnstoni. The same museum has probably the finest collection of birds in the United Kingdom; and the keeper, Mr W. Eagle Clarke, is having these and other natural history specimens relabelled with their common and unscientific names for the sake of the 'man in the street.' There is a specimen of the okapi in the Rothschild Museum at Tring, Herts, and in the Natural History Museum, London; but the Edinburgh example is finer than either. The okapi belongs to the giraffe family, though it has a shorter neck and legs, a different style of colouration, and has no mane on the neck. The London specimen gave one who knows the fauna of Africa the impression that it was a blending of three different mammals—the antelope, giraffe, and zebra. Mr Clarke regards it as a more primitive type than the other existing members, which it connects with a number of extinct animals whose remains are known to palæontologists. The Edinburgh specimen stands fifty-nine inches high. In colour it is chiefly of a rich purplish-brown, with the side of the face creamy-white. The hindquarters and upper part of the fore and hind legs are transversely striped with alternate bands of a fine dark chocolate-brown and white. No European until the Boyd Alexander expedition seems to have seen the okapi in its native haunts in the Ituri forest, Congo Free State; the skins brought home were procured from the pygmy natives. Major Powell-Cotton, who has sent a skin and complete skeleton of an adult male to the national collection, has also gleaned much information from the forest tribes about the okapi.

TO ABOLISH MAIL-VANS.

The Berlin postal authorities are testing a new project which promises to revolutionise the conveyance of letters and parcels. The idea is to have an underground tube with a circumference sufficiently large to permit a man to enter in a stooping attitude. These tubes are to connect the central postoffice with the principal stations and with the district offices. Two sets of rails are built in this tube or tunnel, one over the other, not side by side. The upper set of rails is supported on the sides of the tube, thus practically dividing it in two. Small carriages, running on two wheels, are automatically driven by electricity along these rails. No locomotive is used, nor is there an attendant with the carriage. As many as six of these carriages can be run together for conveying letters and parcels from the arrival station to the central post-office, and from thence to the various districts, or vice

versa. By this means letters, &c., can be delivered in any part of the city in less than a fourth of the time formerly required. So far the scheme is not out of the experimental stages, but it promises to be a success, in which case the mail-van, with all its poetry and romance, is likely to disappear from the streets.

THE PEACEMAKERS.

By Captain FRANK H. SHAW, F.R.A.S.



INGLETON, the same Cingleton who piloted the train of gun-smugglers through the forests of the Congo—but that has been told before—looked at Isabella de Cordeza. Finding himself well repaid for the

glance, he continued his observation, and smiled in a satisfied manner.

Isabella de Cordeza returned the first glance, also the second, and smiled too for the same reason. Then she spoke.

'It will kill papa,' she said.

'Hardly,' returned Cingleton. 'What's a defeat more or less in South America? They happen every day.'

The young girl leaned forward in an attitude that showed every line of her well-developed figure ravishingly. South American females develop early, and are very beautiful—or very ugly. There is no middle course, no compromise. Isabella was beautiful. From where they stood, the sharp crackle of intermittent rifle-firing could be plainly heard across the waters of the sleeping bay. An occasional yell, muffled by the intense heat and the distance, rose to a shricking crescendo, then fell to an ominous silence. Once a deep, resonant note of volley-firing boomed through the air.

'That's the end of poor Cortega,' said Cingleton. He had grown to like the smart young aide-de-camp of the President, but, being human, recognised that his removal had its advantages. However, if he had arrived earlier he would not have hesitated to attempt a rescue.

'Oh, you don't know papa,' retorted the girl, replying to his first observation. 'We Latins haven't got the easy-going temperament of you English, Mr Cingleton. I have had a chance of observing the difference during my schooldays. Papa has worked himself to a skeleton for the sake of these people here; he has given of his best, and they were happy under his government until that beast-that ladrone-Fuegos came on the scene. How would you like to see the work of your life dashed to pieces just because an impudent murderer got drunk and talked to the people about their wrongs? How would you like to have the men you had trained yourself ransacking the palace to find the man who had given them every good thing they possess, intending to put him up against a wall and shoot him? Wouldn't it break your heart?'

'Come to think of it, it might. But your father made the great mistake of trying to rule by love, whereas fear is the only god these blighters will bow down to. I know them. I've had dealings with them before, worse luck! Hit the beggars first, and then tell them you'll hit them again if they try to do things; that's the proper way to handle the brutes. Never mind whether they've done anything wrong or not; you can't go far wrong. They're probably thinking out some mischief.'

Señorita de Cordeza gave an impatient sigh.

'Stones for bread!' she said bitterly. 'I looked to you for a means to remedy the evil, and you talk trite platitudes. Heavens! if I were only a man I'd never rest until I'd made some attempt to turn them away from their plans.'

'Look here,' replied Cingleton humbly, 'I'm jolly sorry; but what can I do? I'm one man by myself. I landed from the steamer out at the Point because they wouldn't let us come into harbour; I hadn't the faintest idea that anything was wrong until I spotted your carriage and you spoke to me. Hang it all! give a man a chance, Miss Isabella.'

'I'm sorry. But, oh! you can't imagine what this means to us. It spells death for papa and desolation for me. Not that that matters much, though. I was too hasty, Mr Cingleton; but isn't there a way out?'

It was rather a difficult problem to set a maneven a man like Cingleton—that of finding a remedy for a South American revolution. The Republic of Wisteria-one moderate-sized city and a few hundred square miles of sun-baked plains-had caught the infection from a neighbouring state, and, incited thereto by the tempestuous arguments of a drunken ne'er-do-weel, had risen in might the preceding night, stormed the palace, shot down the few guards who had remained loyal, and had only just escaped murdering the late President and his charming daughter. But for the presence of mind and loyalty of an old servant, who had lured them away under pretence of visiting a case of distress, they would have fallen with the guards. It was now late afternoon, and still the sounds of tumult were coming to the listeners' ears.

'Let's talk it over with your father,' said Cingleton, striding away towards the entrance of a deep cave in the sun-baked rock. He tapped his high boot impatiently as he walked, using a silver-headed

cane for the purpose. Isabella de Cordeza smiled again as she watched his broad shoulders and the determined throw-back of his head.

'A man!' she whispered to herself. 'He's a man!

'So you want to get back to La Castries?' asked Cingleton a moment later. 'Feet first or head

The ex-President smiled without merriment.

'So far as I can see, Señor Cingleton,' he remarked, 'there will be no need for me to go to La Castries. It will come to me-angrily.'

'Yes, after it has got drunk. But how long do you reckon it will take La Castries to get comfortably intoxicated on that stuff you call wine here?'

'The Pacific steamer landed two thousand cases of brandy last week,' murmured the President, 'and it had not been taken out of the Custom-House yesterday. But it is out now.'

'Oh, brandy!' said Cingleton. 'That's a different matter. They'll have to sleep that off. I know the kind of brandy that's imported here-rot-gut suff. How long do you reckon it will take them to find you?'

'Till to-morrow perhaps,' said the President. 'To-morrow at, say, ten o'clock.'

'And then ?'

De Cordeza made an eloquent gesture, embracing both himself and his daughter. Cingleton seemed to see the pair propped up against one of those dazzling white walls that seemed designed by their constructors for summary executions. He almost heard the word of the officer who commanded the firing party: 'Make ready! Present!' No, it

'What resources have we?' asked Cingleton. The President threw out his hands. 'None,' he

labella broke in with gleaming eyes, and the Englishman fancied he saw a little elusive flicker deep down in their pupils—a flicker that made him catch his breath sharply. 'That was something worth trying for,' he said under his breath.

I thought you and your countrymen made resources, Mr Cingleton, she said with the childish confidence of a young girl. 'History tells of a hundred instances where you have overcome super-

human obstacles through your own pluck. Think!' Pedro the Scoundrel has a small steam-launch hidden away on the Point, said Juan Gomez, he who had driven the President away from death. He-it is nothing now, Excellency—he smuggles

Cingleton's eyes sparkled merrily.

Then the dilemma solves itself, he murmured. We will all embark on the smuggler's launch, and ranish from Wisteria for ever.'

He looked to see a smile of relief overspread two lace, but he was disappointed. Blank contradiction

To fly from my country!' said the President. That is undeserved, señor.

'Blest if I can see the difference of flying from the palace and flying from the country,' said Cingleton vexedly. 'Isn't it a bit like hair-splitting? You'd come back after the fireworks, and tame 'em down all right. Rest assured, the bally place won't fly away from you.'

'Now, at present it seems disposed to fly towards me, as I have before said,' rejoined the President. 'Jesting apart, Señor Cingleton, I cannot leave Wisteria. All I have is here. The few dollars that I have saved-not many-are hidden in the city. My work is here. Ah, little do you young men know what an old man's work is to him when it is done, and there is no more doing for him! No, señor, I cannot leave.

Cingleton meditated. A plan was forming itself in his resourceful mind-a bold, daring plan, that might set the greatest nations of the world at loggerheads. It was risky-too risky to be done without hope of some reward. He was not a mercenary man, either; in fact, on a cool dozen occasions he had thrown down a gauntlet to great Powers for the sheer love and lust of the thing. But now he wanted a reward. It was no question of money; no mining concessions would suit him; and yet he had come to Wisteria solely for the purpose of opening up silver-mining there. What he wanted-he had found it out a year beforewas that piece of ardent, palpitating flesh and blood that stood regarding him with a pensive smile. She had great faith in the workings of the English mind; she had been brought up in England, and even that had not disillusioned her. And now, seeing that Cingleton's head was bent in earnest thought, she awaited his decision with breathless

He looked up and caught her intent glance. Some sort of a blush crept up under the tropical tan of his good-looking face; and he turned away, half-ashamed of his thoughts. But if-

She too coloured bewitchingly, and averted her face. He turned again in time to see the crimson tide climb slowly up from the loose neck of her evening-gown-she was still in evening-dress, as she had been when she left the palace so hurriedly; he watched it reach her cheek; then her low forehead took on the glow; and a little vein in the man's temple throbbed madly. Impulsively he started forward, then recollected himself in time. The President leaned back with resignation.

Isabella leaned forward a little, until her breath stirred the thinning hair about Cingleton's brow. Her lips were so red that they seemed to owe their colour to art, but he knew better; the gleam of pearly white that was revealed between the crimson wonders intoxicated him. He clenched his hands, and the throbbing vein stood out like a piece of whipcord.

'I would give anything,' she murmured, 'to give my father back his own.'

Then Cingleton realised that he was a very cad. Like the coarsest bargainer, he was trying to sell his assistance; and the price he asked was a human price. He flushed again, this time angrily, and swore a round oath under his breath. Isabella clapped her two little hands over her shocked ears.

'Anything,' she repeated.

'Is the good smuggler's launch a fast craft?' asked Cingleton, turning suddenly to Pedro Gomez. 'A very fast one?'

'But yes, señor. It is a smuggler's launch,' replied the Spaniard with an air of finality. 'It

was built to escape the preventives.'

'I'll be back to-morrow,' said the Englishman curtly, bowing to the President and his daughter. 'By nine o'clock I shall return. You will be safe until then?'

'Assuredly. We shall hide safely for a few hours. Afterwards—ah! perhaps there will be no afterwards.'

'Won't be my fault if there isn't,' was all Cingleton's answer; and, with a second bow to Isabella, he ran rapidly down the long sloping spit of land.

'A bow only,' said Isabella, with a shrug of the shoulders, 'when he might have- Ah, Henry, Henry, caro mio!' She whispered the last words under her breath; then, feeling the delightful influence of them, whispered them again and again.

The full moon was slowly climbing its stately way through the intricacies of the skies as a fussy steam-launch swept into the harbour of Rio Santa Maria, the renowned capital of Tallisteria. Fully revealed in the midst of a shimmering track of reflected silver lay the long leaden bulk of a thirdclass cruiser, every spar and rope plainly silhouetted against the lightening purple of the sky. The chugchug of a moored boat came listlessly through the almost oppressive stillness of the night.

'Ah!' remarked Cingleton to the sphinx-like Spaniard at the wheel, 'the Immortal. She is still here, then ? That simplifies matters—if Kavanagh has had a good dinner'---- He finished the sen-

tence to himself.

'Si, senor, the Immortal. A fine vessel.' The smuggler said nothing further, but admired the outline of the cruiser appreciatively. He was a man who had an eye for lines of speed.

Eight bells tinkled softly across the water; the cry of the forebridge sentry answered as thunder answers the lightning. Then Cingleton ran his craft alongside, whispered to the gangwayman, and stood on the British planking.

'The captain is asleep,' said the man with that air of deference which implies that captain begins

with a capital letter. 'He dined ashore.'
'All the better. Waken him at once, and tell him I want to see him. Cingleton's my name.

Two minutes later a slim, boyish figure in silk pyjamas was peering amazedly through the faint light.

'How the devil did you get here, Cingleton? What's afoot? There's always a row on when you get on deck, you blighted stormy petrel!'

Cingleton dragged the young Irish captain away out of earshot of the curious gangwayman.

'Larks!' he said gleefully. 'Big, sound larks! Feel like an adventure?

'That's rather a useless question to put to a chap, isn't it? I grubbed on the beach with the governor. He has some sherry that'd do your heart good. It did mine.'

'That's the ticket. Then, are you game to'-There were five minutes of excited whispering, followed by a decided shaking of a close-cropped head.

'Couldn't do it, me boy. It's too big a thing. 'Twill be the devil and all if it leaks out. No. no, hang it all, Cingleton! If it were anything else; but that-no.'

Cingleton knew his man, and appealed to the sentiment that is in every Irishman.

'There's a girl in it,' he said softly, as a vision grew up out of the moonlit sea. 'A girl in it, Kavvy boy, for me.'

'Ye've salved me conscience, ye beggar. A woman? Never was Dennis Kavanagh deaf to a lone maiden's appeal. Bedad! I'll be best-man at the'-

'You'll do it, then?'

'Like a shot. There'll be the Old Harry to pay;

but-well, we're in for it anyway.'

That is why the third-class cruiser Immortal, Captain Dennis Kavanagh, picked up her anchors, both bower and stream, and slowly passed out between the frowning headlands of Rio Santa Maria. Sleepy engineers in the depths below uttered curses on the fate that lugged them out of their beautysleep at twelve midnight to work among odoriferous But on the bridge, far above the stench engines. of oil and the thud of resonant pistons, Kavanagh was greedily drinking in details.

'The very thing I wanted,' he murmured ecstatically. 'Ye'll find your friend a famous man yet, Cingleton sonny. It's been on my mind since I was on the Britannia; but what chance has a man of studying such things nowadays? Ye're a benefactor to the human race, if ye but knew it. But

won't there be a howly row?

The long night-hours glided past. Dawn grew suddenly up out of the radiant east, and the purple gloom of the sky vanished in rosy confusion. Far ahead of the hurrying bow, like a cloud, loomed the shores of Wisteria. Cingleton could hardly restrain his impatience. He paced fretfully to and fro, gnawing his fingers impatiently; and yet this was the man who had run under the spears of a hundred fanatical natives and dragged this same Kavanagh into safety. Kavanagh had never forgotten it.

'Be easy now, be easy,' said the latter. 'The colleen herself will be as safe as Barney's pig when the bailiff took it. What's the pile of imposing

masonry that towers up into the sky?

'The old palace—deserted now. No one has lived in it for years, ever since there was a plague inside the place. They say it's haunted.'

Kavanagh looked the solid piles of gray old stone up and down, and his eyes shone. Something dear to his heart was working within him, something that he had longed for for years.

'I wasn't at Alexandria,' he muttered, 'worse luck! but this'll be as good. You're sure there's not a soul in the palace?'

'Quite. But what's that got to do with it?
There are plenty of men about, bloodthirsty villains
who'll—— But there, that won't bear thinking
about.'

'Ye poor—civilian! Did ye ever hear of the Monroe Doctrine? The life of every man-Jack ashore there, no matter though they're all murderers—and the most of them are—is as sacred as the memory of the late Queen, God bless her! Ye'll see my tack in a minute.—Mr Swainson!' This to the address of the gunnery-lieutenant, who stood at his elbow.

He whispered to his subordinate discreetly, and Swainson left the bridge with the step of a schoolby off on holiday. 'With armour-piercing shell,' called Kavanagh as he disappeared; 'mind that!'

Well, whatever it is, said Cingleton hastily, 'you'd better hurry. See that thin red line? It's revolutionists making their way along the sandspit to the Point. The President and his daughter, are at the extreme end, hidden in a cave in the rocks. They won't be anything worth mentioning if you don't look alive.'

Did ye ever see the British navy asleep? An armed launch'll keep the beggars under; but we'll crate a diversion. That's what we're here for—to create a diversion. You watch.'

The Immortal glided into the richly set bay like a leaden messenger of wrath. No flag flew from her gaff; from a distance, allowing for the inexperience of any watching eyes, she might have been taken for any low-class passenger-steamer. A ramshackle fort on the end of the other sand-spit, that with the first mentioned composed the harbour, flung a tattered flag to the breeze as a sgnal for the approaching craft to display her colours. Kavanagh's square face gave no sign that

Cingleton watched a long straggling line of redcated, barefooted men racing along the sandspit. He held his breath as he gazed, for his heart-beats threatened to choke him.

Kavanagh whistled unconcernedly. 'Always remember the Monroe Doctrine, me boy,' he said

Oh, confound the Monroe Doctrine! Aren't

That I am. The toy fort is asking us to salute. We'll salute in a little minute. By the way, are there any of "our own correspondents" in that large

Elest if I know. But if you're afraid of the thing leaking out, I'll promise you, once the President gets back, there'll be no telegrams sent. And the cables are all cut; they always do that first.'

'Stainthe! That's all I care about. We don't court publicity in the navy, me boy. Unlike some other services which I needn't particularise, we do our little bit incognito.—I think the time's ready now, Mr Swainson.'

The ragged army of extermination that hastened so blithely along the sandspit spread out fanwise, and commenced an exhaustive search of the surrounding country. An armadillo would not have escaped that search for ten minutes. They chuckled loudly; the sound of their derisive voices came along the water like a message of dread.

But alas for their hopes of slaughter! The strange new arrival in the harbour was commencing to salute the flag. Well, it was only just; the new Republic deserved that mark of recognition. But a sudden exclamation from one of the leaders turned all eyes citywards. They were just in time to see a large piece of masonry detach itself from the old palace and fall in dusty ruins. Surprise held them speechless for a moment; then a roar of anger burst from two hundred throats. But a dull blue flash burst from the side of the lead-coloured steamer in the bay as if in answer, and a dull boom reverberated among the sandhills as another large lump of stone and mortar fell giddily.

Betrayed!' groaned one of their leaders, the redoubtable Fuegos himself. 'The cursed steamer from'— But from where? That he was not able to understand. No Power was at war with Wisteria; every other nation knew that the country was too busy with its own affrays to wish to take a hand in the game. Before he could find a solution the whole broadside of the Immortal flashed out with a crunching roar. The entire sea-wall of the palace crumbled away into itself like a shut telescope.

'Back to the city!' yelled Fuegos, his eyes bloodshot with a sudden fear. He knew that he was unable to cope with the emergency; more, his men knew it. He could see that, for at the word of command they threw down their rifles and stood sullenly about in groups. They were essentially land-fighters, and had no wish to combat an element they dreaded amazingly.

'We shall not return to the city,' exclaimed a score of voices, 'to be buried in the ruins! None but a fool would give the order!'

Fuegos stormed and raved, but his words fell on unheeding ears. Suddenly the gaunt cruiser swung its whole broadside, at a range of less than a thousand yards, upon the sandspit. It was enough. Like one man they broke and fled for cover. They had come to find a sheep and they had met with a very ferocious tiger.

Another long stream of figures had issued from the city, and was rapidly making its way along the sand to where the President was hidden. But these were not red-coated; they were chiefly women and children, though many of them were men. As they ran a hoarse roar rose from them.

'Where is Fuegos?' they asked. 'Bid him stop the firing of this devil's ship.' But Fuegos knew that he was powerless, and discreetly remained hidden.

'Give us a man to stop the firing!' the stream cried, and their voices rose in wavering shrieks. 'Give us a man!'

The ex-President saw his opportunity. He waited until the excited mob had halted within five hundred yards of his hiding-place, and then stepped slowly forth into the light of day. It was a risky thing to do, but he had won his position as president through knowing how to strike.

'Here is such a man,' he said simply. He had seen a well-known figure on the bridge of the cruiser, for he had been watching the experiment through glasses. Now he waved his arm, and the sustained roar of the cruiser's broadsides died away into palpitating silence.

'Here is such a man,' said the President again.

The crowd paused in astonishment at his daring. Then a simultaneous shout of 'Viva el Presidente!' went up through the air. He was their saviour, their protector; they fawned about his knees with ingratiating words. But the President turned away.

'A complete surrender only,' he said. He was not going to rely on half-measures. 'Bring the man Fuegos to me.'

They brought him, digging him out of a selfmade burrow. He stood like a convicted felon before the accusing gaze of the man he had ousted.

'Wash him first,' said the President disgustedly.
'Afterwards we will discuss his future;' and he turned resolutely away from the supplicants to meet two men who had landed from a launch and were coming in his direction.

'But it was too bad to fire on the city, señor capitan,' he said not very severely when Kavanagh was introduced. 'Think of the amount of damage to my poor people.'

'Devil a bit,' said Kavanagh with a broad grin.
'I only fired four rounds at the old palace, which Cingleton assured me was deserted. Every other charge was blank.—But where's the lady, Cingy boy?'

She was coming towards them as he spoke, and the impressionable Irishman stiffened like a ramrod. 'Bedad, ye lucky beggar!' he whispered, 'she was worth solid shot, let alone blank!'

'But how can I thank you, Captain Kavanagh?' asked Isabella de Cordeza.—'And you, Mr Cingleton?' turning to that worthy.

'Oh, I've done nothing,' he said, blushing before her gaze. 'It's all Kavanagh here.'

The sailor broke in excitedly: 'Satisfy us both, Miss de Cordeza. Let me be the best-man a month hence.'

She looked at Cingleton, and then her eyes dropped. He strode resolutely to her side.

'But for a best-man to be required there must be a husband. No one has asked me yet.'

'That's all right,' was all Kavanagh said. Then, taking the President by the arm, he led him away.
'Four rounds of armour-piercing shell has won

me a world-wide reputation,' he explained to the mystified Southerner. 'I'll tell ye what I intend to do;' and he explained volubly.

Cingleton looked at Isabella, and she was very full of a sweet confusion. Suddenly she laid her hand in his and smiled into his eyes.

Kavanagh's book, The Effect of Armour-Piercing Shell on Masonry, is now an accredited classic in all the navies of the world. Sometimes people ask him where he got his information; but he only winks, and says it was at a wedding. Then they say he has been drinking.

ODD MAN OUT.

Over the strip of garden ground,
That lies to the busy street,
Rings a shrill and a clear and a joyous sound,
A clatter of hurrying feet.
Is it a horn that harks to the chase?
Does it tell of a terrible rout?
Nay, 'tis Alick and Daisy and Minnie and Grace
Playing at Odd Man Out.

Once on a day, to our childhood's ken,
The playground grows dull and small;
Life is the field, and the players are men,
The signal is duty's call.

And whether we bide where the hearth-fires flame,
Or rove the wide world about,
We must all of us learn to play the game,
And play it as once by a humbler name
We played at Odd Man Out.

'Catch who catch can.' So the years go on,
And none of us stays their flight;
The boys are men and the maids are grown,
Like the fairy folk, in a night.
Yet not to the swift is the laurel crown,
Not to the bravest the shout;
But to him who cares nothing for smile or for frown,
Who has always a hand for the one who is down,
And dares to be Odd Man Out!

B. M. DANBY.

The MAY part of Chambers's Journal will contain the opening chapters of a new novel of military life, entitled

HOPPY,

By CAPTAIN CECIL NORTH, Author of The Moorish Treasure, &c.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

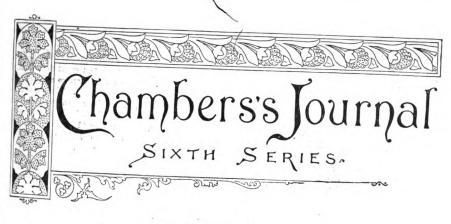
st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIFTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them In FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGE.



норру.

By Captain Cecil North, Author of The Moorish Treasure, The Hermit of the Irati, &c.



HE dawn was slowly welling over the brim of the east when the monotonous throbbing of tom-toms, which throughout the weary night had persisted in the hot and tossing native city of Rhanibad, became lost

in a heart-stirring, muffled roar—once heard never iorgotten—which betokened the mustering of armed men. And such, indeed, was the case, for a dusky otentate, arising in his foolishness, had challenged the power of the Raj; and, reluctantly, the great Empress, after infinite patience and forbearance, had ordered that a lesson-which her horse, foot, and artillery confidently expected would be easily administered—should be given the misguided one as soon as her forces had forgathered. The day and the hour had now arrived; and, with blare of brass and rattle of arms, her white and her black soldiers were making ready to set the red game of Tar agoing, and were wending their way through the narrow streets in clattering columns of colour towards the great central open space appointed for

Frederic Lechmere Eustace Apner, known to his hiends as Hoppy, a polite rendering of the four mitials of his name—a lieutenant in the famous One Hundred and Sixty-first Rifles, commonly called the Sooties, and this morning in command of the gand at the Eastern Gate—came wearily down from the top of the huge wall by which the town surrounded, and from which point of vantage he had been keenly searching the neighbouring country for signs of danger, and got his men logther in good time to give the regulation salute the stern General, Sir John Ranger, who rode at the head of the troops. The enemy were known to the encamped, awaiting reinforcements, a few miles tray: a vast horde of them already, brave and inatical, but luckily poorly armed. No man doubted but that our well-trained boys, though hach inferior in numbers and, thanks to tinkering

politicians, lacking the stiffening of old-fashioned soldiers-who, if they were hard drinkers and famous scallywags, fought like fiends, and were the right men behind the bayonets when opposed to swarming swordsmen whom no leaden hail could stop -would give a satisfactory account of themselves, and demonstrate the superiority of science over courage and brute force. It was bitter hard luck, thought Hoppy, that his turn for guard-duty should have come round just at this time, when medals and V.C.'s were surely to be won; for this promised to be the first serious fighting that the nation had experienced for some years, and the good folks at home, and the special correspondents in particular, were eager to make much of everybody.

But now the long column—the debonair cavalrymen well to the front, and riding as carelessly as if they were playing at autumn manœuvres-is through the great gate, which closes behind them with a rumble and clang of metal; and the disgusted subaltern again takes up his post upon the wall, glass in hand, every nerve in his bodyalready irritated by a night spent in futile combat with myriads of thirsty mosquitoes-vibrating with the lust of battle.

With the exception of a sentry, whose blazing eyes belied his stolid regulation demeanour as he paced slowly backwards and forwards along his appointed beat of a certain number of yards, Hoppy was alone upon the wall, which, in the immediate vicinity of the gate, was forbidden ground to all but the officer of the guard; and as the tail of the column disappeared in a cloud of dust through a distant gap in a low range of hills he gave himself up to certain gloomy reflections caused by his bitter disappointment.

The only son of a soldier, old General Sir Ralph Apner, and at present the last of a great fighting clan-for the Apners have left their mark, their scarlet mark, almost as far as history goes back; and are not their tombs and effigies to be found in high APRIL 6, 1907.

[All Rights Reserved.]

places and in many lands?—it was borne in upon their representative that he carried that heaviest of all burdens: the weight of a great name from which all men expect great things. Never stinted in money—for his father was not only wealthy but generous-and engaged to be married to a lovely and charming girl, the Honourable Mirabelle Melgrove, heiress and only child of old Lord Idsworth, up to the present things had gone well with him, and he now only required to do something in the family profession, make his own particular patronymic ring through the land if only for a brief space, to justify his existence and add his quota of glory to the Apner halo, before leaving the army and settling down to a life of peace. He had long decided that a Victoria Cross should be the object of his ambitions, and here he was tied by the leg to a beastly gate, a position which any sergeant could equally well have filled, while his regiment was gaily marching away to the joys of a hand-tohand scrap with a mob of niggers, a species of entertainment which, history records, has always been prolific in opportunities of gaining the coveted distinction.

But there was another strong incentive beside the pride of name which had determined him in his resolution to win the V.C. Rich, good-looking, good fellow as he was, he had not had it quite all his own way with the Honourable Mirabelle. Among the many other aspirants to her hand had been a certain Captain Vare, who at one time had appeared almost likely to be successful in carrying off the prize. This man, oddly enough, was also in the Sooties, and consequently a brother-officer of Hoppy's; and—besides being financially as well, if not better, endowed than the latter, and goodlooking in a small and effeminate way-had while on some mysterious special employment in the dark places of Africa not only gained the 'Done Something or Other,' as irreverent subalterns call the Distinguished Service Order, but the Victoria Cross as well.

Mirabelle Melgrove, whose grandfather had been a well-known brewer, and the first of his family to figure in the Peerage, was, strange to say, coming from such a peace-loving stock, possessed of an intense admiration for the doers of doughty deeds; and her liking for Hoppy had almost succumbed to the temptation of becoming the wife of a V.C., D.S.O. Indeed, it was only when a cheap sneer of Vare's about Hops marrying beer came to her ears that the gallant captain fell into disgrace, and his rival, making the most of his opportunity, finally secured the lady's hand and became her affianced husband.

But the lost Victoria Cross still stuck in Mirabelle's mind; and once, when Hoppy, rather sick of the subject, alightingly remarked, 'Oh, V.C.'s nowadays are as easy as pap to get; you need only bring in a wounded man, with a special correspondent looking on, and have a clever woman to push your claims at headquarters,' she had

answered indignantly, 'That is a most unworthy and ungenerous thing for a soldier to say'-which was perfectly true—'and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. If these things are so easily got, you had better win one yourself. The regiment is going to India, and I hear from papa that the Cabinet fear that trouble is likely to crop up on the frontier. If it does, I will ask the War Minister, who is a dear old thing and my very devoted slave, to make sure that the Sooties get to the front, and then, my dear boy, you will have your chance. Of course, you won't run any risks if what you say is true; only, don't forget to have your friendly correspondent handy, and' here she broke into a smile—'perhaps you would like me to look after your interests at headquarters? Joking apart, darling, she went on, her momentary indignation having vanished, 'I really will try and get the regiment to the front if there is war, and I know that I couldn't do anything that would please you all better; and-who can tell?-there's many a true word spoken in jest. And if an opportunity does come-and that is the real difficulty-I know that you will take it. Oh, just fancy, my Hoppy, if at the end of the year which papa insists upon our waiting before we marry, you should be "Hoppy, V.C.," how splendid that would be!' And the impulsive, if somewhat foolish, maiden clasped her hands in an ecstasy of joy, and then hugged her lover as if she could already discern the little piece of bronze hanging

on his manly chest.

Much struck with his lady-love's remarks, it had at once dawned upon the repentant young soldier that here was the one thing wanted to complete the glory of the Apners, and he had forthwith made up his mind to leave no opportunity neglected which might hold out any reasonable hope of attaining his fiancée's desire. He therefore promptly expressed his firm resolve to attach the magic letters to his name on the first occasion that offered, and he had no difficulty in convincing Mirabelle—what lover worthy of the name would have not?—that the thing was as good as done.

As for Vare, when he had been informed of his rival's success he vowed to have his revenge, and he quietly began to make things as uncomfortable as he could for Hoppy in the hundred and one ways open to an officer when he wishes to get his knife into a subordinate. He had previously taken up the post of adjutant to the battalion, a position full of power as regards possibilities of harassing unfortunate subalterns, and during the tedious voyage out and the subsequent hurried scramble from Bombay to the border-for Mirabelle had made good her promise, and the newly arrived regiment, largely composed of young soldiers, had been sent to the front, much to the rage of several older and more seasoned corps—he had done everything he possibly could to irritate and provoke the mai who, he considered, had supplanted him.

And now had come Hoppy's chance—the battle which might have given him his V.C., and he was not to take part in it after all: the result, he shrewdly suspected, of a little arrangement of Varia. But the roster for guards and other duties was in the adjutant's keeping, and, like Cassar's wife, that official could do no wrong. So the unhappy subaltern had to grin and bear it, and comfort himself with the pious hope that the handsome, darkfaced little gentleman with the aquiline nose might return in a condition calculated to keep him off duty-nothing worse than that-for several weeks

The sun was by this time already hanging in the heavens, a great blot of crimson ink splashed on a gray sheet of blotting-paper; and Hoppy, recognising the signs which presaged a day of stifling heat, knew that when the mists had dispersed and the crimson turned to burnished gold he would be obliged to beat a hasty retreat to the shelter of his guardroom below. But he was not going to do anything of the kind just yet. At present his ears were strained to catch the sound of the guns, which he hoped he might be able to hear, at the beginning of the action at all events; 'for afterwards,' he said to himself, 'when our "Tommies" are busy thirying them, there will be no telling how far the beggars will go in the flush of a hot pursuit.'

From time to time a hail would come up to him from below: 'I say, Hoppy, old chap, can't I come p for a moment?' And then he would cross the broad top of the wall, and discover, down beside the surdhouse at the foot of the rough flight of steps lading to his post of vantage, some civilian friend on one occasion escorting a pretty bundle of cool, benbloned muslin—whose upward path was severely burned by a white-helmeted, perspiring sentry.

Awfully sorry, ye know,' he would shout; 'but it can't be done anyhow. Nobody allowed up here but the "orficer of the guard." Wish I could; but the orders are fearfully strict, ye see, for this is war, florious war—though we sha'n't see anything of it. Nat like the jolly old slack times at home.' And tis would be visitors would depart grumbling, karing him in peace to resume his eager watch.

Suddenly his ears caught the sound they were ruing for, faint, so faint as to leave him for a moment in doubt. He looked at the sentry, one of the few old soldiers in the regiment, and a man of the own company. A glance at his face was enough. He had halted in his monotonous walk and turned oraris the sandy plain. His khaki-covered breast, the were a couple of ribbons, was rising and alling rapidly; his nostrils were wide open, as if he that saifed on the close air the familiar, never'I do, sir.'

By Jove! your ears must be good ones, Rex.

'Hexperience, sir.'

'They seem a good while at it,' presently said Hoppy. 'I should have thought the niggers would have been well on the run by now, and the guns moved along after them.'

''Ope so, sir,' jerked out Private Rex; 'but them guns ain't a-goin' forrard, sir; they're a-comin' back, an' so's the rest of 'em. Hat least that's 'ow I read the noise. My Gawd, sir!' he exclaimed anxiously, 'cawn't you 'ear the rifles now plainly enough? It ain't the niggers as is runnin'. An' the gunners over there at the battery knows it too; look at 'em as busy as bees;' and he pointed towards a little flanking bastion some way along the wall to their right, which mounted a few guns of small calibre and commanded the approach to

And now the crash of the music that means death could be heard increasing in volume and proximity every moment; and the town, grasping the awful significance of the thing, began to hum like a disturbed hive. Bugles rang out; the slender garrison that had been left behind got under arms, moved through the narrow places in small detachments, took up positions here and there, and manned the walls wherever they thought their fire would be most effective. Hoppy's sanctum was invaded, his guard being reinforced by twenty-five men of a native regiment, and he was busily arranging for their disposal when his attention was attracted by a shout from Rex, who called to him to come back upon the wall.

'Quick, yer glarses, sir!' he said rapidly as his officer joined him. 'There-over there by that gap in the 'ills! It's an 'orse, that's w'at it is, an' full pelt fur 'ome, too!'

Pale with excitement, Hoppy focused the distant

'Good heavens!' he cried, 'it's one of the General's A.D.C.'s, and riding for all he's worth, without his helmet; and, yes, his left arm's slung in a belt! I must slip away back to the gate and prepare to get it open; and he rushed down the stairs again, his sword banging and clattering behind him.

Draw up some men across the road to keep the crowd back, sergeant,' he ordered sharply, 'and then open the gate;' and diving into the officers' guardroom, he quickly reappeared carrying in one hand a long tumbler filled for nearly two inches of its height with amber-coloured liquid, in which floated a miniature iceberg, and in the other one of those large-sized bottles of soda-water only to be met with in countries where the thirst is in proportion to the heat.

'Here, Tilloki Ram!' he called as he caught sight of his native servant hovering among the curious throng which was rapidly assembling behind the living barrier he had so wisely ordered to be formed, 'come here and take charge of this brandy and bubbly-water, and when the sahib who is riding

^{&#}x27;A gun, Rex ?'

^{&#}x27;la, sir.'

^{&#}x27;the there's another. Now the fun's beginning.'

One ought almost to hear the rifles, I should

in stops to speak to me, make the drink at once and give it to him. He looks as if he'd want it, poor chap!' he muttered as he once more used his glasses through the now open gate.

And, indeed, it hardly required the former to prove the truth of his remark, for the rapidly approaching man was plainly in an exhausted condition; and as his streaming Arab covered the last half-mile his rider swayed about so much in the saddle that it appeared marvellous he could keep in it at all.

As the horse came to a standstill in the gateway, stopped as much by Hoppy's grip on the rein as by any pull of his rider's, the latter would have fallen to the ground had it not been for the other's supporting hand. Besides the obviously damaged arm, the right side of the A.D.C.'s neck and body was dark with blood, which had freely flowed until caked with dust, from a severe gash across his face. His first sentence, 'For God's sake give me a dr'was cut short by the watchful Tilloki pushing the effervescing glass into his shaking hand, and for a second or two not a sound was heard except the gurgle of the grateful fluid as it carried its welcome relief down the parched and aching throat. Then came some terrible words, whispered low so that none but Hoppy could hear them :

'An awful business! Hopelessly cut up! Guns lost! Cavalry horses hamstrung! Neither native regiments nor the Sooties stood—no, by the Lord Harry! they didn't. We're falling back a demoralised mob. Where's Morrison to be found?'—this was the officer left in charge of the garrison. 'I've a message.'

'But hold on a second,' gasped Hoppy as the other straightened himself up and prepared to urge his horse onward; 'you can't go like that. I'll send a couple of men with you, if it's only to make a way through the crowds; but I can't understand it. Niggers without guns or knowledge of modern warfare to do this! It's impossible!'

'Guns!' cried the aide-de-camp, his voice now vibrating with passion and raised so that all could hear. 'Man, they'd guns enough and to spare, and leaders with dark faces but fair hair and blue eyes, who cursed in Russian when they fought; though the fellow who carved me cried out "Mon Dieu!" when I got him with the point. So I expect he was a swell; they talk French at the Winter Palace, you know. But I must get on,' he continued. And so, with two soldiers to help—one beside him, the other at his horse's head—he pushed his way through the gaping throng, leaving Hoppy standing overwhelmed with shame and sorrow at the dreadful news he had heard, and especially at this awful charge of cowardice brought against his beloved regiment.

But he had little time for idle speculation as to the real causes of the disaster; for that such the reverse amounted to he shortly had ample evidence. Debouching from the gap through which they had passed so blithely and confidently but a few hours

earlier, on their way to what the majority of them had looked upon as little more than a military promenade, could plainly be seen a confused crowd of humanity, black and white, horse and foot, wounded and dying, doctors, ambulance-men, dismounted gunners-the wreck of the proud column. But though broken and disorganised, honour was not completely lost, and Hoppy's heart leaped with a fierce pride as he distinguished some two or three hundred of his own men crowning the low hills and stubbornly holding the precious vantage-ground until their retreating comrades should reach the shelter afforded by the fire from the city walls. The General, he saw, was with these devoted oneshe could distinguish him riding about here and there, cool and watchful as ever; the imperturbable sowar-who still carried the 'headquarters' flag fluttering from his lance-head-and a couple of officers alone remaining of the brilliant staff of the morning. And Hoppy bitterly asked himself how could such things be? Where was our vaunted staff-college? Where the intelligence officers?

Slowly the retreating throng gets under cover of the guns on the wall, and then only do the men of the gallant rear-guard commence their retirement, which has been delayed until almost too late. For to right and left of them masses of the enemy are swarming, threatening to cut them off from the city and crush them by sheer weight of numbers. As it is, such is the fanatical bravery of the foe that, disdaining the heavy and well-sustained fire of the retreating Sooties, to say nothing of the screaming and bursting shells from the walls, which flatten them out in black-and-white patches as wheat is laid by wind-gusts, bands of them rush in to close quarters time after time, and, though they never get back to their comrades, send many a brave white spirit before them on the long, unknown journey.

But at last all is over, and the last fugitive—the General himself—is in. As the gate swings to behind him the haggard man says curtly to the officer of the guard, 'Keep it shut, sir, and see that none pass in or out,' and, riding slowly on with bent head and lowering brows, hardly appears to hear Hoppy answer, 'Very well, sir.' But he does; ay, and remembers it, too.

Then once more Hoppy gains his old position on the wall. The enemy, his prey escaped him, is promptly bolting for the cover of the hills, for the guns and rifles of the garrison ply him as holly as ever, and he has no stomach for that kind of work. But, alas that it has to be written! wherever a khaki-clad body shows signs of life he has time to stop, in spite of the whistling bullets, and use his keen blade with deadly effect, for the sake of his creed that teaches that an unbeliever killed is to free pass to paradise. It does not last long, this dreadful passage over the plain; but Hoppy grow sick with horror; and the awful curses and vows to reprisal which roll from the dry throats of his me find a savage approval in his innermost being which

he would have deemed impossible half-an-hour previously. And when, afterwards, in spite of every effort and order to the contrary, these vows were fulfilled, these reprisals carried out, by the maddened soldiers-creating much arm-chair denunciation in England at the time—those who had looked upon their dead that awful day could understand, and in their hearts forgive, even while they were obliged to bring their men to trial, condemnation, and punishment.

As Hoppy swept the now deserted plain with his binocular, he suddenly discovered something that mented close attention. Presently a sharp exclamation broke from him, and, hastily dropping the glass into its case, he hurried to the street below.

As he gained the bottom of the steps the hoarse

cry of 'Guard turn out!' rang in the air, followed immediately by the more welcome one of 'Guard turn in!' as the approaching officer signed to the sentry that he dispensed with the usual salute. It was Morrison, the colonel, who had commanded the town during General Ranger's absence, and who was now making a round of the wall and gates to see that everything was as it should be, before reporting to his chief.

'Colonel,' gasped Hoppy, 'Vare of my regiment is lying wounded a few hundred yards outside; he's some way off the road, nearly opposite the old tomb to the right of it. I saw him move, through my glasses, and, though it was only a spasmodic jerk of an arm, I'm certain he's alive.'

(To be continued.)

THE PASSING OF THE ANIMALS.

By EDWARD VIVIAN.



HE fact that almost every year sees the final extinction of one or more animal and bird species passes well-nigh unnoticed. These extinctions occur perhaps most frequently among

the more curious and abnormal raneties, many of them well worthy of sturdier attempts at preservation than the efforts which, in liew cases, are made. Even in recent years many species have passed into oblivion without so much as the manner of their going being heeded or

Though it has been estimated that the world possesses some three hundred and eighty thousand animal species, a single curious variety can ill be pared; yet in the last two or three centuries an healculable number have passed away for ever. Extermination proceeds apace. Out of fourteen rancies of birds found a century since on a single ikand-the West Indian island of St Thomas—eight bare now to be numbered among the missing.

The increase of every creature, says Darwin, is contantly being checked by unperceived hostile gencies. By such hostile agencies a fatal decline in the numbers of an animal is sometimes brought the things are the state of the through all the ages; and although the human race d late has been a contributing factor in the doom of many animals, in numerous instances man has but hastened what would in any case have been

The large bounties given by candidates for the larger of the Roman populace in ancient days when and beasts were pitted against captives or gladiators in the arena of the Colosseum assisted in depleting Northern Africa of its larger fauna. In those days the hippopotamus inhabited Lower Egypt, and indeed two were killed by an Italian, Dr Zeringhi, at Damietta as recently as 1600; and according to Sumini de Manoncourt and Buffon, the hippopo-

tamus became extinct in the Lower Nile near the Mediterranean at no more distant date than 1658.

In animal extinction Africa in recent centuries has suffered severely. It has lost for ever the quagga, which, though once plentiful, was exterminated by about 1865; the bluebuck (or blaauwbok), destroyed by the Dutch, according to Sir Harry Johnston, in the early years of the nineteenth century, Mr Lydekker putting its final disappearance at a still earlier date; and the white-tailed gnu, which, if it has not entirely vanished, is on the very verge of extinction. The square-lipped and miscalled 'white' rhinoceros and the South African gemsbok are rapidly approaching a like fate, and the geographical area of a large number of other African animals is diminishing year by year.

But, deeply as Africa has to deplore her losses in animal species, the islands of the Indian Ocean have suffered equally by the extirpation of many noteworthy birds. The greatest celebrity amongst these is certainly the time-honoured dodo. When Mauritius was taken possession of by the Dutch in 1598, the dodo was a comparatively common bird. So helpless was this great flightless pigeon, however, and so useful was it for food for seamen and settlers, that in less than a century it had completely vanished. Leguat makes no mention of it as being there in 1693, and the last record we have of it is contained in the journal of one Benjamin Harry, when on his homeward voyage round the Cape as mate of an Indiaman in 1681. Two other great birds of Mauritius, the flightless rail and the giant coot, also perished utterly in the seventeenth century-the latter bird surviving to almost the end of the century and outliving the rail by nearly eighty

No specimen of the dodo's near relative, the solitaire of Rodriguez, ever reached Europe. Common at the beginning of the seventeenth century, they were practically non-existent by the middle of

the eighteenth. The white dodo of Bourbon, first described in 1613, was on the verge of assured extinction sixty years later.

Another famous bird, the gigantic epyornis of Madagascar, was still existing, some think, in the eighteenth century, since one European is stated to have seen it alive in 1745, though the evidence of this is exceedingly uncertain.

The valuable feathers of the ostrich provide against its wanton extinction by man, though most of its kindred have already passed or are doomed. The date of the extermination of the moa is still a debatable point, though it is possible that the last members of this huge race were destroyed by the Maori immigrants into New Zealand from three to five centuries ago. The small black emu of Kangaroo Island, plentiful in 1803, was wiped out in less than a score of years. The Tasmanian emu, too, has been hunted to extinction, a fate towards which, according to Mr Hudson, at least one South American rhea is also tending. A relative, the wingless kiwi or apteryx of New Zealand, one of the most singular birds in the world, will probably soon become extinct.

New Zealand has also lost many other notable forms, among them the dog formerly to be commonly observed in the native villages, which had accompanied the Maoris to New Zealand from their elder home in Polynesia. Another flightless rail, the largest of the blue water-hens, is believed to have become extinct at no considerably distant date; and the New Zealand quail, a common gamebird half a century ago, has been exterminated. The Norway rat, imported into New Zealand, has compelled the native black variety to seek a final refuge in the forest recesses.

Asia has been decidedly more fortunate in animal preservation in recent times than any other continent. Its most serious losses have been the extinction of the tarpan, that small dun-coloured wild horse of the Kirghiz steppes, and the destruction in 1894 of the Pere David's deer kept in the Imperial hunting-park south of Peking. This latter animal, however, still survives in small numbers in several European collections.

In Europe, all the few large wild animals remaining hold ground of uncertain tenure. The last wild aurochs appears to have been killed in Poland in 1627, though degenerate descendants, many of them of feral stock, still linger in the parks and reserves of Eastern Europe.

In the United Kingdom the destruction has been most thorough. The last wild boar in Britain passed before the reign of Charles I.; the wolf was exterminated in Scotland in 1680, and thirty years later the killing of the last wolf in Ireland finally extinguished the race in the British Isles.

In Europe the beaver, which, according to Giraldus Cambrensis, lingered in Wales till the twelfth century, retains a precarious existence. In Holland they died out in 1825; in the tributaries of the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Danube colonies of

beavers maintained a foothold throughout last century, and a few scattered remnants still remain. In Livonia, where they were common in 1724, they were destroyed before 1850; though in Poland, Lithuania, and several other Russian and Siberian provinces they have not yet been entirely extirpated. About a hundred remain, perpetuating the race, in the streams of Norway.

The bison roamed the North American prairies in millions in the middle of the nineteenth century. For thirty years previous to that time the ruthless slaughter of these magnificent beasts by bands of Indian hunters made serious inroads among them. Vast numbers remained, however, till their doom was fixed by the construction of the great trans-American railways, and they passed away for ever from their native prairies. In carefully protected reserves a few small herds still exist, the largest and most flourishing being that inhabiting the Yellowstone Park, where the two hundred bisons estimated to be segregated there in 1884 had increased to three hundred when counted eight years later. Ten years ago a little herd lingered in a remote county of Texas. In President Roosevelt's opinion, there are still a few wild bison frequenting the Rocky Mountain range from Colorado to Saskatchewan, although these are a slightly different

Another vanished creature as celebrated for its untimely fate as the stately bison is the great auk. Before 1800 this bird was common even to abundance upon the rocky coasts and islets of the north. By 1825 it had become rare, and twenty years later the last known specimen was wantonly killed.

Whether the animal of which De Flacourt wrote in 1658 was in truth the giant lemur of Madagascar or a form closely allied to it is now impossible to determine; but it is practically certain that this remarkable animal was existing at no enormously remote time.

Among marine creatures extinctions are less noticeable, because less easy of verification. The Antarctic fur-seal—of which it is said that millions were killed by avaricious sealers in forty-five years—it is not to be wondered at, has ceased to be observed. The sea-otter of the North Pacific, the West Indian seal, and the gigantic sea-elephant of Southern oceans have been savagely pursued till rarity threatens to become something still more serious.

In 1741 a noteworthy animal was discovered by Behring on the islands off the coast of Kamchatka. This was the giant member of a strange race, an enormous toothless manatee from twenty to eight-and-twenty feet in length, and to be afterwards known as 'Steller's rhytina.' Steller, the naturalist who accompanied the expedition, advocated their use as food for the sailors. His advice was faithfully followed, and so assiduous was the pursuit that by 1768, less than twenty-seven years after their discovery, the last rhytina had been slain, and an interesting species completely blotted out.

On the same voyage during which the rhytina was found, a new cormorant, also the largest of its kind, was discovered. This, too, was doomed to premature extinction, though it survived the unwieldy rhytina some seventy years.

Of the tortoises, with which the Mascarene and Seychelles Islands swarmed two centuries ago, few specimens have survived to our times, despite the centenarian age attained by some individuals. The huge tortoises of the Aldabra Islands, so plentiful in former times, are known no longer, save by a

solitary species, in their native haunts. The colossal chelonians of the Galapagos group supplied so delicious and so greatly esteemed a diet that in twenty years the rapacity of ships' crews made sad and irreparable havoc among them.

Among snakes, the passing of the yellow boa, formerly so abundant in Jamaica, presents us with a remarkable instance of the dangers attending reckless and ill-considered animal acclimatisation, an instance which is pregnant with both romantic and zoological interest.

THE LUCK OF THE 'GOLDEN CRESCENT.'

By Commander E. HAMILTON CURREY, R.N.

PART I.



UT 10 per cent., my dear captain! 'Take it or leave it, Grub; it's my last word in the matter, anyway. I'm thinking Pfungst of Hamburg, or Crellier of Toulon, or De Silva of Lisbon would make it

122; but I'm all for dealing in my own country, and the British sovereign rings with a clearer note than marks, francs, or duros. So you see I am really making you a generous offer.

'But 10 per cent. !

'Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't go on repeating that like a West African parrot! Is it or is it not

The seene was the office of Moses Grüber, of the arm of Volsuss, Schmidt, & Grüber, dealers in 'hardware,' which hardware usually took the form of lethal weapons desired by peoples on the outskirts of civilisation. We must assist these struggling peoples to attain to their inalienable right of freedom, was the sympathetic tone taken by Moses Grüber, and the hard-bitten adventurers with whom he dealt laughed consumedly and smote him violently on the back.

As invisible as Jorkins, of the firm of Jorkins and Spenlow, were Volsuss and Schmidt. No man had erer seen them; but to listen to Moses Grüber when taking on a deal, you would have thought that their weight in the firm was far greater than that of their humble spokesman and mouthpiece, who attended regularly in the dim, cavernous office at 1000 Cannon Street, E.C. 'Volsuss was doubtful, and Schmidt had almost decided to have nothing to co with the contract,' were phrases frequently in the mouth of 'Old Grub,' as his customers familiarly alled him. To-day Captain Heriot of the British mercantile marine lounged back in the familiar bathern arm-chair, and through a blue haze of big excellent cigar-smoke regarded Moses, who at at his roll-top desk in a revolving chair. Between them a bottle of champagne and two capacious wine-glasses formed an agreeable accom-Plaiment to conversation, for Moses was one of

those astute practitioners who ever threw out a minnow to eatch a whale, and had none of the petty meanness which stands sometimes between a man and considerable financial operations. Moet and Chandon '90 and unapproachable cigars had clinched many a bargain with a possible I per cent. more in favour of the firm than had been anticipated by its worthy representative.

'But listen, my dear captain,' went on Moses, filling his companion's glass to the brim, 'times—as who should know better than you?—are far from being what they were. Take the matter of that last consignment to South-West Africa. Why, your friend Pfungst of Hamburg was actually undercutting our firm there, although the Hereros are fighting against his own very disgusting countrymen; and even though we did secure the contract, we were really dreadfully cheated by that halfbaked Boer Schlopper, who made the arrangements.'

Heriot knocked the ash off his cigar into the waste-paper basket and laughed. 'Half-baked! Schlopper! My dear Grub, if you raked the continent from the Zambesi to Table Mountain you wouldn't find a harder shell than covers Hans Pieter Schlopper. You and your contracts! You wouldn't accept my offer then, and you burnt your fingers, and serve you right.

'Is it always that I should entrust myself to you, then?' inquired Grüber, with a furtive glance at his companion.

'What did you clear over that last job with Georg Philippopoli, the Albanian, who managed that for you?

'I must admit'-

'I don't care what you admit or what you don't admit. It was 55 per cent. clear net profit, and I know it as well as you. Again, in that matter of supplying the Ras between Harar and Jibuti, your share panned out 45 per cent. Now, I executed both commissions, and 10 per cent. was all I asked and got. It's what I am asking now; and, as I've said before, if it wasn't for the exchange I'd take myself off to Pfungst or Crellier. Why, man, they

don't haggle like you, and haggling's none to my taste.'

'But the price of the article, captain, has risen.'

'Oh, don't tell me that no European army is changing its small-arm equipment at this very moment of time. I know that quite as well as you do; but I know, and you know, where the stuff's to be got. Now, look here, Grub; your champagne's as good as they make it, and I find no fault with your cigars; but there is hurry toward, old man, and if we don't deal I start for Marseilles to-night, as I see my way to screw an extra half per cent. out of Crellier, so don't let's barge any more. Is it to be 10 per cent. or is it not?'

Captain Heriot lifted his six feet of bone and hard muscle out of the arm-chair and strolled over to the murky window, and stood, cigar in mouth and hands in pockets, gazing on the tide of traffic

in Cannon Street.

Grüber sat motionless in his office-chair, staring at a calendar in front of him. He had made a hard fight for 7½ per cent., but with little real hope of success, and in his inmost business soul—his soul contained really no other ingredients—he liked the reckless, debonair sailor none the worse that he had come off second-best in the encounter.

'Come and sit down, captain. You drive a hard bargain; but, then, so do I. I agree to the 10 per cent. net as your share. And now tell me what the contract is and what we have to provide.'

Heriot resumed his seat. 'Right! Then it's a deal, so I'll light a fresh cigar before I start my yarn.' He suited the action to the word, and leaned forward with one elbow on his knee. 'You know, of course, that whatever London and Paris may think of the entente cordiale, the sentiments in Fez and Marrakesh are not quite the same?' Grüber nodded. 'Also, that every petty border ruffian from the Atlas to the Atlantic is kicking up his heels and exacting tribute on his own? Very well. Where our particular consignment is to go doesn't matter very much to you and me; but I did hear that Ain-Sefra, Figuig, and El-Abiod-Sidi-Cheikh were likely places for a rumpus before long, and the French Tommies of that thundering lost legion of theirs, the Algerian penal battalions, are likely to have quite a lively time of it. What? No, it ain't a Jehad, as far as I know; nothing holy about this war, only a general dust up "tras los montes," as the Spaniard says, to keep things humming and to encourage "peaceful penetration.";

'What's the figure?'

'Ten thousand carbines and a hundred rounds a gun.'

'What are they prepared to pay?'

'Quite enough for you to make your usual profit and a bit over, old man. Wherever the money's coming from I don't know, but there seems to be plenty of it.'

'It will be dollars on the nail, I suppose?'

"Al contante," to quote the Spaniard once more, answered Heriot.

'They will want samples?'

'Of course. I take a couple out in a dandy leather case, and tell 'em I 'm going to shoot birds—at the Custom-Houses!'

'What difficulties do you foresee?'

'French cruisers messing about and asking inconvenient questions. The English don't care a rap; besides, it's too far south for the destroyers from Gibraltar.'

'What ships are on the station?'

'There's the Galilée—quite an old friend, by the way,' Heriot laughed.

'However, you can arrange for her, I suppose?'

'Lord bless you, yes. As far as that goes, I can hunt them all off, and shepherd them into one port.'
'How?'

Heriot winked and slowly finished his glass of champagne.

'My dear Grub, if I couldn't do that much I shouldn't be fit for this trade.'

'Still, as a matter of curiosity?'

'Simple as falling out of a tree. Listen. As soon as I'm ready to start I advise my friends on the coast; it's Mahazen I'm bound to, and I call in at Gib. for orders from my owners; rather out of my way, as you observe, but necessary. I wire from there to Tangier the exact date and approximate time I arrive at Mahazen, and our old friend Don José Montero does the rest.'

'Yes: and what does he do?'

'Why, engineers most terrible disturbances in a couple of the coast towns. A few duros to the tribes outside, and a few more to the Bashaws inside, does this, and then alarming paragraphs appear in the European papers. Then Ben S'liman the Jew takes a hand in the game, and sends frantic petitions to the Bashadors of all the European Powers at Tangier to send men-of-war to protect their wives and families. The Ministers-Plenipotentiary cannot, of course, resist the appeal. Off go all the cruisers available—it's probably only one. or two, or three at the most. Ben S'liman-well named, ain't he?-meets the captains with a deputation of trembling inhabitants, and thanks them with tears in his eyes for saving the honour of their wives and daughters; the men-of-war fire salutes to the Moorish flag, the ferocious tribesmen indulge in "powder play" outside the walls to give an air of reality to it all, the men-of-war stop ten days or a fortnight, quiet is restored, and they then return from whence they came. That's all.'

Grüber laughed loudly. 'And when will the

comedy begin, captain dear?'
'We sha'n't ring the curtain up till you are ready.

How long will you be?'
Grüber turned to his desk and pulled out a drawer, and between the puffs of his cigar his companion could hear murmurs, 'Birmingham, Sheffeld, Amiens, Liége, Essen, Bilbao—no, Barcelona—Toulon.' The murmuring stopped. 'Are they in a hurry?'

'Soon as convenient, but nothing very particular.'

'Right! Then, say a month. Carbines, I think you said. Oh! a horseman's weapon. Quite so. Samples to-morrow, captain. No buckets, I suppose ?'

Heriot laughed. 'The men who'll use 'em carry 'em ready loaded, and mostly shoot at sight, so they wouldn't have much use for the like. So now it's a deal, and we understand one another, I'll go and order the dandy leather case. I shall go overland to Gib. to save time, and pick up a coasting-steamer there. I shall start on Monday, and be back under the month. The Golden Crescent is ready, and I shall find the hardware aboard when I come back?'

'A cargo of musical instruments for the ports of southern Spain,' replied Grüber with a grim smile.

'No doubt they will make much music which some will listen to for the last time,' said Heriot as he reached for his hat.

'Shall I see you again before you go?'

'No, I think not; but you may rely on all arrangements being made, by the time I get back, on my side, and I feel equally sure that the band instruments will be aboard by that time.'

'You can trust me for that.'

Heriot skipped lightly down the stairs and boarded a motor-bus, while Moses Grüber wrote letters in various languages addressed to hardware merchants in different parts of Europe.

(To be continued.)

DID THEY FIND THE SUNSHINE?



ACK fogs and the influenza reigned over London that December time. The electric light played practical jokes, going out at inopportune moments, creating confusion and

loss, and angry and retrospective groans for the more reliable, if less flashy, light of other days. Christmas shoppings were pursued under difficulties; but mountains of rubbish melted away as usual at the sales, so-called bargains being eagerly clutched by silly people, to be mourned over at leisure in the home, when daylight and commonsense showed up the dirt and the worthlessness of the purchases.

Two victims of the hateful influenza sat convalescing over their fire one evening. They were members of the much-reviled 'classes,' to borrow one of the catchwords emanating from the owner of that envenomed mind who was capable of such great things, and who stooped so low at times, doing such irreparable harm, making such cruel mischief, causing such needless strife.

The family doctor prescribed Southern sunshine for the pair with whom we are concerned; and rather reluctantly at first—for influenza leaves little energy in its wake—his prescription was carried out. To some there is always a slight feeling of cowardice in flying from winter in the homeland, but illness excuses much. 'We will go, and we will go far, as go we must,' they said.

ley rain and cold winds met the shuddering travellers as they sought shelter on the fine turbinesteamer Invicta at Dover. A coughing crowd sat about the decks, huddled in rugs and wraps, all bent on the same errand—that of attaining the Sunny South. The Invicta thrashed steadily through the rising sea, heedless of the coming sale and driving rain. The ordeal of the clamouring porters and the Custom-House at Calais successfully come through, corner places in the train secured, the dreary monotony of the sodden landscape and the warmth of the train conduced to

sweet slumbers lasting almost until the lights of Paris flashed in the eyes.

Certainly the paving of Paris is greatly improved, and the fierce jolting of the cab-drive from the Gare du Nord to the Gare de Lyons is a thing of the past. The taximeter cab, too, has its advantages, in that you are no longer exposed to the ferocious invectives of its shiny-hatted driver demanding double his legal fare.

After an elaborate repast at the buffet at the Gare de Lyons, where the dishes were many and the edible quantities small, with a sigh of comfort the travellers settled into a warm compartment of the sleeping-car. Night wore away in broken snatches of sleep with one of them, whose nerves were agog with dregs of illness and recent accounts of piteous railway accidents. A sudden awakening, and a strange, soft noiselessness in the procedure of the train became apparent, with abrupt and alarming stoppages. A hurried clearing of the hazy window revealed to the startled eyes a wide white landscape, a driving wind, with drifting snow. Did they seek the Sunny South for this? No harm accrued, however. The gallant, carefully driven train forged steadily southwards through the night; the snow was left to follow on if it would; and that exquisite corner of the world beyond Toulon did not belie itself, but lay sleeping in the morning sunshine, the sapphire of the Mediterranean breaking in dazzling diamond spray on the red rocks below. This, and the hospitable welcome to the house of a friend in a sunny Riviera town, made up for much; but, alas! the very next morning that dream of summer was dispelled. A rude awakening to the banging of the shutters, the yelling of the mistral, to the sight of the torment of palms and olive-trees twisting and whirling in the blast, combined with intense cold, conduced during the days that followed to a state of mind verging perhaps on the irritable, with deadly depression.

Then one morning a blessed silence reigned. A blaze of sunshine flooded the rooms as the shutters were flung back. The palms and olives waved in a soft and gentle wind. The roses that remained lifted up their heads. Oranges glowed like golden globes among their dark foliage, kissed by the sun. The cloud of sickness, depression, and darkness seemed to roll away, and a happy feeling obtained that what had been sought was found.

Delightful days, however, have a way of slipping by, and moves must be made in this world of change. It is a far cry to fair Sicily, the bourn the travellers decided to make for; but journeying is made very comfortable and easy, if expensive, in these days. The emissaries of Mr Cook are friends in need, simplifying matters to the inexperienced and experienced alike.

The massive train, with its restaurant-car, rolled heavily away towards Italy one fine morning; and tidy, well-organised France was left behind. Smiling custom-house officers at Ventimiglia made no difficulties about luggage, which they examined very cursorily in the train. Monaco hung over the sea; dejeuner was ready for the travellers, and so were the travellers for dejeuner. A great cosmopolitan gathering were seated at all the little tables in the dining-car, and a German family occupied one table near our travellers. For some reason best known to themselves they pretended to be English, and talked English industriously and loudly to each other. They consisted of 'dear papa' and 'dear mamma,' as they called each other, and of two young people. The young man with a gold pincenez bestriding his thick nose, a wiry yellow moustache adorning his thick mouth. He already showed signs of growing through his sandy hair. In time he would be a replica of 'dear papa,' whose outlines had become obliterated by the ruthless hand of Time; and his sister would favour 'dear mamma,' whose tier of chins settled comfortably into her lace collar and reposed on the metal brooch at her throat; though at present in the daughter the chins were but hinted at, and the heavy nose of dear mamma, with its red and bony bridge, was fine and softly modelled in the daughter's.

All went well; conversation flowed freely; the entables were all that could be wished, the slabs of veal rejoicing the Teutonic heart in so much that, alas! dear papa suddenly gave the show away (to borrow the phraseology of to-day) and poured forth a flood of guttural German, responded to peevishly by 'dear mamma,' to the infinite disgust of their daughter, whose rounded periods of rather governessy English had been a joy to herself at any rate. After this little was said, and a gloomy silence reigned. 'Dear papa' looked a little said.

Change into the sleeping-car at Genoa for Rome and Naples. The Paris train very late. A warm and comfortable night; but, alas, the disappointment in the morning! Sodden gray skies, dripping trees, heavy clouds as far as could be seen. The Campagna stretched mournfully away to the far horizon, chill and colourless in the cold light. Here and there a note from the dim past was struck

in broken arch or aqueduct; then the train rolled into the station. Rome! There the meaning of Rome was a visit to the buffet, excellent coffee, rolls, butter, troublesome porters and fussing travellers: but what bathos! Rome!

A crowded train to Naples, corner seats once more cleverly achieved, rug-rolls stowed in racks, perhaps a shade too many little things, justifying the complaints of the disagreeable American widow who sat largely on her rights and read her Taucknitz contemptuously, regardless of the scenes through which the train was rushing.

Another restaurant-car, with less good food, and in due time Naples. As they were chilly and tired, the night-journey on to Taormina from Naples was deprecated by our travellers, and a night in 'La bella Napoli,' with a morning at Pompeii, suggested themselves pleasantly.

A very big hotel, very decorative, with florid ornamentation wherever such was possible, and a crowd of servants—cormoranti, as they were dubbed by a vivacious lady with a limited knowledge of the Italian language, and resentful of the unconscionable number of open palms greedy for tips. 'Go away, go away; you are all cormoranti,' she would say. 'Allez, allez!'

'All this show usually means inferior cooking,' cynically remarked one of the travellers, and the result bore out the truth of the remark. Watery soup, fried octopus feelers apparently, insides of sorts (the Italian greatly favours insides), regaled the weary pair in that gorgeous dining-hall, with its white and gold, its cupids and roses. At the next table to theirs sat a noisy company of Italians, all very fat, all very fond of toothpicks. Why is the modern Italian, the frequenter of hotels, restaurants, railway carriages, usually so very fat? 'Their legs are all set too far back,' remarked the most observant of the travellers; 'they are like penguins.' Occasionally, however, a man appears on the scene who might have stepped out of a canvas by Titian or Moroni. One such occupied another table near our couple. Race was written in every line of him-in his dignity of gesture, his beautiful hands. His eyes roamed the room in search of a pretty face to gaze upon while he ate his There were solitary dinner. A futile search. varieties of Americans in wondrous hats, a black woman with wondrous rings; then there entered a little girl with a face like a rose, and a faded mother, and he was satisfied, but never did his breeding belie itself.

In Italy it is necessary to protest against the dearth of blankets on Italian beds, one thin blanket and cotton counterpane being all the covering allowed as a rule—a serious matter to shivering seekers after sun and warmth, unless duly armed with rug-rolls. How interesting to see Pompeii! thought our pair as they retired to bed.

Naples is a very inferno of noise. The incessant trams, the cracking of whips, the yells, the objurgations and cursings of the drivers of the miserable beasts of burden, make day and night hideous. In sunshine all this might be borne with more or less of equanimity as 'part of the show;' but with a bitter wind, driving rain, and a cold, gray sky super-added, Naples is not the haven where one would be.

added, Naples is not the haven where one would be. Such a day dawned upon our travellers. Pompeii was out of the question, but there still was the Museum, which ought to be visited-vide Baedeker and Murray for descriptions of the priceless treasures therein. An imposing building. A lira is charged for entrance on certain days only, so they my! Well warmed are the spacious halls, and the grand marbles may be gazed at in comfort—such comfort as is allowed by that insufferable bore the cicerone, who, hungry for tips, dogs your footsteps, pouring forth descriptions in his nasal voice and in such languages as are at his command, all more or less incomprehensible, while you are longing for quiet moments in which to contemplate the wondrous art of the dead ages. How is it possible to revel in the beauty of line, the dignity of exquisite pose, the simple grandeur of drapery, with a husky patter at your elbow, interrupted only as the patterer pauses to expectorate—every facility being afforded for this filthy habit in every room? There is a great shock in store when the Pompeiian treasures (of which there are an immense number in the Museo) are inspected; a feeling of hurt, almost as of a wound, is experienced that hand and brain capable of such marvels of skill should be turned to basest uses, and obscenity be the theme often chosen and revelled in; a sadness, too, that such things should still be in existence, and have existed for thousands of years, when they would be better broken up and crushed into road-mendings. The rooms with the ornaments of gold and silver are interesting and pathetic: the delicate adornments, necklets, anklets, bracelets, lovely in workmanship for the fair women who perished so pitiably; also, the glass and ceramic ware, the shapes of which have been reproduced so frequently, with their colour. The cases of gems would repay close study; so would, doubtless, the papyrus rolls the learned.

In howling wind and driving rain the travellers turned their backs that night on 'La bella Napoli,' with scant wish to see her, and certainly not their

hostelry, again. Another crowded train, another night of nerves to one of them, but an awakening to an exquisite dawn, a citron-coloured sky, with a quiet Mediterranean, groves of orange-trees in full bearing, olives, prickly pear with its strange fruit, a glorious sun, gilding, glowing, rejoicing the heart.

At Villa San Juan the occupants of the train are turned out, and go on board the ferry-boat for Messina. Part of the train also goes on board the boat. What the boat does when there is a sea on is hard to imagine. That morning there was but a gentle swell, but it was enough to produce a feeling as to top-heaviness and wonder. Sunshine flooded the scene; the air was like a bath, sweet, sun-filled, refreshing. The sea sapphire and diamond, the great Calabrian mountains snowcapped, Sicily smiling. Excellent coffee was served on the ferry-boat, grateful and comforting, and the little trip across the Straits of Messina was all too short. Traces of the troubled times of last century showed up in cruel marks of shot and shell on the walls of Messina. Two or three obsolete Italian warships lay at anchor in the harbour, looking as though they had lain there ever since. There was the usual atmosphere of laissez aller and festa peculiar to Italy over all, the glorious sunshine aiding and abetting.

An hour or two of leisurely train-journey through lovely scenes: orange-trees, olives, rugged hills, the wonderful brown and red and cream-coloured houses of Italy, wide flats, fishing villages hanging on the hills and creeping to the shore, and the great plain of the sparkling sea.

A stop, and here is Taormina; here, too, are the beggars hanging round the little station with untold and horrible wounds and disfigurements. This, then, was the bourn of the journey for the time being, the spot wherein our travellers hoped to lead a lizard-like existence of basking in the sun among orange-groves and flowers, of making many sketches of ruined temples, studies of the grotesque prickly pear, impertinent attempts to reproduce the snowy slopes of Etna, with his plume of smoke, his crater, his sunset effects, his pomp of dazzling white, his regal purples. Are their hopes to be realised? 'Chi lo sa?' ('Who can say?'), as they say with a shrug in this land of cypress and myrtle.

FINANCIAL PANICS.

By H. W. CARTER.



UBLIC attention has been more than usually drawn to the present stringency in the money market. The causes are apparent. One especially is often overlooked: that Great

Britain is the only country where gold can be immediately demanded in payment as a legal obligation, however great the sum named on the draft.

The frequent recurrence of 'dear money' from a want of elasticity in our monetary system imposes severe penalties on the entire commercial community. Many persons watch the movements of bullion with as much curiosity, if not anxiety, as they would foreign fleets. The nation that holds the most bullion, unless its people become degenerate, will always be a great Power.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has promised

to give prompt and careful attention to the subject. It is obvious that any Government calling on our great banking institutions to hypothecate a portion of their stock of cash to a bullion-reserve must set them an example, or risk gradual depreciation of the country's enormous resources. Any law must be equally applied, as in these times a Government cannot entirely shield themselves under the plea of unquestioned security. It is interesting to recall some financial troubles in past times.

The year 1866 opened amid a feeling of uneasiness and distrust in commercial circles. The Limited Liability Act of 1862 had led to the formation of numerous companies, many of which involved their shareholders in heavy losses; the result being that batches of securities were thrown on the market in wild panic. Early in the year the London Joint-Stock Company failed for a large sum, followed in April by Barnard's Liverpool Bank closing its doors. On 2nd May the Bank rate stood at 7 per cent., on the 8th May 8 per cent., 9th May 9 per cent., 10th May 10 per cent.

On the latter day Overend, Gurney, & Company, Limited, applied to the Bank of England for assistance to the extent of £400,000. On their application being refused, about half-past three in the afternoon the great Lombard Street house closed its doors, with engagements amounting to £19,000,000.

On the following day the Agra and Masterman's Bank, English Joint-Stock Bank, Consolidated Bank, Bank of London, and European Bank stopped payment. The Bank of England reserve, which had been £6,500,000 in the middle of the previous April, had decreased to £859,000, as shown in the 1st of June returns. For the third time since 1844, the date of the Bank Charter Act. the Government rendered aid. At a late hour of the evening of the 11th May, commonly known as 'Black Friday,' Mr Gladstone announced in the House of Commons that the Government would support the Bank of England if they issued notes beyond the legal limit. A stipulation was that a minimum of 10 per cent should be charged for advances. As a fact, fine paper paid 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. till August of the year.

On 13th December 1869 six directors of Overend, Gurney, & Company, Limited, were placed on their trial in the Queen's Bench at the Guildhall for 'unlawfully and wilfully conspiring' to 'cheat and defraud' certain prosecutors of large sums. The trial lasted for nine days, ending in an acquittal.

Ît has long been an article of faith amongst business men that financial panics, like comets or eclipses, occur at regular intervals; decennial periods are the popular idea. The first authoritative account of a panic is given in 1745. The Stuart Pretender was advancing south, and had reached Derby, one hundred and twenty miles from London. The news arrived on Friday, the first

veritable 'Black Friday.' Alarm and confusion reigned supreme for a time. The king placed his valuables on board a yacht near the Tower. The run on the Bank of England was so great and urgent that the directors adopted the stratagem of employing confidential persons to present notes for payment, which the tellers paid in sixpences, and those who received the money returned by other doors and paid in their heaps of sixpences. The time thus gained prevented many genuine holders of notes from getting near the counters.

A meeting was held at Garraway's Coffee-House, and a resolution passed, and subsequently signed by eleven hundred fund holders and merchants, pledging themselves to accept Bank notes in payment of debts due to them. This allayed the

In 1793 the outbreak of war with France caused numerous failures of country banks and merchants. Mr Pitt promptly proposed an advance on Exchequer bills. About £2,250,000 were issued, and confidence was restored. In this year five-pound notes were first introduced.

In 1811 wild speculation, chiefly in exports, occasioned severe depression and panic. The shipments were so reckless that it is stated one overenterprising manufacturer consigned a quantity of skates to Jamaica. Parliament eventually stepped in, and authorised an advance of £6,000,000 to those who could offer satisfactory security.

In December 1825 the Bank of England was caught napping in a somewhat unforeseen panic. They had £20,000,000 of their notes in circulation, while the coin to meet them only amounted to little over £1,000,000. Mr Harman, one of the Bank directors, stated in his evidence before a House of Commons Committee that the Bank was saved from disaster by the accidental discovery of a large box of forgotten one-pound notes; these were paid out in place of bullion. The Governor of the Bank ascribed the chief cause of the panic to the reduction of interest on Government securities, in the same way that Goschen's Consols liberated enormous sums, subsequently reinvested in mining shares or other less hazardous enterprises.

The railway mania of 1845 assumed such prodigious proportions that by September of that year Parliament had sanctioned six hundred lines, with proposed capital amounting to £400,000,000. The inevitable crash came in 1847. The Bank of England obtained Government sanction to exceed their note-issue, but Lord John Russell stipulated that the public should receive any extra profit the directors made.

In 1857 events combined to produce a severe panic. The sepoy mutiny gave a disastrous blow to Eastern credit, while in the West reckless overtrading by American and Canadian houses occasioned serious losses to bankers and merchants in Liverpool and Glasgow. The Liverpool Borugh Bank, the Western Bank of Scotland, and the City of Glasgow Bank closed their doors. Dennistoun

and Company of Liverpool failed for £2,000,000, and the discount house of Sanderson & Company, London, for £5,000,000. On one day, the 12th November of that year, the Bank of England discounted £2,375,000, and owed to bankers £5,458,000, with a cash reserve of only £580,751. The Government again saved the position by intervention and a promise to the Bank to support a Bill of indemnity if they contravened the Bank Charter Act.

In 1875 there was a great collapse of foreign loans. This need occasion no surprise when it is stated that in ten years, the interval between 1862—1872, four wars cost the respective countries engaged an aggregate sum of £940,000,000.

The year 1875 should be remembered by patriotic Britons as a very profitable one politically and

financially. It was in this year that Mr Disraeli resolved to purchase one hundred and seventy-six thousand six hundred and two shares of £20 each for £4,000,000 from the Khedive of Egypt, now at least eight times the value.

Space will not permit any allusion to the City of Glasgow Bank crisis of 1878, the Consols conversion by Mr Goschen in 1888 and its consequences, the Baring and Argentine collapse of 1890. These are within the memory of many of our readers. The subject is of keen interest to men of affairs and all engaged in commercial pursuits.

It is probable we have seen the last of great financial panics in this country. Periods of inflation and depression are normal, but cosmopolitan finance is a mighty barrier to sudden and hysterical

PEAR-SHAPED STARS.

By Alexander W. Roberts, B.Sc.



BOUT three years ago I spent an hour with a party of children telling them, as simply as I could, some of the many wonders of our beautiful sky. Among other things, I assured

them that all the stars we see are not round like the sun or the moon or the earth, but that a few are shaped like a pear or an egg. These stars we call pear-shaped stars.

My audience, after the manner of little ones, said nothing; but their faces clearly revealed their thoughts. They knew that all the stars were round balls of fire, and from that hour, I am afraid, my reputation in their eyes as an exact and truthful astronomer was gone, although no doubt it was enhanced as a teller of strange tales.

Now, the attitude of mind of my young audience is not a singular one. We all carry through life, as kind of mental environment, a whole stock of conventional ideas about Nature and her manifestations. Ask any ten men what is the shape of every star that shines in the brow of night, and nine out of the ten will at once reply, with all the assurance of settled conviction, 'Round like a globe.' And thus it happens that when the mathematician or the astronomer reveals to our knowledge the existence of such strange stellar forms as egg-shaped, pear-shaped, or even cigar-shaped stars, our mind rises against such apparently deformed orbs in a kind of revolt. Like children of a larger growth, we say to ourselves, 'I thow that the stars must be as round as a billiardball; if it does happen that there exist somewhere in the great reaches of space stars shaped like a pear or an egg, then these bodies must be stellar freaks, ports in the well-ordered economy of Nature. They have little, and can have little, in common with such spheres of light as Sirius, Canopus, or

Thus do we reason unreasonably, for a pear-shaped star is neither a freak nor a monstrosity; and, instead of such bodies having nothing in common with the more highly developed suns that shine in our sky as stars, they represent the first stage in the evolution of those systems, stellar and solar, that impress all minds by their grandeur and majesty. A pear-shaped star is, indeed, a kind of celestial ugly duckling; one day its strange, lopsided figure will give place to a stellar system, perfect in its form, harmonious in its movements. Our own sun, for instance, now a star in the fullness of its beneficent manhood, with all its grown-up family of planets and moons clustering round it, a perfect sphere of life-giving flame, was, ages ago, in all probability a pear-shaped mass of chill, nebulous matter, a vast, kite-shaped figure, shedding worlds -Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Earth, Venus, and Mercury, as it contracted, and still contracted, through untold flights of time.

It is thus that Nature always works. There is no stagnation, no fixity of type, in her ample dominions. Whether it is the great majestic worlds that fill the night with beauty and splendour, or the myriad grains of sand that give a silver girdle to many a sea, each and all come under the despotism of the same inflexible laws of development as regards form and structure and movement. The form of each stellar orb and orbit, the shape and position of each grain of sand, are ever changing, 'ever giving place to new,' under the stress and strain of compelling circumstances.

What is a central sun to-day, a perfect ball of fire and flame, must ages ago have been a lop-sided mass of cosmic dust, a bulging, nebulous cloud, slowly revolving and yet more slowly contracting. A pear-shaped star, instead of being an anomaly, is therefore a link, one of the first links, in the great chain of events that connect the present time in our world's history with that far-off day in the beginning of things when our 'good green earth' was without form and void, and darkness covered the yet unborn world in its generous folds.

But to come to the heart of our subject: what actual proof have we that pear-shaped stars do exist? The theoretical reasons for their existence are many and unchallenged. Years ago such mathematicians as Darwin and Poinedre, with the spirit of prophecy upon them, delineated the form and fixed the place in cosmic history of such stars. Theirs was one of the 'visions splendid' of astronomy; but has the vision become one of the realities of practical science? Philosophy demands the existence of pearshaped stars as the material, the raw material, out of which stellar systems, binary and multiple, sirian and solar, are fashioned; but has any one seen them with his bodily eyes? The eyes of faith did truly discern them decades ago; but faith is not everything in science!

It is all very well to say that stellar evolution demands this form of star as the progenitor of more developed systems. The question that the ordinary man puts is: Have we seen such stars, measured their irregular form, estimated their oblateness, photographed their unfamiliar form? We must confess that no one has as yet done any of these things directly, for with the largest telescope in the world the brightest known pear-shaped star, Beta Lyræ, appears simply as a point of light. No stellar disc is visible, or indeed ever can be, as all the stars are too remote from earth for that to be possible. 'Then, how do you know, apart from theoretical considerations and proof, that Beta Lyrze, or any other star that shines in the sky, is pear-shaped if its outline has never been seen?' is a question I think I hear asked, and with some show of reason, for to many it may seem a strange thing to write an article on a phenomenon no one has ever actually seen. To such readers, the gulf between a conviction that some stars in the sky are probably pear-shaped, and the certainty, born of actual evidence, that this, and this, and this star is pear-shaped, is as wide as that between a dream and a reality.

Now, let me try to explain how astronomers are able to say that this, and this, and this particular star is pear-shaped; and how they are further able to measure, roughly no doubt, the flattened figure of these stars. In 1905 the scientific world was deeply interested in an important total eclipse of the sun which took place in Spain. Men travelled over continents and seas to observe it. They knew the exact hour when it would happen. For years before its occurrence astronomers had calculated, with almost perfect precision, the moment when the eclipse would begin at any given spot, how the obscuration would increase, when it would be total, and how and when and where the dark shadow would disappear from off the sun's face.

Now, all these calculations were based on the assumption that the sun and moon are practically

spheres-a true assumption. If they are not spheres, and if the calculations were founded on the assumption that they are, then there would be important discrepancies between the times of eclipse as theory predicted them and actual observation noted them. To put the matter still more plainly: suppose that the moon is of the shape of an egg and the sun of the form of a pear, it will be at once evident that the manner, duration, and date of eclipse will be somewhat different under these conditions from what they would be if the sun and moon were spheres. Thus, since the discs of both bodies are considerably elongated, the duration of eclipse will be correspondingly lengthened. There will also be a pertinent difference in the character of the eclipse. The sun and moon being no longer spherical, there would be a distinct want of symmetry between the decreasing and increasing phases. Indeed, there would be a hundred and one such differences, all due to and depending on the peculiar form of the eclipsing stars. But just as astronomers are able to tell us all about an eclipse on the assumption that the eclipsing bodies are perfect spheres, so could they tell all about an eclipse, its duration, its extent, its character, if the bodies were of any other shape. The calculations would be a little more troublesome, but they would not be unsurmountable.

Now, let us turn our eclipse problem the other way about. Let us suppose an astronomer who does not know the shape of the sun or the moon to observe a solar eclipse. He watches its beginning, the time and place; with a photometer he measures the steady decrease in brightness of the sun, he notes the time of each observation, he determines the moment of greatest darkness; he carefully measures the decrease of eclipse, its rate, its duration, its character; finally, he determines the whole brightness of the uneclipsed sun. When our astronomer has marshalled all his observations he has the data necessary for a fairly accurate determination of the shape of the sun and moon. He does not require to look at these bodies, or to measure them, or to photograph them. His eclipse observations give him all the information he wants. When he has dealt with his figures and facts he can tell us whether our satellite is circular, elliptical, or oval with as much certainty as if he had placed it between gauging-rods.

It is in this reversed form—namely, to find the shape of two eclipsing bodies from the circumstances of their eclipse—that the problem presents itself to those who follow out the search for pear-shaped stars.

We have in certain articles already published in this Journal written concerning stars that vary regularly in brightness, because their light is eclipsed by a circling companion. Such stars are called Algol variables, and they wax and wane in brightness after the fashion of the winking eye of a lighthouse. Now, although the ebb and flow of light of an Algol star seems very different from the majestic wave of night that sweeps swiftly across

the sun's face during a solar eclipse, it is a difference in intensity and range, not in kind and character. The sun is near us; the stars are infinitely remote. When we witness, therefore, the fluctuations in brightness, the steady waning and waxing of light of an Algol variable star, we know that we are simply watching a solar eclipse away out in the far land of stellar distances; and the same geometrical laws of sunlight and shadow govern both eclipsesthose of our sun, those of an Algol variable star. If the obscuring body is spherical, the eclipse will take place in a given definite manner; if the obscuring body is not spherical, then there will be a distinct departure from the regular symmetrical eclipse which takes place under the former conditions—that is, if we have observed carefully a stellar elipse we are in a position to tell the shape of the eclipsing stars, and our conclusions will be as assured as if we examined, measured, or photographed the occulting discs.

When, therefore, a star has been observed to vary in brightness in such a manner as to indicate that it is an eclipse or Algol variable star, a watch is kept over all the vagaries of its variation in order to arrive at a determination regarding the shape of the star. The observer determines the instant when the star begins to decrease in brightnessthat is, he observes the beginning of eclipse; he measures with all possible accuracy the decrease in brightness, its rate and duration; he fixes the instant of greatest eclipse; he compares the increasing phase with the decreasing, in order to detect any want of correspondence between the two; finally, he estimates the amount of brightness of the star when uneclipsed. All these facts ascertained, he is in possession of definite knowledge regarding the shape of the eclipsing stars. He is in possession of a good deal else besides this, but one concern at a time must satisfy us.

Up to the present the researches of astronomers in the direction we are now considering have been to reveal the existence of ten pear-shaped stars, five in the northern and five in the southern hemisphere. This may seem a very meagre harvest to those who are unacquainted with the difficulties that attend the search for such stars. To those who do know and understand the difficulties, the discoveries already made would seem to indicate that the number of pear-shaped stars in the universe is much greater than one is inclined to allow. Yet, that a not inconsiderable portion of the material universe should be in the morning of its long, long day is not surprising, surely. The ten stars discovered represent all degrees of oblateness, from bolies almost as elongated as a torpedo to orbs nearly spherical in form.

Of the ten stars, or rather systems, two are of special interest. In the case of these two systems the component stars are so near one another that they touch, and at the point of contact they merge into each other. It is very difficult, therefore, to say what exactly is the shape of these figure-of-

eight stars. Such a system must be in a state of the most unstable equilibrium; and one day the centrifugal force will prove too strong for the slender, ever-changing nexus that binds the twin companions together. In that day snap will go the connecting link. When this takes place there will be for both stars a period of stupendous unrest. From centre to circumference the vast bodies will oscillate in great swelling pulsations, gradually dying down to a sobbing dispeace. Thus are worlds born!

Two important facts emerge from a closer study of our ten pear-shaped stars. First, the nearer two companions of a system are to one another the more oval are they in form; second, there is distinct evidence, in the case of at least two of the ten systems, that the component stars are slowly receding from one another.

An acquaintance with the laws of gravitational physics would lead us to expect the first of these conclusions; for the power of any body to distort or to raise tides upon another body depends on the distance the two are apart. We have in our own tides a striking example of the force which a small body exerts upon its primary, even when that pull is considerably weakened by the long distance over which it has to travel. Under the compelling stress of the moon's attraction, as we all know, a great swell of waters, in rhythmic surge, sweeps round the globe, bringing to estuary and harbour, river-mouth and landlocked bay, the rise and fall of the cleansing, purifying sea. What would the gigantic strength of the moon's tide-raising force be if it were fifty times nearer our earth than it is? In that case its irresistible pull would pile the waters of ocean into a tide sixty miles high; the terrific lateral strain would crack the rocky ribs of earth as a man cracks a walnut. With a moon circling at our very doors the earth would no longer be an orange-shaped globe; it would be a pearshaped world. But what a world: air and sea and shore reverberating with the thunder of creaking, grinding rocks, and the wash and boom of great tidal waves-a dead world!

The second fact also follows naturally from a well-known law of stellar dynamics. The law is this: if two bodies are near enough to raise tides on either of them, this very expenditure of tideraising energy shoves the circling bodies farther and farther apart in an ever-widening spiral. The forces, therefore, which tend to bind two stars together—namely, their attraction—are in reality the means of their separation and disunion. The reflex action of the tides is to gradually weaken the power to raise them. Thus does Nature most harmoniously work out her great schemes for the evolution of worlds and systems of worlds.

Given the operation of these two great laws, it is easy, I think, to predict what the future history of a pear-shaped system will be. We can trace its development from the moment of its birth as a dual unity right on to the day when, after much travail,

it has become a system of worlds where life is possible and probable. The fissiparous principlewhich seems as inherent in matter as it is in the lower orders of animals, and of which the pearshaped form is the outcome-compels the rotating, tenuous, unstable mass to shed at vast intervals its brood of infant worlds. But this disintegration does not go on for ever; another, and a third, law supervenes to prevent practical annihilation, or else the universe would become an aggregation of infinitesimal grains of matter, finally dissolving into space and leaving 'not a wrack behind.' The conserving and preserving law to which we refer is that which compels a gaseous body to go on contracting until at last its density is so great that further contraction is impossible. When this end is reached disintegration ceases.

Now, if we are thus able to look down the endless corridors of time, and to witness the slow evolution of ordered systems from a primeval egg-shaped mass of world-stuff, what is to hinder us from looking backwards over the way we have travelled? May we not retrace our steps until we reach that natal day when our earth rose into being as a gaseous wart on the misty folds of a nebulous sun? But if this way be too far for even the keenest vision, we may follow with sure sight the lifestory of our planet back to the hour of the moon's birth.

We have already stated in this article that theory demands for the genesis of our satellite a Siamese-twin, pear-shaped, earth-born system; and we have seen that analogy supports the demand. Now, there are those who, perhaps overventure-some, point to the very spot where our satellite broke away from its mother-earth. They tell us that over the spot where the Pacific Ocean now rolls in long silver waterbreaks, the moon gathered to itself a separate existence, and that under the surface of this spacious stretch of sea, full three thousand fathoms deep, may still be found the scars which mark the place where a world was born.

When was this birthday? In the beginning of things is about the most satisfactory answer we can give. But if we wish to place some reasonable span between that vague 'beginning of things' and the present day, we may state, yet with some hesitation, and with no small uncertainty, that at the very least one hundred million years measure the moon's age as a separate world.

A burnt-out cinder, a dead world, a desolate land of fierce extremes of heat and cold, are the names we hurl at the friend that has companioned our earth for over a hundred million years. If it is dead, a dried-up cinder, a furnace and an iceberg by turns, it has had its day of good things. It was once so near the earth that it modelled its mountains and seas; but as the years came and went it drifted farther and farther away, till at last a heave of the ocean in greeting is all earth has to give to its eldest born.

What the future of our own planet may be does not concern us here; an excursion into such a field of inquiry does not fall within the area of an article on pear-shaped stars; but the question is certainly of interest, and I hope at a future opportunity to indicate what answer science has to give to it.

Now we return to the point from which we started, and we have to modify a certain thought expressed in the opening paragraphs of our article. After all, a spheroidal world bears the last touches of Nature's kindly formative hand. A round globe is the finished product of many evolutions; and if our minds have grown instinctively abhorrent of pear-shaped stars, it is because life as we know it on such tide-distressed worlds is an utter impossibility. Their substance is as diaphanous as a summer cloud; in the space of a few hours their huge bulk, sometimes as much as three hundred million miles in diameter, contracts and expands through a range of over a million miles. Storm and strain are the spirits that brood over their vast, tumultuous, shoreless wastes; there is ever the clash of atoms and the surge of sorely tossed titanic waves. Majestic in their spaciousness, impressive in their stupendous movements, their importance, their human attractiveness, lies in their potentiality, in their promise. They are worlds in the making.

THE SHIP OF YOUTH.

A SHIP steered slow to my port of dream, With spectral rig and a phantom beam; She bore the freight of my broken years, My springtime loves, and my ancient fears; She sailed on the waves of my past-ahed tears.

He at the prow seemed a swrivelled youth Who lisped the words of a ravished truth; He at the helm fast babbled a creed In the heart of which was barren seed, And the flowers of his cheek were gray as weed.

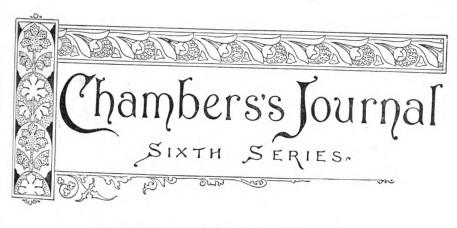
The tattered rag was a flag of hope Lashed to the mast with ambition's rope; She'd ploughed her way through a trough of cares, Was wrecked on a sea of frozen prayers, And was swept to the shallows unawares.

And though bleached, barnacled, staved, and gray, With squeaking blocks and a crumbled stay, She spoke of years when her keel was clean, Her sails ran full, and her prow glanced keen, And her paint, like grass in the spring, was green.

The notes in the log of that battered craft, Torn, splintered, and riddled fore and aft, Betrayed the tale of my ancient pride, My fervent faith for the fullest tide, Of a hope that failed, and a trust that lied.

She lay like a wraith, with her slatting sails, And her shrivelled cargo of scheme-packed bales; And my heart yearned strong as it did of yore To sail to a land with a golden shore I had known of old and should know no more.

A. STODART WALKER-



GERMANY OF TO-DAY.

A SNAPSHOT.

By Mrs ALEC TWEEDIE.



HE Kaiser has won!

It has been a battle-royal, a battle between an Emperor and his people. Germany is going through a great political crisis, and that crisis is by

no means ended by the election of a new Reichstag. It so chanced that I was in Berlin when the 'colonial scandals' were being discussed in Parliament. A few days later those scandals caused the dissolution of the Government.

With one election just over—the most stormy the country has ever known—and every prospect of another at no distant date, one wonders what is to be the end of the political war.

Hearing that the sitting on that particularly wintry afternoon would be interesting-the House sits from one o'clock to seven—a friend offered to escort me thither. He sent in his card to one of the Ministers. A few moments later the greatest excitement known for over twenty years startled the Reichstag. We entered by the famous 'Portal Zwei, a door through which, in his days of power, Bismarck had so often passed. Up the red-carpeted stairs we mounted, through handsome rooms with Pictures on their walls, beneath which Ministers sit to chat over important political affairs. At the head of the large hall stands a marble statue of the great Prince who led his country through war to peace, and planted the seeds—tiny seeds then from which in less than forty years has grown such

For a moment let us take a peep at the Reichstag itself. It is a handsome modern structure; but then nearly everything in Berlin is new, except the old Schloss and a handful of public buildings. The greater part of Berlin as it stands to-day was conceived after the close of the Franco-German war; and this vast, wealthy, modern business town is one of the signs of the evolution of Germany. In all three hundred and ninety-seven members sit in the

Reichstag. Of these, Prussia returns two hundred

and thirty-six, Bavaria forty-eight, Saxony twentythree, Würtemberg seventeen, Alsace-Lorraine fifteen; the Gross-Herzogthümer, Herzogthümer, and Fürstenthum return members varying in number from one to fourteen; Lübeck and Bremen are represented by one only; while Hamburg sends three.

From above, a huge glass roof lets in the light of day upon the scene, while electric lights filter through this glass dome in the hours of night. Each member has his own desk and seat, as in the Capitol at Washington. They fill the body of the hall. Behind are galleries for the public, and here men and women alike find seats as listeners. Women are not hidden behind a grille as in the British House of Commons, but are treated like ordinary human beings, allowed fresh air and light, and given the possibility of both hearing and seeing. In front of the members' benches is a long, high dais, on which the Bundesrath sit facing the House. The Bundesrath is representative of the different States which form the Empire. The members are nominated by the Sovereign of their respective States, and retain their position at their Sovereign's will. In a House so constituted the now famous 'row' took place.

I was partly educated in Germany, living for nearly a year with Herr Geheimrath Professor Carl Thiersch, the famous surgeon in Leipzig, whose wife was the daughter of one of the most renowned chemists of all times, Baron Justus von Liebig. Liebig was my godfather. More than that, my father, Dr George Harley, F.R.S., was a student in Heidelberg and Giessen, and a friend of Helmholtz, Kölliker, Bunsen, Carrière, Ludwig, Virchow, and other great German thinkers. My mother lived as a girl with Baron and Baroness Justus von Liebig in Munich, where she met every one of note in the great Bavarian capital. My whole life, therefore, has been sympathetic to Germany, where my father's APRIL 13, 1907.

[All Rights Reserved.]

books and my own have been translated. Thus my poignant regret when misunderstandings prevail between that great country and our own will be understood.

Two or three facts have been established at the recent election. The Social Democrats have momentarily lost power; but with the decline of Socialism in Germany, another and perhaps a stronger factor has risen in religious guise.

The Kaiser's present position demands that he shall work with the great Catholic party—the famous Centrum—or he will be in peril. The Pope saved the situation. Naturally, the Vatican took the side of the Government in Germany. They could not afford to do otherwise, with their great political struggle going on in France.

The Kaiser still holds the reins of government, even if the Catholic steed he is riding proves a little restive. People must, however, remember there are two bits in that animal's mouth, a curb and a snaffle. One is called Conservative and the other Liberal. In the meantime, the steed known as the German Government and its ally Catholicism are ambling steadily, the Kaiser holding the ribbons. Once the horse begins to pull, to jib, or buck, then comes the moment of trial. If the Conservatives and Liberals don't work together, over goes the whole bag of tricks, the rider will be dismounted, and another appeal to the people will be necessary.

The position of the German Government is by no means secure. It has to rely on a very small majority, which may at any moment be withdrawn by Rome. Britain, being a Protestant country, will watch this position with interest.

The present Reichstag contains twenty-two different political parties. Some have only one representative, it is true, but there are twenty-two different forces to deal with. That in itself is no easy task. There are four strong parties: the Catholic Church under orders from the Vatican, the Conservative and Liberal politicians, and the Social Democrats or labour representatives. That horse will take a deal of riding, and it will require all the Emperor's tact to keep him in the saddle at all.

Another lesson this election has vouchsafed—namely, the people of Germany take a much greater interest in politics than formerly. The Kaiser appealed to every one to vote, and the result was surprising. About 75 per cent. of the voters formerly rallied to the poll; but that number was augmented to something like 90 per cent. at this election. Another sign of the awakening of the Fatherland; another token of the interest of the people in public affairs.

Peace and prosperity have reigned in Germany for thirty-six years—not a long time in the making of history; but that period, brief though it is, has done much for the development of the nation. Centuries of war and minor disturbances ended in 1870, when the German Empire was born. The States federated themselves under a constitution in 1871, when the executive power, within certain

limits, was given to the Emperor. Universal suffrage was created, and the Federal Council and Reichstag came into being. The people laid aside the sword. Gradually they drifted from the agricultural districts to the towns, as one manufactory after another was opened, and to-day modern Germany has become one of the great producers of the world. A country hitherto poor has amassed wealth; occupation has been found for the men, more leisure for the women. Modern Germany is the product of human industry.

For thirty-six years Germany has experienced the working of a Constitution. The actual cause of the late crisis was the sending out of a few thousand troops to the German colonies in South-West Africa; but much else lies behind, and possibly in this country it is not sufficiently realised to how great an extent Ultramontanism is mixed up with the question. It must be understood that Germany is about one-third Catholic and two-thirds Protestant. For instance, the Rhineland is almost wholly Catholic.

The powerful Centrum (Catholic) party originated after the war of 1870, when it found an able leader in Windhorst. The statesman who ruled at that time was a strong opponent of the doctrine of papal infallibility. As is well known, this doctrine only applies to questions of creed. The Pope only claims to be infallible when he speaks ex cathedrû. But Bismarck maintained that in politics the distinction is practically valueless, as the Pope has the right to decide how far the idea of 'creed' shall go. As an instance, the Catholic Church has always claimed the right to control the education of the people, and the doctrine of infallibility enables the Pope to exercise his power over the schools. Bismarck shared the opinion of Napoleon I. that he who has control of the school has the future of the country in his keeping. He thought it imperative to exclude the Church from the school, and therefore passed a law in 1872 by which the inspection of schools was taken from the Church and put entirely in the hands of the civil power. This was the beginning of the struggle between Rome and the Prussian Government. In a famous speech Bismarck dramatically declared that 'the Empire will have one enemy for ever, and that enemy will be the Jesuits.' What would he have said to the alliance of the Government and Catholics to-day?

This internal religious war is not all.

Everywhere one turns in Germany one hears of the Social Democratic party; they are the great and growing factor to be reckoned with. Despite this brave display, the number of revolutionary Socialists in Germany is probably not very great. If it came to the point, it is doubtful whether many of them would vote to abolish private property or wish the production of manufactures regulated by the State. That, at least, is the belief of many who know the German workman well, with his underlying patriotism, his thrift, and

his love of order. The out-and-out Socialists of Germany are probably about as numerous and influential in relation to Germany as the Jacobins and Communists were in France a hundred years ago. Taine has shown that the number of real Jacobins was small; but they were supported by many who were discontented with the then existing state of things, until Napoleon Bonaparte saved France from a reign of terrorism. The strength of the Socialistic party in Germany to-day lies, as it did in France one hundred years ago, in the discontent of the labouring classes, who do not want Socialism so much as shorter hours of labour, a greater share in the profits of industry, better treatment, and more consideration from their employers.

An opportunity came with these colonial scandals for the Centrum joining forces with the Social Democrats to overthrow the Government. Prince Bilow, as Imperial Chancellor, had tried for years to compromise, angling continually for the Catholic vote. It was, therefore, expected that he would again adhere to this policy. But at last the Prince realised that further submission would end by the entire subjection of the Government to a religious party, and he himself threw down the gauntlet. It is, therefore, remarkable that this very Catholic party should have helped to put the Government back in office, and is ready to work with and for the Kaiser!

It was the first time since the days of Bismarck's Ministry that a member of the Government had dared to attack the Centrum in such an uncompromising manner. Herr Dernburg is neither a great orator nor a political genius; but he spoke to the point, and his words appeared to have great weight with the listening House, as I watched him from the Ministers' Gallery. Dernburg was a lanker, and is said to be, like Beaconsfield, of Jewish descent. He has the reputation of being a clever financier, for which reason he was chosen for such an important appointment. Like Lord Byron, he might say, 'I awoke one morning and found myself famous.' He must be amazed at his own prominence in Germany to-day, and tomorrow he may find himself Prime Minister—who

Among the intellectual class in Germany—the mental aristocracy, so to speak—there is no ill-feeling towards England; and, after all, these are really the thinkers and writers of the country. The science of both countries has been closely related since the days when Harvey, the founder of Modern Physiology, published his book at Frankfort. A disciple of Newton was made President of the Berlin Academy of Science by Frederick the Great. Darwin had no truer disciple than Haeckel in Jena. England has shown the same broadmindedness with regard to Germans.

It was curious, however, occasionally to hear Germans talk of possible war with England, a talk which is heard only amongst men engaged in

commerce and industry; to hear their indignation at our good understanding with France, which some of them look upon as a personal slight to themselves, or of our position towards them over Morocco. Anglophobia in Germany is no chimera. It is real; less than at the time of the Transvaal war, it is true—a war they so roundly abused, and now they themselves are having grave troubles in their own colonies. This Anglophobia is very sad. It probably originates from envy; but its origin is of less importance than its cure. Business people think we are rivals.

Well, rivalry is healthy; it stimulates and achieves; but rivalry which amounts to bitterness retards and destroys. This rivalry, this warlike feeling, only seems to exist, however, among the merchant class; one hears nothing of it from ministers, politicians, or university people, all of whom have a wider horizon.

War between England and Germany is surely impossible. They are the only two great Protestant countries of Europe; one might say they are the two most important countries of Europe, and their strength is only equalled by America and Japan. Their most vital interest is to keep peace. How would it be possible for these two great European Powers to go to war? Who would be the gainer? War would immediately become international Europe would become the battlefield of the world. War makes good newspaper 'copy,' but no rational being seriously thinks of such a possibility.

The German Government has no direct supporters among the Press. More than that, German Ministers do not owe their existence to political parties, and cannot, therefore, rely upon any party Press for implicit support. With but rare exceptions, only members of the Conservative party, at least in Prussia, are appointed as Ministers, and it is not unknown for them to quarrel with their own following. Ministers in Germany do not change with the changing verdicts at the polls; they hold their offices at the will of the Kaiser, and have very little personal contact with the people. Antagonism on economic questions has repeatedly arisen during the last few years between the Government and their habitual supporters.

When, a few years ago, the Prussian Ministry brought in a Bill relating to the construction of canals in the western provinces, it met with unanimous opposition from the Conservative party in the Lower House of the Prussian Diet; and the ministerial policy with regard to the treaties of commerce has repeatedly been combated by the Conservative majority. In such cases the Conservative Press has gone against the Government. There is, therefore, no portion of the Press upon which the Government can count as an absolutely trustworthy ally.

In England the conditions are entirely different. A party paper follows and upholds its chiefs through thick and thin; but such a state of affairs does not exist in Germany. With ourselves, the ship of State is always under the guidance of one or other

of the great political parties, whose Press gives voluntary support to the Government without waiting to be asked. There is, therefore, no need to exercise any influence. For such political services the owner or editor may in due time receive a title; he may become a baronet, or if his wealth and influence have been strong enough, he is made a Peer. In England a Liberal or Conservative Government has in the Liberal or Conservative Press a natural and trusty ally, whose business it is to give the most widespread publicity to its views.

There being no such voluntary system in Germany, it would surely be asking too much of the Government to demand that it should refrain from having any connection with the Press, which, after all, exercises the greatest influence upon public opinion. Comparatively few individuals have the necessary acquaintance with the details of public life and political affairs, the education, or the power of judgment to enable them to form an independent opinion on matters relating to politics. The vast majority of mankind obtain their knowledge and their opinions from the particular newspaper they are in the habit of reading. This becomes rather amusing sometimes when a man has read his own party's views so often that he has no idea there is another side to the question at all.

British Ministers have a further advantage over their German colleagues. Popular celebrations of every kind, openings of museums, galleries, public parks, political meetings, or Lord Mayor's banquets, give occasion for them to address the public. They thus secure frequent opportunities to speak directly to the people, and are able to defend or oppose political principles. Every Englishman who takes any interest in politics reads, for instance, the speeches made by Ministers at the Guildhall or at the great political gatherings in the constituencies. In Germany, on the other hand, this valuable mode of influencing public opinion is almost unknown. This makes the position of the Government more difficult, inasmuch as the ideas and aims by which it is moved are less in evidence.

Englishmen, like Americans, appear to be greater orators than Germans. The Anglo-Saxon race make shorter, more emphatic, and more impressive speeches. Perhaps this is largely due to the language; ours is simpler in construction and clearer in its mode of expression than German. As Mark Twain pointed out in his delightful rigmarole on the Teutonic tongue, Germans take pleasure in long and hopelessly involved sentences, and one almost forgets the pith of the story while waiting for the verb to arrive at the end! Possibly, also, the philosophic trend of the Teutonic mind does not lend itself so readily to vocal expression as our more practical way of thinking.

It is a common notion in England, and in some quarters in Germany, that Prince Bismarck exercised an enormous influence on the German Press. This reproach, one of old standing, was doubtless

emphasised by the well-known book on the first Chancellor of the German Empire by Moritz Busch. Having heard this theory so often advanced as the origin of the supposed control of the German Press by the Government even to-day, I was naturally anxious to learn something from authentic sources. During my last visit to Berlin I had the opportunity of talking to many persons intimately connected with the Bismarckian era, from whom I gathered that the Prince had undoubtedly a very high opinion of the power of the Press. At the beginning of his political life, in the late forties of last century, he wrote numberless articles for the Kreuz Zeitung, at that time the mouthpiece of the Conservative party. But I am assured by one who certainly ought to know that he never made use of the Press in any way for party gain either by his influence or by bribery.

Two wealthy merchants in Hamburg who had the greatest admiration for the Chancellor were at that time the proprietors of the Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung. Of their own free-will apparently, they offered to place their newspaper at his disposal. In the Reichstag Bismarck repeatedly laid stress on the fact that his only connection with the Press was the blank sheet which that journal always kept at his disposal. It was an open secret that by this means Bismarck communicated with the people. Sometimes he seems to have written articles himself, but more often to have given notes to his secretaries to elaborate.

Despite all that has been said and written about the 'reptile Press,' Bismarck appears to have had really but little control over the German newspapers of his time; and, in fact, the long-prevailing ideas of his interference with it seem to have been as grossly exaggerated as is that of the German Government at the present day. On both sides of the Channel the Press is frequently held responsible for that undercurrent of ill-feeling between England and Germany which one must candidly admit is not yet entirely removed.

Turning from the Press, we must remember that Germany for years enjoyed the admiration of Europe for her progressive development in science and art. A grand period of philosophy began with Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and Schelling, while Goethe took front rank as a poet. In music, Mozart and Beethoven were unequalled. The nation did not shine in politics. Germany was called a land of poets and thinkers. In the second half of last century, however, under Bismarch, the country rapidly acquired political importance, followed by a wonderful economic development founded on sound education.

Modern Germany is very new. It strikes one as a strong, healthy child learning to walk, and not quite steady on its feet. It is throwing off old traditions and acquiring new customs. In many ways the Germans are in advance of Englishmen; in others, behind. In the education of men, in all technical education, they are far in advance

of us. The commercial travellers' knowledge of geography and languages beats us to shame; but as a rule that class have not the broad views or enterprising mind of the British. In music and science the Germans are very thorough. In the higher education of women they have still much to learn; but there is at this moment a tremendous movement towards feminine improvement in every way, and in a few years the world may be astounded at the result. It certainly looks as if they were to be a great power in the future. The Frauenfrage is the opening of a new era in the Fatherland. Women may help to unravel a very knotted skein.

There is a passage of singular interest in the Hohenlohe Memoirs, recently published, inasmuch as, dating back as far as 1848, it shows that Germany was then confronted with the same problem that is before her to-day: 'Since the House of Hohenzollern first stepped forward as Electoral Princes and Sovereigns they have been marked out as the defenders of Protestantism in Germany. . . . The real peril lies not in the parties of the Communists, Socialists, and Radicals, who have existed in every State and in all ages; not in the secret machinations of the Jesuit Fathers and their friends, who represent the stunting of the minds of the people as the only salvation, the sole anchor of safety; but in the fact that the discontent, of which each party makes such skilful use, is so universal and so well founded. . . . The nation demands a share in public administration now as never before. . . . It is a mistake to try to dam the tide of revolution by liberal reforms in individual States without reforming Germany as a whole. The Free Press is a necessity; progress is a condition of the existence of States. . . . It is a lamentable illusion with many well-meaning statesmen to regard progress under the existing conditions of Germany as something quite innocuous. Progress leads to revolution. A hard saying, but a true one!'

In the dawn of 1907 Germany is outwardly more prosperous than she has ever been in history. She is richer; her people are better employed; she holds a stronger position in the face of the world; she is expanding her new colonies, increasing her navy, and maintaining her army. But a riddle lies before her. How is this internal crisis, this political discontent, this mistrust of the Government, to be restrained; in what direction is it to be allowed to run, and how far may concessions be made, and yet the integrity of the German Empire be retained?

Even those men in the forefront of German political life are doubtful what turn the evolution of politics will now take, and I shall not myself venture on the perilous path of anticipation.

Germany, after all, is not alone in this political crisis, although at the moment her position is more acute. All the Great Powers of Europe are passing through somewhat similar ordeals. In Russia rich and poor are at war, the autocracy trembles; in France Church and State are at defiance; while in England who is to say where the present House of Commons and its democratic tendencies, its Churchmen, its Nonconformists, and its Socialists may not lead us?

As a nation, we Britishers must realise that Germany is an undoubted world-force. She is forging ahead. She is rich and well organised. She has her nobility, her middle class, and her peasantry. Above all, she is ambitious. She has felt her feet, and she means to march forward. We are her friends—both chips of the old block, so to speak—and we should try to understand her, to sympathise with her, and help her in her aims, rather than present an antagonistic front and seek to retard her development. Two such forces, two such nations, working hand in hand can do much towards universal peace, the advancement of trade, and the betterment of mankind.

Let us shake hands and call Pax!

норру.

CHAPTER II.



'I heard him. You can't go, my boy; sorry as I am to have to refuse you.'

'But, colonel,' cried Hoppy, 'surely the General didn't mean that in a case like this a man was to be left outside? He's a hard chap, we know, but he never dreamed that there would be any wounded still alive. He's seen service before against ruffians of that kind, and knows their

devilish ways. It would be inhuman, too awful, to leave a chap out there even half-a-minute longer than was necessary—exposed to the chance of being spotted by some prowling nigger—just for the sake of red tape. Do, for God's sake, let me go!' he urged. 'I don't like to disobey orders exactly; but you can satisfy my conscientious scruples by giving me leave now, and then go off and find Ranger, and tell him about it—about Vare being outside, I mean. When you're gone I'll slip out and fetch him in, and I'll say nothing about you at all, colonel. If there's a row, I'll keep mum. I'll not give you away. Only just say I may go, and then, whatever

happens, my conscience will exonerate me from blame.'

Now, Colonel Morrison was one of those kindhearted, weak men who have no business in the army whatever, and yet, strange to say, they abound in it; they get themselves and their subordinates into endless scrapes through sheer inability either to accept responsibility or say 'No' to a persistent pleader. They are dear, good fellows as a rule, and popular enough in the piping times of peace; but when the serious business of their trade befalls they possess the confidence of neither officers nor men.

Thus Hoppy's earnest pleading, according as it did with his own feelings of humanity, produced the usual effect; and, instead of peremptorily telling the subaltern, who was a great favourite of his, that he could not be a party to any such scheme as Hoppy proposed, he jumped at the lad's insidious suggestion as a spleudid way out of the

difficulty.

'Very well,' he whispered, 'I'll give you permission to go, and I'll find Ranger and tell him about Vare; but it is understood, he added impressively, 'that this is only between ourselves and for your private scruples. I know nothing of your doings officially, mind you-absolutely nothing whatever; and if anything happens, or there is any row, I shall expect you to keep silent and remember that you acted entirely at your Indeed, I should deny all rememown risk. brance of this conversation if you hinted that I knew anything about it.' And the poor man got quite angry, and puffed with indignation at the bare thought of it ever becoming known that he had, once in his life, done something without orders from a superior.

'Word of honour, sir,' cried Hoppy joyously; 'I'm awfully grateful;' and then softly murmured, sotto voce, as his friend hurried away, 'Mirabelle, my darling, you may marry a V.C. yet if there are any niggers about. Not that I am doing it for that,' he hastily added, as he realised the meaning of his words. 'I hope it's for a nobler motive than that; and anyhow, if I succeed or if I fail, I run a jolly good chance of going before a court-

martial.'

Then he gave his orders. 'Sergeant of the guard,' he said, 'I am going to try to bring in Captain Vare. You will take charge of the gate during my absence, and on no account either leave it or allow any one else to do so-that is clear, eh?-under no circumstances whatever.

'Very good, sir.'

'Post your best shots on the wall to cover my retreat if necessary, and don't open the gate for me

until I am quite close to it.'

'Please, sir, may I come too?' asked Private Rex, stepping forward and saluting. He had been relieved by another man by this time, and had been standing close to Hoppy for some minutes unnoticed.

'Certainly not, Rex,' sharply answered the latter; but the man came close to him, and, in defiance of all the rules of military etiquette, whispered, 'I 'eard w'at the colonel said, sir. You oughter 'ave a 'and with this job; it won't per'aps be as heasy as it looks, sir. I wish you would. I hain't forgot that little matter you 'elped me hout of at 'ome, sir.'

95

'No, no, my good fellow. If I could take anybody, there's no one I'd sooner have than you. But it can't be done; and as to that little service I did you at Aldershot, if you are really grateful you can best show it by promising me not to say a word, whatever happens, of what you appear to have overheard pass between me and Colonel Morrison. Come, can I count upon your

silence ?' 'Ay, ay, sir, if you wish it,' dolefully replied the soldier; 'but I'll go hup top, with the sergeant's leave, in case of haccidents. I'm stiddy, yer know,

sir, an' best shot o' the battalion.'

Hoppy did not reply, but hastened to get rid of his sword and helmet, replacing the latter by a cap. He still retained his revolver; and this, with a small flask of brandy and a roll of bandaging, was all he considered necessary to burden himself with. He was a big fellow, and one of the strongest in the army, as he had proved time and again at many an athletic meeting; while Vare, on the contrary, was small and slight as a woman. But he felt that he had no light task before him should the latter not be in a condition to help himself; and that if by any unlucky chance he should be obliged to make a run for it with the man in his arms, every extra pound that he had to carry would tell in the race for home.

'Now, sergeant, open the gate,' he ordered; and with one long, comprehensive sweep of the glasses to see that the coast was clear of lurking foes, Hoppy started on his errand of mercy, and heard the great doors close ponderously behind him with

an ominous and suggestive bang.

'By Jove!' he muttered as he sped away, 'I don't care a rap for the niggers; but I hope those clanging gates aren't prophetic of my future, and mean that this little business is going to shut me out of the service for ever.' Strange foreboding! Could he have had a glimpse into the future would he

have turned back, I wonder?

Rapidly getting over the ground with long, easy strides, he made his way down the dreadful road until he came almost abreast of the spot where Vare was lying, averting his eyes as much as possible from the appalling sights that met them on every side, and then, striking across the loose sand of the plain, he speedily reached his man. He found him suffering from no more than a somewhat severe sword-cut over the head and face, the loss of blood from which, by happily rendering him unconscious, had saved him from death and mutilation at the hands of the barbarous enemy. He was by this time, however, rapidly coming to himself; and after he had swallowed the dose of brandy which Hoppy poured down his throat he promptly completed the operation. As he recognised his brother-officer the dazed expression which had followed the return of his senses gave place to a fierce scowl, and he made a determined but futile effort to rise to his feet unaided.

'Come, come, Vare!' cried Hoppy impatiently, 'this is neither the time nor place to show your feelings like this. You can't get along without my help; and if you think it would be pleasanter to lie out here until somebody comes along you like better than me—a prowling nigger perhaps—just cast your eyes over there to what remains of poor Vidal, and see what you may expect at his hand. Ah, I thought so,' he went on, as Vare, obeying the suggestion, uttered an exclamation of horror. 'And now I'll tie up that ugly gash in your head, and we'll make tracks for the gate, from which I have been absent too long, I expect, already.'

Vare maintained a stony silence. It was evident that hatred of his successful rival strongly urged him to reject his assistance. But, prudence and the gruesome sight which he had just seen winning the day, he sulkily submitted to the bandaging, and then, lifted to his feet by his powerful rescuer, he half-tottered, was half-carried by the latter's strong right arm on what was destined to prove before they had gone very far the most exciting quarter of a mile of their lives.

Vare's weakness being excessive, Hoppy deemed it the wiser course to make straight for the road rather than to strike it obliquely. This meant more ground to cover; but he felt that, with every probability of very soon having entirely to carry the wounded man, it would be better business to have hard ground under his feet than loose sand. The line he took, therefore, was directly towards the empty tomb which he had mentioned to Colonel Morrison as indicating, more or less roughly, about the distance out that Vare lay. It stood some way back on the other side of the road; and when the two men reached the latter, they, the tomb, and the city formed the points of an isosceles triangle, of which the gate was the apex.

'That's all right,' cheerily cried Hoppy, as he once more felt his feet take hold of something solid instead of the shifting, tiring sand. 'Now it's all plain sailing, Vare, and we'll get along easier. I'll take you on my back if you are done, and we shall be inside the gate in a brace of shakes.'

But even as he spoke he was startled to hear a shot ring out from the wall, followed by others in quick succession, until the firing became rapid and continuous. The cause of the outburst was immediately apparent; and Hoppy felt his heart sink into his boots as he realised that his companion's brandy-given strength had run out, and that in a few minutes he would no longer be able to put one foot before the other. Swarming from the old tomb, and spreading out fanwise as they ran, so as

to make certain of intercepting their prey, if they did not overtake them before they could reach the sheltering gate, were thirty or forty of the enemy, who had evidently been lying in this convenient hiding-place with a view, comfortably and unharassed by fire from the walls, to stripping the dead at their leisure when night should hide their movements. But the sight of two living infidelstwo keys to the gates of felicity for the lucky ones who could cut their throats—had proved too great a temptation for the skulking true believers, and out they had rushed helter-skelter, eager to win the prize. But 'champion shot' Rex and his friends, keen-eyed and alert, had discovered the very first of the swarthy warriors as he left the shelter of his lair; and, using the convenient parapet that topped the wall as a rest, their deadly rifle-barrels were instantly spitting out cunning little nickel-nosed leaden messengers that hummed merrily away to the rescue.

In a flash Hoppy took in the situation. It was going to be a race then, was it? Well, he had not won the mile as a cadet at Sandhurst, and at Aldershot later on as an officer, for nothing; and though this hot, sandy road could hardly be called an ideal running-track, and he was heavily handicapped with an eight-stone burden into the bargain, he smiled grimly as he picked up the little captain in his arms and stretched his muscles to the task.

As he forged ahead gallantly at an astonishing pace, Vare hanging limply over his shoulder, a great storm of cheering from the city walls came rolling and booming over the plain, and as he noticed from the corner of his eye how, one after another, the pursuers nearest to him suddenly collapsed into crumpled little multicoloured heaps, or, throwing up their hands, sprang like stricken deer into the air, he blessed the happy chance that had given him such clean shots and loyal hearts as were the men forming his guard that day. Cool-headed, too, were they; for, as an experienced sportsman selects for his first attention in early September the two old birds of a covey, so these sharp-shooters concentrated their fire upon those of Hoppy's enemies who ran the fastest or had the shortest distance to go to cut him off.

More than once the running man was upon the point of dropping his burden and drawing his revolver to give battle to an adversary whom it appeared almost impossible to avoid; but on each occasion the danger passed, and in the nick of time the fierce eyes burning with fanatical hate would glare with a sudden horror, and their light go out for ever. And now there is but a bare hundred yards of that mad race for life to be run, and the labouring, panting man, his heart thumping against his ribs as if it must burst its overtaxed valves, his breath coming in sharp sobs, and the perspiration rolling down him in rivulets, sees the gate flung open before him and safety almost assured. Almost, but not quite; for a small handful of cunning ones-who from the very beginning had

made direct for the gate, and thus, being the remotest from Hoppy, had avoided the hottest of the fire from the town-it was now evident would certainly reach the goal at the same moment as, if not a little before, the now rapidly tiring man. Running in close under the shelter of the high wall, they were practically out of sight of the men on the top; and on discovering this they set up shrill yells of triumph. For though their ultimate death was certain, they cared little for such a small matter when the reward was an assured future.

But they reckoned without their host. With cracking sides and bursting temples, the young Englishman, worthy son of the dominant race, made a last supreme effort, and, covering the remaining distance like a charging bull, fell with his unconscious burden into outstretched arms but a few feet in front of the whirling blades thirsting

to drink his blood.

But though safety had been won, there still remained a few moments of stern work; for the disappointed Ghazis, maddened at the loss of their prey, threw themselves in frenzy upon the guard ere the latter could close the gates. Of course it was soon over; the finest swords in Asia, wielded by the most expert of her dusky children, would not have availed against the thicket of long steel bayonets with the thrust of the Islanders behind them. Thus the half-dozen seekers-after-Paradise were promptly sent to their account, the tulwar of one alone having found its mark and laid a white man stark on the reeking ground under a pile of swarthy foes.

'Splendid, old fellow! This means a V.C. for you, I'll bet a penny,' cried an officer, one of several whom the sound of the firing had brought to the gate, and who were pressing round the two recumbent men, questioning, congratulating, and perhaps

envying. But suddenly the babel died away, there was a universal straightening of backs, the guard fell into some sort of order, and the General, followed by Colonel Morrison and another officer, strode into the midst of the group. There was a deep silence. The great man glared to right and left, his steelblue eyes taking in the scene and growing hard and menacing as they rested upon the pile of dead, and especially upon the body of the white soldier.

31

10

3

10

'Who is in command here?' he snapped out.

'I am, sir,' said Hoppy, getting on to his legs with difficulty.

'What is the meaning, then, of this commotion,

may I ask? 'Captain Vare, sir, was lying wounded out by the old tomb. I brought him in; and some of the enemy managed to get in with me, and before we could settle them killed a man of the guard.'

'He saved Vare's life, sir, and nearly lost his own,' eagerly broke in a young officer, a connection of the General's, and consequently a somewhat

privileged youth.

Sir John considered a moment, then sternly asked, as he faced the still panting Hoppy, 'What does it profit to save one life at the cost of another? You remember my orders as I passed in a short while ago?'

'Perfectly, sir.'

'What were they?'

'To keep the gate shut, and see that nobody went in or out.

'That will do. Rejoin your men.-Morrison, see that these bodies are looked after;' and, turning on his heel, the General strode away to visit some other part of his command.

(To be continued.)

SLAVES. WILL BEBRITONS NEVER

By R. A. GATTY.



OTHING delights a British audience more than the strains of 'Rule Britannia,' and people will shout themselves hoarse declaring that Britons never will be slaves. This spirit of independence, which shows

itself nowhere more prominently than in Yorkshire, distinguishes our nation from all other races in the world, and is the secret of our success at home and in our colonial possessions. No man in England is hampered, for instance, at the outset of his career by compulsory conscription. he likes to go into the army or navy he can do so, but he is a perfectly free agent. If he has ability there are no checks put upon his ambition, or any limit to the honours he may win. It is in this way the noblest and best come to the top, and the State is strengthened and

Legislation, ever since the Reform benefited. Bill, has been directed towards the abolition of all restrictions which used to handicap candidates for posts in the civil and military services, and religious tests have been abolished and our great universities opened to every creed and nation. It is no wonder Englishmen are proud of the institutions under which they live; and no citizen, even of a republican country, can claim greater freedom and more liberty of action than we enjoy under a limited monarchy.

There seems, however, of late to be a tendency to alter the present state of things, and in a measure to curtail individual freedom by legislation. It is no doubt an excellent law that every parent shall send his children to school or go to prison himself, but it impinges upon a man's liberty of action. A parent naturally wishes his children to be educated; therefore the Act of Parliament brought with it no sense of injustice. This was not the case when compulsory vaccination was propounded, and a compromise had to be effected.

The differences between workpeople and their employers led to the creation of trades-unions; but it is a question if the working-man has not had to macrifice a good deal of individual liberty in exchange for the benefits he has gained. He may have a good wage and be doing well, but if a strike is decreed he has to go out with the rest. He votes as his leaders direct, and he is allowed no choice or opinion, but is merely a unit in a huge combination regulated and controlled by the votes of the majority. If a man elects to be independent, and remains outside the union, he soon finds he has a very unpleasant position, and in a little time it is probable that the treatment awarded to non-unionists in Wales will be followed all over the country. Again, if a man in the heyday of his youth and strength feels he can do ten or even twelve hours' work, he is threatened by an Act of Parliament to restrain him from working more than eight. I am not for a moment presuming to say that trades-unions are not excellent institutions, and well worth the support they get from the working-classes; but there can be no question they encroach upon individual freedom of action.

Nor is it only the workman who feels this coercion. I was talking the other day to an employer about the state of trade, and he told me he was greatly handicapped by the trades-union. He pointed out some particular things he made which required considerable skill and accuracy, and said that only certain men who had been trained could do the work. 'It would be different,' he added, 'if I could put down a machine which has been invented in America. It turns out ten times the amount in aday which hand-labour can produce, and I should be able to complete my contracts much more quickly. When I suggested it, the union informed me it could not be allowed, as it would throw some men out of work,' 'But,' I said, 'England is a free country, and I should defy the union and act as I pleased, 'No, you would not,' he replied, 'if you were in my position. I have certain contracts to fulfil, and the men know it. If I disobeyed the mion they would strike, and I should lose the skilled hands who do this particular work, and I am unable to replace them in a moment, 'I should feel inclined to take the risk, and put down the machine, I said, 'even if I lost money by it.' But that is not all, he went on. 'I have a certain number of apprentices who pay me a premium, and who are very useful in the works. I could engage everal more, but the union will not allow me. They say it is taking work away from the workingman, and I have to submit.

I was again in the company of some business scattered who were very large employers of labour, amounting to thousands of men. This same subject

cropped up, and they told me that if labour difficulties increased and profits were cut much lower, they would remove their works out of the country and go where they were not hampered by strikes and unions. This was said in perfect seriousness, and some instances were quoted of large plants being removed with satisfactory results. Nothing, of course, could be farther from the intentions of the trades-unions than to bring about such a deportation of capital, which would mean ruin to the working-man and the commerce of the country. But unfortunately there is a growing feeling in certain classes of the community that by organising the ranks of labour, regulating the hours of work, and fixing a minimum wage, a remedy can be found for unemployment and other difficult problems. They do not seem to see that this practically means protection pure and simple, and is quite contrary to the principles of free trade.

One of the highest authorities on questions of this character, Lord Avebury, has recently expressed his views to a correspondent as follows: 'The want of employment is in my judgment due to several causes: (1) the enormous increase in our national expenditure, and especially in our military and naval preparations; (2) the equally great increase in our municipal expenditure; (3) the expectation held out that people will be provided for whether they work or not; (4) as regards London, the tendency has been to tempt people up from other districts. Emigration would take away the best of our working-classes, leaving the loafer and less industrious and least energetic at home. The constant increase in wages shows that there is a demand here for good workmen.' Lord Avebury does not advocate the application of socialistic nostrums such as the restriction of the hours of work and a minimum wage, but he points out the causes which have brought about the present want of employment, and how they can be remedied-namely, by a reduction in expenditure both national and municipal. He speaks as an expert economist, and his words are worth serious attention.

There can be no doubt that the socialistic ideas which the Labour party has prominently put before Parliament are tingeing the legislation both of the House of Commons and municipal bodies and county councils. For example, trusts have always been held as sacred obligations laid on trustees, whose breaches of trust, when they have occurred, have always been met with the severest punishment. Yet the Education Act proposed to sweep away something like ten thousand trusts, and upset the pious intentions of their founders. It may all be the best thing to do under the circumstances, and I am not presuming to say the Education Bill was not an excellent piece of legislation; but it was also an interference with individual liberty of action.

When a man makes his will, he believes his wishes will be respected and carried out; and

relying upon this, he bequeaths five thousand pounds for the building and maintenance of a school, and directs that the religious teaching shall be the same as his own creed, whether Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, or Church of England does not matter. He creates a trust, appoints trustees, and the law of England endorses his action. It is high-handed, to say the least of it, to sweep away these trusts by a single Act of Parliament, and approaches more the moral law of despotism than the moral law of freedom. If you once establish the principle that the individual has no rights which the majority are bound to respect, then indeed you deliver a death-blow to personal liberty.

There is an old saying that an Englishman's house is his castle, where he is free to do as he likes, and if perchance he has invested his savings in a small freehold cottage and garden, it is none the less a castle in his estimation. Money laid out in industrial or other securities may fly away and vanish; but when you have bought a bit of land it is always there, and you can hand it on to your children. The owner of the castle, however, now finds that recent legislation has somewhat encroached upon his domain, and the value of his land has gone down as the rates have gone up. It was not so in the past, when a rate of three and sixpence in the pound sufficed to clear him from all charges; but he now pays between nine and ten shillings in the pound, which is a serious difference. I quote this high rate from the place where I live, and where I have evidence of the burden laid on small freeholders, though the rates are by no means as high as this throughout the country at present. What is this due to? Principally the enormous debt of the municipal bodies and county councils, which amounts to five hundred millions, and the tendency of legislation which sets in the direction of State aid. Formerly the rates were levied to pay for the poor-law charges and the roads. They now include all the costly machinery of county councils, rural district councils, and parish councils, and to this are added the burdens of education, baths, libraries, wash-houses, lighting, paving, water, and, in fact, everything that comes within the scope of municipal and county management. Unfortunately this is by no means the end, for we are threatened with various other schemes, such as the feeding of school children, old-age pensions, work for the unemployed, and every vagary which may enter the brains of our legislators. Who is to pay the bill? The man in the castle, of course, and he is beginning to realise the fact.

There was a remarkable speech made recently by Mr H. D. Buckland when addressing a meeting of the Auctioneers' Institute. Alluding to the shrinkage in the sales of real property, which amounted to over eight hundred thousand pounds less than

last year, he said: 'The growing burden of the rates and taxes was crushing the spirit out of the real property market. The overburdened ratepayer must live; and if the rates exceeded a certain figure he equalised matters by paying less rent, and less rent meant a lower capital value. This was a painful process for owners, who had to pay the piper and were not allowed to call the tune. A limit must be set to the growing impositions upon real property. Overlapping authorities, the multiplicity of spending bodies, complicated machinery, and the mass of officialism-these things were responsible for a growing distrust of real property as an investment, because it was in the nature of things regarded as the milch-cow for every extravagant scheme.'

Every one who has brought up and educated a family of sons knows how important it is to get the young men independent of help from home. The old saying of being born with a silver spoon in your mouth contributes more to the failure of men in life than anything else. I remember as a boy being taught to swinn with a belt round me, which my teacher held suspended from a boat-hook. So long as I felt I should not sink I managed to make the proper strokes, but when the belt relaxed I failed to keep afloat. Some of the elder schoolboys, noticing this, quickly had me out of the water, and then taking me to a deep pool, flung me headlong in. I swam ashore.

Lord Avebury strikes the right note when he ascribes one of the causes of unemployment to 'the expectation held out that people will be provided for whether they work or not.' State aid kills individual effort and pauperises the people, yet this is what is being widely preached as a remedy for all our social troubles. Such theories might possibly be put in practice in a Utopia inhabited by people who had no objection to slavery; but Britons are differently constituted. The spirit of independence is our national birthright, and it has won for us the position we hold in the civilised world. The temptations, however, are very alluring which are set forth in the Socialist programme, and many people are carried away with the idea that it is possible to put an end to unemployment and poverty by adopting them. The experiment in Poplar showed that the increase of pauperism was by no means checked by lavish expenditure, and that the moment the expenditure ceased the pauperism decreased. The statistics are as follows, taken from the Local Government Journal: In 1894 Poplar's pauperism stood at thirty-two per thousand; in 1905 it stood at seventy per thousand. Then came the inquiry, and now the pauperism stands at forty-three per thousand. This is a sufficient answer to those who advocate a reckless expenditure of the rates as a means of checking unemployment in our midst.

THE LUCK OF THE 'GOLDEN CRESCENT.'

PART II.



MONTH later the Golden Crescent, having cleared 'London river' and the outlying shoals, was butting her way down Channel against a westsou'-west gale. Deep down, below

a general cargo for Gibraltar, which Moses Grüber had adroitly secured in the interval, was stowed the hardware destined, in the first instance at any rate, for the coast town of Mahazen. She was a vessel of two thousand tons, staunch and stiff, and drawing but little water for her tonnage, with a sea-speed of ten knots and an unusually capacious coal-storage; this was useful, as it enabled her to keep clear of ports infested by prying consuls. And Ralph Heriot, hanging on to the bridge-rails in streaming oilskins, was pleased with everything save the weather, which had got steadily worse ever since the pilot had been dropped. He spoke a few words to the mate, who was on watch, and, dropping down the ladder, sought the shelter of his cabin. Here he was greeted by a companion whom, greatly against his own wish, he was taking for the cruise.

Charles Merton was an old schoolfellow whose path in life had been widely separated from that of the sailor, as—the son of a rich man—he had at the age of thirty come into a large fortune, and had spent his time 'trying to amuse himself,' as he had put it to Heriot. The latter had come across him in London on his return from his hurried journey to the coast, and had resisted stoutly the idea of taking him out on this speculative venture. In the seclusion of Merton's luxurious flat in Maylair, Heriot had argued in vain against his inclusion in the trip.

'What in the world,' he had said, 'do you want running your head against brick walls in this fashion? It is a different thing for me, as the world to me is an oyster I have to open to enable me to get my living; whereas you, a rich man, don't want to make money, and, I suppose, have no particular desire to be knocked on the head, or to find yourself the inhabitant of an Eastern prison, the slave of a wandering sheikh, of the hero of an international difficulty when the other nation holds all the trumps.'

But Merton was obdurate and persistent, avowed that he was sick of London, sick of shooting tame pheasanta, sick of society; he had no ties, and no one would particularly care if he were knocked on the head. In a word, he insisted upon coming if the beat the latter gave in at last with a good grace.

'Well, don't blame me,' he had said. 'I've told you all that's likely to happen, and if you will come I can only say that I shall be delighted to have your company, and in some cases two heads may be better than one.'

Merton 'signed on' for the Golden Crescent as steward's assistant at one shilling per month wages, and it was he who greeted Heriot as the latter stumbled into the cabin.

They carried bad weather across the Bay, but once they had rounded Finisterre the wind hauled to the northward, the sea went down, and the remainder of the trip proved pleasant enough. When they arrived at Gibraltar, the first person to step over the gangway was Don José Montero, somewhat to Heriot's surprise, as it was upon him he counted to carry out the programme he had sketched out for Moses Grüber at his interview with the latter worthy in Cannon Street.

But Don José was calm, dignified, and reassuring. 'All is well, mi amigo,' he said as soon as the first greetings were over. 'Our telegram will be sent to my house at Tangier, and I have there the right person to attend to it; but it came to my mind that you are—pardon me—not very strong in your use of Spanish, and that fat rascal the Bashaw of Mahazen might try and overreach you. He cannot pretend to me that he does not know our tongue, for I have had many dealings with him. Therefore, senor, with your permission, I come.'

'No one more welcome, Don José, and it was well thought of on your part. Will you send the telegram, or shall I?'

'That shall be my care,' answered the Spaniard, 'and then this evening perhaps you and Don Carlos'—he bowed with courtly grace to Charles Merton—'will honour me with your company at dinner at the Bristol Hotel. The day after to-morrow we may have alarming news from the coast; but then, after all, as my friend the Bashaw says after he has cheated some one, "Are we not all in the hands of God?"'

Three days afterwards the European press was busy with recounting how terribly disturbed was the coast of Morocco; how British, French, and Spanish subjects had been petitioning their respective Ministers in Tangier for protection against the ferocity of the tribes encamped outside two of the coast towns; and how warships had been hurried down south to avert the possibility of calamity. Leading articles referred to the Algeciras Conference with dignified scorn, and at least six newspapers in different countries detected unmistakably the hand of the German Emperor in this 'new disturbance of what was, after all, the peace of Europe.' A few people smiled; among them were a Hebrew gentleman named Ben S'liman and Mr Moses Grüber of the firm of Volsuss, Schmidt, and Grüber, of 1000A Cannon Street, E.C.

The heat of the sun lay white-hot as a searingiron across the land and sea as the Golden Crescent's best bower dropped with a splash and a rattle of chain-cable into four and a half fathoms of water off the coast town of Mahazen; but although lighters lumbered out across the short strip of water intervening between ship and shore, no cargo was started.

'There is, you see, unfortunately no confidence between man and man,' explained Heriot to Charles Merton. 'My arrangement with the Bashaw is that for every box of rifles and ammunition received a box containing dollars to the amount agreed upon should be sent off; as I take out the duros, so I place an equivalent in hardware in the lighter. Now, you will observe that the lighters have come off empty. It is a fool's game, as time is everything, and the vice-consul has been got rid of by a trick. I am very glad now that we brought Don José, as he can go and tell the Bashaw what we think of him.'

Don José, cool and dignified as if the thermometer were not somewhere about boiling-point, stepped into a boat and went ashore to argue with the Bashaw. His arguments were effective, and the remainder of the day was spent in frantic toil. Each case of dollars had to be opened and counted on the one side, each case of rifles to be opened and counted on the other; therefore progress was necessarily slow. But the donkey-engine wheezed, the sheaves in the derrick-heads whined like souls in torment, and crowds of stalwart men, streaming with perspiration, pulled the clumsy lighters to shore and back again. But for all their toil it was four days before the last case was landed, the last case brought aboard.

'By the holy poker!' said Ralph Heriot as the carpenter nailed up the last box of duros and the mate struck it down into the hold, where, along with its companions, it would remain padlocked till the ship saw 'London river' once more, 'we often speak of the luck of the Golden Crescent, but this is the softest thing we ever brought off. What ho, Charlie, for the foggy old Thames once more!'

Deep disgust was imprinted on Merton's features.

'And this is what I thought was going to prove something in the way of an excitement. Why, dodging the motor-buses in the Brompton Road is

thrilling in comparison.'

Heriot laughed. 'Your money's made, old man; mine's in the making; and although it may be exciting to be shot at, the excitement ceases when a bullet comes straight. Hallo! here's Don José just back from the shore.—All finished now, Don José; concluido, eh?'

'The duros, then, are all on board?' queried Don José with a smile,

'All.'

Bueno. But you and I, Don Ralph, are never averse from making a few more?'

'Not by any means. Have you any proposal to make?'

'It is thus. I have just come from the Bashaw;

and a messenger has come express from the camp of the Ouled-Boaziz—this, as you know, is the tribe who have bought the rifles. They are encamped an easy twelve hours' ride from here; and the Sheikh is so much pleased with the carbines—particularly, he says, with the ammunition—that he would wish to see and to speak with those good men who have brought them hither. He particularly invites us to visit his camp, as he wishes personally to place a further large order with us. He declines to treat through the Bashaw in this matter. The question is, shall we go?'

'Seems rather odd. Why the blazes can't he come here if he wants to see us so particularly?' said Heriot. 'Up to any tricks, do you think, Don

José?'

'I can see no reason why he should be, and this has been such a splendid contract that we should certainly secure another if we can.'

'What do you say, Charlie?' asked Heriot, turning to Merton.

'By all manner of means let us go.'

'There is one thing that will assist us,' said Don José, 'and that is, I have bought from the Bashaw the three finest horses I have seen for many a day. He gave a big price for them to the Sheikh of the Ouled-Boaziz. Where he got them I don't know; but I intended asking you, Don Ralph, to allow me to take them back to Gibraltar in the ship, where I can make a good profit by selling them to the English officers.'

'Of course we'll take them,' answered Heriot.

'In the meantime, if we decide to go, they will be useful to take us to the Sheikh's camp if we decide to accept his offer to visit him.'

'Let's sleep on it,' said Heriot. 'We've had four pretty strenuous days, and we can talk it over to-morrow.'

The next day it was decided that they should go.

. .

The boat was alongside, and Merton and Don José had gone down the ladder into her; but Heriot stood on the top of the gangway in converse with the chief-mate, an old and tried friend and companion in many an out-of-the-way corner of the world.

'It's just this, Thompson,' he was saying. 'I am taking a couple of blue lights in my pocket, for one never knows what may happen; and if we get back after dark and want to come aboard I shall burn one from the shore, probably to the south'ard of the town. If I do, send a boat in at once, as there will be hurry toward. I shall be back in two days at the latest, as with the horses we have it won't be more than an easy eight hours' ride. In the meanwhile, keep up steam, hoist the gangway ladder, and don't let any of the Bashaw's rascals aboard under any pretence. Heave in to a short stay, and trip the anchor and stand out to sea in case there is any attempt to rush you. I trust the Bashaw just as far as I could throw him with one hand. You understand, I'm sure?'

Thompson looked steadily into Heriot's eyes. 'I understand perfectly, sir;' and then, holding out his hand, he said, 'Luck, old man.'

Heriot returned the steady grip. 'Yes, I'm sure you wish us that. Adios!'

'Therefore,' concluded the Sheikh of the Ouled-Boaziz, 'it is written that you shall die, all three of you, for that you attempted to cheat true believers.' His sonorous tones ceased, and Don José, who alone understood, translated the sentence for the benefit of Heriot and Merton. It had been early dawn when the three men had arrived in the camp among the foothills which lead to the mountains, and they had been received with a most disarming courtesy. A tent had been set aside for them, and food had been provided to supplement the scanty supply which they had brought. All night they had ridden, guided by a gaunt tribesman with a long Tetuan gun slung across his broad shoulders; but Heriot took careful note of the way and frequently consulted a pocketcompass by the light of a powerful electric torch he carried. He was careful to avoid letting the

guide see what he was doing. The horses were hobbled, watered, and given a measure of barley, and the three men smoked and dozed until the hour appointed for their interview with the Sheikh. The fierce heat of the noontide subsided somewhat as, comparatively early in the afternoon, the sun sank behind a giant mountain-

Their guide appeared and intimated to them that it was the pleasure of the Sheikh to interview them. They found him seated at the door of his tent. On his right was the Sub-Sheikh of the hibe, on his left two of the elders. The keen, aquiline, handsome face of the desert potentate showed no sign of a welcoming smile, and he did not rise from where he sat on a tarnished silken cushion. He drew his brows together till they formed a finely pencilled straight line across his forehead, and to Don Jose's greeting of 'Salaam, O Sheikh!' there came no answering response of 'Salaam, Alei-koum!' as courtesy demanded.

'Something very wrong here,' whispered Merton to Heriot.

'Yes; but don't talk, and for goodness' sake keep a stiff upper-lip whatever happens. I can't understand what he's saying; but there's trouble in the

On each side of them a hedge of dark-faced, sinewy tribesmen leaned upon their guns in the altitude of interested spectators at a play, and over the mountains the shadows darkened. Heriot, Merton, and Montero were apparently unarmed, as the mystery of the American hip-pocket was not within the cognisance of men who did not war trousers; each carried a heavy six-shooter in this convenient receptacle.

The cause of the trouble was soon explained. At the side of the Sheikh lay one of the carbines

brought from the Golden Crescent, also a box of cartridges. The box was marked with the name of a foreign firm, and the cartridges were-dummies.

'Saving turn of mind that firm,' said Heriot with a shrug of his shoulders. 'I suppose five bob would have put cordite instead of coal-dust into those confounded cartridges, and that five bob is just the price of our lives, I'm thinking. Mind, this is none of old Grub's doing; but if I live I shall talk to Pfungst.'

The Sheikh motioned forward three young men, who each picked up a carbine and slid a cartridge into the breach from the box which lay by his

'He says,' said Don José in a level, unmoved voice, 'that he is now about to show us how harmless are these cartridges before he uses some that will shoot. Keep steady; the cartridges are really useless.'

Nevertheless the ordeal was trying, as at a guttural challenging order from the Sheikh the three men raised the carbines to their shoulders, and the three adventurers saw the business ends of the weapons pointing straight at their hearts. There was a tense, strained silence, a further command, and then a sharp click showed that the triggers had been pulled. Not one of the three from the Golden Crescent had moved so much as an eyelash. The tribesmen jerked out the dummies and reloaded from the same case. Again the same pantomime. As the carbines were lowered a second time, at a sign from the Sheikh the men placed them on the ground and stepped back among their companions.

Don José spoke rapidly. 'Whether they kill us now or to-morrow morning matters little. Señores, shall we take it fighting, or die like bullocks in the shambles at daybreak, with torture perhaps before?'

'We fight now,' said Heriot in a low, swift tone. Back to back, comrades; but don't draw till I tell you.'

Merton edged nearer to the Sheikh, who had risen to his feet. 'Before I draw mine, old man, I'm just going to have a smack at that abandoned ruffian, for the sake of old times, and to demonstrate that the runner-up for the heavy-weight boxing championship can still hit out.'

Don José's level voice struck in.

'He is ordering them to seize us and tie us up.' As he spoke his hand stole to his hippocket.

There was a sharp order from the Sheikh and a stir among the crowd, who began to advance, but as they did so Merton stepped forward, and all the science and skill gathered in many a hard-fought bout with the gloves went into the terrible crashing right-hander which caught the Sheikh fair on the point of his aristocratic chin. With a half-turn of lightning rapidity, marvellous in so heavy a man, the assailant swung his left in round arm, and catching the Sub-Sheikh fairly behind the ear,

dropped him in a confused heap on the senseless body of his chief. Then Merton stepped back and drew his revolver, and by this time it was nearly dark. The sudden assault on the Sheikh had absolutely paralysed his followers; but now an ominous growl ran through the ranks, and again Don José spoke, still quietly and with a perfect command of himself and the situation. They had disposed themselves back to back.

'Señores,' he said, 'the first man that steps forward, shoot him dead. Our one chance is to

move in the direction of our horses.'

A man apparently of some authority stepped in the direction of Don José and shouted an order. The revolver in the hand of the Spaniard cracked, and the man fell dead in his tracks.

'Uno,' he counted coolly. 'We cannot afford to miss, Don Ralph.'

'They're getting closer. Shall we brown 'em?' asked Merton.

'Not if we can help it,' answered Heriot; 'but it's so precious dark one won't be able to see to shoot them singly down. By Jove, I have it!' He thrust his hand into his breast-pocket and pulled out the electric torch. 'This'll give us light enough to die by, anyhow.' He pressed the button, holding it on a level with the heads of the crowd, and the clear pencil of light fell full upon the dark, scowling faces.

There was a wavering movement, a wild yell of mad, hopeless, unreasoning terror, and then in the gathering darkness the lean legs of the frantic tribesmen carried them at railway speed away from the magic of the Evil One.

Don José threw out the empty shell and pushed a fresh cartridge into the empty chamber of his revolver. 'Por todos los Santos,' he ejaculated piously.

'What's up?' queried Merton.

'Just this, my friend, that a scientific toy has saved us from a remarkably unpleasant death. Our friends think that we are in league with Shaitan. However, don't let's give them time to recover. To horse, señores!—to horse!'

On the outskirts of the camp, where they had left their horses, there they found them, as the Sheikh had directed they should be so left until the owners were comfortably buried. Don José slashed through the straw hobbles with his great navajo de Sevilla.

'I had thought there had been other work for thee,' he said, gazing affectionately at the blade as he thrust it back into its sheath hidden in the folds of his crimson silk faja, 'before this night had been out.'

The sun had risen behind them and the sleepy wardens of the great town gates had just pushed

them wide when the trio galloped up.

'Through to the water-gate, Don José. We'll pinch a lighter and get these nags of yours off before the Bashaw's awake,' was Heriot's command; and they found the very craft they wanted alongside the stone-faced quay where the great arches re-echo the thunder of the Atlantic surge in westerly weather. But this morning it was a flat calm. As they pushed off, the owner of the lighter protruded a sleepy head from the frowsy nest in which he had been sleeping, and was instantly commandeered and made to row. As they lumbered alongside the ship the derrick-head drooped, two men dropped on the lighter's deck and slung the horses, and, before the lighterman was fairly aware of what had happened, the horses stamped on the deck of the Golden Crescent, the best bower of that staunch vessel was dangling at her bows, and with a widening, whitening wake through the still blue water, she swung hard on her port helm till her bows pointed nor'-by-east.

'And if you can say, Grub, that I haven't earned 10 per cent., and if you can say, Charlie, that I didn't give you a run for your money, then you're the two most ungrateful men in the city of London.'

It was thus that Ralph Heriot spoke in con-

clusion.

Moses Grüber filled the champagne-glasses, and winked slowly with an intense enjoyment of the process. 'I have, my dear captain, no complaint. And Mr Merton?'

'By Jove, no!'

Moses raised his glass. 'Then,' he said, 'we will drink once more to the luck of the Golden Crescent.'

THE END.

AFRICAN INDIA-RUBBER.

By GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.



HE great increase in the demand for india-rubber occasioned by the invention of the pneumatic tire and the development of the motor and the bicycle industries has stimulated explorers in all parts of the world

to discover fresh sources of the raw product, and the native supplies of rubber will very shortly be reinforced by cultivated rubber from Ceylon, the Malay Straits, and from various other localities, where many thousands of acres have been planted with seedlings within the last three or four years. It has been stated by experts that if a continuance of present prices can be relied upon there are few crops likely to afford such large returns as those to be derived from the cultivation of india-rubber.

The world's chief supply from the early days of the rubber industry until now has been obtained, as

is well known, from the vast forests bordering on the river Amazon in South America, the produce for the most part of the Heven brasiliensis, a tree scattered over wide areas of territory, throughout which the full-grown timber is found somewhat sparsely distributed among the trees of other species. In recent years, partly in consequence of the need of obtaining increased supplies and partly owing to the competition of collectors, it has been necessary to go farther and farther afield, and to explore new areas in these tropical forests. The difficulties entailed in providing labour and fitting out fresh expeditions each year have often been described, and it is only possible to obtain the rubber at the cost of numerous accidents and at a considerable sacrifice of life, even among the hardy race of natives who are engaged in this industry. It has been stated on good authority that under ordinary circumstances not more than eight full-grown trees suitable for tapping are found on each acre of forest land, and the wages paid to the labourers in Brazil are very high compared to the price of labour in some other tropical countries. Even under these disadvantages the weight of South American rubber exported in 1905 was upwards of thirty-four thou-

Mainly owing to the fact that the chief port of shipment is at Para, the Amazon rubber is usually designated as 'Para rubber,' and the uniform good quality of this product, which commanded the highest prices in the market, has caused it to become the standard of excellence with which all other classes of this material are compared.

It will be understood from the above description that in the earlier years all the rubber coming into the market was of the nature of 'wild rubber,' or such as is furnished from indigenous timber. As has already been pointed out, a new industry has now arisen in planting trees raised chiefly as seedlings from the Hevea tree, and the cultivation of rubber is likely to be an extremely profitable investment, while there can be no doubt that it is an exceedingly popular one at the present time. No less than one hundred and twenty thousand acres are now planted with rubber in Ceylon alone, and very large areas are being brought under cultivation in the Malay Archipelago. The one drawback with respect to this business is that some considerable time must necessarily elapse before the young trees can be tapped, and thus the investor must be prepared to wait for five or six years before any returns can be expected on his outlay, while large sums must be expended on the plantations before they reach a revenue-producing stage. Thus, at a very low estimate, not less than two million five hundred thousand pounds will have to be spent on the abore acreage in Ceylon before any profits will be forthcoming from this source, and at first the amount of sap or latex which can be extracted from the young trees will be relatively small.

It is no wonder, therefore, that explorers in all Parts of the world are searching for native rubber-

yielding trees, and the number of these already known is very large. Many of the tropical forests abound with plants more or less capable of affording a supply of marketable rubber, and certain of the wild vines in the African forests yield a latex of excellent quality. The difficulty is that rubber collected by natives who are not always subject to skilled supervision is found to vary very greatly in quality and to be as a rule badly prepared, in the sense of being dirty and adulterated. There is no product which suffers more largely in value from the imperfect condition of the raw material than india-rubber, and a sample of rubber which, if it had been originally well prepared, might have readily been sold for four to five shillings per pound will, owing to inferior manipulation in the first instance, be valued at less than half this sum. The cultivated rubber now being obtained, which will be produced under skilled advice and with the best appliances, will, it is understood, compete on very favourable terms with the standard of best Para wild rubber, fine samples of which have lately been sold at five shillings and twopence per pound, whereas consignments from Ceylon and from Malay plantations have fetched as much as five shillings and ninepence per pound.

Much attention has lately been attracted to the rubber from Western Africa, chiefly in consequence of the alleged atrocities in connection with its collection under the supervision of the officials of the Congo Company, and some details of this industry may be of interest at the present time. The so-called 'silk rubber' of the Lagos district is the product of a forest tree originally known as the Kickxia elastica, but now named the Funtumia elastica. Many of the specimens of rubber from the West Coast are, however, derived from 'vines' or creepers which grow in the wildest profusion in the tropical forests, and hang in festoons and clusters in every direction. The practice has hitherto been to cut down these vines, and, after dividing them into small pieces, to boil the stems in order to extract the juice or latex. This mode of collection is obviously a very destructive and wasteful one, and district after district has been denuded of the vines, which are of slow growth. The rubber somewhat carelessly prepared from the wild vines has not the same market value as that produced from the silk rubber-tree, and the vines do not appear to lend themselves well to artificial cultivation. Attempts have therefore been made to produce seedlings of the Funtumia elastica for the introduction of the rubber industry into other parts of Africa.

The knowledge of the properties of the silk rubber-tree in the Lagos district dates back only a little over eleven years, as the Kickxia was not known as a possible source of rubber before 1895, previous to which year the total export of this material from Lagos was about twenty-one thousand pounds per annum, whereas in 1895 the export of india-rubber at once reached a total of five million pounds.

The introduction of this tree into the Uganda Protectorate reads almost like a romance. Steps were taken several years ago to obtain seeds from West Africa, and in the first instance, a supply having been procured from the Gold Coast, a number of young plants were raised by the Government botanist. Concerning these Mr J. Mahon, in his Report on Exotic Plants of Economic Interest in the Botanic Gardens at Entebbe, published by the Foreign Office in January 1903, states: 'A serious loss occurred last June in the burning down of a large nursery-shed through native carelessness, when a fine batch of the celebrated silk rubber of Lagos was lost, in company with other things.' Mr Mahon refers also to a plant obtained from Kew, and states : 'I feel certain Lagos silk rubber will prove a suitable culture here for plantations in the lake region.' In the General Report on the Uganda Protectorate for the year ending March 31, 1904, we read concerning the Funtumia: 'A case of these rubber-plants was received from Kew in September [1903], only one plant dying in transit; they were planted out shortly after arrival, and are now making good progress.' In the report for the following year attention is called to the results of a systematic inspection of the forests of Uganda undertaken by Mr M. T. Dawe, whose valuable account of a subsequent botanical mission was published as a parliamentary paper in the course of last year. We learn from this latter document that 'until two years ago practically nothing was known of the economic resources of the larger forests of Uganda. In September 1903 Mr George Wilson, C.B., then His Majesty's Acting Commissioner for Uganda, arranged that I should inspect and report on the Mabira forest of Chagwe, which was done during the following month. To illustrate the importance of this forest exploration, I may mention that, amongst other things, the result of that mission was the discovery of Funtumia elastica-the Lagos silk-rubber tree-which was not hitherto known to exist in Uganda, and its rubber had never been exploited by the natives.' In a later journey this tree was found to be widely distributed over the protectorate, though nowhere in the same abundance as in the Chagwe forest, where it was first discovered.

It has been estimated as the result of a very careful computation that on an area of some fifty-four square miles in the above forest there are not less than one million seven hundred and sixty thousand rubber-trees, and that over some twelve square miles of territory there are on an average one hundred and fifty trees to the acre. After all the laborious attempts made to propagate this valuable source of rubber, it came as a genuine surprise to find that the tree already existed in great abundance in various parts of the protectorate. No time has been lost in opening up these districts, and a lease of the forest for twenty-one years has been granted to the Mabira Forest Rubber Company, constituted during the course of last year with

a capital of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

The Uganda authorities have laid down certain rules for the collection of rubber, and a permit must be obtained for this purpose. Among these regulations it is made a condition that systematic planting must be resorted to; but it would appear that at the time the rules were drafted the authorities had only the possibility of obtaining rubber from the wild vines in view, and that the existence there of the Funtumia was not then known.

The discovery of this tree and its successful utilisation must be of untold benefit to the future of Uganda, and the company in possession of this lease appears to have a prospect before it of a rich harvest. With, at present prices, a yield of only half a pound of rubber per tree from one million trees each year, the profits would enable the company to distribute annually considerably more than 50 per cent. on its capital in the shape of dividends; and as time goes on, and its plantations extend, its income would rapidly increase. By the aid of the steamers on Lake Victoria Nyanza and of the Uganda Railway the rubber produced in the Mabira forest can be transported to London in less than a month, and with careful preparation would no doubt command a very high price.

THE INDIAN.

HE sees the stars unfold their rays
Across the heavens' silent ways;
The forest glooms on every side;
The broad-wayed river rolls its tide
From the white Andes far away,
Where the snows melt at high noonday.
He knows not what it all may mean
To him and to his dusky queen;
Yet voices that he scarce can hear
Seem ever whisp'ring in his ear.

Afar, afar, at evening-tide
The chapel-bell by the river-side—
The tiny chapel painted white,
With the tiny cross at the rooftree's height—
Rings from its vibrant silver throat
O'er swamp and wood its wistful note;
The cayman stirs in his bed of mud
By the mighty Amazon's tawny flood,
The fireflies dance as the day grows dim,
Mosquitoes rise to their night-long hymn.

He wonders seeing through the trees
The black-robed padre on his knees,
Through the door of the tiny chapel white
The gleam of the pallid tapers' light;
Wonders to hear the deep Amen
Bchoing o'er and o'er again.
Steals away to his hut of grass
Hid in the mists of the vast morass.
Ah, will he ever understand
The whispers of Never Never Land?
A. W. HOWLETT.



ANOMALIES INCOME-TAX COLLECTION. OF



BOUT the political ethics of the income-tax as at present applied there is one view which is almost universal among the efficient and producing classes of this country;

but one may yield the point that on a vote being taken there might be found to be more people who would stand by the tax on the grounds of necessity and expediency than some people suspect. Passing it thus as a necessary evil, one expects that the most particular justice and the nicest tact and the most scrupulous fairness shall be employed in the methods of obtaining it. But even the minority who would defend the principle of the tax on its merits would not stay to support the present methods of its collection, which, it is safe to say, are not merely unsystematic and irregular, but are frequently unjust and un-English, so that it is probably the case that the greater part of the irritation which endures permanently throughout the country—chiefly among the middle classes, who are notoriously the greatest sufferers by this tax—is the result not so much of the tax in itself as the dark methods by which the collecting authorities obtain possession of it.

Nowhere else in the entire British system is there anything that can compare with these methods for irregularity and tyranny; there is no principle or detail of the government of the country which ever suggests as this tax does that the boast of the freedom of the Briton is a little exaggerated. There is an element of cunning in the business which is not agreeable to our taste. It is not one's business to seek for explanations as to why these mysterious and irregular methods are adopted in this matter as they are in no other; but an elementary and plausible view would be that the chief authorities of the present day have inherited a misgiving about the principle of the tax from their generations of predecessors, and they are still without the courage for its thorough application to all the people whom it concerns. The almost inevitable result of such pusillanimity as this is the discriminating between reson and person, and class and class; the screwing

down of the weak to make up for the lightening of the burden of the strong. The proper sum of the tax must be obtained, and the minus amount in one section must be balanced by the plus yield in another; and by this oppression of the weak and concession to the strong the collecting authorities find themselves embarked upon methods about which there is infrequently anything that is creditable, and often much that is tyrannical.

The anomalies of the system and its consequent injustice may be best explained by illustration and example; and in the first place one is led to remark upon the hopelessly complicated character of the form to be filled up for assessment, which has over and over again proved beyond the capacity of persons of quite average intelligence to understand in relation to their own particular circumstances. It abounds so much with cross-references and contradictions, and so many different shades of meaning can be attached to particular terms, chiefly in the matter of the exemptions, that highly conscientious people, with a whole-hearted desire to do their full duty by the State, have sometimes found, to their chagrin, that for many years they have been paying too much to the national revenue by way of this tax; while, on the other hand, there are shrewd people with a little time to spare and much patience who have achieved wonderful results in the matter of proving their title to large exemptions. The man who has no separate and clearly defined business in a town, but who is engaged in some occupation which he fulfils for the most part at his domestic residence, is at one and the same time he who has most possibilities in the way of securing exemptions if he prosecutes them with sufficient ingenuity and determination, and he who is most frequently mulcted in more income-tax than he need pay. The intricacies of the extent to which a room in the house may be considered an office, new typewriters, stationery, and stamps be considered as business charges, and a lady of the household-one's wife even-giving constant assistance be considered as in employment in a clerical capacity, are points to which no more attention [All Rights Reserved.] APRIL 20, 1907.

than mere mention need be given on the present occasion, such mention being sufficient to suggest the large possibilities for doubt and confusion; while it may be added that in the writer's experience such points have frequently been at real issue, and that, in keeping with their reputation for the perpetration of anomalies, the authorities have given varying and often contradictory decisions.

Now, here is a curious case which shows how irregular and illogical it is possible for the methods of the collector to be, even though this is one of the few instances in which the poor taxpayer came to gloat in triumph over the cunning enemy. Last Christmas Eve, as ever, a select party of literary and artistic gossips sat round the fire in a London club telling stories of members' sudden deaths, murders at cross-roads, and other seasonably cheerful subjects, which being presently exhausted, the séance was terminated by a recital of some of the saddest income-tax experiences that have ever been listened to. But a man who is very celebrated in literary life told a rousing and most heartening The income-tax people, so he said, waited upon him at his residence on many occasions and requested him to fill in the buff paper so that he might be properly assessed; but he consistently refused to do so, giving as excuse that he could not understand the instructions, and that, moreover, he had conscientious objections to disclosing on a sheet of paper to which all kinds of persons might have access such profound secrets as he would not tell to his most intimate relative.

Somehow the excuse seemed to be accepted for a while, and for two or three years the authorities assessed this man without the slightest clue of any kind whatsoever as to his means and income. (Surely this in itself, common enough as the practice is, is in the national interests a most ridiculous thing.) As he did not object, and was on the whole quite well satisfied, it may be taken for granted that the assessors did not do anything like justice to his earning capacity. But eventually they appeared to become uneasy in the matter, and when the collector called in due course with respect to the assessment for the forthcoming year he declared that he must have a return. The matter was argued for some time, and eventually the collector pointed out that, in case of refusal to make the return when demanded, the person refusing could be fined, and in this case probably would be. 'And supposing I refuse to pay the fine, as I shall do, what then?' 'Then,' exclaimed the collector with some gusto-then, my dear sir, you will most certainly be sent to prison!' 'Excellent!' retorted the literary man. 'I wish very much to go to prison in a matter of this kind, so proceed. And now, good-morning!' But the collector stood aghast at the prospect of a man who thus desired to go to prison instead of paying income-tax. The matter was further argued, and the novelist pointed out very circumstantially and convincingly how he would certainly make very much capital out of being sent to prison in such circumstances, and how the advertisement would assuredly do him an enormous amount of good from a pecuniary point of view. This view appealed to the collector, who did not like the idea of anybody profiting in such a way out of the income-tax. He said he would go back and see about it. The result was that the man who wished to go to prison heard nothing more about making any return, and from that day to this, despite a substantial increase in his fortunes, he is troubled no more, but is regularly and kindly assessed at about one-third of his proper value. The story is simple enough; but it shows us very plainly what a loose sort of thing this incometaxing system is, how far too much is left to the 'discretion' of the collectors and assessors, with the inevitable result of unfair practices, and how the whole machinery would be better for a little of the red-tape of which so much might well be spared from some of the other Government departments.

We have thus seen how the collector may be cowed; let us now see him playing the part of lion to a very small mouse. Here is a case which is a fair sample of hundreds-very likely thousandsof its kind which take place annually. There is a small shopkeeper who, with little or no capital, and amidst severe competition from large stores run by limited companies, succeeds in establishing a little business for himself, which, he finds, yields him just about one hundred pounds a year. It is a very small income, and he has a wife and two children to keep on it, and preserve in some outward appearance of respectability; and, moreover, he has to work terribly hard to enable him to maintain a firm stand against the big stores which constantly threaten to swamp him. We only mention the trying circumstances in which this little shopkeeper is placed in order to suggest that this surely is a case for fair and considerate treatment, and that if ever the collector is to be empowered with any 'discretion,' this is the time when he should exercise some of it. But it would appear that the shopkeeper is not a man of much account, and he is weak and timid. It happens that besides his hundred pounds from his shop he has an annual income of just sixty pounds from investments in some house and other property, some of which have been made as the result of savings effected with great difficulty, and often enough at the cost of insufficient food and clothing, and the remainder as the result of a little windfall that once befell him. His total income of one hundred and sixty pounds a year thus entitles him to complete exemption from the income-tax. See what happens in the process of the very artful dodge which the collectors of the tax have invented for his discomfiture. He makes his full return and his claim for complete exemption, and expects to hear nothing more of the matter. Presently he receives a demand-note informing him that his 'business'-nothing said about the minor part of his income-has been assessed, not at one hundred pounds, but at one hundred and sixty pounds, and that one hundred and sixty pounds

abatement has been duly allowed to him. There is thus no charge made upon him, and it does not seem to him to be a matter to worry about as to whether his business is assessed at one hundred and sixty pounds or one thousand six hundred pounds so long as there still remains nothing to pay, as in this case. But later he receives a demand-note with respect to the investments, and now he realises for the first time that while income-tax and property-tax are the same thing, the Commissioners may separate them on one occasion and join them on another with some resultant advantage to themselves. Having exhausted his exemption, as already pointed out, he is now informed that he must be taxed on the full sixty pounds, and he appeals against the unjust demand, pointing out that his return clearly showed that his total income was only one hundred and sixty pounds. 'Surely you are wrong,' they say. 'Your income from your business was assessed at one hundred and sixty pounds, and if you objected to that assessment you should have appealed against it. You did not appeal, and therefore it was passed, and your total income stands at two hundred and twenty pounds, with tax to be paid on sixty pounds. Hurry up!' And so he pays.

It may happen that there may soon afterwards come into the shop of that small tradesman a customer who is the wife of a working mechanical engineer, whose employers are extremely busy and prosperous, so that the employés are all sharing in the good time. The husband has been doing some overtime, and his wages for a week in these days come to four or five pounds, and sometimes more than that. The wife buys all kinds of fancy jam, pickles, smoked sardines, and a variety of other luxuries. This she can afford to do, because her husband is a working-man, and therefore does not have to pay income-tax. We have nothing against the working-man as such, and we sincerely congratulate him on being the one who scores most in respect to the exercise of the 'discretion' of the income-tax people. The working-man would be a very difficult person to tackle for the tax in more respects than one, and it is plainly the policy of the authorities to pursue the line of least resistance. But it must be aggravating to him, as to all other people, to reflect that his only chance of becoming a citizen who does his share towards the upkeep of this costly Empire, while the poor shopkeeper is doing more than his share, lies in the possibility we will say the remote possibility—of his becoming very intoxicated in the evenings, and so paying something very trifling to the Government by way of indirect taxation. Of course there are thousands and thousands of persons in this country who come legitimately within the meaning of the term 'working.men, who yet earn from three pounds ten to our pounds ten a week, and who have never been sked for a penny of income-tax in the whole of their lives; and, what is more, the authorities know these men and could put their fingers upon them without the slightest difficulty.

But what of another class who are called working-men but who do not come legitimately within the meaning of that term, yet whom the complaisant authorities are quite willing to accept as such and to exempt from the tax or the trouble of answering any questions about their means? 'Working-man' is the password to exemption, and any man who will dress the part, eschewing well-cut clothes and silk hats, and taking care to live in a small way in a small house-thus keeping his money to himself and doing less for the community than the man who spends reasonablymay be immune from the income-tax. Let me give an authentic instance which has recently been quoted to me. A man engaged himself as an assistant in a small way to a large firm of professional photographers. At the beginning of his connection he was not quite liable to the tax, but he soon strengthened his position with the firm and became interested in a new and important development, so that gradually his weekly emolument reached the handsome figure of twelve pounds-largely made up on a system of percentages of profits-and round about this figure it remained for some years, during which time the salary remained as at first. But in his habits and ways of living, and also in his description of himself, he is still a working-man, and it is gratifying to him to know that he has never yet paid any of this tax.

Here is another matter which reflects no credit whatever upon our system of income-taxation. The high authorities will tell you, with something in the nature of pride upon their business ability and efficiency, that a large proportion of the revenues that they conceive to be due to them are 'cut off at the main'-that is to say, that in all cases of incomes derived in the form of dividends from Government stocks and shares in public companies they take their tax before such dividends are sent along to their owners. When making his annual return the taxpayer is still called upon to state the extent of his income from these sources, although it is already taxed and done with, so that the authorities may use the evidence against him in making him pay more tax on that part of his income that has not yet been meddled with. But the tax is deducted from the dividends beforehand without any reference to the total income of their recipient. The taxers do not know it, and they do not want to know it, for if they did and were called upon to act on their knowledge it is clear that in an enormous number of cases they would have no right to make any deduction for the tax. The total income of the recipient may be within the amount which entitles him to complete exemption from the income-tax, or it may be such as to entitle him to substantial abatement. If a man has an income of one hundred and forty pounds from the Fundsand that income only-he has the tax deducted from every pound of it before it reaches his hands. although the Government is not entitled to a single penny. In the same way the man with an income

of five or six hundred pounds from such a source has the tax deducted from the whole instead of from a part. It is true that the unjustly taxed person is told that he may make a claim for repayment—told when he inquires about it, that is—and that the claim will be considered in due course, and that in this way, if he is very patient and energetic, he gets his money back again. What, then, can be the object of the taxers in putting themselves to the trouble of taking money out of a man's pocket if they have to go to much more trouble to put it back again? This is another little trick—not the kind of trick that would be countenanced for one moment as between man of business and man of business in any considerable commercial centre, but one which comes quite naturally to the taxers. The shrewd judges of human nature who regulate these things know well that among the people from whom they are getting something that they are not entitled to, by 'cutting it off at the main' in this way, is a large proportion who are either tired out with a busy life or have too much to do to give the proper attention to such unusual and unexpected business as this, others who are prone to neglect, and more again-such as the widows-who are inclined to bungle in such matters; so that all these people, from the various causes, do not proceed to get the exemption or abatement to which they are entitled, and do not get their money back. And so, though it is not theirs, and they have no moral or legal right to it, the taxers keep it, and they have reckoned beforehand on thus being able to keep it. Some people have a very harsh word to use for this kind of thing.

But suppose the man does protest and appeal. He is then summoned to appear before the Commissioners and surveyor, and take with him all his private account-books, bills, receipts, and everything bearing upon the inmost secrets of his affairs, such as he might often hesitate to expose to his brother, or even his wife, and lay them bare before a set of complete strangers, and answer questions of the most impudent character that are put to him by these persons, who do not hesitate to suggest that they believe that in every word he says he is lying, and that he has falsified returns and documents like a common forger for the purpose of deceiving the Commissioners. When he has passed through this humiliating procedure he is excluded from the room while the Commissioners and surveyor-his judges and his prosecutor-deliberate upon his case, and come to a decision by a process of argument and deduction of which he is never made aware. Against this decision there is no appeal on points of law. Is it to be wondered at that thousands of British people who have preserved their innate delicacy of feeling shrink from passing through such an ordeal as this, and prefer rather to give up their gold to the marauders?

The anomalies which we have thus seen to be created in the exercise of the taxers' 'discretion' have been more or less local and promiscuous in

their operation; but there are anomalies which are perpetrated on a grander scale, in which a distinction without reason is even drawn between the component parts of the kingdom which are nominally subject to precisely the same national taxation to be administered in precisely the same way. A distinction is drawn between England and Scotland, and we may assume beforehand that Scotland gets the worst of it, since she is presumably the weaker partner. She does. The Scottish income-tax payer is called upon to part with his money some three months before his English brother-victim has to do so. Thus towards the end of last year the Scot who is liable was served with a notice that he must pay his tax for this year on or before January 2nd. His second notice was that he must pay on or soon after January 22nd. The average Englishman is not called upon to bestir himself seriously in the matter until the end of March, and often enough he does not pay the tax until the middle of summer. It is little wonder that in Scotland there is considerable indignation on this point, and that there is talk of this year, being the bi-centenary of the Union, being a good year for formidable protest. It is pointed out that if Scotland pays her income-tax at the beginning of the year instead of at the end of March she is deprived of the use of about three millions of her own money for three months of the year. The natural result is that her trade is hampered to a considerable extent through her being obliged to seek the help of the banks and pay heavy rates for accommodation.

The ingenuity of the collectors in gaining advantage over the taxpayers is really most wonderful. Their guile is superb. Here now is another dodge of recent application and most complete success. A trap is laid to tempt the taxpayer-the English taxpayer, too-to pay his income-tax some months before he needs to-in the year preceding that in which it is due as a matter of fact. This is how it is done. As every tenant of a house knows, the authorities duly charge him with income-tax under Schedule A, which is not an income-tax at all, but a tax on the house occupied at so much in the pound on the rental value. This tax is levied on the tenant, but on the demand-note there is placed a notice to him to this effect: 'The landlord is bound under a penalty of fifty pounds to allow out of the next payment of rent after the date of the receipt the amount of duty paid under Schedule A up to an amount not exceeding one shilling in the pound on the rent payable for the year. The receipt should be produced when the allowance is claimed.' There is much more in this than meets the eye at the first glance, and please let it be noted that the italicising of the word 'next' is done by the authorities and not by the present writer. The trick lies in the circumstance that in the application for it this tax is grouped with, and put on the same bill and added in the same total as, the income-tax proper, and the demand for the combined amount is sent out a few days

before Christmas—that is to say, just on the eve of the householder's quarterly rent becoming due. Here is the bait, that if he pays up the property-tax, and with it the real income-tax which is not due yet, and which need not really be paid for from three to six months—if he pays them by return of post he can then get his money back from his landlord when he sends in the rent a day or two later. If he does not do that he cannot get that money returned until the end of the next quarter. Here you have the complete significance of that italicised word 'next' in the collector's note.

Of course it is the middle classes that are chiefly the sufferers by all these methods; and as if all their suffering were not enough, the word is sometimes sent forth from Somerset House to 'put the screw on, and a pretty state of affairs ensues. Threatening papers in red print are issued, spies are set on the trail of persons suspected of being able to pay a little more income-tax than they do, and methods are resorted to which might have been appropriate to the Middle Ages, but which are out of place in the present times. You never know if your next-door neighbour is not in league with the taxers against you. It happens constantly that he is. Your habits and customs are reported upon. You have bought a new carriage for your professional practice; you are moving to a new and bigger house, the rent of which you can ill afford, but which is necessary in order to enhance your business or professional credit; you have bought a fur coat for the winter-all these facts come to the knowledge of the tax-collector, and he arrays them against you as evidence of wealth that is leading to luxury, and he wants another hundred or two hundred pounds added to your assessed income. It is added to and added to until, in desperation, the victim appears before the Court of Inquisition, and is treated as we have seen. We heard some little time since of an authentic case in which it was established that two persons, neighbours living in adjoining houses, had been persuaded to act the spy upon each other. But happily they were led to

Is all this a truly British system, and are we to regard the machinery for the collection of the

income-tax in its present state as moral and legitimate? With such methods as these being practised daily, how can anybody expect that there shall be no resentment, no evasion, no retaliation? There is surely ample justification for them. What is it that gives such a keen edge to this espionage? The surveyors of the several districts get promotion according to their increased yields. One must be forgiven for exulting in the occasional discomfiture of the surveyors and the spies, even though it has cost the nation a trifle and there is so much more to be paid by the other taxpayers. For years a man lived in a house rented at sixty-five pounds a year, next door to that occupied by a surveyor of taxes, who regarded him as of most moderate means and accepted his statement of such a very small income as entitled him to abatement, so that his income-tax as paid was next to nothing. Then the man died, and his will was proved at two hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

Here are the faults, or some of them, of a system of tax-collection which is thoroughly repulsive to all who are subjected to it, and which can scarcely be permitted to continue. Given the desire, and a proper respect for British scruples, it ought not to be beyond the wit of legislators and officials to devise a new system which would be without so many formidable objections. And if the new system were a good one it would very likely pay handsomely for all the trouble taken in its formulation. In the meantime, one would commend these foregoing observations to our friends in France, who are just about to set up an income-tax of their own, after thinking about it for a very long time, and having been greatly worried about the prospect. It is no exaggeration to say that the chief reason why there has been no income tax in France before this is the dread which exists in the public mind against the income-tax spy; and to make the way clear for the introduction of the tax, the Minister of Finance, M. Caillaux, has found it necessary to soothe the public mind and to assure the people in speeches that there should at no time be anything in the nature of prying at houses and into private accounts. The tax shall be 'clean.' And so in due course we shall have to say that this is one more of the things that they do better in France.

HOPPY.

CHAPTER III.



TOLD you so,' said Morrison under his breath, as men and officers drew aloof. 'I felt certain that you'd get into a mess over this business. I never saw a man so savage as the

General was just when we heard the firing and I was explaining about Vare. If it had been done quietly and this poor young fellow had not been knocked out it might have been all

right, especially as you've brought your man in; but, as it is, coming on top of this awful day's work, I'm afraid you'll catch it. I'm dreadfully sorry now that I ever gave you permission to go; but you remember our compact, don't you, Hoppy? I didn't give you leave to quit your guard; you'll remember that, I know.'

'Oh, all right, colonel; don't be alarmed. Of course you didn't give me leave,' answered Hoppy

rather bitterly. 'And now I'll get on my sword again, ready to give it up, I suppose, by-and-by, when the old man has time to send for it. You'll take charge of Vare now, won't you, sir? I see he's coming round.'

Morrison, looking much relieved, called an orderly, and together they got Vare on to his feet. He did not appear much the worse for his wound, and expressed himself as quite able, with a little help, to reach the hospital and have his head properly dressed.

'But wait a moment, colonel,' he said. 'I just want to say two words to Hoppy before I go. I won't keep you long.' And, approaching his rescuer with rather unsteady steps, he said something to

him in a low voice.

'Ah, good chap that,' thought Morrison.
'Knocked half-silly as he is, he won't go away without thanking Hoppy first. I like that, by Gad!'

But the worthy man would have been considerably astonished could he have heard the little captain's speech. It was literally just two words, as he had said, and they were: 'Curse you!'

Then, rejoining the colonel, he went off with him in the direction of the hospital, leaving Hoppy staring after his slight, retreating figure with a look of incredulity upon his face, as if he found it hard to believe that any human being could be guilty of such waspish malevolence.

'Heigh-ho!' he exclaimed as he retired into the privacy of his guardroom and flung himself into a chair to obtain a little rest after his late exertions. 'It seems to me that I have got myself into rather a considerable hole. Quitted my guard without authority; disobeyed the General's personal order not to open the gate; let a crowd of niggers in, thereby causing a poor fellow's death; and created no end of a shindy in the place, right under old Ranger's nose. And for what?' he asked bitterly. 'To save the life of a miserable, illconditioned little sweep who, if he hated me before, hates me now ten times worse in consequence. V.C. irdeed!' He laughed mirthlessly as scraps of conversation from the men outside floated in through the open door, and he caught the magic letters oft repeated, mingled with such sentences as ''Oppy hall hover. Nobody but 'e could ha' brought hoff that larst 'undred yards;' and 'Dirty little hadjutant! 'e warn't worth the sweat,' &c. 'No V.C. for me. I shall consider myself lucky if I get nothing worse than a jacketing, if I know anything of the old man's temper. My sainted aunt, how he glared at me!'

'Ah! I thought as much,' he exclaimed a few minutes later. 'He hasn't been long about it. Here's the first—no, the second—act in the comedy, or tragedy I expect it will turn out to be;' and, rising hastily as the ring of spurs and clang of a scabbard trailing over the rough cobbles of the street became audible, he assumed his sword and

helmet, and prepared to receive what he had a strong presentiment would turn out to be a very unwelcome visitor.

He was not long left in doubt.

'Ah, Hoppy,' said the new-comer, who turned out to be the junior major of the Sooties, 'sorry to have to come on such an errand-deuced sorry, my boy; but-er-another fellow is coming down to take over your guard, and-er-the General's orders are that you are to consider yourself under arrest for the present. Of course it will come all right by-and-by, when the old man has cooled down a bit; but the colonel has sent me for your sword, as the adjutant's not available, and so we'd better make tracks for your quarters at once. Your relief will be here in a minute, so we can leave the sergeant in charge till he comes. I'll take the responsibility of that, and then you will escape the bother of handing over the guard before all the men, and-hang it all, old chap! you know what I mean-let's get away at once. Blow the chief for sending me on this beastly job!' muttered the good fellow feelingly, under his breath.

'Quite ready, major. Please don't mind,' cried Hoppy. 'I was expecting it, and I'm awfully sorry that you should have had the trouble of coming down here; and it's very good of you to let me down so easily.' And then, assuming as cheerful an expression of countenance as he could manage, he followed the major with such a jaunty step that none of the men sitting about on the bench outside the guardroom under the shade of the veranda suspected what had happened as they rose to salute the officers. Calling to the sergeant, the major, in half-a-dozen words, gave him his instructions, and then the two comrades strolled away side by side up the street in earnest conversation, and not one of the numerous onlookers, as they gazed admiringly at the big man who had won so terrible a race against such tremendous odds, suspected the painful relationship in which he now stood towards his companion.

The Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief, closeted together in the former's sanctum sanctorum at Simla, were deep in an animated discussion. They sat at a large table strewn with telegrams, cipher and otherwise, books, papers, and military reports, and every now and then one or other of the great men, interrupting the conversation, would attentively study and perhaps take a note from some portentous-looking official document. Neither of them looked particularly cheerful, although a crushing defeat, with immense slaughter, inflicted on the enemy by a British force, which had taken them by surprise the day after the disaster to the column from Rhanibad, had served to lessen the gravity of the latter in the eyes of the public, and enabled the authorities, by judiciously treating the two battles as but phases of one operation, to calm, not to say successfully HOPPY. 327

hoodwink, those who pay the piper at home. True, 'Taxpayer,' 'Paterfamilias,' 'Mother of Three Soldier Sons,' &c. had, as usual, rushed into print in the hospitable columns of the Daily Telephone; but, also as usual, as we had muddled out all right in the end, the great majority were contented, and these grumblers were speedily forgotten. It was not, then, any violent explosion of indignant public opinion that was worrying the two bigwigs, but a ridiculous yet difficult question that had to be settled-namely, the conduct of an insignificant subaltern on the day of the first battle.

This young man, it appeared, had performed an act of gallantry which had been admired by the whole army, and in consequence had been recommended by his colonel as worthy of the Victoria Cross; but he also happened at the same time to have done something against the General's orders, and the latter, a stern and un-get-at-able warrior, had not only refused point-blank to forward the recommendation, but had applied to the Commander-in-Chief for leave to try the candidate by court-martial.

Of course a simple little matter like this would have been settled in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred in the General's favour, as discipline undoubtedly demanded; but the snubbed colonel of the youth's regiment, the famous and aristocratic Sooties, had set the wires in motion; and not only had two powerful newspapers taken up the cudgels in the culprit's defence, as announced in the cipher telegrams, but his father, Sir Ralph Apner, had also begun to buzz around certain great ones in England. And, worse than anything, Lord Idsworth, a very tower of political strength, whose daughter was engaged to young Apner, had threatened to go on the war-path if his prospective son-in-law was brought to trial.

'I suppose you can't try a man by court-martial and give him a V.C. at the same time and for the same thing, can you?' plaintively asked the

'Quite impossible. Make us the laughing-stock of the whole world if we did,' grunted the Commander-in-Chief irritably. 'Confound the fellow! Why didn't he get bowled over? A nice how-d'yedo we're in, with his nonsense."

The Viceroy coughed. He was a man of peace, and words and sentiments like these offended him, or he pretended they did, which came to the same

thing in the end.

'The question we have to consider,' he said quietly, a shade—only a shade—of reproof in his silken tones, 'is, what course is the safest for us to pursue in the interests of the country? If we grant the court-martial we run a grave risk at the General Election which must come presently; for Idsworth, who has long been wavering, will go over and make the reverse at Rhanibad a party cry, tacking on this matter of Apner's as a case of gross injustice as well. You know how little it needs nowadays to influence the man in the street, and a sentimental affair of this sort will interest the women, and perhaps turn the scale against us.'

'But we cannot afford to flout Ranger either; he's our coming man, you know, and-ahem !-is marked out to succeed me,' modestly remarked the Commander-in-Chief. 'Now that this matter has reached this point of publicity,' he continued, 'nothing will induce him to give way; and if we don't support him, he tells me privately that he will go; and that, when his reasons are known, will be quite as bad for your party, if not worse than Idsworth being against you. Besides, there is no doubt that he has right on his side, and that by refusing his demand for a court-martial we put ourselves completely in the wrong and lay ourselves open to all sorts of charges. No,' he went on very earnestly; 'sorry as I am for Hoppy-ah, humyoung Apner I should say; I've known him from a baby-he must, in my opinion, stand his trial for the sake of discipline; and I hope that you will look at it in that light too, and allow me to grant Ranger's application.'

The Viceroy shifted uneasily in his chair. He knew well enough that the other's arguments were sound, and that he ought to give in to them. Yet beneath that suave exterior lay that innate feeling of rivalry-always present in a greater or less degree between the civilian and the soldier-the dislike of the smooth politician to give way, even in the smaller detail, to the professional exponent of force. He was also painfully alive to the fact that, should his forebodings become realised and Lord Idsworth carry out his threat, his colleagues in the Government, from the Prime Minister downwards, would unitedly lay the blame on his shoulders if harm to the sacred 'party' came of it. Looked at from any point of view, his position was a difficult one, and it seemed to the worried statesman that, whether Ranger resigned or Idsworth made himself obnoxious, he would be held responsible in either

He turned the matter over in his mind for several minutes, and at last, looking gloomily at the waiting Commander-in-Chief, who had been watching him anxiously, with nevertheless a look of pity on his rugged features, for he quite appreciated his friend's dilemma, he exclaimed with a weary sigh, 'Well, well, have it your own way. I dare say you are right; and, after all, when you come to consider it, it's a purely military matter. Nevertheless, just at this ticklish time it may well prove the insignificant lever that shall upset the Government; in which case, of course, I should be obliged to go with them. Plague take these hot-headed young soldiers and their decoration-hunting! I hope Mr Apner will get well pitched into, although he is a friend of yours, General.'

'He'll get what he deserves; no more and no

less,' shortly replied the Commander-in-Chief; and then he gathered his numerous papers together and abruptly took his departure. 'Ugh!' he grunted as he joined his waiting military secretary in the room outside. 'These civilians, strict as they are in their private capacities, seem ready to do any job where the interests of their own political party are concerned. It was only Ranger's threat of resignation, which he knew would put him in a hole, that made his lordship do the obviously

'Pon my soul, I don't understand right thing.

'em.' 'Ouf!' exclaimed the Viceroy as the door closed behind his late visitor. 'These soldiers are the very deuce, with their pride and their rigid notions of discipline. And he's known this lad from his babyhood, too-called him Hoppy-and insists on trying him! Well, upon my word, I don't understand them.'

20

(To be continued.)

RAISING SUNKEN VESSELS.

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY.



HE raising of sunken vessels has become so common that steamships weighing thousands of tons have been lifted to the surface of the ocean in places where the water was so deep that their hulls were

completely submerged. The invention of the pontoon and powerful pumping machinery has made the operation practicable. It has been planned to raise a great warship from Havana harbour, however, by a method which is entirely different from the usual way of lifting vessels, for a hole must be made in the middle of the harbour in order to accomplish the feat. The undertaking brings to mind the story in the Scriptures where the waters of the Red Sea were divided, for literally they must be separated here by a great circular wall.

The harbour at Havana is one of the largest on the western continent, and is entered by ships drawing thirty feet of water and more. At the place where the hole is to be made in it the depth is about forty feet, but beneath are many feet of soft mud through which the wall-makers must penetrate in order to have their work on a solid foundation. When it is stated that this hole will be no less than three hundred and fifty feet across at its greatest diameter, and will be circular in form, a further idea of the great task involved will be obtained. But engineers who have made a careful examination say it is the only possible way by which the battleship Maine can be removed from her grave beneath the waters, and this is the reason why it has been decided to undertake the project.

By a mysterious explosion, which resulted in the destruction of the Maine and many of her crew, an opening was torn in the bottom of the battleship, causing her to sink in a few minutes to the bottom of the harbour, where she had been lying at anchor. Divers who examined the wreck say that the explosion occurred underneath the bow, and injured so much of the vessel that only by turning the part of the harbour in which she lies into dry land can the Maine ever be raised and repaired.

The plan which has been decided upon by the engineers is to build what is called a coffer-dam of

mammoth proportions. It will be a perfect circle in form, completely surrounding the sunken ship. Really the dam will consist of two, for it will be composed of an outer and an inner wall, separated from each other by about eight feet of space. This will be done in order to use the water between the walls to help to resist the pressure of the water on the outside of the dam. Each wall will be composed of stout wooden planks no less than three inches in thickness. The ends of each plank will be fitted with teeth or serrated, so that they will be joined together by what a carpenter calls a dovetail; but in addition they will be fastened by long spikes. Between the walls will be placed other timbers both directly across and in a diagonal direction, so that the top of the dam will look like a row of hour-glasses or gigantic letter X's.

One of the perplexing questions, however, is how to get a base firm enough for the dam to rest upon without allowing the water from the harbour to force its way under the walls. To provide this foundation, cribs loaded with iron rails and other heavy weights will be sunk. The cribs are hollow squares made of framework of heavy timber, merely intended to keep the ballast which will form the foundation in the proper position. They will be so heavy that they will sink through the soft mud to the clay and rock which form the solid bottom. Then divers will place more ballast on top of the cribs, so as to afford a level surface on which to set the dam. The joint between the lower part of the dam and the cribs will be covered with rows of bags filled with sand

to prevent further leakage. But the designers had to plan how to prevent the dam from being crushed by the pressure of the waters outside. Any one who is familiar with the enormous force which water exerts will know that the strengthening of the timber walls will be a most important part of the work. The dam was planned in the form of a circle because its shape will thus constitute a double arch, giving it far more resisting power than if it were built square or oblong in shape. One cubic foot of sea-water weighs a little over sixty-four pounds.

At the depth of thirty feet it is calculated that

every square foot of the outer wall will have a pressure of no less than one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine pounds against it, or nearly one ton; but, as the pressure will be equal on all sides of the dam at this depth, the weight of the water on one side will to a certain extent counteract the weight of the water on the other side. This fact has been utilised by the engineers in their plans. While the walls will be of equal thickness from top to bottom, the bracing between them will be much stronger as the depth of water increases, so that at the bottom the timbers and bolts will be more massive and more numerous than at the top. If a framework could be built across the space enclosed by the dam, it would, of course, be greatly strengthened; but the battleship takes up so much room that it is impossible to do this, so a structure must be built which will be strong enough to keep out the sea without any interior aid.

After the dam is completed the next step will be to make the hole inside. Of course this must be done by removing the water with powerful steam-punpa. As the Maine takes up considerable space, so much water will have to be taken out that this part of the undertaking will be by no means small, yet it will be the least difficult of any portion of the work. When

the water has been lowered sufficiently, a timber framework will be placed beneath the wrecked ship, for it is intended to repair the Maine so that she can be floated and taken from port to port in the United States, to be exhibited as a sort of memorial museum. The machinery in the vessel alone cost nearly a million dollars. It is believed much of this can be again utilised. Parts of the equipment are to be made into souvenirs of brass, bronze, and copper, and sold to relic-hunters. After the ship has been exhibited in the various cities of the United States, if she can be repaired sufficiently for service she may be sold and again take her place as one of the battleships of the sea. But the armour-plate of the Maine is believed to be worth the outlay to be spent in raising her, as when new it cost no less than five hundred dollars a ton, being harveyised steel. In short, the company who has secured permission from the Cuban Government to remove the vessel from the harbour believes that it will be able to get back the whole expense of the operation, as the Maine originally cost no less than five million dollars to build and equip. The engineers estimate that fully one-fifth of this sum must be expended in making this great hole in the sea and pumping out the water about the wreck.

THE BRIDGE-WARDEN.

By Owen Oliver.

PART I



WAS born in the wardhouse overlooking the narrow bridge of gray stone that spans the Loar; and the nurse—so she often said—carried me straight to the window to look out

ship of the bridge had been in the family for two hundred years, since six of my ancestors fell there covering the retreat of their king, who, with royal gratitude, had granted to John Rix, whose name I bear, and to his lineal descendants, the right to take toll of all who passed so long as the bridge stood.

Old age had come upon it in my day, and it was held together rather by the weight of the stones, and the moss and weeds which clung round them and filled their joints, than by the crumbling mortar. Often, as a boy, I watched awesomely as it shook in the winter wind; and it trembled whenever a carriage passed. There was room for this and no more, for I could hold a hand over each side at once when full grown (being a large man). It seemed strange, indeed, that it had endured so long, for it stretched seventy feet from one sheer bank to the other, supported only by two warped stone piers; but I deemed it would last my time, and never doubted to take toll, in my graybeard age, as my forefathers had done. It was a liveli-

hood for a man and his family, for there was traffic to and from the coast, and the fords were many miles round, and impassable in the rainy seasons of the year.

There was a time, however, when I was like to forfeit my privilege. My mother-God rest her !died when I came, and my father scarce forgave me to the end for costing him so dear; and since he showed small pleasure in my company, and great impatience of my youthful freaks and follies, I left home when a lad and took service in the wars in France. I rose to be captain of a company of mercenaries, and dreamed, as boys do, of rising to be a great leader. But my soldiercraft lay in my arm rather than in my head; and, coming to the wiser age of thirty, I judged my chances of further advancement but small. So, thinking it better to sit at the bridge than to march in the field, I claimed my discharge, and, taking such moneys as were due to me-I was never unthrifty-made my way home.

I returned none too soon; for my father had died some months before, and I found a crafty knave of a scrivener installed in my house, pleading leave and license of the Lady of Eastlake, who had lately come of age and been freed from warlship, and ruled the lands between the river and the sea.

The man could not look me fairly in the eyes; but he drew out a long roll of parchment and read many outlandish phrases that were neither English nor French, and argued his rights with much citation of the law till I pricked him with the point of my sword. Then he fled, shricking as if all the fiends were after him, and threatening me with the wrath of his patroness.

The lady herself rode out with a following the next morning to demand the house from me, and rated me with many angry words. A tall, headstrong maid she was, and one to gladden a soldier's

I heard her in patience, knowing that a woman's eyes. tongue must run, until her breath seemed ex-Then I told her calmly that by the King's gift the wardenship of the bridge was mine, and the right to take toll from those who passed thereon; and she had no power to grant leave or license otherwise. 'Unless,' I concluded courteously, 'you can show me warrant, madam.'

'Warrant!' She tossed back her hair and turned a little to the men-at-arms. 'My warrant is easy to

'I am a poor scholar, madam,' I answered; 'for I read.' can read nothing there to set aside the King's word; and I will move from here for no other.'

She tossed back her hair again, which was a trick

'Your blood be upon your own head,' she cried, if you are foolhardy enough to resist a

'Nay, madam,' I said, 'upon yours, since you would set twenty men upon one who but holds his own,

She bit her lip and hesitated; for a woman is swift of speech but slow to action, and I think her heart was softer than her words. But her men began to move in upon me, and I drew my sword sharply. The flash of the steel frightened her steed, and suddenly he reared and threw his mistress. I dropped my sword to catch her, and staggered against the doorway with her in my arms. Then I set her courteously upon the ground. Her men would have seized me unarmed, but she turned and drove them back and stamped her

'Fie!' she cried. 'Fie! He has dropped his sword to aid me!' Then she turned to me and bowed. Zounds! she was a fair maid.

- 'I have no mind to set twenty on one, Master John Rix, she said, even were it not that I owe you some thanks for saving me from the stones. They tell me that you have fought in the wars and gained much honour.'
 - 'I fought in the wars, madam,' I told her.
 - What rank held you?
 - 'I was captain of a company.'
 - 'Will you take my service, and be captain of four ?'
 - 'You honour me greatly, madam,' I replied; 'but I am weary of serving.'

She looked at me under her eyelashes; and a woman's eyes have won more soldiers than all the silver of the King.

·

'Would my service be so irksome to you, sir?' she 'It would be pleasant service,' I vowed, 'but asked.

She laughed merrily. 'Think you to dangerous. Why?

lose your head in it?' 'My hand can guard my head,' I answered; 'but

there is no guard for my heart. Therein I spoke lightly, thinking a compliment, even to so great a lady, not amiss. Yet by accident

I touched the truth. The lady tried vainly to frown down my boldness, but laughed outright at last.

'Keep your heart,' she said, shrugging her shoulders, 'and your tottering bridge; but I will pay no toll when I pass.'

'My eyes will take toll every time,' I answered boldly, forgetting too much the difference in our

She glanced hotly at me for a moment, and gave degree. herself a haughty shake; but she spoke no more till I had helped her to mount and she was riding away. Then she bent down from her saddle and whispered quietly:

'I will take toll of you, Master Rix, before I have done. Every dog has his day, and this is

'You speak truly, madam,' I whispered, as softly yours; but'-To-day I have held the world in my as she. arms.'

She flushed like a fire that is fanned, and gave her horse the spur; and I stood bareheaded, looking

'So,' I mused, 'my tongue has run too far; after her. and it is war between us, my proud lady! I am like to fare the worse; but you will remember that John Rix the bridge-warden held you in his arms. What a maid of maids it is!'

I held counsel with myself how the lady would seek her revenge on me; and it seemed likely that she would take occasion of some error of mine to lay a case before the King to deprive me of my wardenship. So I was wary in my doings and gave offence to none. But when I came to know her I found that I had judged her wrongfully, since she was above all underhand doings. So next I thought that she spoke without intent, as woman will, and would have no revenge at all on me. But she stopped whenever she rode my way unattended—and that was often—and greeted me fairly, and spoke with me as with an equal, laughing and looking at me with her great eyes, and displaying many little airs and graces; and then it dawned on my slow understanding that she would take her toll in another way, with a woman's weapons; and pay I must, and pay I did in many a peevish day and restless night. Yet I concealed my vanquishment from her, and looked her fairly in the face, and answered her speech like one heart-free, lest she should laugh me to scorn.

'The King bids me to Court to find a husband,' she told me, glancing to see if I winced. 'What think you, Master John?'

'That if you tarry too long the King will find a husband for you,' I answered.

'Even so he vows,' she said; 'but it seems that none will dare.'

'It needs daring, madam,' I answered, shrugging my shoulders. 'But there are some who lack the wisdom to fear, and one will come riding over my bridge some day.'

'And then?' She smiled at me.

'And then-I shall take toll of him.' I slapped my pocket till the coins jingled.

'If he is bold enough to come for me without my leave,' she declared, 'he will be bold enough to pass without yours.'

'If he is bold enough to pass without my leave,' I retorted, 'he is bold enough to take you without

'Truly,' she vowed, 'that would need a braver man than you, Master John.'

I contradicted her not, believing that she tried to tempt me to my downfall, and having no mind to give her occasion to laugh my presumptuous folly to scorn. Though I doubted that the event would find her nearer to tears than laughter. For she was a true-hearted maid, her wilfulness withal, and when she had won her revenge, would think less of her victory than of my hurt, and be like to blame herself for playing with me. Sometimes I was minded to be open and tell her so; but then I knew she would come my way no more, and, poor love sick fool that I was! the day had no light unless I saw her. So I piqued her still that she might come; and, since she permitted me to speak fankly with her, I advised her concerning her marriage as a friend to whom her welfare was dear, and especially that she did unwisely to flout

'A great lady like you must marry,' I said, 'and have a husband to rule her lands, and heirs to govern them after her. Among the nobles of the Court there may be some whom you would like well, and a wilful maid makes often a willing

'I will make none,' she cried hotly.

'It is worse to be an unwilling one, and if you try the King too long he may send you a husband little to your liking.'

'Then I will send him back again.' She drew herself up hotly. 'I have four hundred good men to hasten him on his way, and perhaps one more. For you would take my service then, Master

'Nay, madam,' I answered. 'My service would not profit you, and I am grown too old to fight a

Then she grew angry, and cried that I was a coward, and she wanted none in her service; and touched her horse with the spur and rode away, leaping the hedges and brooks in her reckless

Toward the end of the summer there came across my bridge a messenger from London, a lusty man with a fearless voice and a soldier's bearing; and I saw on his wallet the royal arms. He paid treble toll and took no change, and asked the road to my lady's castle; and my mind misgave me. It misgave me more when he returned, looking angrily and biting his moustache; and as he flung me a coin he cried that he would pay no toll when next he came my way. So I judged that he thought to return with the King's army, which passes free.

The next morning I was early at my door, looking for my lady, and not in vain.

She was flushed with riding fast, and could scarce stop her steed till I caught at the bridle. 'It will gladden your heart to know that you

will take your toll soon,' she cried, tossing back her hair.

I steadied my look and voice with difficulty.

'It is as it should be, lady,' I said, 'if he is a good man and worthy of you.

'That might easily be,' she said, with a bitterness in her voice, 'as you think of me. But even you will scarce think so of-the Earl of Lanby.' She looked across the river, where his earldom lay as far as the eye could see.

'The Earl of Lanby!' I grated my teeth for a moment; for the Earl was well at fighting, and ill at all else. 'I have been a soldier, lady, and drilled to hold that the King can work no evil; else I had said that he has done you grievous wrong.'

'The wrong is not yet done,' she cried. 'I will defy the King; and now, will you serve me, John ?'

I leaned one arm upon her horse and stared across the narrow gray bridge, and seemed to see myself and a few good men holding it against the army; but I saw them, in my mind's eye, surrounding us by the fords and taking us in the rear, and myself hanged—that mattered not—and her men; and I shook my head.

'My life is little to me, madam,' I said, 'if it would profit you; but it would not. You will but add to your bitterness the humiliation of defeat. Neither will I ask your men to follow me in so hopeless a cause. You cannot resist the King.

'Do I care so little for my brave men-or for you?'she cried. 'Ask them to follow you-and me -across the water. Discipline them into soldiers worthy of the acceptance of the King of France. They would fain serve under you, John; for they say that you are a good soldier, and that there is no swordsman like you in France.

I had, indeed, some skill with the weapon, and her men-at-arms loved to learn from me.

She smiled down at me as she sat on her horse;

and I was sore tempted, but steeled my heart against her wiles.

'No, madam,' I answered. 'I am yours to the death if I can render you useful service; but I will not serve the enemies of my King.'

She swerved her horse aside, pulling angrily at the rein.

'You are a poltroon,' she cried—'a poor knave with no mind above taking toll at your bridge. Come against me with the army of your King!' And with that she was gone.

I stood gloomily looking after her till she was out of sight; then I walked out upon the bridge and sat upon the parapet, staring moodily at the

water and communing with myself.

I was ready enough to fight for her, even against the King, if that would save her from a distasteful marriage—for the thought that I would not have her love her husband I dismissed as unworthy; but this was beyond my power; and even if I refused service against my countrymen, I saw no profit in following her to France. Since my presumptuous love for her grew every day, I should but increase my tortures by seeing her, and at the end should dance at her marriage with some finnicking French nobleman whom I could stifle with one arm. To France, I resolved firmly, I would not go.

There was only one way in which I could free her from the need of flight to escape this hateful marriage. If I could meet the Earl and kill him! They would kill me afterwards; but that would not matter, for life held nothing but trouble for me since she was out of my reach. But I could not bring myself to so unsoldierly a deed as to take him unaware, and he would disdain single combat with one of my degree. Indeed, they would thrust me from his doors if I sought audience of him.

I pondered all day upon the matter, and, thinking still of it at night, I could not sleep. So I rose and dressed, and went out on the bridge and rested my arms on the parapet and looked down on the river hurrying by. There had been a storm in the evening, and the wreckage of the trees raced down the stream, and sometimes a great bough struck one of the slender piers and made the bridge tremble. The wind blew fiercely towards Lanby, and the keen air and the cold moon peeping through the scurrying clouds chilled my hot passion to a pensive mood.

I had stood there a while when I heard, beyond the far end of the bridge, a sound that I knew. I should have recognised it before but for the contrary wind. It was the thud of horses at a trot—horses

that were ridden in close order together.

I thought with a quickness unusual to me—though my wits are apt to wake at times of action—it could not be the King's army, for the messenger had barely returned. It must be the crafty Earl coming with a force to seize my lady ere she fled to France, as one might well judge she was like to do. There was no time to run back and saddle my mare to give warning. I could but die for her.

(To be continued.)

A NEW AUTOMATIC RAILWAY COUPLING.

By J. E. WHITBY.



HE question of automatic railway coupling is one that has long been recognised by all civilised nations as of vital importance; and the news, therefore, that a Belgian inventor has surmounted the difficulties hitherto

met in producing a perfect apparatus is of the greatest interest to all.

The absolute necessity for doing away with the dangerous practice of hand-coupling railway cars is freely admitted, and America has legislated against it; but the actual invention which should assure absolute security to the life and limb of railway servants, that would minimise labour, and effect a saving in the wear and tear of rolling stock, while relieving railway companies of the expense of pensions and compensation sums in case of accident—this perfect invention had yet to be produced.

Now, however, Belgium claims to have a perfect automatic coupler ready for use. For some time experiments have been going on at the railway siding of Ghent-Terneuzen, where the engineer-in-

chief has greatly perfected the machine; and tests that would seem to prove that the great question is solved at last have been taking place at the Government railway works at Ghent.

The experiments are actually the result of a discussion in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies on the immediate necessity for legislation with regard to automatic coupling, and this special invention was mentioned as meeting all requirements. Further, it has been carefully examined by the Belgian Technical Commission in committee for the Government, which pronounced in its favour, saying 'nothing now remains but to put it into practice,' and expressing perfect confidence in the result. And in this idea they are supported by the advantages possessed by the Belgian system over all those inventions hitherto presented; these being its simplicity, its cheapness, and the fact that it is simply an addition to the car or wagon as it stands, requiring no remodelling or alteration in the frame, a matter of great moment to railway companies. For were it necessary to have fresh cars and wagons made, an immediate heavy outlay would be unavoidable before which any company might shrink when remembering its shareholders; and, moreover, traffic would be so disorganised while the adoption of the new cars was taking place as to assure further heavy loss. This is one of the drawbacks to the model adopted in America, in which the buffers are entirely removed or placed in the centre.

That, indeed, was one of the chief difficulties to be grappled with by the inventor, M. de Vlieger, who, it may be mentioned, is a distinct embodiment of the old saying, 'a round peg in a square hole.' Nature built his brain for an engineer, but the circumstances of his parents were against his being educated for that calling, and, like many another lad, he had to take up a somewhat uncongenial occupation. But despite the fact that he has risen, like the Egyptian in the time of Pharaoh, to the post of 'chief baker,' being actually the Court baker in Brussels, and possessing a fine business, he has spent every spare moment in inventing all kinds of things, from a new sort of braces for men's greater comfort in wear to the automatic railway coupler under consideration, which it is believed will save thousands of lives annually by doing away with hand-coupling by railway servants. The enormous loss of life and the great suffering entailed by the present system weighed on the mind of M. de Vlieger, and he set himself to invent some piece of machinery that should meet the difficulty.

Just at that moment Russia offered a very large prize for such an invention, and M. de Vlieger was one of those who sent in suggestions. Unfortunately, the sudden and disastrous opening of the Japanese war threw the idea into the shade, and nothing more was heard of the competition. Four of the plans, however, came into the hands of the Belgian Government, and of these, three have been eliminated, leaving only that of M. de Vlieger for the final experiments. As with all inventions made by men not practical engineers, certain alterations have had to be made in the original designs, and these have been made by F. von Balluscoh's patents.

Roughly speaking, the idea is that of a hook and eye, one of each being placed at the end of every car, so that the hook always meets the eye, and the coupling is, therefore, double. Both are jointed so as to allow of play at curves, the contrivance being placed between the buffers and at the same height.

It may be said, further to explain the action of the coupler, that the 'eye' is in reality an inclined plane, smaller at the top, slotted, and with that heavy turned-over border known as a flange. The hook, with its flat, square head, is pushed up the incline by the very slightest touch, and falls over a bolt, where it is securely held by the heavy flange until uncoupling is desired. No supervision is needed for coupling, the machine acting with the

most gentle advance of wagon to wagon as well as by a more sudden impact; and uncoupling is quite as simple, requiring only one man outside the wagon. He releases the bolt with one hand, thus allowing the hook to drop between the slots of the 'eye' nearest to him, and with the other pulls a chain attached to a lever that releases the bolt on the opposite side. One of the great advantages of the Belgian system, also, is that coupling can easily be done at curves, and both couplers act effectively on a curve of two hundred and thirty feet, the stiffest curve to be met with on railway lines. Indeed, during the tests an attempt was made to join fifteen-ton wagons on a curve of one hundred and fifteen feet used merely to send damaged cars to the workshop. Even here one coupler acted perfectly, and the second took up its work immediately the locomotive had moved to a slightly less severe bend. Meanwhile it was found impossible to couple at all by the hand-system in present use with such a radius.

The inventors of this boon to mankind have realised that it will be difficult to adopt the system all at once, and the old-fashioned hook still remains in the centre of the Belgian contrivance, while the chains also are left. The Belgian hook and eye can be lifted out of the way under bars when an up-to-date wagon meets one behind the times, and this, of course, will allow the railway companies to adopt the Belgian plan by degrees.

There is no doubt that the invention will confer a great boon on humanity, for it will not only do away with the risks to railway servants, but ensure greater comfort to passengers, for the tightening of the coupling, making for less oscillation with passenger trains, is so well arranged by means of side-winders that the movement is of the slightest. In addition to this, the saving in the wear and tear of railway material will be enormous, for it will be no longer necessary to drive cars heavily together to secure a coupling which is not only double, and therefore far stronger, but which requires no supervision, and is absolutely incapable of becoming undone.

This invention now only needs the final seal of approbation of the International Railway Congress, before which the Belgian Government will lay it when the time arrives. We understand that the coupling is to be definitely adopted by the Belgian Government. When it is remembered that in Great Britain alone one hundred and twelve railway men came by their deaths during three years, and that forty thousand were injured by being compelled to work at the hand-coupling of railway cars, every one will be glad to learn that there will be no future need of risk of such frightful accidents. It is interesting to remember that Belgium, which is presenting the world with this inestimable blessing, was the first nation on the Continent to adopt railways

'I CANNOT LOVE A COWARD, BY MY FAITH!'

By F. G. AFLALO.



I hate a coward !'

As Olga stood before them with this passionate declaration, an uncomfortable hush fell on the party. Her old father, who had just been setting the chess-table for silent

battle with his son-in-law elect, knocked over three pawns, a bishop, and a snuff-box, the last with disastrous results. Her young sister was glad of the excuse afforded by the too aromatic cloud that filled the air, for had she not sneezed she must have screamed. Geoffrey Larbalestier, whose pale complexion and stooping shoulders told of the scientific student in great cities, stood self-confessed, unwilling or unable to defend the part he had played in the confession that had elicited Olga's maidenly indignation.

It had not been a very romantic story; yet, told as he alone could have told it, there was no lack of human interest even though the mise en scène were the Malebolgian atmosphere of the District Railway before electricity had been called in to purify its tunnels. They had been discussing heroism, and particularly that form of it which inspired disregard for danger in face of sudden emergency. Olga, who held strong views on the subject of physical courage, and who had somehow, though at no apparent sacrifice, earned among her little circle the reputation of a 'dame sans paour'-she liked the old French spelling as suggesting a Bayard in petticoats—had asserted her conviction that courage lurked where least suspected; and she laughingly declared that even Geoffrey, torn suddenly from his beloved microscope, would find himself doing deeds of daring if only the occasion should arise. For herself, her one regret was that unkind fate sent no chance of proving her superiority to vulgar fear.

Her opinion struck some answering chord in the man she had promised to marry a month hence; and, with a fearlessness that he had hardly during the last few hours given himself credit for, he had held up his head and told in straight and manly language, and without attempt at exculpation, a little experience of that afternoon which at once proved and disproved her theory—proved it for the type, disproved it for the individual.

After a hard day's research-work with the microscope at South Kensington, he had paced the platform of the District station, wrapped in smoky fog and far from the crowd which gathered round the brighter illumination of the bookstall. The only other individual in sight was a gigantic labourer in corduroys, holding by a string a mongrel cur, in which none of three types predominated. The

poor beast bore marks of starvation and neglect, but had the great appealing eyes and almost human expression, the expression in which some one has recognised the missing of a soul, often more noticeable in mongrels than in dogs of breed. As if conscious of impending doom, this canine derelict whimpered in the murky darkness, and of a sudden turned on the man and feebly, half-heartedly bit him in the leg. The human brute, who through his coarse hide could scarcely have felt so slight a token of hostility, made use of a filthy expression and kicked the poor little beast in the side with such violence that, as he had loosed his hold of the string at its collar, sent it off the platform.

It all happened in the drawing of a breath, and at the same instant the signal-light changed colour and a distant boom, with a rush of smoke from the tunnel, told that the train was near. The little dog dragged itself between the metals and whimpered feebly. Geoffrey expostulated with the man, and received blasphemous counsel in return, with the information that, if he liked to pull the dog out of danger, he could call it his own. To jump off the platform and carry the poor little brute out of danger could, if done at once, entail very But a delay of more than two or little risk. three seconds might be fatal. Geoffrey made a step towards the edge of the platform; and the brute beside him, knowing him apparently better than he knew himself, laughed cynically.

'Go it, toff, and ye'll get the bloomin' V.C.'

Geoffrey did not get beyond the edge.

'Wot! funk it? Well, I'm blowed! 'Ere goes, anyway.'

Without a moment's hesitation, the man who had just sent a dog to its death without a qualm leapt in front of the advancing lights, caught the dog by the scruff of its neck, and just flung himself forward as the cry of 'Stand back!' came from both sides of the station. Amid the cheers of the crowd, which saw only the heroism and knew nothing of the prelude, the man and his charge were dragged from under the locomotive, the man with a crushed leg and unconscious, the dog still whimpering, but otherwise unhurt.

And Geoffrey, who had chided, yet had not the courage to act, shrank in abasement in a corner of an empty compartment, feeling that the very faces in the advertisements of perfect soaps and patent foods were laughing at his want of spirit.

So he had told his story.

'No,' was Olga's next remark, 'I could never trust myself. I would rather marry your workman!'

'Really, Olga,' was the old man's remark, 'you

are like a tragedy queen. How do you know that you would have done otherwise?'

'I am sorry, papa, but I could not keep my promise to Geoffrey after what he has told us."

Quietly, and with a touch of the dramatic style which came from a grandmother who had once charmed Petersburg with her acting, she drew the half-hoop from her finger and laid it on the table beside the chess-board.

Geoffrey, who had said nothing since telling his story, now protested, though only in a self-deprecating fashion, as if conscious that he deserved no

'Surely, Olga, this is not the end?'

'It is the end, Geoffrey.'

She left the room, and Geoffrey shrugged his shoulders and then left the house.

Next afternoon Olga Varley descended from the omnibus opposite her favourite tea-shop and walked quickly down the side-street which led to the British Museum, where she was engaged on some of the lighter literary cribbage by which many young ladies supplement their dress allowance, spending their earnings, which their poorer sisters devote to bread and butter, on smart hats and other aids to the unnatural selection which culminates in matrimony. A bright spot burned on either cheek, not so much from the recollection of her renunciation of last night as because of the news and map-shots in that morning's Daily Error, a copy of which was clenched in her little hand. It contained sensational pictures of the latest bomb outrage in Moscow, the real object of which, a Grand Duke, had escaped without a scratch, while the victims were an aged general, a little child, and the per-Petrator herself, a young woman who but the day before had been the toast of the students. Olga's veins ran Russian blood. Her name had been borne by five generations of a Petersburg family well known in dramatic and literary circles, and inherited poison was distilled in her mind. She saw nothing dastardly in the abortive attempt on a tyrant's life, nothing appropriate in the retribution. Dynamite for autocrats was her motto; she envied Anna Karenina, whose mangled remains now awaited burial by the police, and felt that she too, in other circumstances, might have been a heroine if fate had not made her a writer of blameless fiction.

Full of resentment at so prosaic a destiny, she walked past the porters at the gate with her head high in the air, past the strutting pigeons in the courtyard, for which she had always had a word and sometimes even a crumb, and so through the

The Rotunda of the British Museum may be conducive to study, but, lacking the bright decoration of its fellow at Washington, it is not enliven-

Those who frequent it are in keeping with the building, and there is about them a remarkable homogeneity, the indefinable quality of men and women who crowd there bent on one purpose. The dead, who knew how to write, are exhumed by the living, who do not.

Olga, who wanted some notes on a period of Russian history, on the unsavoury fabric of which she was raising an unpretentious shocker of Nihilism and fierce Tartar amours, threw her gloves down on the blotting-pad of I 18, one of several vacant seats near the swing glass-doors, and turned up her nose at a mild-eyed Oriental, who stared with Persian admiration at his smart neighbour through high-power glasses that had, for want of more alluring occupation, been focussed on a frivolous tome concerned with the hieratic ostraka and papyri.

Having thus retained I 18 for her own beheat, Olga went to the centre of the room to write out some fresh slips from the catalogues, after which she deposited them in the basket and returned to her place with a volume of an Encyclopædia to while away the interval until the long-suffering attendant should bring some, at any rate, of her desiderata.

Then she glanced abstractedly through the proofs of her last instalment in The Woman at Large, the thrilling scene in which the English governess rushed back into a burning château on the Neva and rescued the crippled child of a Nihilist exiled to Siberia, whom she was eventually, when the stipulated hundred and fifty thousand words were approaching completion, to wed in romantic circumstances not yet fully evolved.

Suddenly she realised that I 17 was no longer empty, but was occupied by what at first sight looked like the back-view of the late Sir Henry Irving as Othello. The individual, who gave but slight promise of beauty on nearer inspection, pushed a little paper parcel to the back of the desk, covered it over with a black velvet cloth like that used by photographers anxious to shut out all worldly distraction from their eye when focussing on a ground-glass plate, and suddenly turned to look up at the gallery. Olga gazed with extraordinary fascination on the face, not so much because it resembled that which the Man in the Iron Mask of her imaginings would have disclosed had he been permitted, as for the undoubted identity which it betrayed with a famous anarchist refugee badly wanted by the Italian police. The man was certainly starving, and probably insane. The skin was the colour of parchment; the eyes burned with the fires of great, perhaps fearful, purposes; a goatlike beard, depending below hollow cheekbones, lent a touch of the satyr. On his far-off gaze the spectacle of a goodlooking young woman staring at him, her lips parted, her breath held in suspense, had no more effect than had she been a windmill. Even as she looked, unable to avert her eyes from a face

1

that she had last seen in the weekly illustrated papers on the occasion of the failure of a demand for the owner's extradition, the man, muttering audibly, though unintelligibly, to himself, pushed back his chair and passed out through the doors, leaving the black bag covered by the black cloth on the desk.

Disturbed by this apparition, and relieved more than she could say by its removal, Olga opened the Encyclopædia at the article that interested her, and tried, as mechanically she turned the pages, to concentrate her thoughts upon the subject. Subconsciously she heard the ticking of the clock, rhythmic, insistent, dominating. Of the clock? But had she ever before heard anything of the Museum clock but its striking? With a cold thrill down her spine, she looked up, and slowly, irresistibly, her eyes followed the direction of the sound until they rested on the black cloth. The ticking came from inside the parcel! Beads of perspiration started on her white brow; in the porches of her ears was that curious buzzing which we associate with crises great and small, with the passing of a valued life or a visit to the dentist. Where now were her heroics? Where her contempt of Geoffrey? Where her yearning for the martyr's crown? For here, she never doubted it, lay an internal machine timed to wreck that fane of priceless treasures and to mangle all those poor studious sheep as soon as the mad miscreant who left it there had got clear of the neighbourhood. Oh! to blow up autocrats and grand dukes and chiefs of police was a hero's mission, but to wreak such blind vengeance on the unoffending crowd of dullards copying wisdom that other dullards might read was the vile crime of an Ishmael inspired by madness.

She would seize the bag and rush with it to the attendants at the gate. She, no doubt, would perish in the attempt; but the Museum would be saved, and Geoffrey would ponder-as he contemplated her last photograph (a becoming one by Alice Hughes) in the Sphere and Sketch, which enshrine in their weekly Valhalla some that deserve honour and others that do not-the justice of her refusal of him. Should she hesitate, with the way so clear before her? She did not. She fled hurriedly from the room, but without the parcel; left her gloves beside the open Encyclopædia, and on the next desk left that dread something ticking away the lives of men. Once outside the gates, within which she had behaved circumspectly like a criminal cunning to avoid capture, she ran until she was on the footboard of an omnibus bound east. Her heart beat violently; every moment she expected to hear the death-roar of the national library. She did not come out of her trance until the bus was delayed at the top of Cheapside. Then curiosity got the better of discretion. She was, after all, of the same sex as Lot's wife, and must look back even if the city were burning. She got down, and clambered on the roof of another bus going west. The air seemed charged with dynamite. Cockney newsboys

were bawling the headlines of a fresh outrage at Odessa. Olga glanced furtively at the sky ahead, and for a moment her heart stopped beating. Then, with a sickly smile at her own fears, she realised that she had mistaken the good-night rally of the winter sun for the reflection of a great blaze.

A few minutes later she alighted opposite Mudies'. There was no crowd. The Museum was still intact. Evidently the blow had yet to fall, but for the life of her she could not run away, but felt herself drawn by an irresistible force within the building. Through the glass doors she peered, and there sat the Italian poring peacefully over a great volume on the reading-slope. Beside him, half-covered by the baneful cloth, was one of those cheap alarumclocks which wake domestic drudges from dreams in which they walk in the ermine of duchesses. Olga felt a catch at the throat. Thank Heaven! none had known of her stupid mistake, and she might still preserve her respect and reputation as an unrecognised heroine. Not, like Geoffrey, would she tell them all of her miserable cowardice. She could still hold up her head. But could she?

That night she went early to her room and wrote a long letter, pausing now and then as if she would throw it in the fire that burned brightly in the hearth, but going resolutely to the end. Then she addressed it to Geoffrey's chambers, and went out to post it herself in the pillar at the corner.

Next morning the family was still at breakfast when the bell rang with no uncertain summons. Olga, her face flooding with colour, left the table and went to the door.

'Oh, Geoffrey!'

Well, dear, it seems that we are a pair.

Geoffrey, can you ever forgive me? Geoffrey could.

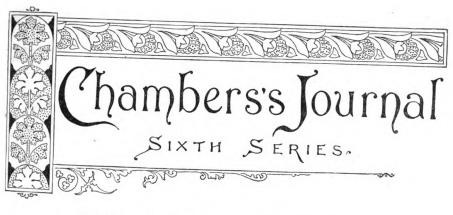
IN THE OFFING.

FAR out, where white sails dip and lift Their swelling bosoms on the verge Of waters, there's a ship that waves A sunlit sail all day.

Her helm has taught her many a shift; Still far to sea that ship delays, Rapt in a dreamy summer haze, And gains no length of way.

She cannot catch a breeze to urge Her landward ere the day is done; But with the setting of the sun She's glorified, and like a star Her masthead flashes from afar This thought to me:

'Thus souls upon the swelling sea Of Song and Passion miss the gift Of words, that pass them winging swift; So on the verge of silence drift With dip and lift.' D. CARROLL.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

[All Rights Reserved.]

LONDON, April 20, 1907.



T as at the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy comes to claim the general attention at the beginning of the month of May, and the men who make the exhibition have been wondering anxiously for a long time

past whether this year at last, now that there are some signs that the country has a little more money to spend on the things that give pleasure to the cultured taste, some encouragement will be given to them, for they have had many bad seasons in succession. They looked forward with some hope to last year's exhibition at Burlington House; but they were disappointed, for there was no recovery from the stagnant position into which the commercial side of art has fallen in late years. The bad time set in at its worst when the Boer war came, with all its heavy cost, and the immediate disposition of the people in consequence was to confine their purchases to what they described as necessities. So they got out of the habit of picture buying, and the artists had to cut their expenses down most severely. Then, when the war was over and there was money to spend again, the motor-car craze swept over the country, and everybody who was anybody, or wished to be considered somebody, felt it incumbent on him to expend near a thousand pounds on a carriage that would go by petrol instead of by horses. It would do him much good to go out into the country, he said, and would be a great convenience, and the money could be saved in divers ways. For instance, one could go without new pictures, which, after all, were rather expensive luxuries. So, what with one thing and another, the people who used regularly to buy good pictures, and to pay good prices for them, have rather fallen out of the habit. In this queer age we seem to want something more exciting and novel than art. The men who make books can and do adapt themselves business placed provisionally on the line, but may in a large measure to the peculiar and changing be removed from there before the places are finally idiosyncrasies of the public taste; but it is harder determined for no other reason than that they do for the artists to do so, and if they attempted any not fit properly. There is no greater delusion than No. 491.-Vol. X. that the pictures which are on the line are in all

considerable measure of such enterprise it is likely that the percentage of rejections by the Academy would increase from the already discouragingly high figure of 85. Nearly twelve thousand pictures are sent in by ambitious artists every year, and of these only some fifteen hundred by non-members and two hundred by members are kept for exhibition. So it is well said that the Academy is not what it used to be, and those most immediately concerned wonder whether the really happy days will ever come again in such a complicated age as this.

It may not be generally known what a veritable

hive of industry Burlington House has been all

through this month of April. It is the busiest month of the whole year in this temple of art, for it is the month in which the exhibition is made. Vans and vans by the score deliver the pictures sent by the aspirants by the end of March, and the forty Academicians constituting the Selection Committee sit there through the early days of April gradually reducing the number of pictures until they have just got enough for the walls. They meet each morning of the first week in one of the large rooms, the President sitting in the middle of the group, while a large army of porters carry the pictures in one by one and rest them for a while before the court. At its first consideration that court has three decisions open to it, represented by the letters A, D, and X, one of which is applied to the picture as it is moved away. A majority get the sign of the X straight away, which means that they are rejected and can go back whence they came. When a picture is so good that there is no possible doubt about its inclusion in the exhibition it gets the A mark, and those of which the merit is so obvious are at the beginning of the hanging

APRIL 27, 1907.

cases supposed to have more merit than those which are up above. A frame that is an inch too big may result in the picture which it encloses being sent up from the place on the line for which it was a candidate to another right up on the top. The D mark stands for doubtful, and those marked thus are the pictures which give most trouble to the selectors, since many of them have to be brought up two or three times for examination. Artists know from the shape of the envelope that encloses the letter from the Academy authorities what their fate is. The court-shaped one contains an invitation to remove the picture as soon as possible, and the oblong shape tells of acceptance and the need to repair to Burlington House quickly to put the last touches to the work. Then comes varnishing-day and the private viewing, and as soon as the latter is over Room III. is converted into a banqueting hall, and the Academy dinner is held on the Saturday night.

Strange thing this Academy dinner; it is one of those delightful institutions that have taken a century and a half to mature to their present fine state. On the evening of the day on which the first exhibition was held in 1769 a dinner was given at the St Alban's Tavern in celebration of the event, and Reynolds sat in presidency over it; but it was not until two years later that the first official dinner was held at the new rooms in Somerset House, on the day before the opening of the exhibition of the year. Only twenty-five invitations were sent out, and the cost of the dinner was limited to five shillings. There were two comprehensive courses, one consisting of 'fish, fowles, roast-beef, pidgeonpye, raised pye, ham, sallad, and greens,' and the other of 'lamb, goose, ducks, asparagus, and pudding.' Port and madeira were the only wines served, and they were extras, as also were 'desert of fruit, 'strange beer,' 'olives after supper,' 'attendance by waiters,' and a few other items. About a hundred years ago there were complaints made that whereas 'the original intention of the entertainment was to bring together at the opening of the exhibition the highest orders of society and the most distinguished characters of the age, by degrees the purity of selection had given way to the influence of private friendships and the importunity of acquaintances, the rooms being most inconveniently crowded and the dignity of the feast impaired. Never after was there any cause for complaint, and to-day it is a very high honour to be bidden to the feast at Burlington House. In olden times songs used to be sung both during and after the dinner, but all that has ceased long ago, the only music now being supplied by the Royal Artillery Band, which plays the National Anthem after 'The King' has been proposed, and gives a few selections while the guests are wandering through the galleries.

A circumstance that encourages some people to the belief that there may be a revival in the patronage given to art before long is that there appears to

have been more interest than usual in the sales at Christie's this spring. Quite a little flutter was created a few weeks ago when it was told that over thirty thousand pounds' worth of business had been done on a Saturday afternoon, a Lawrence portrait at four thousand guineas and a Cuyp at only a trifle less being among the leading items. This certainly represented good bidding, and Christic's is always one of the most interesting places in London when there is such going on. Nobody who was there will forget that Saturday in May four years ago when the Vaile collection was disposed of, and pictures to the realised value of one hundred and five thousand eight hundred and forty-five pounds were hammered away. Other big sales of comparatively recent times were the James Price in 1895, which realised eighty-seven thousand one hundred and forty-four pounds; the Wells in 1890, seventy-eight thousand three hundred and twelve pounds; the Pender in 1897, seventy-five thousand nine hundred and sixteen pounds; and the Becket-Denison in 1885, which yielded seventy-one thousand and fifty pounds; while there have been several others at which business to the amount of over sixty thousand pounds has been done. There is a romance in these figures alone, and often enough there are little romances bound up with individual lots. For example, late in the afternoon of the sale of the Vaile collection, an item in the catalogue, a 'Portrait of a Young Lady' by Gainsborough, realised nine thousand guineas, and the purchase-money went to a humble home at Worthing which until just previously had not suspected what a treasure it contained. The lady of this home one day came up to London with the picture, which was in a very dirty and neglected condition, and offered it to a Bond Street dealer, who ventured to bid her a couple of pounds for it. Neither of them knew what the picture was at that time, but the lady luckily declined the offer; and very shortly afterwards, when it came to Christie's, the bidding began at two hundred guiness, and finished, as stated, at nine thousand.

When the Academy is opened, the London season, with all its life and colour, must be reckoned as fairly begun, and there is every indication that from the fashionable point of view it will be as good a season as ever there has been. Whatever may be the shortage of money for other purposes, it is rarely that the men of the 'smart set' pinch their womenkind in the matter of dress when the latter are dependent upon them. They will tell you in Bond Street that, so far from there being the slightest evidence that the doctrine of the simple life is gaining in favour in the showy circles, it is all the other way; and it is not long since Mr Redfern, of the famous firm in Bond Street, when tackled upon the question, confessed that he could see nothing out of the way in a first-class English society lady spending a matter of nine thousand

pounds a year on her dress alone, and he considered one thousand pounds a proper amount for such a lady to spend in lingerie, and one thousand pounds in furs. In France such a lady, he declared, would spend not nine thousand pounds but twenty thousand pounds a year. It is very—what shall we say? -wonderful; and not the least wonderful part of it is that for weeks and months past many acute scientific minds have been hard at work in the attempt to solve problems of which my lady is to have the benefit this season in the Park, and at Henley, Ascot, Goodwood, and Cowes. Not only must shapes, as a man would call them, change, but shades of colours too, and each season there must be some absolute novelty. Now, it is a difficult thing to find shades of colour that have not been in use before; but they must be found, and every spring bales of material are delivered to the fashionable houses in the West End all in the new tints that the scientists have evolved during the preceding months, which forthwith become the fashionable favourites. The discovery of these tints in the first place, and their commercial production in the second, is a very long and expensive business. For the most part, the persons who make this their business go to nature for their ideas, and the whole thing was explained to me in close detail some time ago by the head of one of the ladies firms with whom I happened to come into contact. The man who has the commission to find a new colour wanders in gardens and over fields and moors for the sole purpose of finding such. There are suggestions to him at every turn; but for one reason or another they are rejected time after time, until at length, after much weary wandering, his eye lights happily on the looked-for tint. Perhaps it was in a garden that he found it, and then he has very likely days of work in siting beside it while it is still growing, alive and in its fresh beauty, and imitating it as nearly as he can in artificial colours. All the pigments and chemicals of an artist's shop and a large laboratory are brought into service, and when the colour is really there on a piece of paper or cardboard it is borne off in triumph to Bond Street or Oxford Street, where it is duly approved, and it is decided that it shall be the fashionable colour of the next season. So it is these people wandering in gardens, and mixing their chemicals afterwards, who rule the colour-destinies of the London season, and not the grand ladies who have garments made of these colours, though the latter might scout the idea of the selection being due to any one save themselves. It was told to me on this occasion that a particular shade of red—and a really very nice red, too-which was then very much in vogue had taken eighteen months to fix and get into the shop. One of the colours of the present season comes from the imitation of the new Banksia rose which goes by the name of 'Dorothy Perkins,' and 'bee's wing,' 'mignonette green,' and 'sea-holly blue, are other tints that have lately been obtained from nature in just the manner described. They

will all be seen in London at the beginning of this season, and soon after they will be away to the provinces.

* * *

The extent which the agitation for the abolition of barmaids lately assumed must have given considerable alarm to that section of humanity which generally goes by the description of 'the gilded youth.' Remove the ladies from the other side of the counter, and to whom shall these gloriously attired and so smart young men give their little posies of flowers on Saturday evenings, to whom shall they pay such exquisite compliments? Who shall be benefited by their scintillating wit and the accounts of their own dare-devilry? Yes, abolish the barmaid, and some of these sparks of London will find an aching void to have come in their lives. But so far as the general body of Central Londoners is concerned, and even that sophisticated section that is comprised in the term 'men about town,' it is certain that there will be no tears shed on the departure of the lady from behind the bar. A considerable change has come over the taste of those free-living but more sensible Londoners who used to frequent bars. A large proportion, if not an absolute majority, of those who still do so prefer men to wait on them, and a change was made from female to male attendants at one of the most famous bars in London not many months ago, constituting something of an epoch in bar-history. And for the rest, many clever men who will drink their wine at nights among more or less casual company are showing an increasing disposition to give up the bar habit in these times, and to repair themselves instead to one or other of the small class clubs of which there has been a considerable increase in town of late years. Bohemians of considerable intellectual merit do still go to some of the more celebrated bars, but in nothing like the numbers that they used to do, and the change is certainly one for the better all round. There was a time when you might encounter all kinds of celebrated people in the old Criterion Bar in Piccadilly Circus, the type and character of which were changed a couple of years ago. As it used to be, it was probably the most famous bar in the world, and a most entertaining book could be written of the stories that were told in connection with it. One evening a real bishop strolled into the bar during an interval between the acts of a play at the adjacent theatre, and called for a glass of sherry. rollicking young bloods were spinning their best yarns to each other hard by, and for some reason or other, which was not obvious, the bishop, who had been standing in an isolated position, edged closely up to them, a circumstance which disturbed them exceedingly and interfered with their conversation. But they were equal to the emergency. In a manner as if continuing his remarks, one of the three said to the others, 'Well, as I was saying, one morning when it was too cold to pick any more

oakum'—— There was no need for more. His lordship swallowed his sherry at a gulp and fled.

* * As usual, those who are most immediately concerned are now beginning to prepare for the advent of the Americans, who in May come over to London in their thousands and tens of thousands. Their coming is now a distinct feature of the summer season in town, and what some of the hotels and the boarding-houses in Bloomsbury would do without them goodness only knows. It is as certain as anything can be that some of the big hotels would show no profit for the year if there were no American tourists to help them to do so. The wealthy Americans patronise the very huge hotels in the Strand and West End, and those of more moderate means simply fill up some of the streets round about the British Museum, until the Stars and Stripes might very fittingly be flown from some of the house-tops round about. This has always been a favourite quarter with them, and one of the reasons whimsically advanced for its being so is its convenience to the said British Museum, where it is certain several of them spend some considerable time during their visit in endeavouring to make pedigrees for themselves, a delightful occupation in which they are assisted by certain alleged specialists who profit greatly. Some fearful and wonderful results are sometimes achieved, and the man who walked out from Bedford Square at ten o'clock in the morning as plain Cyrus K. Jonker has been known to return to the dinner-table again at seven with a 'de' in his name, and to indicate to others assembled at the board the precise part which his ancestors took in some of the bloody battles of the Middle Ages. 'The American rush' is expected to be at least as big as ever this year, and it has been very big of late years. It was estimated last season that one hundred and fifty thousand Americans sailed from the different ports to England for the almost exclusive purpose of holiday-making. It was ascertained that during the four busy months the great fleet of ocean steamships sailing from New York carried approximately twenty-five thousand passengers a month, and large numbers left earlier in some cases and sailed from other ports in others. An authority who knows a great deal about these things reckoned it up some time ago that among them these tourists spent thirty million pounds in the course of their trips, or an average of about two hundred pounds each.

Talking about the British Museum reminds one that there is a sad time ahead for the industrious army of literary workers who toil day after day in the wonderful reading-room, for the trustees have decided to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the room, which occurs in a week or two from now, by an elaborate scheme of redecoration which involves closing it for a period

of some months. It is felt also that it is time that the magnificent dome, which is only two feet less in diameter than that of the Pantheon of Rome, should be thoroughly overhauled. It is wonderful to think that there are now nearly four million entries in the catalogue of the Library, all of the books so entered being at the disposal of the men and women who have permission to use the room, and who in many cases spend the whole of their working days in it from the beginning of the year to the end. Every year two hundred and seventy-six thousand copies of newspapers are added to the collection, and about fifty thousand books are received under the Copyright Act, ten thousand presented, and some thirty thousand, mainly foreign, are purchased. There are forty-three miles of shelves for the accommodation of all these books. The readingroom has comfortable accommodation for four hundred and fifty-eight persons at a time, and the average daily attendance is more than seven hundred. Temporary accommodation will be found for a few of the more regular readers while the decorations are being done, but many must be excluded, and their incomes are likely to suffer in consequence. It is the fashion of some people to sneer at the literary workers who spend their time here amid such resources as could be placed at their disposal nowhere else in the world, and to suggest that the results of their labours are for the most part mere compilations of little more than ephemeral interest. Possibly it was Washington Irving who set the fashion in this respect when he wrote the chapter on 'The Art of Bookmaking' which is included in The Sketch Book, and prefaced by a quotation from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy: 'If that severe doom of Synesius be true, "It is a greater offence to steal dead men's labour than their clothes," what shall become of most writers?' This paper is entirely an exaggeration of an idea that Irving himself developed in the course of a brief visit to the place. He did not know-as those who imitate him do not know-that many of the works which will rank high in value among the four million that are on the shelves were written in that very room, and that some of the greatest writers of the day have gone humbly to it for its assistance like the others, and have worked there the whole day long. In days gone by I have seen both Lord Rosebery and Mr John Morley making biographies in this room, seated at the writing-desks with piles of books about them just like the rest. There are no class distinctions in this wonderful chamber. There are men there day by day who are making several thousands a year, and have their motor-cars waiting for them at the gate when they leave at closing-time; and there are others who have sat next to them all day who go home to a garret and a crust of bread, and think they have had a good week if some thirty shillings should come their hungry way.

HOPPY.

CHAPTER IV.



HERE was an unwonted stir in the barracks on the morning of Hoppy's court-martial. Early though the proceedings had been announced to commence, officers and civilians of all ranks and conditions were riding

up on their ponies—preceded by their panting saices (grooms), to whom they threw the reins on dismounting—a full hour beforehand.

Like all courts-martial in a civilised country, this one was open to the public; and, in view of the great interest taken in the case from one end of India to the other, the accommodation of the big hall wherein the trial was to take place was likely to be taxed to its uttermost.

On all sides groups of gold-laced, scarlet-and-blue warriors, in all the glory of cold-weather 'full dress' -for khaki knew no place on this important occasion-eagerly discussed the affair; and here and there knots of dark-green, almost black, uniforms denoted the presence of Sooties. Most striking of all, however, were the officers of Native Cavalry, who, instead of the nearly universal white helmets, wore as head-dresses strange-looking but handsome gold-streaked pugrees or turbans of divers colours wound in thick folds round conical red caps. Large flat epaulets, too, composed of hundreds of overlapping shining steel rings-a protection to the shoulders against sword-cuts—gave a quaint and old-world touch to their uniforms reminiscent of the days of armour, while white breeches and black boots with flaps reaching well over the knees completed the picturesqueness of their

As the time approached for the opening of the court its members made their way in ones and twos to the door, where a couple of sergeants mounted guard to see that none but those taking nat in the proceedings entered before the president had completed the preliminary formalities. These were soon over, and the officers having solemnly sworn to 'try the prisoner without partiality, favour, or affection,' &c., the doors were finally opened, and the waiting crowd admitted. Private soldiers there were none, the several commanding officers having wisely agreed among themselves to keep their respective bettalions busy in camp and barracks that morning.

With a marked seriousness of demeanour, and except for the rattle of swords and accoutrements, with an absence of noise or chatter which would have set an example to the courts at Temple Bar, the seats which rose tier upon tier for two-thirds of the long building filled rapidly with silent men. Down the centre of the open space at the extreme end of the hall was a long, baize-covered table littered with pens, ink, and paper, round which

were ranged in two many-hued lines the gravefaced members of the court. At the head sat the gray-haired president, his breast covered with glittering decorations won during many years of strenuous service in different parts of the Empire, and on either side were two little tables occupied by a couple of carefully chosen officers undertaking respectively the duties of 'prosecutor' and 'friend of the prisoner,' as counsel for the defence, when not a real man of law, is somewhat clumsily styled in the Army Acts.

At a court-martial everything is straightforward; common-sense decides every point, the trained elocution and passionate appeals of professional advocates being absent. Plain statements and no sentiment are the foundation of its procedure, and rarely does the decision arrived at by its members cause any miscarriage of justice. Soldiers themselves have every faith in the judgment of their officers, and, knowing that no legal subterfuges will avail, seldom plead 'Not guilty' unless really innocent.

It was to face such a tribunal, then, that—at a sign from the president, an orderly having opened a small door in the farther end of the building—Hoppy, amid a profound silence, and accompanied by an officer, walked quietly into the hall. He was in undress uniform and bareheaded, and his sword, instead of being honourably girt about his waist, was lying on the table in front of the president, a tell-tale token of its owner's unpleasant position.

Taking his place at the foot of the table—he needed no telling where a prisoner should stand, for many a man had he tried himself—Hoppy stood composed and erect. He looked—as was but natural after the long days of arrest spent in his room awaiting the decision from Simla—somewhat pale and thin; but his bright-blue eyes had lost none of their frank fearlessness of expression, and it was quite evident that he had the universal sympathy of the room, including the members of the court.

'Lieutenant Frederic Lechmere Eustace Apner, is that your rank and name?' solemnly asked the president.

'Yes, sir,' said Hoppy.

'You are charged, firstly, with having at Rhanibad, on or about the 3rd of September 188-, disobeyed the lawful command of a superior—namely, General Sir John Ranger, K.C.B., &c.—in that you opened the Eastern Gate, and left the town, after receiving the order, "Keep it shut and see that nobody passes in or out," or words to that

'Secondly, with conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in that, at the same time and place mentioned in the first charge, when in command of the gate-guard, you absented yourself from the said guard without leave from your superior officer.

'Do you plead guilty, or not guilty?'

'Guilty to the first charge, not guilty to the second, sir,' answered Hoppy.

A wave of motion rippled through the hall at this unexpected reply, and signs of astonishment could be read on every face; but the scratching of the president's quill-pen as he carefully noted the pleas, and a smothered sneeze from a member with a cold, alone broke the oppressive silence.

'Call the first witness,' presently said the president; and the prosecuting officer, jumping briskly to his feet, cried, 'General Sir John Ranger.'

Again the little door opened and admitted the principal witness, who, placing himself beside the president, was duly sworn, and gave the following evidence:

'On the 3rd of last September,' he said, 'I myself gave the order to the officer in charge of the Eastern Gate at Rhanibad to keep the gate closed and to allow nobody to pass in or out until further orders.'

'Was that the officer, Lieutenant Apner, now before the court?' asked the prosecutor.

'Yes.'

'Are you certain that he heard the order, sir?' asked the 'prisoner's friend.'

'Yes, for he replied, "Very well," or something of the same kind, answered the General.

'Did you mean him to understand that this order applied to him, considering his position, as well as to everybody else, Sir John?'

The witness hesitated for a moment—it was evident that the question was unexpected—then he abruptly replied, 'Yes, I did. He had no necessity to go outside the walls at all,' he added, as if wishing to justify his words.

'Thank you, Sir John. We will not trouble you any further,' said the president, glad to get rid of the great man. Then, addressing the members of the court, he asked, 'Does any one require any more evidence on the first charge, to which Lieutenant Apner has pleaded guilty?'

A murmur of 'No' came from those addressed, and then the witnesses to the second charge were summoned.

The first was the sergeant of the guard on the fatal day, who in a few words stated what everybody already knew: that Apner had left his command, and, going out into the plain, had brought in at great risk his wounded adjutant, Captain Vare. Then followed a couple of soldiers who swore to the same thing; and this being quite enough evidence for the prosecution, the president asked the 'prisoner's friend' if he had any witnesses to call on the latter's behalf.

The officer seemed at first rather at a loss for an answer, but eventually said, 'I must confess, sir, that Lieutenant Apner's plea of "Not guilty" to the second charge—which he only confided to me his intention of making a few moments prior to the opening of the

court—has placed me in a very awkward position. My friend, of course, does not deny that he left his guard; but he says that he did not do so without the authority of a superior officer. Naturally, I expected that he would give me the name of this person; but for some reasons best known to himself he totally declines to do so. Under these unfortunate circumstances, although I do not throw any doubt upon his assertion, I cannot help him in any way, and thus the only defence that I could make must necessarily fall to the ground. regards Lieutenant Apner's career, I can only urge that it has been an honourable one, and I feel that nothing I can say in mitigation of his fault can plead half so effectively for leniency as his heroic deed, with which all India-ay, and Englandrang at the time, and which, apart from the breach of discipline involved in its committal, must appeal to the best feelings of all brave men.'

As the officer resumed his seat there was a stir throughout the hall, a gentle clatter of swords and spurs, marking how profoundly touched were his audience by the 'friend's' well-chosen words; an impulsive Irish subaltern even so far forgetting himself as to audibly ejaculate, 'Roight, begorra!' and then hung his head in frightful confusion as stern looks of amazed disapproval were turned on him from all directions.

'If I hear any more remarks such as that I shall have the court cleared. This is not a theatre,' severely cried the president, who had seen this original remark, this pearl of price, reported as having dropped from the lips of Her Majesty's judges at least twice a week ever since he had been old enough to devour the law reports in his daily paper. He knew, therefore, what was the correct thing to say under the circumstances, and it certainly produced a great impression, though a close observer might have seen something very like a smile flicker across the faces of the younger and less red-tape-fed members of his audience, including that of the accused man himself.

But it was gone almost as quickly as it had come; and when the president, looking the latter sympathetically in the face, asked, 'Do I understand, Mr Apner, your friend to urge that you did actually obtain the sanction of a superior officer to your leaving your guard?' he answered seriously enough, 'Yes, sir, I did; but I cannot give the name of the officer.'

His interlocutor looked perplexed.

'Reflect a moment, pray,' he said impressively.
'Your whole career hangs upon your statement. I do not wish to say anything to increase the painful position in which you stand; but I fail to see the use of your assertion unless you are prepared to go further and give us the name I ask for. Indeed, those who do not know you may well imagine that this is but an unworthy attempt to clear yourself at the expense of allowing a stigma to rest upon some innocent man, who, if your words are true, would, I have no doubt, instantly come forward to sub-

stantiate them. Now, I ask you once more, will you give me the name?'

Hoppy hesitated—hesitated for so long, in obviously deep distress, that the scene became dramatic in its intensity. His eyes assumed a far-away look; for his thoughts had flown to his old father and Mirabelle. The temptation was strong upon him; the devil at his elbow, always ready to profit by these occasions, whispered, 'Tell them. Rex will corroborate. What does a pledge of silence given under such circumstances amount to? A man who will not himself come forward to save another placed as you are does not deserve mercy. You will be acquitted of the graver charge, and public opinion will prevail, so that the first one will be as nothing. You may even yet get a V.C., and your darling will be happy. Tell it! tell it!

But then, slogging through his brain, came his words to Morrison, 'Word of honour,' and with that he saw clearly. And, coming back to his surroundings, he alowly but quite decidedly said, 'No, sir. I have thought it all out. My career may be ruined; but I can't give you the name. Honour forbids it—the honour of the service and my own.'

As the full significance of his words struck this assemblage of men to whom the honour of their cloth was above all things, a great amazement held them, and then suddenly the silence was broken by a crash, and one of the officers among the spectators fell from his seat like a log. There was instant confusion; not so much on account of the fallen man, but because of the excuse thus offered to all to relieve their strained feelings by movement and speech. But it was soon over. 'It's Colonel Morrison, sir,' cried somebody in answer to the president's inquiries. 'He's in a fit, or else fainted.' And then, the stricken man having been carried out in charge of a doctor, the court was immediately cleared and the members left alone to consider their verdict with closed and guarded doors.

Their deliberations were of short duration, and concerned only the second charge and the plea of Not guilty. It was obvious to every member of the court that there was something deeper underlying the formal evidence that they had heard, something that their earnest desire to fathom would be baffled at the commencement by the accused man's refusal to give the name that would in all Probability clear him. They every one of them believed his assertion, for he was known to be as truthful as the daylight; but as long as he kept silent, and the mysterious 'superior officer' did not come forward of his own accord, they found themselves perfectly helpless in the matter. Their duty, therefore, on the only evidence before them, was clear enough; and so, very reluctantly, they one by one, beginning with the junior, replied in answer to the president's individually put question

of 'Guilty or Not guilty?' 'Guilty of both the charges,' and listened, with sorrowful hearts, and a feeling that there was something wrong somewhere, to the complaining, scratchy pen as it recorded the fatal verdict.

And now the court is again opened, and the body of the hall filled with the gorgeous uniforms. An air of suppressed excitement is visible on nearly every countenance; for the spectators feel that the crucial moment has arrived which will decide the disputed question as to which is the greater power -public opinion and great private influence, or the rigid rules of discipline. It was an open secret that the sympathies of the court inclined to the side of the former, which, through the medium of the press, strongly supported the view that the motive which had prompted the committal of the military crime—the saving of a wounded comrade-should have sufficed to condone the fault in the eyes of the supreme authorities. Would the court, each man asked himself, by announcing a verdict of 'Not guilty,' in spite of the formal evidence to the contrary, dare to flout their General and administer a rebuke to his severity? The junior amongst them, still filled with the optimistic spirit of youth, thought it would; but the older officers, too well aware of the power of the sacred red-tape, openly laughed at the bare idea of such a thing as they once more sought their seats. Then once again the little door at the end of the hall opened, and for the second time that day the accused man, with his face stern and set, took up his former position and calmly awaited his fate.

It was a dramatic moment. Would the president rise from his chair, and with a few kindly words return the prisoner—for such he in reality was—his sword, the sign of an acquittal? Or would he ask the prosecutor the few formal questions relative to Apner's length of service, &c., which would denote that the latter had been found guilty?

The suspense was not long. A couple of minutes had hardly sped ere the spectators found themselves turned out for good and all. The unfortunate Hoppy had disappeared—his sword, alas! remaining on the table—and the members of the court were left to their last and most unpleasant duty of deciding upon a fitting sentence.

Once more was the junior of them all—such is the rule—the first asked to state his ideas upon the subject; but the answers, which were very diverse, need not be recorded here. It will suffice to say that an agreement was eventually arrived at, written out, and added to the other documents, and then the whole bundle of them being solemnly sealed up, the court was broken up, and the fat blue envelope, with its secret, was carried away by the president to be despatched up the weary rungs of the ladder of routine, for final confirmation by the great man sitting at the top.

(To be continued.)

SANT' ANGELO: AN IMPERIAL FORTRESS.

By E. S. RORISON.



INCE the dawn of civilisation, history witnesses to the fact that man has ever sought to manifest his thoughts and activities in his architecture.

Bearing this in mind, we come in natural sequence to the effect of

character upon architecture, and vice versa. The mysterious wisdom and extreme culture of the Egyptian people can be gathered from the extent and magnitude of their buildings—the Pyramids and other gigantic remains still standing. The grace and harmony of the Greek mind is reflected in the exquisite beauty of form and proportion in Greek architecture, seen, as all the world knows, in the ruins of the Parthenon. From Greece we pass to Rome, and come directly to our subject, Castle Sant' Angelo in the Borgo, the most important of the fourteen districts of Rome, where St Peter's and the Vatican are also situated.

Thanks partly to the wonderful Italian climate, partly also to their skilled use of the arch, the architects of ancient Rome were often able to employ inferior material, and the greatest mausoleum in the world, erected in the second century of our era, was built of travertine stone, cased merely with Parian marble. The Emperor Hadrian, who raised his own marvellous memorial, was a passionate architect, and beauty and strength entered in equal proportions into his design. Later, in medieval times, outer walls and bastions were added to the square foundation of the mighty central fosse, the niches of whose outer galleries were embellished, like the parapet of the bridge which leads to it, with beautiful statuary.

Germany has the Wartburg, Moscow the Kremlin, Paris the Bastille, Scotland the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, London its famous Tower; but Sant' Angelo of Rome transcends them all in the stateliness of age-worn tradition, the unfading glory of a historical past stretching back to the twilight of A.D. 130.

Centuries elapsed between the passing of Hadrian and the coming of Belisarius, the mighty Macedonian general under whose auspices the mausoleum was converted into a fortress, during the Gothic wars in the sixth century, to sustain a memorable siege, in the course of which the defenders hurled the very statues at the enemy below, to be found long, long afterwards in the ditch; amongst them the famous Berberini Faun now at Munich, and the Dancing Faun at Florence.

A few years later, at the time of pestilence, Pope Gregory, leading a procession of penitents over Hadrian's stately Ælian Bridge, looked upwards, and saw an angel sheathing a bloody sword on the

summit of the dome, as a sign that the prayer of the plague-stricken city was heard and the scourge stayed. From that day onward Hadrian's fortresstomb became known as the Castle Sant' Angelo, and the figure of an angel on its loftiest battlement gave point to the title. Henceforward Sant' Angelo played a prominent part in the affairs of Rome, and the history of the fortress and that of the city are

During the Middle Ages, Sant' Angelo in wartime proved the key of Rome; in peace its chief stronghold, rallying-point, and, as was the case with so many great historical fortresses, its prison. From the time of the seventh century the castle was the chief possession disputed for, and held alternately by popes and anti-popes. At the era of the worst papal decadence, the tenth century, it passed into the hands of Theodora, Senatrix of Rome, who assumed the government of the city. Her grandson Alberic played a successful part in the revolution of 932. Sant' Angelo at the dawn of the eleventh century was seized by the Emperor Otto III., to fall eventually into the hands of the nobles until regained by the popes.

As the centuries elapsed great names became inalienably associated with the fortress, which was either the rallying-point, prison, or death-place of the various Republican leaders: Alberic, Crescentio, Arnold of Brescia, Rienzi, Porcaro. Great Roman traditions were interwoven with the vast masonry of the castle. Its walls were silent witnesses to the deeds of heroism, crimes, and sorrows enacted and endured within their limits. memorable, perhaps, of the many different parts played by Sant' Angelo was that it bore during the siege of Rome by the Imperialists in the sixteenth century, rendered famous by the prowess of the swashbuckler goldsmith Benvenuto Cellini. Thus the great fortress has endured even to the present day immune, apparently, from the ravages of war and time and decay.

History dwells, on the whole, but lightly on the fate of the many personages who played their parts in the long roll of drama staged at Sant' Angelo. Like a vivid shifting panorama, the tale is spread before the inquirer. Scene succeeds scene with bewildering variety and rapidity. First, the magnificent obsequies of Hadrian, laid to rest in the very heart of the circular maze of chambers and galleries; later, the siege captained by Belisarius amid the fury of Gothic warfare, when missiles were hurtled from the walls. The picture fades, and tranquillity enfolds Sant' Angelo as the peace of sunset illumines the saintly old face of Pope Gregory the Great. When history next lifts the curtain the castle blazes with the torch-lit orgies of Theodora, the extraordinary Senatrix. At a later period the courtyard is again lit up with an unnatural flare, in daylight this time, the lurid flames of Arnold of Brescia's death-pyre.

Through the succeeding centuries the long passage leading from the Vatican echoed again and again to the hasty muffled footsteps of popes fleeing to the shelter of the castle. Again and again the summons to arms rang through the galleries within, and the impatient hoofs of war-horses struck sparks from the paving-stones of the outer courtyard. Toward the close of the Middle Ages the quivering figure of Stephen Porcaro hanging from the tower of Sant' Angelo witnessed to the reward of disinterested zeal in those days. The sixteenth century involved the fortress in the storm and dust of the Bourbon onslaught (1527). Within the walls scenes of equal violence at times took place. Here languished the beautiful Cenci, victim of one of the darkest tragedies known to man. Here, too, irony reached its limit in the fierce jest of Cardinal Carafa's stately execution in the best room of the castle, owing to his rank! It is a relief to turn to the plottings of the gay desperado Cellini, who decorated his bed with flowers every day, before escaping with his rope of torn sheets from the castle cell. For a time, also, the Roman fortress yielded its grim hospitality to Cagliostro, that master-adventurer of the eighteenth century; and it was the bell of Sant' Angelo that proclaimed the birth of the ill-fated Stuart, Charles Edward, on the last night of December 1720. Under 'the Corsican,' Sant' Angelo served for long as a French garrison; and to-day, in the first decade of the twentieth century, still exists a living fortress. To-day, too, it is not a little interesting to note that within the last few weeks negotiations have been concluded between Professor Rava, Minister of Public Instruction, and Senator Cruciani Alibrandi, Syndic of Rome, for the formation of a medieval museum within Castle Sant' Angelo. Many medieval treasures hitherto inaccessible to the public, stored in various buildings and private collections throughout Rome, will now be gathered together in the fittest surroundings antiquarian zeal could wish.

In a famous passage, Lord Macaulay the historian descants on the feelings of the New Zealander of the future who is to take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul's. It is to be regretted that no picture is extant from the pen of that wonderful word-painter doing justice to the subject of this article, which assuredly would have afforded his historic imagination splendid scope. New Zealander or no, as long as a certain section of human nature cares to linger round the evidences of the past, and as long as the outward symbols of these evidences survive, three great mausoleums there are which will attract increasingly successive generations of such pilgrims of humanity. Eastward, under the burning sky of India, near the river Jumna, rises that glorious witness to deathless love, erected by the Emperor Sháh Jehán, the Taj Mahal, the tomb of his favourite wife, Mumtázá Mahal, tenderly described by Eastern story as the fairest woman who ever lived. In the north of France, in the mausoleum of the greatest soldier of modern times, on the banks of the Seine, the ashes of Napoleon rest, at his own request,* in the midst of the people he loved; whilst westward, beyond the Tiber, memento of another Emperor, Castle Sant' Angelo still stands, proud guardian of the traditions of a great race, of the historic stream, and the Eternal City.

THE BRIDGE-WARDEN.

PART II



CROUCHED under the shadow of the parapet with my sword in hand, for I had not yet disused my soldier's custom to go always armed. The horses drew nearer and nearer

now and then a rough voice reached me against the wind. It seemed as if hours passed instead of minutes, and in a strange fantasy I made pictures out of the black clouds driving in the wind. At last they were upon me, and I leapt up and faced the big Earl

His great black horse, nervous as horses are, snorted and fell back on his haunches. I think the creature wrenched his back, for he did not rise; but the Earl freed himself swiftly, and stood raving and cursing at me, and, taking me for some belated vagabond, bade his men seize me and throw me over the bridge; and when I laughed he smote at me. He knew that I was no yokel when he met my

guard, and shouted quickly to his men to keep back lest they hampered his arm. I withdrew a step, and challenged him to come past his horse, which lay between us, if he dared. He came quickly enough, and then we fought.

I would that I had skill of words to tell the story of our sword-play, for I had some renown in the army as a swordsman, and never have I met so strong and skilled an adversary. We feinted and smote and parried and advanced and retired for a quarter of an hour, and sometimes when the moon was hidden for a moment we waited cautiously on guard, resting our arms. I had two flesh-wounds, and a deeper one in the shoulder, and I had touched him thrice, when at last my sword went home, and he fell without a groan, and as he touched the

^{*} Inscription on the tomb of Napoleon: 'Je désire que mes cendres restent au bord de la Seine au milieu de ce peuple que j'ai si tant aimé.'

ground his followers rode forward. Happily the body of his charger impeded them, for their horses shied at this and at me, and would not advance. So the men dismounted, but foolishly came on two abreast, hampering each other, as their dead lord had foreseen; and I smote down eight, one after the other, fighting across the dead man as he lay on his charger. I can see in my mind's eye his dark, pale face as it stared with glazed eyes and open mouth at the moon; and behind lay the others, and those who still came on had to step on them.

Two stout men were now to the front, smiting not, but pushing me back with their guard, and giving no opening to strike them. Once I was driven off the narrow bridge I knew full well that they would surround me. Therefore, when they paused for a moment I turned and ran, thinking to get to my house. They followed closely, and the bridge filled from the other end till it was full; and since I was faint with loss of blood-for I had received several more wounds-and could not run, I turned to face them as I reached the bank. As I turned I heard a great shrick of many in one, and saw the bridge sway and disappear, broken by age and the unwonted burden; and presently there was a great crash, and the water flew up in clouds. The spray fell on me where I stood. I heard a few shrieks, fewer and fewer, and saw a white face here and there in the stream, and an uplifted arm!

Some few of the Earl's followers had escaped on the bank by my side; but they had no heart to fight further, nor had I. They slunk away, and I staggered to my house, and stanched my wounds and bound them. Then I went to the stable for my horse; but one of the knaves had stolen him while I was within. So I set out on foot to my lady's castle, thinking that some might cross by the fords and take her by surprise. I was faint and dizzy, and the wounds broke out again, and I reeled before the wind that blew upon me. There is an ill dream that I dream yet of a wild moon riding fast in a wild sky, and a fierce wind racing over a bare land, and a wounded man stumbling on to a place that was always far.

I reached it at last, and leaned against the gateway and knocked; and when they opened it I fell senseless within. When I came to from my swoon my lady, with her hair hanging loose, as she had risen from her couch, and clad in a long wrapper, was bending over me and dressing my wounds; and not till they were all bound would she hearken to me; and then I told her how I had taken toll of the Earl.

She called her men to arms, and set guards upon the walls, and had some tree-trunks hoisted, as I advised her, to let fall upon the enemy where they must crowd to attack the gateways; but they came not. So in the morning I counselled her to flee without delay, since she would not submit to the King; and when she dallied with preparations, as women will, I took matters into my own hands and gave orders for the wagons to be loaded, and

sent a troop to the port to secure such ships as were there—they found two, beside my lady's own barge—and bade all march straightway; and they made no demur, but obeyed me.

My lady would have had me embark first, with her; but I refused flatly, telling her that in a retreat the captain's place was at the rear. Then she said she would stay to the end with me; but I vowed that she should go straightway aboard or I would carry her. For a countryman had brought news that the King's army had crossed the ford, and it was no time for courtesy.

Finding me resolved, she yielded with good grace; but before she went she took a little gold brooch from her neck and fastened it at mine.

'Since you have served for no wage,' she said very sweetly, 'and only my heart can repay. Have a care of yourself, and follow safely, or you will cause me great sorrow.'

But I filled the three ships full and saw them go, and bade the men who were left scatter along the shore and save themselves by flight. Then I went back to surrender to the army of the King. For I would not follow my lady to France to see her marry there, and to take service against my King; and I judged surrender better than flight, since the end was speedier. Nor did I care greatly what became of me.

The captain of the advance-guard, to whom I gave my sword, cursed me for a braggart until one of the men who had fought on the bridge bore witness to my story. Then he cursed me again for coming to him to put my neck in a halter.

'It is the best deed that ever a man hung for,' he declared; and he gave me meat and drink before he sent me, under guard, to the King's lieutenant, Lord Marvain.

His lordship examined me with no more harshness than his duty demanded, and ill concealed his pleasure that I had slain the Earl. I owed it to his favour, I make no doubt, that I was not sent before the King till the morrow, when his anger had cooled somewhat; and he gave me a veiled hint to plead that I had but held the bridge against those who would cross it for purpose of unlawful and unauthorised violence. His wife, I learnt afterwards, was a second cousin of my lady's, and I credit him with some voice in the strange events which followed.

He sent me to a tent, on parole to stay within; and I slept most of that day and night, being spent and sick of my wounds. The next morning they led me forth to a court which the King held in my lady's hall; and when I was seated—for I was not able to stand long—I discovered my lady seated beside me. Some of the King's ships had sailed round the coast and captured her. She was greatly angered that I had not followed her, and turned her back on me; and when I whispered would not answer.

An usher called for silence, and the King turned to us sternly.

'You, lady, we know,' he said, 'and your proud, rebellious spirit; but who, sir, are you?' He looked severely at me.

'John Rix, sire,' I answered, 'some years captain of a company, under Sir William Evesham, in your service; and lately, for service of my ancestors, unworthily warden of the Loar Bridge, which I guarded with my life against those who would pass it unlawfully to commit violence upon your Majesty's subjects.'

Lord Marvain nodded approval; but the King's gaze did not relax.

'Did you risk your life for my sake, John Rix?' be demanded, striking his hand upon the table in front of him, 'or for—my subjects'?'

'For this lady, sire,' I said steadily; 'but I chose to surrender to you rather than to seek service with your enemies in France.'

'Did she invite you to such service?' he asked quickly; but I did not answer, although his eyes pierced me. 'Well, I will not force you to accuse her, only yourself. You aided her flight?'

'Yes, sire.'

'Knowing that she fled from my will?'

'Yes, sire.'

'What is your excuse?'

'To you, sire, none.'

He pulled his beard and frowned.

'Did you know that Lord Lanby had no warrant of mine to pass the bridge when you fought him and slew him?'

'No, sire.'

'But you thought so?'

'I did not think about it, sire.'

He smiled grimly.

'I think it would have made little difference if you had, Master John. It is plain that you preferred this lady's service to mine. Yet in all else
I judge you to be a loyal servant, and a brave one.
I shall rest with yourself what punishment you suffer.' His look upon me was not unkindly;
but his face was stern again when he turned to
my lady. 'You, madam,' he said, 'have openly
defied my will; neither have you submitted your
error to my judgment; neither have you held

to me against my enemies. If you were a man your life were surely forfeited. As you are a woman, I will cure your wilfulness in another way. Since you demur to my choice of a husband, you shall choose one for yourself—from my scullions! Unless'—he leaned forward and shook his finger at her—'unless the sturdy knave beside you, whom you have seduced from his duty, will take pity and marry you.—Come! will you take her for punishment, Master John, or shall she put up with a kitchen-knave?'

I looked at my lady, but she kept turned from

'The lady is nobly born, sire,' I pleaded; 'and I am but a poor yeoman. Punish me more, I pray you, and her less. She is but young, and'——

'Dare not to parley with me,' the King thundered. 'Make your choice, and that without another word.'

There was but one choice that I could make; for though it irked me to be the instrument of her punishment, and I could but expect that she would hate me and revile me, yet it was surely less shame to her to marry me than a kitchenknave; and I answered speedily lest I should seem to put scorn on her.

'I will marry the lady, sire,' I said; 'and but for the wrong I do her my punishment would be great reward. For I think there is none to compare with her on earth.'

And then my lady did a thing at which I marvelled; for she rose and bowed to me very courteously.

'I thank you, sir,' she said calmly. 'You do me no wrong.'

I thought first that she spoke but to anger the King; and then I thought—knowing her noble nature—that she spoke to show courtesy to me, since she knew full well I would have died for her sake; but when we were alone she held at my jacket with both her hands, and smiled the sweetest of smiles in my eyes. And then I knew that her punishment, like mine, was light!

THE END.

THE STORY OF SCOTTISH PEARL-FISHING.

By IAN BUCHANAN.



EARLS have been known and their beauty appreciated since the very earliest times. They require no lapidary's art to enhance their beauties, but come perfect from the weak-har come perfect.

the workshop of nature, and so are prized by all lovers of gems. To the greater number of people the pearl is known as a product of the East and of tropical seas, and few seem to be aware of the interesting fact that the industry of pearl-fishing is one of the oldest in the United

Kingdom, and that it is still carried on with considerable success, giving to those engaged in it a yearly return of, on an average, three thousand pounds. Nor are the single specimens of little account, for some of them are sold for as high a price as thirty or forty pounds.

The story of British pearls begins with the very earliest records of the country. The knowledge that there were pearls in Britain was probably one of the factors which caused Cæsar to invade that country, for Suetonius the Roman historian relates

that when Cæsar was planning the invasion he carefully compared the British pearls with the Oriental; and this gives a curious glimpse into the Gallic trade with Britain. The Romans were evidently keen to obtain pearls; but it is scarcely likely that they could obtain many from Scotland, where the finest were to be found, since the most productive rivers lie pretty well outside the area which was effectively occupied by the legions. Julius Cæsar gave a breastplate studded with British pearls as an offering to Venus Genetrix; but the gems seem to have been poor in shape and colour, for the historian speaks of them as being small, brownish, and leaden-coloured. Most probably they were only small seed-pearls got from the edible mussel of the seashore, large numbers of which are spoken of as having been obtained from the beds on the shores of the Irish Sea. Pliny, too, from his account of British pearls, would seem only to have seen the small pearls which Tacitus spoke of as being subfusca et liventia.

After the English invaders had conquered southern Britain and divided it into kingdoms, the learned Bede lived at Jarrow and wrote his history. Pearls from the fresh-water mussel were not then uncommon, for he speaks of mussels in the rivers containing pearls, sometimes pinky or hyacinthine, but oftenest pure white. Boece, the learned historian of medieval Scotland, gives a very full account of the fishery. According to that historian, 'the Hors mussilis, early in the morning, when the lift is clear and temperat, open their mouths above the water and maist greedelie swallis the dew of heaven,' and from that they produce pearls. This same reason for the production of pearls is also given by Camden in his Britannia. The mussels, Boece continues, are so gleg of hearing that any sound on the bank causes them to disappear among the mud. He gives a description of how men go into the rivers to fish the shells, and how, as Bellenden puts it in his translation, they would 'cleek them up with their tayis.' The details are so exact that it seems certain that Boece must have watched men fishing, probably in the river Tay, on the banks of which he was born, if he did not himself take part in it and cleek shells up with his 'tayis.' 'The pearls,' he says, 'that are gotten in Scotland are nocht of little value, for they have a clear, shinand whiteness, round and licht, and sometimes are as muckel as the nail of a man's finger, of which we have had part.' So that he at least possessed some.

At a later date, in the seventeenth century, there was some attempt made by James the Sixth to regulate the fishery. In 1620 Sir Thomas Menzies of Cults, in Aberdeenshire, presented to the king a large pearl, which tradition says is now the top pearl of the Scottish crown. It was found in the river Ythan, which old historians call the rich rig of Scotland. The present seems to have stimulated the king to institute a search for pearls in his kingdom. Letters were sent to the various men in

power to prosecute the search, and proclamations were issued ordering the pearls to be sold only to these men. The reply of the Earl of Melrose to the order of the king is in existence in full, and is extremely interesting. The Earl, acting under orders from the Lord Chancellor, had appointed Sir Robert Gordon of Sutherland, the Lord of Kintail, for waters in Ross, and Mr Patrick Maitland of Auchencrieff for the waters of Eythen. These men were to buy all pearls, and no others were to deal in them. But the crop of pearls seemed to fail suddenly. Sir Robert got none, and my Lord of Kintail had not heard of any in Kintail. But an explanation seems to be given of the scarcity in a later sentence in the letter. Mr Patrick Maitland 'persewed some men in Aberdeen before the Counsell for their unlawful buying of pearls since the proclamation, who compeiring, some confessed a small quantity but of no value, the rest being sworn and examined denied.' We hear no more after this of royal dealings in pearls; and probably the Pearl of Kings, as the Earl calls him, forgot all about them when he came to his larger kingdom. But some men appear to have received patents for the fishery, for among the unprinted Acts of Charles the Second's Parliament of 1633 there is an Act repealing the patent for the pearl-fishery granted to Mr Buchan of Auchmacoy, in Aberdeenshire.

The fishery then grew to greater proportions in the next century, pearls to the value of ten thousand pounds being sent from the Tay district alone in one year. In the old Statistical Account of Scotland this period of great activity is spoken of, and it is noted that in many districts considerable numbers of people were employed in the fishery. In the notes from the Teith district, from Cargill, and from Dowally, however, it is noted that the beds gave out or that the demand for pearls grew less. In the note concerning the parish of Cargill it is reported that there was in the custody of the Honourable Mrs Drummond a necklace of Scottish pearls which had been in the possession of the ladies of that family for several generations. About a hundred years later than the great fishery mentioned above a new impetus was given to the industry, and it became very successful. Fishing was rigorously prosecuted under the direction of Mr Younger, an Edinburgh jeweller, and the harvest was very plentiful. In 1864 great numbers of people were engaged fishing in the rivers in the Trossachs, and an interesting account of the great activity shown is given in a journal of the time by an eye-witness. In a quiet Scottish way, it was a near approach to the rush seen on some new gold-Young and old, male and female, rushed into the water and waded and dived and swam till the excitement became so intense as to be called by many the pearl fever. Pearls were found, and that not infrequently, which were sold for considerable sums, and Mr Younger paid to those engaged in the Teith alone about six hundred pounds. Since that date there have been no rushes for pearls, but each year finds a number of men engaged in the fishery in the most productive rivers. The men employed in the salmon-fishing spend much of their leisure time in the search.

Many of the pearls are sold directly by the finders to wealthy people residing in the neighbourhood of the rivers, the shooting tenants of Highland estates being in most cases ready customers; but an increasing trade is now done in these gems by local jewellers. Single pearls from the Tay have recently been bought at prices varying from five to thirty pounds, and one is reported as having been sold for eighty pounds. The rivers most frequently fished are those of the Tay basin, such as the Earn, Garry, and the Tay itself, the tributaries of the Forth and the lakes which they drain, and the Ythan. The Isla, too, and the North and South Esks are productive. The Aberdeenshire Dee and Don have fishers resident on their banks, and the river Dochart in Inverness-shire is reported to have been fished well.

The methods adopted in this singular fishery are somewhat primitive. The fisherman wades in the shallows against the stream and inserts the point of a long stick which he carries in his hand between the gaping valves of the mussel, which at once close on it, and he easily lifts the mussel up. But naturally the shallows are soon fished, and a boat or raft of some kind is used for the deeper parts. Leaning over the edge of the boat, the fisher uses a watertelescope, which consists of a long tin can with a glass bottom, enabling him to see below the ripples clearly. The shell can be taken out with a pole or by an iron instrument like a double spoon, fixed to the end of the pole, which closes over each shell by its natural spring. After a sufficient number have been fished, they are taken ashore and carefully opened and the pearls, if present, removed. The expert fisherman professes to recognise a pearlbearing shell from others, and certainly he is often correct. The writer recently saw a shell taken from the river Earn, which is reputed to hold the finest pearls, that had held three pearls which sold for eight pounds. Three ridges were pointed out running from the hinge to the edge of the valves, and such ridges, it was stated, always showed the presence of pearls. In the growth of the shell room had to be left for the pearls. Even if the oldestlooking and most corroded shells are chosen, great numbers are often opened before any pearls are got; but, of course, as in all forms of treasure-seeking, a lucky find may be made at the very beginning. The fishery is carried on mainly from May to September, when the rivers are at their lowest and clearest.

There are two genera of fresh-water mussels to be found in Scottish rivers—the swan mussel and the pearl mussel (Anodonta cygnea and Unio margaritifer), and to the casual observer they are not unlike. But pearls are rarely found in the

former, and the pearl-fisher soon comes to distinguish them easily. The shell of Unio is about six inches long and two and a half broad, oval in shape, and convex above, and swollen and solidlooking, usually glossy and of a brown colour. The shell of Anodonta is usually greenish-yellow in colour, and much thinner-looking and fragile in comparison with the true pearl-mussel. The main difference, however, is in the hinge. In the Unio there is a strong tooth, forming with the margin of the shell a groove into which a corresponding notched tooth on the other valve fits; on the hind side of the hinge there is also a long plate-like tooth which locks into a deeply grooved plate on the left valve. The hinge of Anodonta, on the other hand, as the name shows, is quite plain and without any interlocking teeth. The Unio is to be found in the more swiftly running streams in the mountainous parts of Europe, and the umbones or prominences above the hinge are nearly always eroded by the action of the carbon dioxide gas dissolved in the waters of the streams in which the mussel lives. The interior of the shells of both is covered with a pearly coating, which is valueless. Unio is often more crescent-shaped than the swan mussel.

The presence of pearls was a puzzle to the older naturalists, as we have seen; and though presentday scientists have, of course, departed from the dew theory for a considerable time past, still no definite cause can be given for the presence of the gems. The evidence that they can be produced by inserting some foreign body into the mussel is very doubtful, though Linnæus the Swedish naturalist is said to have owed no small part of his fame to the fact that he could produce pearls by inserting grains of sand between the valves of the freshwater mussels which are to be found in Continental rivers. Artificial pearl crosses are reported from China as having been obtained by placing a thin metal cross within the body of the pearl-oyster, as the marine pearl-mussel is commonly called, and allowing it to stay there till it became covered with nacreous matter. Professor Herdman, in his researches on the pearl-mussel of Ceylon, has found that the pearls in these shells are secreted to cover a parasite, usually a nematoid worm, which passes one of its life-stages within the shell; and no doubt a similar cause will be found for the presence of pearls in fresh-water mussels. The commonly accepted theory that a single grain of sand within the mantle is sufficient to produce a pearl must no doubt be departed from.

Though the old industry of pearl-fishing is not lessened in any way, yet there does not seem to be much hope for its growth. The shells might be increased in number by cultivation; but when the prices of Scottish pearls are compared with the very high prices obtained for good Oriental gems, they are not sufficiently large to warrant any large expenditure in obtaining greater numbers.

SCIENCE AND ARTS. THE MONTH:

OUR INCREASING KNOWLEDGE OF MALARIA.



CCORDING to Professor Ross, who, as a foremost investigator of malarial fever, has lately been publishing accounts of his researches, the characteristic mark of the disease in an infected patient is the presence

in the blood and certain glands of minute black granules. These have been found to be the discarded refuse-matter of numerous parasitic organisms. Such 'protozoa,' as they are called (not to be confounded with genuine bacteria), have a peculiar Some breed once every twenty-four property. hours, others once every second or every third day. The discovery of this definite variety of habit was an important fact, for it pointed at once to an explanation of the well-known intermittency of malarial fever. And the next stage of research soon showed the underlying connection. It was found that the moment of germination or 'sporulation' was the occasion of the ejection of the black bodies. These latter are the direct cause of the disease, acting as they do as a specific blood-poison. But perhaps the most valuable step of all has been gained by proof that actual infection of a human being by the parasite is communicated by the mosquito. Thus, although as yet no infallible method of cure has been laid down, an undoubted advance has been made in the direction of the next best-namely, prevention.

THE BRILLIG LIGHT.

From the catalogue of the Brillig Light Company of Berwick-on-Tweed one gathers that the name is derived from that wonderful poem in Alice in Wonderland beginning, "Twas brillig and the slithy toves.' The exact appositeness of the adjective is not quite apparent in view of Humpty Dumpty's explanation that 'brillig' means 'four o'clock in the afternoon, the time that you begin broiling things for dinner.' The brillig lamp is one designed to consume petrol. In most of the many varieties the petrol is contained in a receptacle at a higher level than the burner, which it consequently reaches by gravity. At the burner the petrol is converted into gas and used to heat the usual form of mantle to incandescence. There are other forms of lamp, however, in which the gas is burned as a naked flame, and one of these latter, which is said to yield a light of twenty candle-power, has the petrol-container fitted in the base, whence the liquid is sucked by a wick packed into a metal tube, with a special form of gas-burner at the top. It is said that the cost of lighting by means of the brillig light is about one farthing an hour for a light of eighty candle-power. These lamps were successfully used throughout the winter at two stations on the North-Eastern Railway, and gave entire satisfaction,

although the stations are constantly swept by strong winds.

...x

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

There is so much opposition to the proposed compulsory introduction of the metric system into Great Britain that it is probable that the suggested law will be set aside again for a while. Much has been made by the objectors to the metric system of the fact that the metre is not an exact ten-millionth part of the quadrant of the meridian, as its inventors believed it to be. For practical purposes this scarcely affects the question; the English yard is an arbitrarily selected standard, but it is none the worse for that in practical use, and there does not seem much likelihood of the yard being lost and needing to be recovered. It is the definite relation between the unit and its subdivisions and multiples which really matters, and not its relation to the diameter of the earth or any other recoverable standard. It is not denied that the metric system might possibly be improved upon in this and in other directions; but it is perhaps more important to this country that it should at once adopt the system which is already in practical use by most other civilised nations than that it should retain its splendid isolation by the adoption of a perfect system of measurement which is different from that employed by other countries. Major MacMahon has indicated in a recent lecture the source from which a new standard of length may perhaps be forthcoming. The proposal is to take the length of the light-wave of some standard light produced under certain defined conditions (reproducible at any time), and make this the standard of length from which all other units could be deduced. In some experiments already conducted, the vapour of metallic cadmium was produced in vacuo, and rendered incandescent by an electric spark. It is possible to measure to a nicety the wave-length of any particular portion of the spectrum from such a light-source, and it is proposed to adopt this wave-length as the standard of length. The period of vibration of the same wave would form the standard of time, and the mass of a molecule of some definite substance the unit of weight. DRAUGHTS.

Adverting to a recent paragraph in this column on ventilation without draughts, a correspondent suggests that the draught-screen we therein noticed is analogous to the opening of a window-sash with a wide bottom bead, and he is doubtful whether the air renewal would be effected so imperceptibly as was suggested. He then goes on to say: 'The supply of air to the fire should be distinct from that to the room, and should be drawn from a source as near the fireplace as possible. There is a very simple plan that every one can adopt without expense worth mentioning. Make a few holes -of, say, one inch diameter-through the floor, on each side of the chimney-breast, and lead the air from these by means of an inverted trough round to the front of the cheeks of the mantelpiece. The troughs may be covered with carpet or otherwise dealt with to match the floor, and the end nearest the fireplace may be covered with perforated zinc to prevent any entrance of mice, &c., the other end being closed.' In his assumption that the air for the fireplace should be supplied independently from that in the sitting-room we are not disposed to agree with our correspondent. The fire is undoubtedly a powerful pump sucking away the vitiated air from the room, and as such it is valuable, and should be encouraged. That it will produce draughts if no provision is made for the proper entrance of fresh air to replace that drawn away is undeniable. But such provision should be made in every sitting-room, either by some such makeshift contrivance as the partially opened window-sash with the broad bead at the bottom, or the draught-screen already alluded to; or, better still, by a properly arranged system of ventilation provided for in the structure of the building.

COMFORT FOR PIANISTS.

That demon of every pianist, the necessity for constant soul-destroying practice at the keyboard, is threatened with exorcism by an inventor who claims to have discovered a means whereby the muscles of the fingers and arm may be brought into a fit condition without it. Mr Macdonald Smith is, by his own description of himself, a scientist and a musician at once, and by virtue of this rare combination of qualities he claims to have made a discovery which has hitherto escaped attention. He states that continual practice at the keyboard, in most cases, is not only ineffectual in bringing the muscles into the best possible condition for playing difficult passages, but is even detrimental to the player. There are a few individuals so highly gifted by nature that they attain the most marvellous execution after constant practice; but ordinary human beings cannot hope to reach that perfection even if they practised to their utmost capacity. Yet, according to Mr Macdonald Smith, they may attain wonderful execution without practising at all, except so far as is necessary to gain familiarity with the different keys. In a little booklet, Light on Pianoforte Playing, issued by Mr Macdonald Smith at his address, 19 Bloomsbury Square, London, the many advantages of his method of giving suppleness to the fingers of his Pupils are clearly set forth, together with a number of convincing testimonials from those who have benefited. The book does not, however, give much description of the method itself, although some idea of the process may be gained. In a very apt illustration the author describes how the mopping up of a pool of ink with a sponge would take some hundreds of applications if the sponge were only half-squeezed every time, whereas if it were squeezed quite dry three or four would be sufficient. He likens the effect upon the muscles of the fingers and arm by ordinary piano practice to the half-squeezing of the sponge, and in his method of muscular training he aims at squeezing the muscles quite dry every time. He gives lessons either personally or by correspondence in his method of training and in the technical rules which he has laid down in connection therewith. The actual exercise involves a maximum of eight minutes' manipulation, away from the piano, every morning and evening; and if the results attained are only half as great as they are claimed to be, the author of the book has indeed conferred a great blessing upon a large section of the community.

ENGLISH BULBS.

The vast industry hitherto associated almost exclusively with Holland is gaining a very promising foothold in this country, according to an article in a recent number of the World's Work. It is said that the climate of Holland is just like that of England, only worse; hence it is only natural that the flowers which grow so well in the former country should also flourish here. In the Fen district of Lincolnshire there are many acres of land devoted to the growing of narcissi; and so successful has the industry become that several prominent Dutch growers have even paid England the compliment of buying their stock-bulbs in this country, while others are said to have seriously considered the advisability of purchasing land in Lincolnshire for the growing of bulbs, so as to compete with the Englishman in his own land. According to Mr F. W. Burbridge, M.A., in his address at the Narcissus Conference held in 1906, 'an acre of wheat or potatoes may be put down as worth from twenty to fifty pounds, according to locality, variety, &c.; but an acre of choice daffodils or narcissi may be worth anything from fifty to five hundred pounds, or even more.' Here, then, may perhaps be found an antidote for the agricultural depression in England, and even in Ireland, where the conditions are also said to be thoroughly suitable to the growing of bulbs and of flowers for the market. See the article 'A Visit to a Bulb-Farm in Ireland' in Chambers's for 1901.

THE EARTH AS A STEAM-BOILER.

It will be remembered that in the driving of the Simplon Tunnel intense heat was encountered in the very heart of the Alps, heat which but for modern methods of cooling, aided by the water from an ice-cold subterranean river which curiously enough had been previously encountered, would have incapacitated the workmen and rendered further progress impossible. At the bottom of all deep mines the earth is very considerably warmer than at the surface. A theoretical increase of temperature of one degree for every sixty feet of depth has been based upon the results obtained in a variety of localities. This must, however, be

taken as only approximate, for great variation exists in different parts of the globe. There can be no doubt whatever that the heat of the earth gradually increases with the depth, and upon this is based a theory for a new and general source of power. It is proposed to bore two holes directly into the earth's surface twelve thousand feet deep and fifty feet apart, and at this depth there should, theoretically, be a temperature of about two hundred and forty degrees, far above the boiling-point of water. Then it is suggested that very heavy charges of dynamite should be dropped to the bottom of each hole and exploded simultaneously, with the view of forming a connection underground between the two wells. This connection having been established, the idea is to pour cold water down one hole, and utilise the steam issuing from the other for the various industrial purposes to which steam is applicable. It will be seen, of course, that the scheme has this much in its favour, that, apart from the original velocity of the steam itself, there would be the extra pressure -some five thousand pounds to the square inchof the descending column of water. According to the American Inventor, the scheme as an undertaking would not be beyond our present standards of cost and enterprise. It is believed that in the Pittsburg district the plan might be carried out for about ten thousand pounds, and that after that was expended there would be practically an unlimited supply of high-pressure steam for the mere cost of the water from which it was produced.

ELECTRIC TRAINS ON STEAM RAILROADS.

The recent terrible accident on an electrified railroad in America points to a possible danger in the conversion of steam tracks to electrical uses. The steam locomotive, from its nature, has a centre of gravity at a considerable height above the rails, and in taking a curve at high speed there is a certain amount of give in the hammering pressure of the weight upon the outer rail. In the case of the electric locomotive the weight is hung very low indeed, for the motors are in line with the axes of the wheels, and the whole weight is concentrated low down and upon a short wheel-base. The effect when such a locomotive takes a curve at a higher speed than that for which the line has been superelevated is a tendency to squeeze the outer rail out of its position. In the accident on the recently converted New York Central Railroad, the short, powerful, and very heavy locomotive exerted so direct a pressure upon the outer rail that the metal actually sheared off the heads of the heavy spikes by which it was attached to the sleepers. It does not appear that the locomotive was so heavy as many of the steam-engines which had been running safely over the track for many years, but the weight was concentrated on so short a wheel-base that the hammering thrust was felt on a comparatively short portion of the track at a time, and the heads of the eighteen spikes were neatly sheared off in succession. It would seem that the super-elevation rules should be carefully revised in view of the changing conditions of traffic on the American railroads, changing conditions which will certainly obtain before long in this country also. The suggestion is made in American scientific papers that the curves should be super-elevated for the maximum speeds for the trains which are to pass over them, and not for the average speed, as is the present practice. The average speed was selected because in many cases slow trains have to pass over the same curves; but when accidents occur through the train jumping the track, it is always the outer rail which is jumped.

A DRY EXTRACT OF COFFEE.

Liquid extracts of coffee are common enough; not so the dry extract, resembling cocoa in appearance -the invention of Mr Frederick John Reichert, a London technical chemist—which is being brought out for the first time. Mr Reichert has been experimenting for eight years in perfecting a dry extract from the coffee-berry, without the aid or addition of any chemicals, which should not deteriorate by long keeping. It may not be generally known that when coffee is prepared in the usual way a considerable quantity of the infusion cannot be exhausted from the grounds, and is therefore wasted; but in the process of making this dry extract such waste is avoided. The woody fibre and fat have also been eliminated without impairing the flavour, with the result that there are no grounds, and one pound of raw coffee concentrated occupies about two and a half cubic inches and weighs little over three ounces. It is claimed that one pound of raw coffee converted into extract will produce from four to six breakfast-cupfuls more than when one pound of coffee is roasted, ground, and brewed in the usual way. It can be prepared for drinking in exactly the same way as cocoa, while the delicate aroma of the coffee has been preserved. If this extract can be sold cheaply enough it ought to prove a boon to motorists, cyclists, and travellers, as well as be much appreciated for general domestic use.

BLUE EYES.

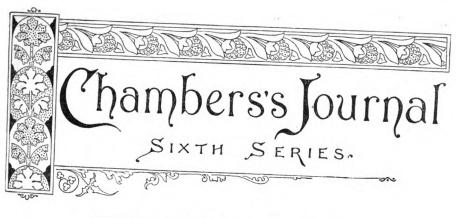
'Twas blue: not the blue of forget me-nots That hide among the fern; Nor was it the blue of lobelias On the banks of the babbling burn.

'Twas not the blue of the wide summer sky,
Though full of a heavenly glow;
Nor was it like the sky that swims
In the mirroring lake below.

'Twas stranger still: more like that night
Of the South—clear, radiant, deep—
That watched o'er Venice's whispering smiles
And golden Delhi's sleep;

The blue of Avelyon's fading shores,
Which veiled King Arthur's boat;
The distant blue of the fairy-haze
Where all man's wishes float.

GREGORY GREY.



ТНЕ. RIVER PASS.

By W. VICTOR COOK.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

One of the most heroic of the many fine incidents in the early history of Canada was the stand made by Daulac (or Dollard) des Ormeaux and fifteen other young Frenchmen against the Iroquois army at the rapids of the Long Sault, on the Ottawa, in 1660. The French had made the cardinal blunder of allying themselves with the weak Huron nation instead of with the powerful and warlike Iroquois, who were, moreover, the sworn foes of the Hurons. The Iroquois organised a great confederacy of Indian nations against the French with such effect that the whites were in imminent danger of being swept out of the country. In the belief that the Iroquois had grown contemptuous of French courage, and that, if the country was to be saved for the white settlers, a supreme example was necessary to impress the natives, and prevent them from marching on Montreal, Daulac and his comrades voluntered to go out against the enemy, who were in strong force on the Ottawa. The offer was accepted, and after receiving the rites of the Church, the little band, at first accompanied by a few Hurons, set out for the Ottawa. At the head of the Long Sault Rapids they strengthened an old fort, and waited till the Iroquois came down the river. They were attacked, but held out for several days against the whole force of the Indians, who eventually sent for reinforcements. They were again attacked, and after a brave resistance were wiped out to the last man. It is said that four Hurons refused to leave them, and stayed and shared their fate. The news of the exploit was received in Montreal through the medium of a Huron. Statues of the Sixteen are placed along the façade of the Legislative Buildings at Quebec, and their names are preserved in the Seminary of St Sulpice at Montreal.

CHAPTER I.



the square before the church of Notre Dame at Montreal that is called the Place d'Armes to-day, a silent crowd of men and women waited in the May sunshine. A row of priests in black cassocks stood at

the entrance, and from the tower above a bell clanged in a vibrant monotone. Through their midst the crowd voluntarily left open a passage-way from the Rue Notre Dame to the church doors, and their expectant looks were directed down this to the long street of wooden houses. Here and there the

front of a house was draped in blue and white; here and there the lily banner of Old France hung from a window; but the crowd was strangely solemn. This was no festival procession that they were awaiting, with faces grave and anxious.

Hard by the step in front of the church door a tall and swarthy man in the moccasins and buckskin of a trapper stood watching with the rest. Like many of the men, he stood bareheaded, and the sun shone on the long jet-black hair that fell to his shoulders. His face was spare, with a hardy look of the forest life, and a fire lurked in the dark eyes that roved freely over the crowd. Gaunt and thin of figure, he might have arrested attention anywhere by the impression he conveyed of endurance and of independence. A short axe and a dagger hung in his belt.

'A long wait, mademoiselle,' said the man in a low voice to his next neighbour in the crowd, a citizen's daughter who stood with her father and

'Oui, monsieur. God give them safety, those brave men!'

The citizen murmured a word in his girl's ear, and she started and drew away slightly from the trapper. He gave a little bitter laugh, and nodded as if comprehending.

'Cest ça! Do not be frightened, little bird. There is no infection about a poor excommuniqué. Learn, pretty one, never to believe more than half of what they say about that wicked devil Jules Desbarres. One half-that is fair, hein! both to Jules and to Holy Mother Church?' He turned a look of angry contempt towards the row of waiting priests, and at the sound of his deep voice several of those nearest to him glanced up and drew back, so that the trapper was left, in a measure, alone.

'Merci, messieurs,' he said, with a contemptuous inclination. 'An excommunique has always elbow-

The bell clanged on. The tension in the waiting crowd became more acute. At last in the distance came the sound of chanting. Men's voices drew [All Rights Reserved.] MAY 4, 1907.

near, singing the Penitential Psalms. Here and there a woman in the crowd caught her breath in a sob and hid her face in her hands.

At length a little procession appeared, a procession of sixteen armed men walking slowly in Indian file, headed by a priest who bore the fleur-de-lys. Each man carried an arquebuse and wore a sword at his side. All were in the prime of youth. They chanted as they walked, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, and a sound of mingled weeping and benediction arose among the onlookers.

Jules Desbarres, the trapper, neither wept nor blessed, but he drew himself to his full height, and looked on the Sixteen with his stern face aglow with pride. He folded his arms tight across his chest, and as he watched the procession disappear into the church his nostrils dilated and his dark eyes flashed.

The clanging bell ceased its note and the crowd passed into the church after the young men, but Desbarres stood still in his place. In his imagination he could see it all, more vividly even than many of them that stood within: the consecration and the blessing, and the rank of armed men kneeling before the altar. He turned away, and with long, swinging strides descended to the banks of the wide St Lawrence.

As he passed the fortifications by the river a sentry held him a moment in talk.

'How goes it in the forest, Jules?'

'Burning and slaying,' said the trapper. 'From here to the Gulf the warriors of the Five Nations hold the land in terror.'

'Ay, that we know. Terror is king along the river, and no day passes but a fugitive from the eastward reaches us with some fresh tale of torture and death. But the army of the heathen on the Upper Ottawa—what is the news of them? Is it true, what men say, that they are three thousand strong?'

'It is less than the truth, my friend.'

'Mon Dieu! But are you certain, Monsieur Jules?'

'Death itself is not more certain,' replied the trapper. He tapped the sentry on the shoulder, seeming to take a grim satisfaction in the man's scared looks as he proceeded. 'I who speak to you have passed through the winter quarters of the Iroquois—and from Montreal Island here to the ocean there is no other man who could have done that and come out alive—and I tell you that when the new moon is full, five thousand braves will break camp and set out on the war-trail for Montreal. And may God have mercy on your souls!'

'Amen!' muttered the sentry, pale, and crossing himself. 'Five thousand! But the Governor's scouts said three thousand. Then this adventure of Monsieur des Ormeaux and his brave companions'—

'There is not a man of them who will survive,' said the trapper solemnly; 'and there is not a man of them but knows it, for I have told them. I

have spoken with Monsieur de Maisonneuve, the Governor, and told him the truth, and yet that brave man, Monsieur Daulac, and his comrades will lay down their lives for France. What did he say. think you, that captain of courage? "Monsieur Desbarres," says he, "we do not doubt you speak the truth. The pagans are glutted with success, and our men are everywhere dispirited with defeat and fear. The savages have sworn to sweep us Frenchmen into the sea, and if they carry Montreal all will be lost. It is necessary to take the offensive, and show a brave face, to cover the weakness of our garrison. It needs that a few shall stand for France -stand and not ask for aid-stand, if it must be, till the last man's dagger break in his hand. It is the only way to turn them from their design."

'But there are the Hurons,' objected the sentry. 'The Huron nation are our allies.'

'The Hurons!' Jules Desbarres spat on the ground. 'The Hurons are women. Who knows better than I? When we made that cursed alliance we brewed the mortal dish we eat of now. Adieu, monsieur! Keep your sword sharpened, and pray hard to the bon Dieu for His city of Montreal.'

The trapper strode down to the shore of the great, swift-flowing river. Close to the water's edge a birch-bark canoe lay drawn up on the strand, and beside it stood waiting an Indian girl, who smiled as he came up. She was graceful and soft-eyed as a deer—a very flower of her people. Without a word spoken, they launched the frail shell, and while the girl nestled in the bottom of the craft, Desbarres, with strong strokes of the paddle, sent it darting down-stream.

For some time they moved in silence save for the bubbling of the water beneath them. At sight of the girl's smiling eyes watching him the trapper's face lost a little of its sternness.

'You are happy, Woonona,' said he, in the soft Indian tongue that he had so well learned from her

'Your brothers the pale-faces would not have you to fight for them?' she said, not concealing her joy.

The Frenchman's mouth hardened in a moment, and he laughed his little bitter laugh. 'No, they would not have me. I told them many things it behoved them greatly to know. I would have cast in my lot with them, to stand and die with them, for, by the Mass, they are men to die with! But their priests long ago made me an outcast, pretty one, and this expedition is a very holy business. The priests make great medicine to-day before the Manitou, praying for the souls of the warriors.'

'I do not understand the ways of the pale-faces,' said Woonona; 'but I am glad they will not have you to fight for them—you who have the bold heart and the cunning brain of the white man and the red. The Iroquois will kill them all, but you will live.'

She gazed at him with eyes of love; but the

Frenchman, laying his paddle across his knees, knitted his brows and stared at the sunlit water dancing past.

'You will live with Woonona,' said the gentle voice.

'But I say they shall have me!' cried the trapper suddenly, and swore an oath in his own tongue.

The Indian girl started, and a wistful, half-frightened expression came on her face as she looked up at her lover's clouded brow.

Jules Desbarres gazed earnestly on her.

'Woonona,' said he—'O Woonona! Light-of-Morn! this is no small matter. My folks, have cast me out from among them; nevertheless, their blood runs in my veins, and when I see them harried like a herd before the hunters my heart cries out. Light-of-Morn, a little while since I spoke ill of your people. I said, "The Hurons are cowards and women."

'Yet we Hurons are friends with the French. And the chief, my father, and my brothers, are they women?'

'The chief, your father, and your brothers, do they not sit in their doors with buried hatchets while their friends are rooted out of the land, while the Iroquois nation, who have been their enemies since the world began, grow fat with spoil and drunken with our blood? Let the chief, your father, call his braves together; let but a few score take the war-path with me, and the name of the Huron nation, O Woonona! shall shine among brave warriors till the end of the world.'

The outcast's sombre face glowed with the emotion that his speech called up. He leaned towards the girl, and his words burned upon his lips.

Light-of-Morn, we pale-faces cannot die. A few of us, it may be, perish here and there. But if we fall, for every hair upon our heads there will come a hundred stronger than we in the great canoes from over the black water. Then they that have been our friends shall come to great honour, and with us rule all this land; but they that have fought against us when we were few and weak shall be utterly destroyed till their very name is lost. Light-of-Morn, I go to fight for my people against their enemies.

There was that in her lover's face and voice that held the Indian girl wondering. At length she put her hands on his knees as he sat with the paddle laid athwart.

'In any case,' she said in her low, musical speech, 'my white brother will not go alone. I will speak with my father, who loves you because of me; but even if he will not hear me, there is one of the Huron nation who will follow thee to the end. Weonona will not leave thee while the spirit is in her.'

The trapper gently took her alim brown wrists. 'Nay,' he said, smiling down on her—'nay, my forest floweret, that cannot be. We will speak to the chief together, and, if it may be, persuade

him to play the man. But the war-trail is too rough a place for thee, my pretty one. Nevertheless, Light-of-Morn, this I swear to thee because of thy brave heart: that whether thy people will take the path or no, there shall not be wanting a Huron warrior to stand beside the French in the great fight they go out to make, so that if they fall it shall be said, "A Huron stood with them to the last;" and when my people come from over the black water to take vengeance, the name of the Hurons shall sound sweetly in their ears, and that nation shall be spared for thy dear sake. And this I swear by the Holy Cross, and in my own tongue, que Dien me soit en aide!"

CHAPTER II.

ALTE-LA! Qui vive?

The sharp challenge of the sentry broke the light slumbers of his comrades round the camp-fire.

The leader sprang up, hand on sword, and strode to the side giving on the river, where the sentinel, with arquebuse ready, held cautious speech with one that stood below.

'A Huron brave, mon capitains, who demands to speak with you.'

Daulac des Ormeaux looked, and saw a warrior in full war-paint, but unarmed, who carried a small white flag. The full May moon, shimmering on the broad river behind, showed the dark silhouettes of a flotilla of perhaps a dozen canoes.

'Your business?' asked Daulac of the silent, waiting figure.

'We would follow the white men on the war-trail.'

The answer was in the broken French of the Indians who had traffic with the whites.

'We want no followers,' said Daulac. 'Why do you come?'

The Indian took a step nearer, but halted at the captain's warning cry. He was gaunt and tall, proudly sedate, with keen dark eyes that looked out fearlessly beneath the circlet of plumes that bound his brow.

'Chief,' said he, 'the moon shines bright. It is no time for deceit. Yet know that a half-hour ago I lay beside you by the fire. You are a little company, and here are a hundred of the boldest Huron braves. You heard no stroke of paddle when we came. If my warriors had sought your scalps you had all been dead men ere now. You go to fight the Iroquois, who are our foes and yours. Let us, then, go together.'

The white leader hesitated. He was suspicious, familiar with Indian guile.

'François,' he said to the sentinel, 'what is this that he says? He cannot have entered the camp?'

'Half-an-hour since,' continued the Indian imperturbably, 'ten of your company lay about the fire. While I lay among you, one rose and threw wood on the embers. Yet he saw me not. Thou, chief, hadst on the sleeve of thy sword-arm a token of blue ribbon, fastened with a brooch of silver. Here are the brooch and the ribbon.' He held them up.

Daulac des Ormeaux recoiled in amazement, feeling his sleeve with his left hand.

'Holy Mother! the heathen speaks truth.'

'The same hand that took the token could as easily have struck a dagger in thy heart,' said the Huron gravely.

'Let him draw near, François,' the French leader ordered. 'Ciel! To think we could be so easily outwitted! Come with me, friend.'

The Indian strode after him to the camp-fire, and, seating himself, proffered a pipe of tobacco, which was handed round the group.

'Why would you fight for us?' asked Daulac.

'Revenge is sweet to all,' said the Huron sententiously. 'See!' He held out his muscular brown hands, on which the flesh was twisted and scarred. He bared his chest, and showed the old sears of burning.

'We Hurons are a weak nation,' he continued.
'Alone, we cannot stand against the Iroquois. But it was told us: the white men take the war-trail.
And although not all our warriors would come, here are a hundred of the best.'

Daulac looked keenly at the impassive face of the Indian.

'By whom was this news brought to the Hurons?' he demanded.

'There is a certain hunter whom in our speech we call Gray Wolf,' said the other, with a momentary hesitation that escaped the watchful Frenchman. 'He is of your people, but he knows the forest like ourselves. He knows the speech alike of the white man and the red, of Huron and Iroquois, Mohawk and Algonquin. It was he who brought the news.'

'But,' said Des Ormeaux, 'this is no ordinary warfare that we go to wage. It is a fight to the end.'

'Where danger dwells, there is the warrior's home. Is it agreed that we come with you?'

'I will speak with my comrades. Wait,' said the French leader. He turned aside and conferred with his little band, while the Indian, stolid and motionless, stood in the moonlight before the campfire. Presently Daulac returned.

'Understand,' he said, 'we go to our death, one and all.'

'I understand. Yet death avoids the brave. Is it agreed?'

'It is agreed.'

Next day they went on together, the sixteen white men and the Huron band, paddling their canoes side by side up the great highway of the Ottawa, between the low hills of the distant banks and the dark pine-forests that whispered to the water's edge. The next day it was the same, and

the next after that. At last they came to a place where the increasing strength of the current compelled them to land and make a portage under the pines along the bank.

Here the Huron leader came to Daulac. 'Chief,' said he, 'that same Gray Wolf who gave us tidings of this journey told us also of a place that lies at the head of this rapid, and said that in that place ten men might make good their ground against a hundred.'

It was a long portage, and difficult. On their one hand the great river raced down between its narrowed banks in curling green eddies flecked with angry white splashes of foam. The noise of the rapids filled the air as the armed men toiled along, bearing their fragile craft on their shoulders, now making their tortuous way through a maze of dark pine-trunks, now scrambling on rocks or knee-deep in the bright-green grass of the Canadian spring. At the end of many hours of this kind of travel they emerged upon a wide, clear space by the waterside. They had passed the rapid, and the river here ran deep and smooth. Close to the bank an old fort stood half-dismantled. On the landward side of it, at a little distance, the pines brooded in a shadowed silence or whispered among themselves their own dark secrets when the breeze stirred their upper boughs.

'This is the place—a good place,' said the Huron.
'Here all men, before they run the rapids, put ashore and make spells to appease the spirits of the river. This is the place of which Gray Wolf spoke.'

Indeed, to a soldier's eye the place was unmatched for defence on all the river. The fort stood on a rising ground of rock, and there was no cover within a bowshot. On the east the river ran within ten yards of the stockades.

'We will await the heathen here,' said Daulac des Ormeaux. 'Comrades, let us make good the fort.'

So the little company laboured to bring up their scanty stores and repair the defences. In the midst of the fort they raised the lily flag of France. For a whole week they waited thus by the river, chafing at the delay.

On the last day of the week the Huron leader crouched alone in a thicket by the water's edge, ten miles above the camp as the crow flies, but many miles by the windings of the stream. Before his eyes there glided past a great fleet of canoes filled with many hundreds of warriors. He waited till the last had gone by, then rose to his feet, and at a swift run made his way towards the fort. Suddenly arose in his path the slight figure of an Indian girl. A cry came from her: 'Jules!'

He stopped in amaze, staring on her, and even under its stain his cheek blanched.

'Woonona!' he faltered. 'Art thou indeed Woonona?' Then he perceived how thin and worn she was, and he clasped her to him. 'How camest thou here, pretty one?' he said in gentle reproach.

'Where my white brother goes, I go,' she answered simply. 'I have followed. The way was long, and I was frightened; but the canoes were easy to see upon the river. I am very tired; but, since I have found thee, what of that?'

The seeming Indian smote his breast in an agony. But I cannot stay with thee, pretty one. See! the Iroquois come down the river in their strength, and my people and thine will be taken unawares if I fail to warn them. The fight will be to-night. Alas! alas! what shall I do with thee, Woonona?

'Stay!' she cried, clasping her arms about him. 'Stay! I knew that I should find my white brother, and save him. Stay with me, Jules, or I die.'

Jules Desbarres groaned like a man in torment while he carried her onward, his agile mind working to solve the dreadful problem of how to save her from the fiendish cruelty of the Iroquois.

While they were yet several miles from the fort he espied a small cave, on whose mouth the sun shone warmly, in the midst of a patch of rocky ground. Here he set her down.

'Woonona,' he said tenderly, looking in her eyes, 'I love thee better than life.'

She took his face between her hands, and smiled. 'I command thee, remain here till I come,' he said. 'If in three days I do not come, return to your people. But in case the Iroquois take thee, here is that which will deliver thee. Only swallow

this and have no fear of them. But do not swallow it till death is certain. Swear!'

'I swear,' she said, looking up in his face with the dumb trust of an animal. With a great cry, Jules Desbarres tore himself from her and ran towards the fort.

(To be continued.)

EXCURSION TRAINS: PRESENT AND PAST.

By G. A. SEKON, Editor of The Railway Magazine.



APPILY for excursionists of to-day, the necessity of getting up in the very early hours of the morning if one wishes to take advantage of the cheap fares of excursion trains has

almost become a thing of the past. Not only have the inconvenient hours of starting disappeared, but with them the slow speed; and on many lines the ramshackle rolling-stock in which in most cases excursion passengers formerly had to perform their uncomfortable and tedious journeys has disappeared also.

The commencement of these ameliorations in excursion traffic conditions is to be found in the half-day trips inaugurated some few years back from large centres of population in the Midlands to

It was evident, if travellers from such places a Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, and Leicester were to be induced to leave their homes after midday, spend the late afternoon and evening in London, and arrive home soon after midnight, radical changes must be made in the working of excursion trains. The first improvement requisite was an increase of speed. People could not patrohise half-day excursions necessitating three hundred miles of railway travelling if ten hours out of a possible fourteen were to be spent in the train, so the new excursions were timed at express speeds. The next improvement was but a natural corollary of the acceleration of the excursion trains. The antiquated light-of-weight carriages were not suitable for running at express speed, so coaches heavier and better in every way had to be employed in these express excursions.

The half-day trips from the Midlands to London having proved so successful, it was not long before the enterprising Great Western and London and

North-Western Railways gave Londoners the opportunity of visiting Stratford-on-Avon by halfday excursions. These were highly successful, and similar trips were arranged to Weymouth, followed by excursions to nearer resorts on the Great Eastern system.

In August 1904 holiday-makers were astonished to learn that the Great Western Railway was advertising half-day trips to Weston-super-Mare, the trains running the whole one hundred and thirty-seven and a half miles, without an intermediate stop, in three hours-by corridor trainsat a fare of four shillings and threepence for the double journey, the charge working out at about one penny for five miles. About the same time the half-day excursion to Dorchester was quickened, the one hundred and forty-seven and a half miles being covered in three hours five minutes.

It goes without saying that, with the business acumen that characterises the management of the railways north of the Tweed, very liberal excursion arrangements are to be found in Scotland, where the economical practice of 'killing two birds with one stone' largely obtains. Special trains for excursionists are, of course, run; but this class of traffic is largely catered for by the issue of day-tickets available by the ordinary (including the express corridor) trains. For instance, on the North British Railway, the day-trip ticket from Carlisle to Aberdeen costs only five shillings and sixpence, although the journey in each direction is two hundred and twenty-nine miles. By the same railway, three hundred and forty miles is the distance from Edinburgh to Mallaig and back, whilst the 'there and back' distance between 'Auld Reekie' and Inverness is but eight miles less, yet but five shillings is asked for a day-trip ticket for either of these lengthy journeys. Long distance excursion trains

run by the North British Railway are booked to run at an inclusive speed of forty miles an hour, or over.

The Caledonian Railway will take one from Carlisle to Aberdeen and back, a distance of four hundred and eighty miles for the round trip, for the matter of five shillings and sixpence. What in railway parlance are known as 'guaranteed excursions' are very popular in Scotland, and for three shillings a head a train conveying five hundred passengers, or over, will be run one hundred and sixty miles; while for five hundred miles by such a train the fare will be only four shillings and sixpence. By these 'guaranteed' day excursions, the fare from Glasgow to Dingwall and back, a journey of four hundred miles, the charge is but four shillings.

In the matter of short distances, half-day or Saturday afternoon excursions, the Caledonian Railway offers facilities which are unique, besides being a marvel of cheapness. For instance, Aberdonians have a special non-stop excursion on Saturday afternoon to Brechin and Edzell, taking them to the base of the Grampians and back, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, for one shilling and sixpence or two shillings respectively.

From Glasgow to the Clyde coast there is a service of express trains and steamers by the Caledonian route which is unsurpassed in any other part of the world for comfort and promptitude. Passengers, for example, may leave the Central Station, Glasgow, any day during the season by an express train for Wemyss Bay or Gourock, there join the splendid steamer Duchess of Hamilton for an eight hours' cruise round the lochs and the Firth of Clyde, returning to Glasgow by another express train in the evening, for the remarkably low fare of four shillings.

The Glasgow and South-Western Railway conveys day-trippers from Glasgow to Carlisle and back, two hundred and thirty miles, by express trains, taking only about two and a half hours on each journey. The cost of this trip is but four shillings.

The Highland Railway will convey one in through excursion trains from Inverness to Glasgow and back, a distance of about three hundred and thirty miles, for five shillings; or, if the excursionist wants a longer railway ride for the same money, he can upon reaching Perth travel thence to, and return from, Glasgow by the North British Railway, and thus increase the distance travelled about twenty-two miles.

Whit-Monday of 1905 saw express half-day excursions in corridor coaches by the Great Northern Railway from King's Cross to far Skegness and back. These were advertised as 'non-stop,' but a halt was made at Spalding en route to replenish the water-supply of the locomotive. Some four thousand passengers availed themselves of the trip, six trains being required to convey them. So successful were these trips that last summer the Great Northern Railway was running the trains from

Leeds as well as from London to Skegness, and giving them a place in its time-tables, instead of advertising them as excursions.

Whit-Monday of last summer saw the Midland Railway as a wooer of the half-day excursionist, a trip being run from St Pancras to Matlock and back. So popular was it that the supply of special tickets gave out, and ordinary tickets stamped 'return' had to be used to supplement them.

Special corridor bogie coaches with lavatory accommodation, are being constructed by one railway exclusively for excursion traffic, so important is the new development expected to become.

What was the genesis of these cheap trips by railway? Simply the desire to enable teetotalers to attend temperance demonstrations. In 1841 a wood-turner of Leicester—Thomas Cook by name performed a fifteen miles' walk from his native town to Market Harborough to enable him to attend a temperance meeting. He beguiled the tedium of the walk by reading an account of the newly opened railways, and the thought occurred to him, 'Why not travel by train?' A temperance meeting was to be held at Loughborough in a few days, so Thomas Cook approached the directors of the Midland Counties Railway with a suggestion for a special train. He guaranteed sufficient passengers to make the running of the train profitable to the railway company, and on 5th July 1841 set out from Leicester to Loughborough with his first personally conducted tour, seven hundred and fifty passengers travelling by the train.

The success of the first excursion awakened in people who usually did not travel a desire to do so, and it will be of interest if we give some account of the earliest excursion trains.

It was at Easter, in 1844, that pleasure excursions appear to have first become general. Before this date some of the provincial lines had in the preceding summer run occasional trips, and the Great Western Railway, at Christmas 1843, had granted additional advantages for those anxious to visit their native places. On Easter Monday 1844 no less than thirty-seven thousand seven hundred and thirty-six travelled by the Greenwich Railway; while to Brighton was despatched a train of forty carriages drawn by four engines containing one thousand one hundred passengers; the train and passengers weighed three hundred tons, and exceeded three hundred yards in length. Upon these occasions the railway companies advertised 'an excursion train,' and ran one accordingly, for it appears as if the idea of dividing the train into several parts did not occur to those responsible for working the traffic. No doubt one reason for such management can be found in the fact that the signalling arrangements were of a very elementary description, and that no sufficient notice could be given to the officials on the other parts of the lines that special trains were being run, the electric telegraph not having been generally adopted by the railways, so that it was impossible at that time to give instantaneous notice to all concerned of any new arrangement.

The Grand Junction Railway, for the accommodation of this traffic, 'had their third-class carriages covered from the weather, so that they will now be on a footing with their second-class carriages, which they long ago set the example of closing in with glass.' The other lines soon followed the Grand Junction's lead, and advertised their excursions as being 'covered carriages,' which description survived in connection with excursion traffic on some railways until a decade or so back. In May 1884 we read that 'excursions also came off on the line between Cheltenham and Gloucester, on which occasion third-class carriages with seats were included in the arrangements.' From which we gather that up to that time the 'cheap trippers' had been obliged to stand when travelling at excursion fares

On the Whit-Monday of 1844 the Brighton Railway surpassed their Easter traffic. The first train from London Bridge to Brighton carried one thousand three hundred passengers in forty-four carriages, and at New Cross fifteen additional vehicles were added, the fifty-nine carriages being hauled by six locomotives. This train weighed four hundred and forty-five tons, and was the heaviest that had been conveyed on the Brighton Railway.

The excursions continued so to grow in popularity that a climax was reached on Sunday, September 1, no less than two thousand one hundred and fifty passengers booking to Brighton. These filled eighty carriages, and the company found it impossible to send all these forward as one train, so it was divided into three parts, each drawn by three engines.

On Monday, September 2, 1844, the Great Western Railway ran their first excursion from London. The train left London at 7 A.M. for Bath and Bristol, from which city it was continued on the Tuesday morning to Taunton and Exeter. The return train left Exeter at 4 P.M. on the same day, the night again being spent at Bristol or Bath, the passengers reaching London on Wednesday afternoon. The fares were: London to Bath and back, twenty-eight shillings first-class, nineteen shillings second; London to Bristol, thirty shillings first, twenty shillings second; London to Exeter, forty-eight shillings first, thirty-one shillings second. And if one person purchased twenty tickets or over, a discount of one shilling on each ticket was allowed. Some five hundred persons left Paddington by this maiden excursion of the Great Western Railway, and the number was doubled by those who joined the train at Slough, Reading, and other stations. This was the foundation of the famous broad-gauge excursions to the west of England that, until the

abolition of that gauge, grew yearly in popularity.

The Great North of England Railway ran an excursion from Darlington to Leeds, and covered the seventy miles in three and three-quarter hours, including stoppages. This was considered a quick journey for an excursion train.

In September 1844 the Manchester Guardian says: "The inhabitants of Hebden Bridge were delighted by a railway trip to Hull and back in one day at reduced fares. From an early hour in the morning numbers flocked from the hills and adjacent country, including many from Colne, Keighley, and Haworth. At seven o'clock the train, consisting of eighty-two carriages, drawn by three engines, started from Hebden Bridge Station, with two bands of music. At Normanton two engines of the York and North Midland were attached, and drew the long cavalcade to Selby, when it was drawn to Hull by two engines of the Hull and Selby Railway."

On Thursday, September 12, 1844, eight thousand passengers were conveyed from Leeds to Hull in two hundred and sixty carriages; but we have no information as to how many trains. On the same day one thousand five hundred excursionists were carried from Derby to York in fifty carriages; and, owing to both these excursions being on the same day, great difficulty was experienced in providing sufficient carriages to convey the traffic.

On the York and North Midland Railway it soon became general to send one engine with a train of forty carriages, and on two occasions one locomotive drew fifty-five loaded carriages. 'The majority of these passengers had never before travelled in a railway carriage, and consequently they require more watchfulness in preserving them from danger when getting in and out of the carriages.'

The North Union Railway conveyed two thousand two hundred and sixty-six passengers to Fleetwood in one train, while on the Liverpool and Manchester nearly three thousand were carried to the former place in one train.

One train on the Preston and Wyre Railway took one thousand four hundred and twenty-one passengers from Preston to Fleetwood. The train was drawn by one locomotive.

The Newcastle and Darlington Railway despatched an excursion to York on September 23, 1844, by which were carried four hundred and sixty-four first-class passengers at five shillings each, eight hundred and eighty second-class at four shillings, and five hundred and forty-three third-class at three shillings, or one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven passengers and a total revenue of three hundred and seventy-three pounds nine shillings from one train. These figures are enough to make our present-day traffic superintendents turn green with envy.

On October 17, 1844, after the excursion traffic was over, the Board of Trade suddenly woke up to the fact that the railway companies required its valuable advice as to how to manage the excursion traffic, and a long circular was addressed to the managers of the various railways. The Board suggested that the speed of these trains should not exceed fifteen miles an hour, that the carriages should be on springs, and that extra guards should accompany the trains to enforce the railway com-

panies' bylaws and preserve order among the passengers. The railway companies made great sport of this circular, since it was not issued until the excursion traffic was over for the season; while the various railway papers discussed it in a style of mock gravity. One paper described this circular as 'the most extraordinary of all the extraordinary manifestoes of the Board of Trade—a manifesto in

which nothing is manifested except addle-headed senility and a wish to meddle with what they do not understand.'

The success of this first season of excursion trains caused the various railways to continue the policy in the following year, and the traffic has since grown into a developed part of railway management.

норру.

By Captain Cecil North, Author of The Moorish Treasure, The Hermit of the Irati, &c.

CHAPTER V.



IX weeks after Hoppy's trial—for the proceedings had to voyage to England and back—a large body of officers were again assembled, this time in the spacious mess-room of the Sooties, all those available of

that distinguished regiment being present, as well as representatives—by order—of every other military unit in cantonments. Once more poor Hoppy, without his sword and paler than ever, stood up before the throng. Beside him stood the acting adjutant of his corps-Vare having gone home to England on six months' sick-leave-holding in his hand a great sheaf of blue papers. These, at a sign from his colonel, he began to read aloud, gabbling away at top speed through all the stilted, would-be legal rigmarole that every man there present knew almost by heart. At last, however, these words were clearly heard: 'Guilty of all the charges,' followed by more mumblings, and then slowly and distinctly rang out those which all were anxiously waiting to hear:

'The court sentence Lieutenant F. L. E. Apner, One Hundred and Sixty-first Rifles, to be reprimanded and cashiered.

'Confirmed.

'(Signed) J. RANGER, Commanding Rhanibad.

'Approved; but I remit "to be cashiered."

'(Signed) WILLIAM, Commander-in-Chief.'

The start of astonishment which had run through the ranks of the assembly as they listened to such a severe sentence was succeeded by a faint murmur of relief as the mitigation of the punishment was heard. And the reprimanding having been already carried out by the mere fact of its announcement, there remained nothing more but for the adjutant to return Hoppy his long-lost sword and offer him the first of a stream of congratulations which now flowed upon him from all sides.

But the released man had small inclination to listen to anything just then. The words 'to be cashiered' rang through his head with persistent iteration, and he longed to get back to his own room and rest his throbbing brain. So he quickly pushed

his way out of the place and departed, repeating to himself time after time, as if he could not credit his ears, 'To be cashiered! to be cashiered!'

Arriving at his quarters, he locked the door, and sitting down on the edge of his camp-bed, buried his face in his hands; and what if one or two scalding tears did force themselves out between his fingers? A man of grit sobs, perhaps, not once since he attains his majority; but when he does it is a bad thing to see, and means that his feelings, trained in the stern school of repression, are in a state of sustained tension quite beyond the understanding of his weaker brethren.

To be cashiered! Oh, the disgrace of the thing! What did it matter that the Commander-in-Chief had remitted the sentence? It did not alter the fact that his conduct had appeared to a large tribunal of his comrades-in-arms deserving of such a punishment! Of course, had it not been for powerful influence at home, he told himself, the sentence would have stood as it had originally been given. He knew, and so did everybody else, that it was only because he was the son of his father and the prospective son-in-law of a wealthy Peer that the head of the army had interfered. There was no getting away from it. Friendly, but straightthinking, soldiers had found that his behaviour had merited a punishment almost as bad to a sensitive man as death; and come what might, and carve he ever such a successful career for himself in the future, he would always be known until the end of his life as a man who had once been cashiered, but been saved from the actual 'kick-out' by backstair influence at headquarters. He little knew-because of the oath of secrecy taken by courts-martial-that when deliberating upon his sentence the members had in some way received the impression-they never understood exactly how-that the punishment they ultimately awarded him was the only one acceptable to the authorities, as upholding the necessary stern discipline which must prevail for the security of all in time of war; and that it had also been buzzed about in a similarly unaccountable manner that Sir John Ranger's confirmation would also carry with it a private request to the 'great man' for a remission of the severer portion. This

he would never know, and would never guess at; and so the one crumb of comfort he might have gathered, the one little bit of knowledge that would in all probability have altered the whole subsequent course of events, was of necessity withheld from him even by those-and there were several-amongst his late judges who were reckoned his very particular friends. He must, of course, resign his commission as soon as the stir caused by his trouble had been forgotten—a matter of a couple of weeks at most, he told himself; and then he would go home and live quietly with his father until the time came for him to claim Lord Idsworth's daughter. But could he? Would it be honourable? Would Mirabelle, his darling-proud Belle -link herself for life to such as he? 'To be cashiered! to be cashiered!' Would it never stop ringing in his head, that awful sentence? He vividly remembered their last conversation ere he sailed, and her softly whispered words, 'Goodbye, my sweetheart; good-bye. Come back to me safe and sound in body and heart, Captain Hoppy

'Ha, ha!' he laughed bitterly. 'Of course I shall come back to her Hoppy, V.C. Very much so, only the letters she sets such store upon will not mean the little bit of bronze, but "very cashiered." Ha, ha, ha! capital joke that; hope she'll like it.' And again the horrid laugh, so unlike his usual one, echeed through the empty passages.

Suddenly his mood changed. He sat silently staring at the opposite wall for several minutes, motionless except for a nervous pulling at his fingers, a peculiar habit of his when engaged in considering knotty questions. There was a strange silence about; the neighbourhood, usually so noisy with the comings and goings of other subalterns, appeared quite deserted—perhaps by chance, perhaps delicately designed to allow him to get over his late trying ordeal in peace and quiet. He noticed it as he presently got upon his feet and walked across to his despatch-box, which stood upon the top of his military chest of drawers; but in his present temper he mistook its cause.

'Not only to be cashiered,' he sneered, quite forgetful of the congratulations of not long before, but sent to Coventry as well. All right, my fairwather friends; you need not be so very virtuous. I sha'n't shock you by my tainted presence much longer, humbugs!'—which unjust remarks show how perverted and distorted can our judgment become when we are labouring under the influence of imaginary slightings

Using a small key which hung upon his watch-chain, he unlocked the box, and taking out a square photograph-case of stamped leather, he opened it used to be used to b

bit of cardboard; and then, with a heavy sigh, as if resigning his hopes of heaven—as indeed he was—he replaced it in the box, snapped the lock, and with quiet deliberation took down from the wall an ugly-looking, bottle-shaped case of weather-stained brown leather.

Quickly opening it, as if the time had now come to hurry, he pulled out a large service-revolver, the same useful implement that he had carried with him in case of accidents-for you don't fall alive, if you can help it, into Asiatic hands—on that eventful day fraught with such evil consequences to him, which now seemed so far, so very far, away. It was unloaded, and six times he pulled the trigger and clicked the hammer, in case a grain of saud might have got into the mechanism and interfered with its deadly action. But Rex, who looked after the weapon, was far too good a soldier to neglect a little job so congenial to his love of all that pertained to shooting, and so no minute particle of flint, no little obstruction of any kind, had found a home among the springs and levers to delay the coming tragedy.

Muttering to himself, 'Two will be enough, I think. I surely sha'n't want more. Shall I write a line? No, not a word; it will be best for all that way,' he took from a table-drawer a small, square-shaped packet of something wrapped in strong brown paper, covered with black marks and letters, mysterious signs to the uninitiated, but denoting Government cartridges to the soldier. It was tied about securely with thick string, which he was rapidly proceeding to unloose, when a heavy footfall, apparently coming in his direction, rang along the passage outside.

Hoppy paused in his task while he listened; but as the steps halted at his door and a hand tried the handle, he feverishly recommenced to fumble at the stubborn knots.

'Hoppy,' cried a voice, 'may I come in?' But the wretched man gave no sign. He had locked the door; he need not fear interruption for the moment.

'Queer!' grumbled the visitor. 'I'm almost certain that he is there. Hoppy! I say, Hoppy, old chap, hang it all, are you asleep?'

But Hoppy still kept silent, and the string was untied now.

'Here goes, then,' cried the voice savagely; and, the rotten lock giving way under pressure from a stout shoulder, the door flew open just in time to allow the unceremonious intruder, with a wild, understanding yell, to rush forward and knock up the madman's arm as the hammer fell, and the slim bullet, ripping through ceiling and roof, went singing away up into the blue sky instead of through Hoppy's brain.

'Good heavens, man!' gasped the new arrival, as he deftly twisted the revolver out of the other's hand before the latter had time to realise exactly how it happened that he still was standing up alive and with a whole skin, 'you, of all people in the world, to be indulging in such monkey-tricks! You

ought to be ashamed of yourself, at your age, playing with a loaded revolver like any newly joined "griffin" handling a shooting-iron for the first time. Yes; no wonder you look like a silly cuckoo,' he continued vehemently. 'The only excuse that you can have is that the long arrest, and then the tommy-rot you have just been through in the mess, has set you a bit off your chump. Now, look here, my old son, just you give me your word of honour that you'll quit fooling around with any dangerous things of any kind whatever, or I'll march you off, whether you like it or not, straightway to the chief's bungalow, and tell him—well, I'll tell him exactly what has happened.'

'All right, old fellow,' answered the culprit as he grasped the other's hand. It was a young captain in his regiment, and a particular friend of his. 'I think I must have been, as you say, a little dotty on the crumpet,' smiling feebly; 'and I really have had a terribly bad time, as you know. But you need not be afraid. I am quite myself again now; and if only my head would get better, and cease ringing with those beastly words I heard this morning, I'd be able to think things over calmly. I'll lie down now for a bit,' he continued, 'and try and get as sleep, which I rather want, for ever since I heard that the papers had come back from England I haven't had a wink, as you may understand.'

'Best thing you can do, you poor old flea!' gently answered his friend, allowing himself the luxury of as much expression of feeling as the unwritten laws of his caste permitted. '1'll come and look you up again in a couple of hours. So long;' and he whistled himself away, slamming the door behind him, his warm heart genuinely aching for his chum's troubles in spite of his assumed jocularity.

When, true to his promise, he returned a few hours later to Hoppy's quarters, he found the latter's native servant fidgeting about the bed, whereon was lying his luckless master in the delirium of a sharp attack of fever.

The streets in the neighbourhood of St James's abound in quiet lodging-houses, whose tenantsretired butlers and valets for the most part-provide clean little rooms where that unique product the British officer is wont to roost in his periodical visits to town. Each has its own clientèle, as often as not drawn from but three or four regiments, and any observant person may note between the hours of 10 and 11 A.M. on week-days, and much later on Sundays, a continual opening and shutting of dingy doors as they disgorge numbers of cleanlimbed, well-groomed, sunburnt men, dressed in the perfection of quiet good taste, such as no other army in the world can show. Every Saturday afternoon Aldershot, Chatham, Colchester, all the garrison towns within reach of London, send up their quota, glad to escape from the monotony of barrack-life, to return thereto by the last train next day all the brighter for their visit to theatre or ballroom and a sight of their relations and friends. They sleep and breakfast at their lodgings, feeding at their clubs or elsewhere, and seldom come back to their rooms during the day until it is time to dress for dinner. As they are usually rather late for this important operation—for the correct tying of their white ties requires infinite time and patience—they return in unholy haste, striding along the narrow streets with coat-tails flying, or more often peering over the doors of darting, rubber-tired hansoms.

In one of these military nests, then, had Captain Vare bestowed himself on his arrival in England, ready to enjoy to the full his six months' leave of absence, and to bask in the smiles of sundry foolish hostesses who were anxious to 'lionise,' not the hero, it is true, but what was nearly as useful for their purpose, the other man concerned in a business which had set half London talking. As a matter of fact, they were rather glad than otherwise that it was only the second fiddle they had got among them, for his face was adorned with a conspicuous scar—which the other man, who was supposed to be in chains in Indian dungeons, would not have possessed—which greatly increased the éclat that his presence gave to their precious parties.

Thus the dapper captain found himself very much in request, many people, indeed, believing that it was he who at immense risk, and after performing prodigies of valour, had saved somebody's life somewhere. And the scar, which showed up so fascinatingly white against the slightly browned face, increased his prestige, and was, by the dear ladies, popularly supposed to be but the smallest of the many wounds which they credited him with bearing about his delicate little body.

Attired in a gorgeous dress-suit whose wonderfully embroidered satin cuffs and collar suggested to those privileged to behold it the work of some adoring fair one - which soft impeachment he neither accepted nor denied, though in reality the things came out of Bond Street-Captain Vare sat in the miniature sitting-room attached to his bedroom discussing what soldiers newly arrived from the East are wont to call a 'Europe breakfast.' The advantages enjoyed by this meal over those of its Asiatic rival appear to the uninitiated to consist in lateness of hour and its dishes of fresh smoked haddock and luscious kidneys and bacon. A daily paper, propped up against the toast-rack, spread its many columns of mostly inaccurate information before him, and as he munched his food and sipped his tea he lazily scanned the morning's news with an air of quiet contentment.

Suddenly his jaws ceased working. He bent his head sharply forward, and dropping his knife and fork after a second's eager scrutiny, he seized the paper with both hands, and pushing back his chair from the table, proceeded to read with the liveliest interest a small, unobtrusive paragraph in which a certain name had attracted his attention. It was as follows:

'A telegram has reached the War Office that the

sentence of the court-martial which some weeks ago was held in India on Lieutenant Apner of the One Hundred and Sixty-first Rifles was duly made known yesterday. This young officer, whose case created great interest during the late frontier troubles, owing to the diversity of opinion as to

his conduct at Rhanibad, which was very gallant though contrary to discipline, has been condemned to be reprimanded and cashiered. The Commanderin-Chief, however, has remitted the last portion of the sentence, leaving only the reprimand.'

(To be continued.)

THE EXERCISE OF THE FUTURE.

By EUSTACE MILES.



MONG the most marked features of recent years has been the study of diet. Side by side with it, as a means towards greater health and fitness, has come the study of exer-

cise, now as a fellow-worker with diet, now as a rival. In addition to the drug-advertiser, who claims that his drug is the panacea, and that nothing else is needful for physical well-being, there have arisen the food-advertiser, who claims that his food is the panacea, and the so-called 'physical culture' advertiser, who claims that his apparatus or his exercises are the panacea.

As Dr Josiah Oldfield has written in this Journal for January about the diet of the future, it is appropriate to supplement what he says by writing of the exercise of the future. Before I begin, however, I had better discuss briefly two questions. This discussion will clear the way for our subject. First, which will be the more important factor in national prosperity-diet or exercise? Undoubtedly, diet; for it adds new elements that become integral parts of the body; and the ideal diet will be as free as possible from elements that clog or break down the body. But exercise will not be far behind in influence; for it will help the body to use the food, to get rid of the waste, to take in fresh air, to work successfully, and—a most important, and therefore most neglected, art-to economise energy and to rest. Secondly, what is the exercise of the present? For the great majority of city-dwellers, who form three quarters of our population, the chief exercises of the present are walking and sitting, and they are performed remarkably badly. It may sound a paradox to call sitting an exercise; but it is one. It involves the use of strong muscles to hold the body in position. The result of sitting, as compared with lying, is a decided increase in the number of heart-beats; the result of walking is a still further increase.

With regard to walking, excellent as it is, it is not a complete exercise. Only an ignoramus can say that it is. It uses a great many muscles, but it does not use all; neither does it use enough muscles fully—I mean in the sense of stretching them fully and contracting them fully. It does not empty the minute blood-vessels thoroughly; it does not squeeze and shake the liver adequately. It will not be the sole, or even the chief, exercise of the future as it is of the present.

In addition to walking and sitting, cycling and gymnastics, and what is dignified by the term 'physical culture,' have been coming into vogue of late years. The ordinary gymnastics and 'physical culture' will have to be altered very considerably before they are fitted to survive. Gymnastics and a good deal of 'physical culture' with apparatus (especially heavy dumb-bells, grip-bells, and strainwork developers) involve a vast amount of stiff and heavy and utterly monotonous work, of which a very little should go quite far enough.

As to remedial 'physical culture' with scientific apparatus—for example, apparatus for curing round shoulders—that is a different matter. So is the physical culture of the better systems, such as the Ling. But even here there is a tendency to a smug self-satisfaction, as if the end of knowledge had been reached and the ideal had become the actual. There is not an existing system that has not a mighty lot of useful truth to learn.

Then there are boxing, fencing, singlestick, wrestling, and jujitsu. These are already excellent. Then there are games and athletics, such as cricket, football, hockey, fives, badminton, lawntennis, lacrosse, vigoro, and the sports, &c. These, as they are, are also excellent for those who have the space in which to play, and also the time and money. But the majority of people will not play these games as they now are. There will have to be some real changes made, chiefly in the direction of adaptations and additions. Then there is horseriding. This will not be a popular exercise; it is too expensive.

Much the same applies to the sports that take life—hunting, fishing, shooting, &c.—which a more obvious objection will some day help to abolish. Archery, target-shooting, however, and drilling—on more sensible lines than at present—will be in vogue, not so much from the desire to kill as from the desire to be so ready to defend home and country as to make an attack by any enemy utterly unlikely. Swimming and rowing are already popular. They will become more so.

This short and singularly incomplete sketch, which purposely omits many branches of exercise—motoring, farm-work, gardening, carpentering, building, &c.—has already served to point out what I think to be some of the directions in which the exercise of the future will differ from the exercise of the present.

The most striking feature of the exercise of the future will be that it is for all, not for a comparatively small section of the people. True, there will be many differences between the exercises of one age, one group, one class, and those of another age, group, and class. But there will assuredly be a common foundation. This foundation will include the correct ways of breathing, standing, walking, running, swimming, sitting, lying, relaxing, and so on. For example, instead of the development of one, and only one, way of breathing, as if this were the only way, every one who does not naturally breathe well will be taught the way to use and train the various breathingslower, middle, and upper-till the right way becomes automatic. At present only a few breathe satisfactorily. These are, for the most part, those who breathe satisfactorily by the light of nature without any special teaching; the rest are apt either to learn some one-sided system or else to go on in their perverted habits.

In the future the authorities-and through them the parents and school masters and mistresses-will teach children not only how to breathe, but also how to stand so that the chin will not poke forward, nor the spine be abnormally curved (partly through the habit of lopsided standing and sitting), nor the abdomen be projected, and so on. They will teach children how to walk and how to run with free and direct steps, and with the minimum of energy and the maximum of grace. They will teach children how to swim, making them first master the movements of the breast-stroke on land. And so forth.

The exercise of the future will, then, begin with the children, as does the education of the Hindus, whose children are taught not only about God the All-Father, but also about the right way to breathe and hold the body and relax the muscles. follows, as a corollary, that the exercise of the future will not be tedious and monotonous, but will be brief and interesting. If not at first, yet at least after a little practice, it will become enjoyable by itself, for its own sake, as washing is to a healthy man. It follows, as a second corollary, that the exercise of the future will be one of the chief considerations and studies of the best, the most refined and intelligent and painstaking, men and women in the nation.

Contrast the present state of affairs. First, there is fundamental training in the A B C of the body's arts for remarkably few. I may deviate for a moment to point out how the exercise of the future will be for all. At present authorities and individuals excuse themselves by saying that there is no time and no space for exercise. This, in the future, will be regarded as the sheerest nonsense, like the excuse of the lazy man who said that he had forgotten to rise in the morning. The exercise of the future, at least in this fundamental department, in the A B C of the body's arts, will find brief time and narrow space ample for its purposes.

The authorities and individuals will see things in perspective. They will begin by stealing time and space in a half-guilty and apologetic way. They will end by refusing to let this time and space be taken away from them. They will realise that an integral part of the liberty of the subject is both time and space for fundamental exercises.

The first contrast, then, is that at present there is fundamental training for remarkably few, and there is supposed to be no time or space for exercise for the majority. The second contrast is that at present the exercises offered to the few are, for the most part, tedious and monotonous, the varied and exciting exercises-such as golf and footballbeing assumed to be out of the question because of the lack of money to pay for them. In other words, the ordinary person thinks that he has to choose between long and dull drill-mostly strain-and-stress movements of the most desperately inhuman and unattractive shape-and costly yet expensive play-for example, to take two extremes, between the old army exercises still taught by some ignoramuses and a game of real tennis costing several shillings. In the future there will be a choice between 'physical culture' of an enjoyable kind, which will not be a severe tax on time or energy, and games and sports of a cheap kind, which will not be a severe tax on time or energy

or money either.

Games and sports at present seem to be confined to the few. Take lawn-tennis or fives, for instance. Admirable exercises, training the intelligence and character as well as the muscles, they are imagined to be out of reach of the masses, though it must be clear to all thinkers that the masses need and deserve such games every whit as much as the 'classes.' How will the future provide for the masses? First, it will popularise many games and sports now forgotten or despised. It will treat with respect not only cricket and football, but also prisoner's base, rounders, catch, dart-throwing, bowls, quoits, and dozens of other healthy amusements. It will provide cheap facilities for these amusements, and also for adapted forms of the already honoured games. For example, in addition to the cricket of the field-long may it reign !there will be adapted cricket, perhaps with small bats and soft balls, in courtyards (as in the Eltringham Street Council School's yard at Wandsworth), on flat roofs, in large bare rooms, and so on, as well as practice-nets in gymnasia (as in the St Bride Institute). In addition to the racquets of the racquet-court, there will be adapted racquets (or squash, as it is called) and fives, with soft balls, up against any wall. Secondly, the future, besides popularising the good but now neglected games, and adapting the now honoured games and providing facilities for them, will train children to play these games without injury and with success.

One of the bitterest yet fairest charges against the exercise of the present day is that of excess. It is urged that we, as a nation, play games too much

The accusation can only be made by the slipshod and unobservant, who have not studied the masses. It is only a few, comparatively, who play games too much. Most people -men, women, and childrendo not play nearly enough. But undoubtedly the few do play too much, wasting time and money, and straining themselves. In the future there will be moderation in play. And where there is excess, as there will certainly be, that excess will be less fatal than it is now. Why? Because the children of the future will have been trained, as I said before, in the fundamentals, in the A B C of the body's arts, one of which arts is play. They will have been trained to breathe well, to move well, to rest and relax well. What does this mean-to breathe well, to move well, to rest and relax well? How can we learn these habits? many readers are sure to wish to know. And I think that after a minute's reflection they will see in what direction my article points, and what a terrible mistake we are making in the present.

The most brilliant minds in the country are being turned not to practical daily problems like these, which concern every living being for the greater part of his or her life, but to other and far less important problems. Trace the course of a clever boy or girl. The boy is taught Latin, Greek, arithmetic, French, and so on, in a remarkably inadequate fashion. Later on he has to decide in what direction to turn his brain. He probably thinks of the Church, the Bar, the Army, the Civil Service, farming, teaching, business, &c. In the future he will put prominently on his list the practical study of the body, as the Americans are already doing in their universities, under the able leadership of such men as Dr Anderson of Yale, and the instructors at Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, &c. In the future some of the very best men and women will, I repeat, devote their very best energies to the improvement of the body and the first and most feasible means to it. The idea of a university without a Professor of Physical Culture -not a mere military drill-man, but a man of education and mental and moral culture—will be too ridiculous to be believed! And, depend upon it, these intelligent people will not make such mistakes as our pedantic 'authorities' so often make to-day. Like Professor Luther Gulick in America, they will, for example, examine the question of the importance of play in education. They will not dictate absurdities from some ill-ventilated study, as 'learned' fossils do to-day. They will search for useful truth. They will recognise the value of play of the right sort—a value physical and hygienic, esthetic, intellectual, economical, social, prospective, cumulative. They will insist on play as an integral part of education. As a consequence, there will be in the future facilities for play. Truly today our masses are starved for want of play, as they are for want of the occasional sight of green fields, silver rivers, yellow sands, blue sea, and forest, mountain, and valley.

As a second consequence, there will be, in the future, training for play. The intelligent directors of the nation's education, including its play, will not only utilise spaces for games and adapt these games so as to make them appeal to all; they will also comprise in the fundamental physical training, in the A B C of the body's arts, some exercises that will make the play of the great English games and sports not only safer, but also more successful and more enjoyable.

I know this may sound far-fetched. Many of those who are sufficiently advanced to recognise the importance of physical culture and play, still think that physical culture should be serious and dull (like the declension of mensa and dominus), and that play should simply be played, never prepared for, as if it did not matter how badly people played! I contend, however, that this is wrong. Play has its lessons. These lessons are not properly learned unless play is properly practised. I feel sure that while the play should be played so long as the game lasts, and played with heart and soul, the alphabet of the play, the fundamental movements (corresponding to the correct movements of the wrist and fingers in piano-playing, or of the vocal organs in voice-production) should be mastered before the game begins and between games.

I may here mention an interesting point. When, several years ago, I was asked to write a comprehensive work on physical education, I very carefully went into and analysed various systems of physical culture with a view to finding out which systems, or rather which movements, were most valuable practically for all-round training of the body with a view to real health and fitness, as distinct from mere athletic achievement; and I found that the movements of our great English games, especially cricket, football, hockey, racquets, lawn-tennis, fives, &c., and sports, were, when correctly performed, as good as the movements of any orthodox systems, and much better than the movements of most. So that the training of the body to prepare for a reasonable standard of success in all games and sports would serve also as general physical culture.

One point, however, is to be noted, and it has an important bearing on this subject of the exercise of the future. I should be willing to stake my very existence on the fulfilment of the following prophecy. The exercise of the future will include adequate training of the left side, and especially of the left hand. The left hand of the future man and woman will not be a clumsy thing, nor will it usurp the functions of the right hand. But, if only for the sake of self-respect, symmetry, and the relief of the right hand, especially in case of accident, it will be skilful, and capable of independent action. The exercise of the future will not, like so many systems of to-day (based on custom and ignorance), do most of its movements with the two hands working alike. As I said before, the exercise of the future will be devised-and from time to

time emended—by intelligent and educated men who shall have their mind's eye on the best possible all-round results, æsthetic as well as muscular. These men will insist that each hand be able to work while the other either rests (scarcely one person in a hundred properly rests his unused and unwanted hand) or else, if required, performs a different task—here, again, most people are lamentably incompetent and clumsy.

Such seem to me to be some of the main respects in which the exercise of the future will differ from the exercise of the present, or, alas! the almost exerciseless sedentariness of the present. In the future, thanks to more generally practised, more scientific, more sensible, more interesting, more truly educational exercise, we shall find a people with stronger lungs, and therefore with more endurance and power; with stronger hearts, and therefore with more courage and energy; with stronger digestion; with better eliminations of poisons; with more beauty and gracefulness, more manual skill and success, more happiness, more all-round prosperity, more capacity to inspire each other. We shall find people a step nearer the ideal of manhood and womanhood, and improving in every way from generation to generation. We shall find such scourges as heart-disease, consumption, and insanity being swept away from our land.

But exercise must not rely on itself alone. It must work with all other sensible helps to fitness: with diet, cleanliness, control, intelligence, help-

fulness.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS IN GERMANY.

By Dr Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., &c.



LTHOUGH the question of old-age pensions has over and over again been mooted and discussed in Britain, nothing of a practical nature has issued out of such deliberations. At present, provision for the working-

man in his declining years is largely a matter of his own individual making. His sick and benefit clubs and the systems of insurance against disease, providing sick-pay for a certain period, and the various societies to which he contributes, represent practically the resources at his command for his support in evil days or when he becomes too old to be reckoned amongst the effective units of labour.

In all probability the question of old-age pensions will be periodically revived. The question of providing for the aged units of a nation is one which cannot be solved by the workhouse alone. Apart altogether from the view that the laying by in an easy way of a certain provision for old age would represent a practical encouragement towards thrift and exercise a distinctly moral effect on the masses, there would also ensue from such a plan or practice the cultivation of a spirit of independence and the prospect of a degree of comfort which the spectacle of the workhouse as the end of a working life cannot by any means be supposed to represent. On all grounds we may, therefore, assume that if the masses could be persuaded under one scheme or another to co-operate with Government in the institution of a scheme whereby reasonable provision would be made not merely for old age, but also against permanent ill-health totally incapacitating them for duty, we should in all probability be able to solve many of the difficult problems connected with this subject.

It may interest readers to know that in one country, at least, a scheme has been in operation since January 1891, and is carried out in a highly successful manner. From a memorandum of certain

details with which I have been provided, I find that the 'Imperial Law of Insurance' of German working men and women against permanent ill-health and old age was passed in June 1889. As I have said, this edict came into force at the beginning of 1891. The inception of this scheme appears to have rested with William I. It has been described as the most valuable legacy left to his people. The Emperor devoted a very large amount of time and attention to the elaboration of this scheme, and therein had the assistance of the leading men of his Empire versed not merely in finance but in statistics, and in such details as naturally fall to be considered when a great scheme of this kind has to be evolved and inaugurated. Under the auspices of the present ruler of Germany, the scheme of his grandfather has undergone further developments, so that in Germany to-day the question of the support in old age or in permanent ill-health of the workingclasses of the country may be regarded as having been completely and successfully solved.

The first characteristic of the German scheme is that of mutual help and aid, whilst, as we shall see, a certain proportion of the required funds comes from the public purse. The individuals who benefit from the scheme have taken part in founding its financial basis. It is estimated that twelve millions of working men and women exist in the German Empire. On their backs alone, however, is not wholly laid the cost of the premiums paid. If we term this an insurance scheme we describe it in fairly correct terms. Of each premium, a half comes out of the pockets of the workers, the remaining moiety being contributed by their employers. In so far as the practical carrying out of details is concerned the expense involved in this item is nil, seeing that the whole business of national insurance is managed and controlled by the Imperial Post-Office.

The German masses have no option in this matter

between choosing or refusing to insure. The system is, in other words, of a compulsory nature. We read that every man-servant, every maid-servant, and factory workers both male and female-in a word, the whole working population of Germanyare bound by law to insure on completing the sixteenth year of life. In addition to the workingclasses, clerks and tradesmen in a small way are eligible for insurance provided their incomes do not exceed one hundred pounds a year. This latter class, however, are known as self-insurers. They pay the whole premium demanded, no employers being forced to contribute to this particular class of insurance. Turning now to the details of this excellent scheme, we find that the premiums are regulated according to the wages of the individual. There are four classes included in the scheme. The first class consists of those who earn eighteen pounds a year and under that sum (the amounts here are taken roughly without entering into fractional details); the second class includes those earning twenty-eight pounds a year and under-that is, to the eighteen pounds limit; the third class is formed by those whose wages amount to forty-two pounds a year; whilst the fourth class is represented by persons whose incomes, whilst above forty-two pounds per annum, do not exceed a hundred pounds.

The premiums are paid weekly, and are paid, as has been said, by the working-classes and their employers in equal proportions. For the first class the weekly premium amounts in English money to about three farthings; for the second class the premium is represented by the weekly penny; for the third class it amounts to a penny farthing, and for the fourth class three halfpence. Practically, therefore, for every penny which is paid as a premium by the working-man, the servant, and the like, the employer is bound to hand in a like amount. It is also his duty to see that both pennies are promptly paid each week. Viewed from the employer's standpoint, it might be thought that in the case of a large business concern the insurance premium may amount to a considerable sum. Yet, whatever be the amount, it is paid cheerfully enough, and is not regarded in Germany, as a rule, in any sense but as a beneficent tax. In the case, for example, of a German household, the practice is, therefore, that of insuring each servant by means of the weekly penny, to which is added the employer's penny. In the case of what may be called irregular workers, such as charwomen, the weekly penny is contributed by them, the regulation here being that the person who employs the woman on the first day of the week pays the supplementary sum. If the woman only begins work on Tuesday, it is the Tuesday employer who discharges this duty. It is no uncommon thing in German households to find that the employer in the case of his servants not merely pays his own penny, but adds the servant's contributions as well. This latter fact says much for the deep interest which is taken in this scheme

of national insurance by employers of labour at large.

Coming now to those details which refer to the manner in which this huge insurance business is carried out, we find, as has been stated, that the Post-Office is responsible for its supervision. It must be admitted that the proceedings may be regarded as involving some little trouble; but as the work in question is entirely of a routine description, and as the German nation of all others is accustomed obediently to conform to rules and regulations, it cannot be said that any great difficulty is experienced in working this great trust. The weekly premium is paid into the Post-Office, and a stamp or stamps is given in exchange for the money. This stamp is duly pasted on a card, which is the property of the person who insures. The card when full is exchanged for another, the value of the previous one being duly added to the new card. Saturday, being the chief day for paying the premiums, is an extremely busy one at the postoffices of certain districts, many hundreds of persons attending in order to receive the value in stamps of the premiums paid. The Germans have nicknamed the insurance the 'stick law,' in consequence of the large portion of time occupied in sticking stamps on the cards. In two years after the scheme of insurance was started, it is stated that over five million pounds sterling were collected. In twenty years the amount of the accumulated fund, it is estimated, will amount to twenty-five millions, and this latter sum, it is calculated, will double itself in eighty years.

The practical benefits of the scheme thus outlined are that an insured person, if thrown out of employment permanently from any cause of the nature of sickness or accident, can draw a sick-pension. Alternatively, if he or she lives till seventy years of age, an old-age pension is paid. In so far as the sick-pension is concerned, it can be claimed in cases where less than one-third of the yearly wage has been earned. If the person recovers sufficiently to earn his or her full wage, the pension ceases. The amount of the pension is necessarily not great; but the German authorities appear to have kept in view the idea that the pension should be of such an amount that the sick or aged person, as the case may be, by aid of this money, may obtain board and lodging in a family to whose resources the amount of the pension would be a welcome addition.

The conditions on which pensions are paid may be regarded as liberal and generous. We find that a man or woman may draw sick-pension after having paid the premiums for five years. If it so happened, however, that a man or woman had been permanently thrown out of employment during the first or second year of the working of this scheme, and if it was proved that he or she had been in receipt of honestly earned wages during the previous five years, the individual would become entitled to the benefits of the scheme. In the case of old

persons who have paid in for one year, they can draw the old-age pension provided they have earned their livelihood during the preceding three years. With regard to the sums paid in case of permanent want of employment from sickness or accident, after five years' payment of premiums, the amounts, less fractions, are: for class one, five pounds fourteen shillings a year; the second class receives six pounds five shillings a year; the third, six pounds eleven shillings a year; and the fourth, seven pounds. It is also an interesting fact that the pensions increase proportionately with the years of insurance. Suppose an insured man has paid premiums for fifty years, his pension under class one would amount to eight pounds a year, increasing respectively for the remaining three classes to twelve pounds ten shillings, sixteen pounds, and twenty pounds fifteen shillings. Any person, irrespective of sickness altogether, who has passed his or her seventieth year, and has paid premiums for thirty years, receives an old-age pension. For the four classes the amounts of such pensions respectively are: five pounds six shillings a year, six pounds fifteen shillings, eight pounds three shillings, and nine pounds eleven shillings. A case is given in the memorandum from which I quote of a woman aged thirty-seven years. In her twentyfourth year she lost her right arm. If the present system of insurance had been inaugurated in her time, from her sixteenth year she would have paid her half-premium, her employer contributing the other half. In eight years she would have paid about thirty-eight shillings; but for the last thirteen years she would have been receiving a pension of six pounds fifteen shillings, or over eighty pounds in all; and, what is more to the point, this pension would be paid her as long as she lived.

In the case of a man aged forty-nine years, incapacitated for eleven years for work through illhealth, he would under this scheme-under, say, class three—have paid a total sum of about six pounds four shillings, an equal amount having been contributed by the employer. For the last eleven years he would have drawn a pension amounting to about ten pounds five shillings a year. In eleven years he would thus have received about one hundred and twelve pounds, the premium still continuing during his lifetime. It is added that if the man's wife earned a certain wage of her own, and had sons and daughters contributing to the household expenses, such a house, even with its head disabled, would be in a fairly comfortable position. In the case of servant-girls or female workers who marry, the system of insurance may be continued, with this difference, that the woman pays the whole of the premium herself. If on marriage payments are discontinued they receive the sum which stands to their credit through previous payments. More interesting still is it to know that if a man dies without having benefited by the insurance, the widow, or the children if under fifteen years of age, inherit the sum which is

standing to his credit. If a woman dies in similar circumstances, her children, if fatherless and under the age of fifteen, inherit her share. To show the care with which the regulations have been framed, it may be added that if an insured person is proved to be a habitual drunkard the pension is not paid in cash but in kind.

Such is a bare outline of what can only be regarded as a very beneficent scheme. Its main feature is that it is not worked on purely charitable lines, but on a proper business footing. There is no idea of pauperism involved in the details, seeing that whilst the State manages the business and employers of labour contribute thereto, the insured person has also contributed to the funds, and in this way is benefited partly through the exercise of thrift, compulsory as this exercise may be.

It is not necessary here to discuss the question whether or not such a scheme would commend itself to the British nation. There is, on the face of things, no obvious reason why it should not find favour in the eyes of the people. At least it presents us with a solution of a very difficult problem. The amounts involved in contributions towards premiums payable by the insured and by employers of labour are so small that even in the case of a large firm employing many hands we can only regard the amount demanded as proportionate to the earnings of the firm. The impost can in no sense be considered either as unfair or tyrannical, so that if our nation seriously set itself to discuss in a practical fashion the possibility of making provision for old age and for the disablement produced by accident or sickness, there can be little doubt that amongst the points to be carefully and seriously considered we should certainly enumerate the German scheme of insurance above described.

LOST.

OH, firelit gate of Tir nan Og!
Oh, hard-fought way of stars!
With distant sounds of steel and steel
Beyond thy woven bars.

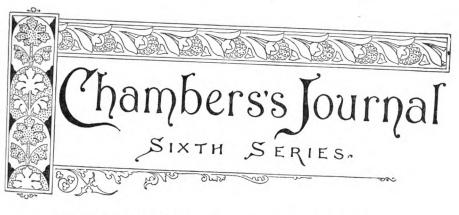
Thy hills are cloud and wreaths of mist,
Thy waters lie at rest;
And in thy skies the sunset rose
Sinks slowly to the west.

Thy heroes dream the dream of swords,
Where bloom forgotten hours;
Thy daughters weave the threads of dawn
From scents of bygone flowers.

How oft we seek thy golden road With eyes by shadows dimmed! How oft by shores of rose and pearl We see thy waters brimmed!

For thou art lost to hearts of men, As are the days of old; The days of love, the days of fire, The days of steel and gold.

LILIAN NAPIER.



PARIS HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

By W. A. SOMMERVILLE.



HAVE sometimes thought when I have been out all day on a Highland river salmon-fishing, casting twentyfive yards of line, more or less, and coming home tired and hungry, how pleasant it would be to dine at, say,

Paillard's in the Boulevard des Italiens, or at any of the other great restaurants in Paris. You have to be more careful in writing about restaurants than in writing about books or plays. If the dramatic critic, who goes to supper at the Carlton prepared to write an adverse criticism of the play he has been witnessing, were to say half the things about his supper that he will say about the play, there would be an action involving heavy costs and damages. Minor poets have to submit to criticism that would not be tolerated for a moment by the chefs at the Café Anglais or the Savoy.

I once wrote Thomas Cook & Son a cheque for six hundred and fifty pounds for a party of three to visit Palestine and the Nile, and I have many times used their railway and steamboat tickets when travelling; but sometimes you may wish to have a change and travel independently. For those who care to do so this paper may be of service, and enable them to calculate to within a few francs what a visit to Paris will cost.

Omar Khayyam, the poet-prophet of Persia, writing more than eight hundred years ago, has said: Many are able to write learned books, many are able to govern kingdoms and empires; but few there be that can keep an hotel.'

His Majesty the King, when he visits Paris, now stays at the Embassy, in the Rue du Faubourg St Honore. In the old days, when he was Prince of Wales, he used to live in the Hôtel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme. The manager of the Bristol once assured me that if I would take rooms the charges would be most moderate, and that their chef had no equal in Paris. One of the characteristics of the Hotel Bristol is that there are no public rooms. If like the King, you travel with an entourage of friends, this is all very well; otherwise it is dull

spending the evening in a private room in Paris, and you will find it more cheerful to dine at one of the restaurants on the Grand Boulevard. Should you think of living in pomp and circumstance in the Bristol, a private sitting-room and two bedrooms, including lights, bath, and attendance, will cost forty francs a night.

Another hotel patronised by royalty, also in the Place Vendôme, is the Hôtel du Rhin. On May 16, 1871, the Communists threw down the column erected in the Place Vendôme by Napoleon I. to commemorate victories over the Russians and Austrians. The proprietor of the Hôtel du Rhin offered them five hundred thousand francs to spare Napoleon III. lived here when he was a member of the National Assembly in 1848. It is said that he one day asked a friend to dinner, and apologised for proposing to entertain him at a cabaret—rather a contemptuous designation for the commodious and well-appointed Hôtel du Rhin.

The Grand Hotel in the Boulevard des Capucines and Place de l'Opéra, from its central situation, is the most convenient hotel to live in in Paris. During the Franco-German war it was used as a hospital. It has recently been renovated and undergone considerable alterations. There used to be a large courtyard in the centre of the hotel, where it was interesting to sit and watch the arrival and departure of the guests. This courtyard is now a winter garden, where a band plays in the evening. The charge for a sitting-room and bedroom on the first floor is seventy francs. A bedroom on the fifth floor will cost six francs, including light and attendance. The fifth floor has many advantages: you go up by the lift, it is quiet, and, sleeping with your window open a hundred feet above the level of the street, you breathe pure air.

I have passed pleasant days in the Grand Hotel. I remember asking Mr Arthur Melville, whose pictures have recently been exhibited in the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, to come and dine with me. At this time he was an art-student, living in the Latin Quartier, and occupying one MAY 11, 1907.

[All Rights Reserved.]

room, which served as studio and bedroom. We arranged that we would first go to the Louvre and look at six pictures. One of these pictures was 'Mona Lisa,' which hangs in the Salon Carré. It took Leonardo da Vinci four years to paint this portrait, and after four years' work, from his point of view, it was still unfinished. Our reason for looking at only six pictures was that in the Louvre you see so many that you may easily come away without having been able to appreciate any one of them.

Belonging to the same class as the Grand Hotel is the Hôtel Continental, at the corner of the Rue de Castiglione, facing the garden of the Tuileries. It occupies the site upon which once stood the Ministry of Finance, which was burnt to the ground under the Commune in obedience to a message sent by the Communists' Flamber Finances. It has a pathetic interest as being the residence, when she is in Paris, of the Empress Eugénie. The death of her son the Prince Imperial gained for her the deepest sympathy of the English people. She is to be seen sometimes in the Tuileries gardens.

Even if you do not reside in the Hôtel Continental, you may find it interesting to lunch or dine there. The charge for lunch is five francs, and for dinner seven, in both cases including wine. The table-dhôte dinner at the Continental is one of the best in Paris. Here is a copy of one of the menus:

Croûte au Pot. Parmentier.
Truite saumonée à l'Amiral.
Selle de Pre-Salé Bouquetière.
Dindonneau à la Broche. Salade.
Choux-Fleurs au gratin.
Riz Impératrice. Religieuse.
Corbeille de Fruits. Fruits. Dessert.
Biscuits Pernot. Bordeaux. Medoc.

Among the more recently built hotels in Paria, there are the Hôtel Ritz, the Elysée Palace, and the Palais d'Orsay. The Hôtel Ritz is in the Place Vendôme, and has a little garden at the back. In connection with the hotel is the Restaurant Ritz, at the present time on the crest of the wave and the most popular restaurant in Paris. A single bedroom in the hotel, with bath and including light and attendance, costs sixteen and a half francs; early breakfast, coffee and bread and butter, two francs fifty centimes. The charge for this at the Grand and Continental is one franc fifty centimes.

The Elysée Palace, from its proximity to the Champs-Elysées, the children's playground, situated midway between the Place de la Concorde and the Arc de Triomphe, is one of the most pleasant hotels in Paris in which to live. A bedroom, including lights and attendance, costs eight francs.

Should you wish to reside on the other side of the river, there is the Palais d'Orsay, situated between the Hôtel des Invalides and the Luxembourg. On my first visit to Paris I lived in the old Hôtel du Louvre, now known as the Magasin du Louvre. I remember the inconvenience in the morning of descending many flights of stairs to the bathroom. In this respect Paris has changed for the better. In the Palais d'Orsay there are some four hundred bedrooms, and to each bedroom there is a dressing-room with a bath. You can get a room, including bath, lights, and attendance, for a modest six and a half francs a day.

The hotels I have been referring to are comparatively costly, and if you wish to live with economy you must be content to reside in one that is less ambitious, such as the Hôtel St Marie, 83 Rue de Rivoli. Here you can get a bedroom for three francs, and a plain breakfast for one and a quarter franc. South of the Boulevard de la Madeleine is the Hôtel Burgundy, 8 Rue Duphot: bedroom three francs, breakfast one and a half franc; in the Rue du Helder the Hôtel de l'Opéra: bedroom four francs, breakfast one and a half franc. All of these hotels have the approving mark in Baedeker.

The first restaurant I dined in in Paris was Vefour's, in the Palais Royal. I was on my way to Switzerland with a school friend, our first visit to the Bernese Oberland. We dined à la carte, leaving by the night train for Lucerne.

In the Boulevard des Italiens, at the corner of the Rue Marivaux, stands the Café Anglais; it is painted white, and forms a landmark on the Boulevard. It is one of the historical restaurants of Paris, dating its reputation as far back as 1815. The wine-cellars are illuminated by electric light. The dining-rooms are to the left and right as you enter—plainly furnished, unpretentious little rooms. You may dine here at a moderate cost and without fear of being overcharged. The King, accompanied by the Queen, dined in it recently; he uses a private room called 'Le Grand 16.'

Durand's, nearly opposite to the Madeleine, is another of the famous restaurants in Paris. During the Exhibition year of 1867, it is said, M. Durand had five kings who supped in a cabinet particuliere in his restaurant, and not one of their Majesties had money enough about him to pay for his supper. It is a café celebrated for its suppers, and was the headquarters of General Boulanger.

The restaurants in London and Paris used by those who have distinguished themselves in literature and art are of interest. Tennyson used to lunch at Verrey's in Regent Street, and drink white wine or lager beer. Dumas was a regular customer at the Maison d'Or, at one time the most famous dining-place in the capital of France. I once suggested to the mattre d'hôtel that the fish for dinner should be a sole à la colbert, a large sole, fried and served with butter. He objected, saying that it was too simple a dish, and would give his chef no opportunity to display his skill. It was here the Duke of Hamilton fell down a narrow staircase and was killed. The Maison d'Or ceased to exist as a restaurant in 1902. The truth was that the prices became so high that they killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

The closing hours for restaurants in Paris are

different from those of London. The Café de la Paix remains open until two o'clock in the morning, so that after visiting one of the theatres you may sup at your case. During the carnival time it is open all night. After a mask-ball in the Opera-House, I once had supper in it at four in the morning. In this restaurant the system of tipping has become a fine art. A waiter pays as much as twenty francs a day for permission to work. Messrs Lyons, in their new café in Piccadilly, have succeeded in completely doing away with tips. They employ more than two hundred waiters, and pay them two pounds a week, giving them in addition a commission on the sales, which comes to ten or fifteen shillings. When a waiter has a salary of about one hundred and thirty pounds a year there is no need to give him a tip. I recently asked one of them, who hailed from Leipzig, if he had any thoughts of returning to the Fatherland. He said no, he was very comfortable where he was.

When you visit the Bourse or the Halles Centrales you may find it convenient to lunch at the Restaurant Champeaux, Place de la Bourse. was here that the thickly cut fillet-steak named a chateaubriand was first served, which has formed the pièce de résistance in so many Parisian dinners.

How it delights a chef to invent a new sauce! But, like more ambitious artists, sometimes he fails. I once met a Parisian, an old friend of mine, in the Rue de la Paix, who insisted that I should come and lunch with him at Noel Peter's, in the Passage des Princes, a restaurant celebrated for its fishdishes. For hors-d'œuvre we had oysters. the aid of a large lemon I had eaten one, when my friend remembered that the chef at Peter's had invented a sauce to be eaten with oysters. With the sauce Peter I ate the remainder of my oysters; but I do not think that even Peter and his brother apostles could induce me to do so again.

Should you have a friend who does not care to enter one of the professions, send him to Paillard's in the Boulevard des Italiens and ask them to

teach him to be a chef. I fear chefs seldom receive the consideration they deserve. A rich Parisian who lived to a great age said that he owed his long life more to his chef than to his physician. Paillard's is not only a school for chefs; it is also a cheerful restaurant, a place to dine in when you visit Paris on your honeymoon.

Among the less costly restaurants in Paris is the one kept by M. E. Boulant, 35 Boulevard des Capucines, nearly opposite to the Grand Hotel, and situated in the centre of Paris. You have good cooking at a moderate price. From the menu I give a dinner à la carte which will cost three and a half francs:

Hors-d'œuvres Salade Tomates70	contimes
Coquille de Turbot Morney 70	
veau Sauté jardinière 70	
Epinards au Veloute 50	
Fromage Gervais le demi os	
Carafe Vin Rouge60	"

Beer costs ten centimes more than wine. These prices are a little higher than at the Duval restaurants, but the portions are larger. twenty-seven Cafés Duval in Paris; they are excellently managed. In many of them the only difficulty is to find a seat at the dinner-hour. Living in one of the small bed-and-breakfast hotels I have referred to, and paying the prices for food mentioned above, you can make a visit to Paris at a moderate cost.

If you are not afraid of the new-styled Apaches who haunt the less-frequented parts of Paris by night, you will find it interesting to spend an evening at the Théâtre de l'Odéon, and afterwards have supper at the Taverne de Lorraine, adjoining the Musée de Cluny. It is a restaurant à la carte, and will give you an opportunity of seeing the artstudents who frequent the Latin Quartier, 'the classic land of Trilby.' I saw Jules Bastien Lepage there, whose large picture of peasants resting from their labour arrests your attention when you enter the first gallery of the Luxembourg. Lepage died when he was thirty-six.

HOPPY.

CHAPTER VI.



RE'S eyes blazed, and he dashed the offending print to the floor with a string of savage oaths. At this instant the door opened, and the landlord, a tall, soldierly-looking

fellow, appeared on the threshold bearing a note upon a small salver. He was an ex-sergeant of the Sooties, who, having captured the affections of a buxom goddess of the kitchen well dowered with the savings and the perquisites—let us call them—of many years' service in the 'hupper succles,' had offered her his hand and heart, together with a large moustache and a

small pension. They had invested their modest fortune in the lease of a comfortable and wellsituated lodging-house; and the woman being a good cook, and the man-who before his enlistment had been a footman-a good valet, they had at once achieved a success, and were patronised, of course, by most of the Sootie officers. He was a brother of the Private Rex whose cool and careful shooting had so much conduced to Hoppy's escape at Rhanibad, and he kept up a more or less regular correspondence with the 'champion shot,' of whom he was fond and

'What the devil do you mean by coming in with-

out knocking, Rex? Curse you!' savagely cried Vare, hurriedly stooping to pick up the paper and glaring furiously at the intruder.

'Beg pardon, sir,' answered the latter. 'I did knock, an' thought I 'eard you say, "Come hin."

A note, sir, waitin' hanswer.'

'Put it on the table. I'll ring when I'm ready,'

growled the captain.

And the man, doing as he was bid, quietly and with an impassive face withdrew. But once he was outside the door, his countenance underwent a rapid change, and a look of hatred swept over his

rugged features.

'Ay, an' curse you too, hif it comes to that,' he muttered as he slowly descended the stairs. 'Wat d'you think I'm made hof? Just because I was once hin the rig'ment, an' you're a bloomin' cocksparrer hof a capt'in, you think you can come yer barrack-manners hover me 'ere. Hif it wasn't that hall the rest o' the gen'lemen 'u'd leave me, 'owever much they knowed I was hin the right, I'd tell you and one or two more o' yer kidney to find hother rooms w'ere their pretty speeches 'u'd be more happreciated. W'at's 'e cussin' an' swearin' hat, an' the paper hall crumpled hup on the floor, I wonder? I'll 'ave a look biembye; p'r'aps I'll see somethink hinterestin'.' And the aggrieved ex-sergeant gained the lower depths, where he soothed his irate feelings by taking it out of his lodger's clothes with the hardest brush he could find.

Meanwhile the object of his wrath, blissfully unconscious of the assault being committed on the nap of his best dress-coat, was writing an answer to the dainty little missive that lay open upon the

table beside him.

'DEAR CAPTAIN VARE,' ran the letter, 'if you have nothing better to do, will you dine with us to-night at eight o'clock, do a theatre, and go on afterwards to Lady Havant's dance-for of course you are going? Please excuse such short notice, and don't think that you are a stop-gap! No party; only ourselves. - Yours sincerely,

'MIRABELLE MELGROVE.'

'Of course I'll dine with you, my beauty, if I had fifty other engagements; and dance with you all night, too, if you will let me!' exclaimed Vare as he carefully stuck down the envelope of his answer and rang the bell for Rex. 'And it will be odd,' he continued, 'if I don't make good progress to-night in winning you back from the man who cut me out.' For, since he had returned to London with his scar and interesting story, he had noticed that Mirabelle, still indulging in her romantic admiration for any thing or body that had to do with gallant deeds, had not only welcomed him warmly, and forgiven him his former offence, but had been rather inclined to fall into line with the foolish hostesses already mentioned, and place him on an exalted pedestal.

He had also remarked, or imagined that he had, that the indignation openly expressed by both Lord

Idsworth and Sir Ralph against General Ranger for having brought her betrothed to trial had not found in her such enthusiastic support as would naturally have been expected under the circum-

F.54

These things had caused him to hope afresh; and, knowing the lady's weak point, he had cunningly adopted a line of conduct eminently suited to dis-

parage his rival in her eyes.

'It's too bad,' he would say, 'that poor old Hoppy hit upon such a stickler for duty as Ranger. Any other man would have recommended him for a V.C., and taken no notice of the other thing. And when one comes to think of what a chance he had then, and one which he will probably never get again, it does seem awfully hard. Of course,' he would go on, 'Ranger has a large party who side with him, and consider that Hoppy's breach of discipline, leading as it did to a man's death and the niggers getting inside the wall-which, if there had been any considerable number of them, might have been a very serious matter in the state of disorganisation which existed at the moment-was disgraceful. I, naturally, don't sympathise with them, because if Hoppy had not flung all ideas of right and wrong to the winds I should not be here now; but, of course, from a quite impartial point of view, you know-er'- and he would hesitate and caress his moustache with a well-feigned air of confusion, as if he had been led into saying rather more than he intended.

All these hints, so skilfully thrown out, that her fiancé's action, brave as it had been, did not commend itself to the majority of those best qualified to judge-she put her father and Sir Ralph aside as interested parties-had an unhappy effect on Mirabelle. Though she was careful not to show it, she could not hide from herself that she had a very distinct feeling of annoyance with Hoppy; and though she answered his letters affectionately enough, and betrayed nothing of what she had in her mind, the court-martial and long after-period of suspense were a sore trial to her pride. All this Vare had been clever enough to perceive, and, with renewed ardour, had quietly set himself to work to be in a position to step into Hoppy's shoes should the court pronounce such a severe sentence upon the latter as would make it impossible for Lord Idsworth to allow his daughter, even if she still wished it, to marry him.

It was, therefore, not to be wondered at that he had given way to such sudden passion when he read in the paper how nearly his hopes had been realised, and that had it not been for the Commander-in-Chief's leniency his disgraced and cashiered rival would have probably been removed from his path for ever; and he was still scowling at the thought when he rang the bell for Rex and flung him his answer to Miss Melgrove. As the man retired Vare lit a cigarette, and again taking up the newspaper, re-read the obnoxious paragraph with fierce, resentful eyes.

'At all events,' he reflected, 'the fellow had been sentenced to about as bad a punishment as could be inflicted on an honourable man, and that showed what the court thought of his conduct, in spite of the Commander-in-Chief's pardon, which all the world would guess had been forced from him by certain political pressure.' He would be careful to put it to Mirabelle to-night in such a way as would impress her with a sense of its disgrace.

But would she have already heard about it? She might not, by Jove! It was an insignificant paragraph, and might not even appear in the Morning Toas; and Lord Idsworth, he remembered, was to

be away all day in the country, and the news might well, under such conditions, escape him also. There was just the possibility of both father and daughter having known it long since, direct from the Horse Guards before the papers went back to India; but he thought not. Nothing in their behaviour had given rise to any such idea. He could not himself broach the subject—it would be tactless; and yet he didn't want to have to leave it alone that evening. It would be too good an opportunity for improving his position to be lost.

(To be continued.)

EARTHQUAKES AND LIFE.

By W. H. SIMMONDS.



OME of those observers who have been reckoning up within the last few weeks how many scores of thousands of human lives have been destroyed within the past century by earth-

quakes may perhaps be surprised to hear that even earthquakes have been cited as proofs of beneficent design in the world. In his Bridgewater Treatise, Dr Buckland devotes more than one chapter to the proof of design in the effects of disturbing forces on the earth's strata. 'In the proofs of the agency of a wise, and powerful, and benevolent Creator,' he writes, 'in conaidering the great geological phenomena which appear in the disposition of the strata, and their various accidents, a third kind of evidence arises from conditions of the earth which are the result of disturbing forces that appear to a certain degree to have acted at random and fortuitously. Elevations and subsidences, inclinations and contortions, fractures and dislocations, are phenomena which, although at first sight they present only the appearance of disorder and confusion, yet, when fully understood, demonstrate the existence of Order, and Method, and Design, even in the operations of the most turbulent among the many mighty physical forces which have affected the terraqueous globe. He refers to the effects of such forces 'in elevating, and converting into habitable lands, strata of various kinds which were formed at the bottom of the ancient craters; and in diversifying the surface of these lands with mountains, plains, and valleys, of various productive qualities, and variously adapted to the habitation of man and the inferior tribes of terrestrial animals.'

A Quarterly Reviewer of 1826 declared, in an article which Buckland quotes, that 'it scarcely admits of a doubt that the agents employed in effecting this most perfect and systematic arrangement have been earthquakes, operating with different degrees of violence, and at various intervals of time, during a lapse of ages. The order that now reigns has resulted, therefore, from causes which

have generally been considered as capable only of defacing and devastating the earth's surface, but which, we thus find strong grounds for suspecting, were, in the primeval state of the globe, and perhaps still are, instrumental in its perpetual renovation.' In short, the same seismic force which overthrows in one quarter uplifts in another; and if the balance of the ocean is so disturbed that it overflows in a tidal wave in one country, it at the same time uncovers some new land. As the Reviewer proceeds: 'Sources of apparent derangement in the system appear, when their operation throughout a series of ages is brought into one view, to have produced a great preponderance of good, and to be governed by fixed general laws, conducive, perhaps essential, to the habitable state of the globe.' But to those who suffer or are bereaved in the process all this will but prove the case against Nature:

> So careful of the type she seems, So careless of the single life.

In Japan, where earthquakes are counted by hundreds every year, human nature has proved its superiority to the 'thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to,' and we read that after the great earthquake of 1891, when nine thousand nine hundred and sixty Japanese lost their lives, those who escaped one shock would rush for the open when they heard the premonitory sounds of a fresh one, and return laughing and joking at the false alarms! Nevertheless, as Professor Milne (the writer on 'Earthquakes' in the Encyclopædia Britannica) has remarked, notwithstanding the lightheartedness of this particular nation, it is difficult to imagine that the long series of seismic effects chronicled in Japanese history, which culminated in 1896 in the loss of twenty-nine thousand lives by sea-waves, has been without some effect upon its mental and moral character. In Japan's temples some earthquakes are annually commemorated by special services; and, in bygone times, earthquakes regarded as the visitations of an angry deity have induced governments to repeal stringent laws and

taxes by way of propitiation. How this should be we can well understand when we recall such a catastrophe as that which devastated Central Japan in October 1891, when 'nearly every building within the epifocal district fell, the ground was fissured, forests slipped down from mountain-sides to dam up valleys, whilst the valleys themselves were permanently compressed.' On that occasion the horizontal shudders were nine inches or a foot in extent, and people could actually see the earth's surface undulating. They must have felt that earth's cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces were about to crumble 'like the baseless fabric of a vision' and leave not a rack behind.

Though Scotland, it has been asserted, may once, long ages ago, have been as Japan is now for its earthquake throes, we in the British Isles happily know but very little of these phenomena nowadays, and even our Grampians and Macgillicuddies and Moel Fammaus wear their winter snows in the undisturbed serenity of a perfectly quiescent old age. The British reader may therefore be interested in a scientific account of the earthquake of otherwhere. 'A typical earthquake,' writes Professor Milne, 'usually commences with minute, elastic vibrations, the periods of which vary between one-fifth and onetwentieth of a second. These are recorded by seismographs, and are noticed by certain of the lower animals, like pheasants, which before the occurrence of movement perceptible to human beings scream as if alarmed. When an earthquake is preceded by a sound we have evidence of preliminary tremors even more rapid than those recorded by seismographs. Following these precursors there is a shock or shocks, the period of which will be one or two seconds. From this climax the movements, although irregular in character, become slower and smaller until finally they are imperceptible. The duration of a small earthquake usually varies from a few seconds to a minute; but large earthquakes, which are accompanied by surface undulations, may be felt for two or three minutes, whilst an ordinary seismograph indicates a duration of from six to twelve minutes. A free horizontal pendulum tells us that with severe earthquakes the ground comes to rest by a series of more or less rhythmical surgings continuing over one or two hours.' Note, also, that while the chief 'shake' has a definite direction, the successive vibrations, like the shudders of a ship, may have many.

Professor Sollas, who gave the presidential address in the Geology section of the British Association at Bradford, ventured upon an opinion which is interesting just now as to the way in which earthquakes and modifications of the earth's crust are brought about. So little do we know of the behaviour of rock under the enormous pressure it must endure deep down in the earth's interior that the geologist (he remarked) would seem to be left very much to his own devices; but according to the mathematicians he must not take refuge in the hypothesis of a liquid interior. 'We shall boldly

assume,' the Professor proceeded, 'that the contraction at some unknown depth in the interior of the earth is sufficient to afford the explanation we seek. The course of events may then proceed as follows: The contraction of the interior of the earth, consequent upon its loss of heat, causes the crust to fall upon it in folds, which rise over the continents and sink under the oceans, and the flexure of the area of sedimentation is partly a consequence of this folding, partly of overloading. By the time a depression of some thirty or forty thousand feet has occurred along the ocean border the relation between continents and oceans has become unstable, and readjustment takes place'-as at Port Royal in the seventeenth century, and again in the same neighbourhood around Kingston in this year of 1907-'probably by a giving way of the continents, and chiefly along the zone of greatest weakness-that is, the area of sedimentation-which thus becomes the zone of mountain-building. It may be observed that at great depths readjustment will be produced by a slow flowing of solid rock, and it is only comparatively near the surface, five or ten miles at the most below, that failure of support can lead to sudden failure and collapse; hence the comparatively superficial origin of earthquakes.'

5 B

It will be but small consolation for those who feel alarm at the prospect of earthquakes, like the poor, being always with us-since the earth goes on cooling and shrinking-to hear that they are likely, in the nature of things, to grow worse. Professor Milne thinks that too little attention has been directed to the conditions which accompany the adaptation of the earth's crust to its shrinking nucleus. He points out that as the nucleus of the earth grows smaller the puckerings and foldings of its crust should grow larger, and each succeeding geological epoch should be characterised by mountain formations more stupendous than those which preceded them, whilst the fracturing, dislocation, caving-in of ill-supported regions, and creation of lines of freedom for the exhibition of volcanic activity which would accompany these changes would grow in magnitude. On the other hand, we are reassured by finding evidences of progressive quiet in our own particular region. Milne believes it not improbable that in the early Tertiary period Scotland was pre-eminently remarkable for its volcanoes and earthquakes. There are now but one or two Scottish earthquakes in a year. It is true that in Perthshire a round dozen earthquakes were recorded in a single month in 1844; but that was exceptional, and to-day, if a few tiles fall in Oban, people are as much upset mentally as though something really serious had happened.

It is in Japan—first-fruits of the awakening to Western civilisation and its methods—that earth-quake lore has been most diligently acquired. In earthquake science Japan leads the world. Japan has a thousand observing stations, and spends much money upon them. Italy, Austria, Germany, and Russia have also their 'seismographic' observa-

tories. By the instrumentality of the British Association, seismographs have been established at the Isle of Wight, Kew, Paisley, Birmingham, and Edinburgh in the British Isles, and outside them at Toronto, Victoria (B.C.), Philadelphia, Mexico, Trinidad, Arequipa, Cordova (Argentina), New Zealand, Hawaii, Japan, Java, Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Mauritius, Cairo, Beyrout, San Fernando in Spain, the Cape of Good Hope, and elsewhere—some fifty in all. One of the chief and best-equipped is that at Shide, near Newport, Isle of Wight, under the control of Professor Milne, who, judging by the newspapers' resort to him, is Seismologer-General to the British Empire.

By the aid of the seismograph and seismometer many earthquakes which would otherwise pass unobserved are now clearly recorded and measured. Professor Milne's study of the world's records has enabled him to state that every year poor Mother Earth's frame is racked from seventy to eighty times, whilst the slight local tremors may be counted by thousands. The reason that the larger shakes cause so little destruction is simply that they originate where but little damage can be done-in the beds of oceans or in uninhabited deserts. When the earthquake originates in the neighbourhood of a populous part of the world its effects quickly disturb us, and, as has been the case recently, we become apprehensive lest the earth is becoming too active to be comfortable. So far, however, there is no evidence that the earth has been more energetic 'seismically' during this last year than in former years. So we may calm our fears and go on making our notes with proper scientific serenity. According to Dr Knott, who recently lectured on the subject before the Edinburgh Geological Society, 'recent earthquake investigation has taught us something of the internal structure of the earth, has impressed upon us the fact that a large earthquake shakes the whole globe, and has proved that there is an intimate connection between the origins of earthquakes and the differential movements of rocks which in former ages produced faults and fissures, and that along these old fissures and faults movements are still going on.'

Whilst the scientists are thus learning a good deal concerning Mother Earth and her quakings, the 'velocity' of her tremblings and shudderings, and so on, it does not appear that they are discovering much that is likely to lessen the toll of human lives that earth exacts through her seismic struggles. Students of Scripture hear of the fall of the Tower of Siloam, and how those who questioned the justice of it were sternly told that they all might suffer the same fate as did those whom it crushed. But where Siloam took its tens, a modern earthquake slays its ten thousands. Look at the destruction of Lisbon in 1755, when over thirty thousand persons perished; or the visitation of Calabria in 1857, by which ten thousand lives were lost; that of Peru and Ecuador in 1868, when some twenty-five thousand were killed; or that in Japan already mentioned, slaughtering twenty-nine thousand. Some day, perhaps, we may learn to discern the signs of the great earthquake early enough, and to spread the knowledge of its coming quickly enough, to save folk's lives by giving them warning. In the meantime something, at least, is being done in the earthquake-ridden part of the earth to protect life by building earthquake-proof structures. Students of engineering and architecture in Japan are specially educated in this direction, and much knowledge has been collected, from sad experience, as to the kind of architecture, sites of ground, and decorations in building that are best avoided. Let us be thankful that in this foggy and dismal, but still in some respects 'right little, tight little' island, we can enjoy that questionable Greek pleasure of contemplating others' woes and earth's throes at a safe distance from the awful reality.

THE RIVER PASS.

CHAPTER III.



AULAC DES ORMEAUX stood behind the palisades that gave upon the river, and watched the hurried launching of many canoes. His face was filled with a noble scorn. Beside him stood as the second of the

him stood on the one side a group of the Sixteen, on the other Jules Desbarres and three Indians.

'And this,' cried Daulac, 'is the valour of the Hurons! Word comes of the enemy, and the Hurons flee like chaff. Dogs, and the children of dogs!' He spat on the ground contemptuously, then faced round on the four silent men in war-paint. 'Consider again,' he cried. 'The Iroquois kill and spare not. Their arrows fly true; their scalping-knives cut home; their torturc-

fire burns hotly. Consider, and flee with your friends, O chiefs! Live, O brave Hurons, whose hearts are less than the hearts of squaws! Live, O captains of cowards! This is no place for Huron warriors.'

The four dark forms stood motionless. Only, the mouth of the trapper was hard and drawn. The wind, coming from the river, flapped the banner of France above the fort.

The French leader tapped him on the arm. 'See! your warriors are affoat. Run, O brave Hurons, ere it be too late!'

Stung beyond endurance, the trapper flung out his hand fiercely towards the Ottawa. 'Curse them!' he cried after the departing Huron band. 'May the river swallow them! May the wolves gnaw their carcasses!' Tears of rage started in his eyes. He turned to Daulac. 'Forbear, chief! Do not kill us with thy words. The Iroquois come down the river. Send us naked against their arrows, and we will go. Order what thou wilt, and we shall not hold back. At least we four are men, and not cattle.'

'Who fights beside us dies,' said Daulac grimly.

'Who dies beside the brave dies well, and wins the Happy Lands,' said Jules Desbarres.

There came a cry from the sentry. Round the bend of the river the first canoes of the Iroquois came darting. Already the fugitive Hurons were out of sight down the rapids.

Daulac des Ormeaux gave a few sharp orders, and

each man stood ready at his post.

The Iroquois approached the landing, but, suddenly catching sight of the canoes upon the bank, sheared off suspiciously into midstream, and waited while the main body of their fleet arrived. The fort lay in a dead silence, every man in his place, invisible from without. The flutter of the fleur-delys above was the only sign of movement.

Suddenly an appalling yell shook the air—the dreaded war-cry of the Iroquois. It was repeated thrice, and ere the last whoop died away the air was darkened with a flight of arrows. A hundred paddles splashed in the water, and at full speed a dozen of the canoes darted to the landing-place, and their warriors leaped ashore.

'Fire!' cried Daulac. 'God and St Denis!'

The arquebuses roared along the rampart, and the enemy, taken by surprise at so vigorous a reception, stood a moment in confusion. At such close range the execution was heavy.

A second discharge from those in the fort who had held their fire braced the enemy's courage. With a yell of defiance, the warriors rushed on the defences, and their axes crashed upon the outer palisades. But the stockade was well planted, and at the end of some minutes of furious hand-to-hand fighting the Iroquois recoiled. The four men of the Huron band had taken no part in this struggle. Only Jules Desbarres had been busy in his own way.

As the Iroquois retreated to the bank he touched the French leader on the shoulder. 'Fire again, mon capitaine,' said he. 'See, there are weapons loaded.' Daulac looked, and saw that in those few fierce minutes the other had reloaded the arquebuses of several of his men. The battle-light began to shine in the seeming Indian's dark eyes.

'God and St Denis! Fire, mon capitaine!' cried he, suddenly dropping his halting accent.

Daulac stared at him, and raised an arquebuse. 'A Frenchman!' he cried. 'Who are you, monsieur?'

'Jules Desbarres, monsieur. The Gray Wolf.'

'Fire!' cried Daulac, and ere the Indians could recover from their repulse the reloaded guns roared death at them again. Several fell, and the remainder hastily launched their canoes and rejoined their companions.

Within the fort one of the Sixteen lay dead, one arrow through his leathern cap, another in his side. Half-a-dozen more were sorely hurt at the stockade.

The Iroquois attacked no more that day. They landed, and encamped round the edge of the clearing, and when the night fell their fires threw a fitful glare among the solemn pine-trunka. But three times during the night the war-cry sounded again, the arquebuses gave tongue, and the little garrison fought for their lives.

In the pale morning light Gray Wolf stood beside Daulac. 'God keep the hands that first made this fort!' said he. 'See, captain, the heathen

fear us.'

Peering cautiously forth, they beheld warriors standing under the trees, gazing with doubt and hesituncy at the little stronghold, at the loopholes ringing it round, and at their dead that lay below.

'If they knew that we are less than a score!' said Daulac. 'Monsieur Desbarres, why have you come here?'

The trapper shrugged his shoulders. 'One of my comrades is dying, captain. You do not doubt us now?'

'I do not doubt you, but I do not understand you.'

'It is not necessary, monsieur. I am a Frenchman. An excommunique has his feelings, voild tout. Let us rest and tend our wounded, for I think there will be no more fighting for a time. See, they hold a council.' The chiefs of the Iroquois were met round a fire.

There was no more fighting that day or the next, save that if a man's head appeared but for an instant above the ramparts a shower of arrows was loosed. In the evening of the second day another fleet of canoes appeared upon the river, laden with more warriors, who disembarked and joined the besiegers. That night another fierce attack was delivered on the fort, but once more knife and hatchet wrought in vain against the stout defences. But when the morning broke only four halffainting men of all that stubborn crew still lived beneath the fleur-de-lys within the circle of the fort. Their cheeks sunken and hollow, their clothing caked with blood, they lay waiting for the end. But the end was long in coming. All day they lay in the pleasant May sunshine beside their loaded weapons.

'Comrade,' said the French leader to Jules Desbarres, 'my heart is sore for thee. As for us, our peace is made, and we are ripe to die. I love a brave man, and it grieves me to know thee an

outcast from Holy Church.'

'Grieve not,' answered Jules. 'I do but share the lot of these poor heathen that lie dead because they followed me. Captain, I have a favour to ask.'

'What favour a condemned man can render, count as given.

'If by any miracle any one of you escapes alive to Montreal, say this to Monsieur de Maisonneuve: "Four Huron warriors stood by us to the death to hold the river-way."

'Four Hurons?'

'Four, mon capitaine.'

'And of Jules Desbarres?'

'Of Jules Desbarres no word.'

'I promise. But in case yourself alone should live ?

'Give me the same in writing.'

Daulac des Ormeaux wrote and signed the message, and gave it to the trapper.

A minute later one of his companions laid a hand on his arm, and pointed to the pine-forest.

'The last chapter, captain.'

Daulac looked, and gripped his arquebuse. In a great ring all round the fort, the Iroquois were advancing behind shields of branches. Some bore flaming torches.

The guns blazed out a last defiance till all were discharged, and the savages were already attacking the stockade. In the first rush the French leader fell, and the rest, shoulder to shoulder, held the Indian horde at bay for a few seconds as they fell back within the fort. Then the Iroquois war-cry rang out, and before the fierce rush of the savages the French were overborne. Jules Desbarres was the last of all. Fighting with the fury of despair, he cleared a space for a moment around him, and well knowing the fate of prisoners, shouted bitter taunts to his foes. But a sudden voice of authority stayed their final onslaught, and the trapper beheld on the painted faces a cruel smile as the order was given to take him alive. He fumbled vainly for something he could not find, till he suddenly remembered Woonona, to whom he had given that last remedy. moment a stunning blow from behind stretched

The cords cut into the trapper's bleeding wrists, but he had ceased to feel them. His head dropped forward on his chest, and his eyes, half-closed, no longer saw the green wood heaped for the slow fire that would presently continue his torments. The glare from the burning fort came redly among the pine-trunks, to one of which he stood fast bound. The Iroquois held revel by the river. Oblivious for the moment of all the savage scene, notwithstanding he was to furnish the later entertainment, Jules Desbarres was asleep. Even the near prospect of death by torture could not rouse him from the torpor of utter exhaustion.

But that which the presence of death failed to do was effected by one word that was suddenly whispered in his ear: 'Jules!'

The trapper raised his head, but saw no one save the distant figures of his fierce captors. He experienced a slackening of the cords that bound him. For an instant the bright blade of a knife was held before his eyes.

'Jules,' came the voice again, 'I have cut the cords. Try to move your feet and hands.'

He did so, and found that he was free.

'Quick!' came the voice. 'Come behind the

Jules moved his stiff limbs, and crawled to the side of the tree that lay in shadow from the burning fort. Woonona stood behind the tree. The hope of life sprang in the trapper's heart. He needed no more telling what to do; but his limbs, torn by the cords and sore from the torments he had already undergone, were numb and stiff. Holding the girl's arm, he reached a second tree farther in the forest, and a third, and a fourth. Under the stimulus of exertion his hardy muscles resumed their functions.

They had retreated thus perhaps a quarter of a mile into the pine-forest, and were beyond the circle of light cast by the flames, when a fierce yell told the prisoner that his escape was discovered. He heard the breath of Woonona come in quick, frightened gasps.

'Give me thy knife, pretty one,' said he, and took it from her hand.

'No, no!' she cried. 'Jules, the river-quick! There is a canoe!' She dragged at his arm, and Jules called up his last strength to run beside her. The forest behind them rang with the cruel shouts of the Iroquois. They expected every instant the whoop that would tell of their discovery and signal their doom.

A dark shape sprang in front of them. Jules, driving blindly forward with his knife, fell to the ground on top of the Indian, who gave a gurgling cry and lay still. Woonona dragged her lover to his feet, and they stumbled on.

The river gleamed before them in the moonlight. A canoe lay on the bank. The trapper sank fainting on his knees; but the Indian girl lifted the light craft to the water, and dragging Jules to it, followed him in and seized the paddle.

At the same instant a shout of triumph rang from the darkness of the pines. Bending low, Woonona struck the water with her paddle, and the canoe shot out into the current as an arrow sang in the air beside her. She struck forward with strong strokes, urging the canoe to midstream. Another arrow hissed, and buried itself in the birch-bark just above the water-line. But now Ottawa had them in his keeping. Borne on the hurrying current, the frail shell flew towards the rapids. No Iroquois torture-fires for them now. Death, if they must meet him, lay waiting in the rioting eddies of the Long Sault. There was no more question of pursuit. The bravest warrior of the Five Nations would never attempt that to which her love had urged the Huron girl-the shooting of the dreadful rapids of the Long Sault at night, alone, in the pale and tricky moonbeams. No need now to drive the canoe forward. It leaped and darted down the

stream in the midst of a roaring white wilderness of foam. With stiffening muscles and eyes wide with fear, the girl held firm the paddle on which hung both their lives. Like a living, sentient thing, the canoe flew on, drenched now with cold spray from some tossing crest, now slipping by a hair's-breadth past black fangs of rock ringed round with foam, now straining nearly gunwale under as she thrust it past the deadly skirts of a whirlpool. The spirits of the Sault mocked her with dreadful noises. The girl's brain reeled with the terrors that surrounded her. But still she held the paddle firmly in her small brown hands.

Suddenly the rapids were gone. The canoe shot swiftly down-stream in calm water. Woonona gave a low cry, and drawing in the paddle, crouched

fainting beside her lover.

In the Governor's house at Montreal Jules Desbarres-once more in trapper's garb-stood in the room of Monsieur de Maisonneuve. That brave

soldier of France sat before his writing table, his head buried in his hands, and the tears trickled through his fingers. On the table before him a bit of soiled paper lay. He sat so for a long time, shaken by hard sobs, while the trapper stood and watched him in silence. At last the Governor looked up.

3 150

2.6

Chr.

5 19

Ser

'You know the natives, Monsieur Desbarres. This Huron's story—it admits of no doubt?'

Jules Desbarres shrugged his shoulders. 'I go

by the paper, monsieur.' 'Ah, the paper, mon Dieu! Oh, my brave children, all dead! Would God I had stood with them! Pardon me, monsieur. You also are brave; you will understand. What is life, compared to a

death like theirs?' 'They have saved Montreal,' said Jules in his

'They have saved Canada,' said Monsieur de impassive way. Maisonneuve.

THE END.

FUEL. PATENT



ROM time immemorial the thrifty farmers and peasants of west Wales were accustomed to take home in their two-wheeled carts or in sacks on horseback the small, weatherbeaten coal from the mountain-side,

where the veins of coal showed themselves at the surface. With pickaxe and shovel the natives of west Glamorgan, Carmarthenshire, and Pembrokeshire could obtain, practically at no cost to themselves, sufficient anthracite (or stone-coal, as it is called locally) to satisfy their wants for the one fire in the room or kitchen in which they

The coal, in consequence of being exposed to the action of the weather, is very friable, and therefore small in size; and as small anthracite of itself cannot be induced to make any kind of fire, it has been the practice to knead a certain amount (about one-third) of clay with it, and by so doing produce balls of coal and clay mixed, of the bulk of one's fist, which, when burnt in a fireplace, will afford a good heat and remain alight for an indefinite period.

The shape of the balls is conducive to the passage of plenty of air through the fire, and thus produces nearly perfect combustion. One condition is essential—namely, that once the fire is made and kindled, it must not be touched with a poker except to rake out the ashes. If the fire were stirred in the usual manner, as with other coals, the result would be that the clay in the balls would separate and fall to pieces, the draught become clogged, and the fire be certain to disappear in a short time. In some places in the rural districts the fire hardly ever ceases to burn; certainly it will go on for years if

it be properly replenished every night and morning. Apropos of this characteristic of stone-coal balls, the writer, after duly admiring the fire in an old farmhouse where he had to shelter during a storm, inquired of his hostess how often the fire was allowed to go out, and, to his astonishment, received the reply that she was nearly seventy years of age, and had lived in the same house all her life, but lad never seen the fire go out from any cause whatever-which speaks well for the durability of small stone-coal used under such primitive conditions. This system is continued, but the coal is now purchased at collieries, where small coal is, generally speaking, a drug in the market. These balls of coal and clay were the precursors of what are today known as briquettes.

In Chambers's Journal for 1906, in the article 'Welsh Coal,' it was shown how, in the early part of last century, Welsh coal began to be known as the best steam-coal in the world; and this characteristic, which is still maintained, has caused large towns to be built, valleys to be populated, and enormous fortunes to be amassed.

At the same time, it is a fallacy to assume that, because coal is wrought in Wales, all Welsh coal is of the best steam kind. Probably in no other coalfield does the quality of the seams vary so much as in that of Wales.

For the object of this article, Welsh coal may be divided into three sorts: bituminous, steam, and anthracite; the volatile properties varying from 35 per cent. in the bituminous to 7 per cent. in the anthracite, the best steam-coal containing from 15 per cent. to 18 per cent. volatile matter.

Under ordinary circumstances, bituminous and anthracite coals are not shipped for steam purposes; the former caking or coking too much, and the latter does not possess a sufficient length of flame, although the heat produced is intense.

In the mines where steam-coal is raised, as a consequence of large coal only being required for sale vast quantities of small coal are left behind, the prices realised for it at the pit-mouth not being sufficient to pay for bringing it up. At the same time, for one reason or another, a portion does reach the surface, and a great deal more would be obtained if a market could be found at anything resembling a fair price.

It being clearly shown that when small coal was mixed with clay and kneaded a serviceable article was created, which in a lesser degree took the place of large coal, acting as a ready substitute and obtained at a low cost, it naturally follows that if a more suitable bond than clay could be found, the small steam-coal might be converted into a highly profitable commodity. Clay as a bond creating too much ash, numbers of gentlemen interested have endeavoured to find a cheap suitable binding agent which should not add ash in a marked degree to that which already existed in the coal; and numberless patents have been filed with this object in view.

The problem to be solved was, and still is, difficult. A bond which should join particles of coal together and contain a minimum of ash is hard to find; and even at this advanced stage it cannot truly be said that the problem has been satisfactorily solved. About sixty years ago Mr Sidney Hall, after thinking the matter out, had an idea that if he used tar as a bond to agglutinate the particles of small steam-coal, he might obtain, by the aid of machinery, a fuel which would compete with large steam-coal. He followed this idea out to its fullest extent, and eventually produced blocks of brick-size, to which he gave the name of 'Patent Fuel.' It did not turn out to be a commercial success, as, although the tar suffilled most of the conditions of a perfect bond, it produced too much smoke, and the fuel was too sticky to be handled until a portion of the tar had been burnt off. This led to a further complicated process, which in the end was a failure; so tar as a bond was abandoned in the early sixties, about which time a marked advance in the manufacture of briquettes took place.

It may here be mentioned that Mr Hall had established two factors by adopting tar as a bond. In the first place, the volatile matter contained in the tar would supply any deficiency in this direction which might be caused by an insufficient quantity existing in the coal. Thus, always assuming that fuel should hold 17 per cent. volatile matter, if the coal did not contain more than 12 per cent, the difference could readily be supplied by regulating the addition of tar. Secondly, he proved that by the employment of tar the fuel so made was immune from the action of weather or climate, and could withstand for years such influences without being disintegrated or losing any

portion of its burning properties—a great advantage over coal.

While these experiments were being conducted with tar, others were being made with pitch, or tar in a dry state. It was found that ordinary pitch would melt under the influence of hot steam; so, with the aid of a French press invented by M. Couillard, the coal, after being ground by a disintegrator and mixed with 10 per cent. of pitch, also ground, was conducted to a pug-mill, into which hot steam was injected. The pitch, melting, formed the whole mass into a coherent state sufficiently plastic to allow of its being pressed in moulds on a revolving table; the moulds giving the required size and shape to the fuel. Generally, the shape was that of an ordinary brick; hence the term 'briquettes' used by the French merchants, to whom the fuel was largely exported, and this name is gradually superseding the old term 'Patent Fuel.'

Having now a bond which is cheap and easy of application, combined with a press simple and reliable, the new industry made rapid progress, resulting in great wealth being gained by those who foresaw the possibilities of utilising a comparatively waste product and converting the same into a valuable article for everyday use. Even now the potentialities are not exhausted, and in time to come it is quite possible that the supremacy of 'best Welsh' will be challenged by its humble offspring, resulting from small coal shaped into briquettes. The reasons for so assuming are as follows: briquettes at present made from small steam-coal are of necessity inferior to large steam-coal, because of the ash or dirt left after burning, in the ratio of nine to four in favour of large coal, the latter also producing steam in the ratio of ten to eight as compared with briquettes. These disadvantages, combined with the dense yellow fumes evolved from the pitch during the process of combustion, cause the employment of briquettes to be to a certain extent restricted to locomotives or stationary boilers, where the smoky qualities are not so much called into question.

Two important features in the use of best steamcoal are those of breakage and climatic influence. It is well known that if large coal be carried, say, to an Eastern port, and there deposited, exposure to wet and heat will affect it to a marked degree, and every week during which coal is subject to such influences causes grave deterioration in quality. If the same coal be loaded again on board ship there will be a loss through breakage of 25 per cent. of small coal left behind as useless. On the other hand, the advantages derived from the facility with which briquettes can be transported, the lesser breakage as compared with coal, the ease with which they may be stowed, and immunity from the action of weather and climate, would make them an ideal fuel if there were less ash and if the thick fumes could be eliminated.

As it is, in all directions the briquette industry is steadily increasing, and when a bond is dis-

covered which shall possess the advantages of pitch without its smoke, then may Welsh steam-coal fear for its supremacy. Such a bond, when found, will influence large areas of coal now practically untouched by briquette manufacturers, and it may be confidently predicted that in the near future anthracite will be so blended with bituminous coal that a fuel will be made which shall afford better results at sea than are derived from the best hand-picked Welsh coal.

It is a figure of speech to say that the best steam-coal is smokeless. This term is comparatively correct only when used in comparing steam-coals with bituminous or well-known smoke-producing coals. If the volume of smoke seen coming from boilers in which anthracite is burned were compared with the fumes emanating from steam-coal, the latter would be termed really smoky.

With our present knowledge it is practically impossible advantageously to employ anthracite coal by itself for sea-going boilers; the intense heat given out is too local and the flame too short for marine boilers, even when under forced draught. Bituminous coal does not yield the same amount of heat for the same weight, and in other respects is not so satisfactory as steam-coal; but if a calculated mixture of anthracite and bituminous coal were united by a fitting bond the long-wished-for fuel would be in sight. The heat of anthracite would be distributed by the flame of the bituminous coal, and the smoke of the latter destroyed by the action of the anthracite. Even if such a state of affairs were to come to pass, Wales would more than hold its own as against other countries, for nowhere else has the same class of anthracite been discovered as exists in west Wales. The United States produces more anthracite from its mines than is obtainable in the United Kingdom; but the grade is very different in the two countries, the superiority of quality resting with Welsh anthracite. Statistics are from time to time compiled as to the duration of the seams of best steam-coal, without reference

to anthracite proper; but, seeing that the anthracite measures are practically untouched, we have as a nation further reserves to draw upon than have been calculated hitherto.

It is curious to note how the ingenuity of inventors has been devoted to the discovery of a bond applicable to the manufacture of briquettes. Clay, tar, pitch, lime (as lime-water), plaster of Paris, creosote, wheat, durra, tapioca, sugar, resin—all have been, either singly or by mixing several together, put forward as the perfect bond; but of these only pitch remains in a commercial sense. There is still room for another.

In 1854 a series of interesting experiments were instituted for the purpose of ascertaining the possibility of extracting the tarry matters contained in bituminous coal when mixed with small steam-coal and treated under certain conditions. Large iron pipes were filled with this mixture, and heat applied externally, when the tarry constituents began to distil, and in so doing rendered the mass of a pasty condition. Rams were employed to force out the agglomerate, which was then conveyed to the press. This plan, which was to do away with pitch or added tar, promised well, but mechanical and other difficulties occurred which precluded its adoption; the chief obstacle being that, whilst the tarry particles did their work in binding, they either became incinerated before reaching the press, and so lost plasticity, or they caused such an adhesion to the pipe that the coal could not be forced out. Similar experiments have been repeated of late years with the same results, and at the moment pitch as a bond holds the field; its power of waterproofing the surface of the briquette, added to its strength as a tie, renders it an easy first, the rest nowhere. Such, briefly, was the origin of briquettes, the success of the production of which as a business is assured, with a prospect before it little thought of by the Welsh farmer when he first mixed clay with coal as a fuel for his home

THE PINK HAT.

By Mrs SMART.



HE sun streamed brightly in at the windows of a room on the first floor of a hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. The outside shutters had been closed all the morning, but the French maid had just thrown them open

for a special purpose—a very special purpose.

'Ah, madame, but it is charming—ravissant!
The couleur de rose does so well become madame,'
the little Frenchwoman said as she clapped her
hands with the exuberant rapture of her nation.

Hilda Trevelyan turned slowly round in front of the large mirror, and used the hand-glass so as to obtain the best view of her delicately cut profile.

Yes, I think it will do,' she said slowly as she put down the glass with a sigh of content. 'After all, where does one buy hats as you find them in the Rue de la Paix? Eugénie is a veritable artiste; she deserves to be canonised in the Chronicles of Millinery. It was a very good idea of yours, Marie, to think of buying some hats to take back with us to England—stupid Old England!'

'Ah! ze English are a leetle—'ow one say it?
'eavy, like their roast-bif and plum-pudding;' and the maid laughed merrily. 'They cannot create like Eugénie; they only trim ze 'at. But, madame!' striking an attitude of reverent admiration, 'dest charmant vraiment, le chapeau, et pour le Grand

Prix - ze very zing;' and she laughed merrily

'Yes,' said Mrs Trevelyan, 'we will decide on that, and the black toque, I think; and I may as well have these two little travelling things. The others can go back. You had better pack them up quickly, Marie, and let Eugénie know when to send for them, and then you must dress me. I told Mr Trevelyan I should be ready to go for a drive in the Bois directly after lunch.

Hilda Trevelyan had been married only two months, the greater part of which was spent honeymooning in Italy. It sometimes occurred to her, lazily-for she was an extremely indolent woman-that she had been extraordinarily fortunate. Her wedding was quite one of the most noticeable of the early London season. She hadafter several London seasons-made what was supposed to be a brilliant match in marrying the junior partner of a wealthy City firm; she, the penniless niece of Lord Gresham, who, it was well known, had told her when he paid the cheque for her wedding and trousseau expenses that in future she must look to her husband to provide those luxuries and necessaries of life with which he had grudgingly provided her for a considerable number of years. And Arthur Trevelyan more than acted up to his promises; he had loaded his lovely bride with every conceivable thing her wide-ranging fancy could think of.

Yes, she was a fortunate woman. It made her shiver to think of others less happily situated; her old schoolfellow, Rosalie Chiene, for instance, whom she met yesterday in the hotel vestibule, the poor, ill-paid, nerve-driven companion of a penurious old maid.

But why think of disagreeable things? The day was fine; the sun shone with the brilliance of June; she was married to Arthur Trevelyan, the best man in the world; she was in Paris-gay, beautiful Paris - and had just found the most lovely hat possible for the Grand Prix. What could heart desire more? Her cup of happiness was full, and with a sigh of content she again turned to the mirror and for the third time tried the effect of the pink hat.

A knock was heard on the door.

'Come in,' she called out, and turned round to see, as she expected, her husband.

'Is it not sweet?' she cried gaily as she ran towards him and kissed him. 'Have you ever

seen a prettier hat, Arthur? Trevelyan disengaged himself from her embrace

and stood for a moment looking at his wife. She made truly a graceful picture, this well-born, well-dressed woman, with the love-light shining in her eyes. Was it for him, this gleam of sunshine, this manifestation of affection? Was it for him, or was it for the pink hat and such-like material things which he had hitherto been able to give

'Send Marie away,' he said in a hoarse voice

which sounded unnatural to the summer-day wife, who had only known him in his moments of sun-

'Why, Arthur?' she asked with wide-eyed surprise. 'She had to pack these hats to go back to Eugénie. Look, we are going to keep four-the pink, of course, and the black, and these two little travelling things'-

'And they cost?' he said with a note of anxiety in his voice totally foreign to her.

'Oh, what does that matter?' she said petulantly. 'I think it is about four or five hundred francs altogether.'

'Send them all back,' he said, again in that hard, dry voice.

'Arthur! Why, think of the Grand Prix, and Ascot coming on! I did want to have that pink hat for Ascot. What has happened to change you

Marie had discreetly withdrawn. With the ferret-like instinct of a Frenchwoman, she had 'smelt a rat,' as she graphically put it to herself, and retired to her bedroom, where she immediately consulted the Paris edition of the New York Herald as to 'Situations Vacant.'

'Hilda,' said Arthur Trevelyan as he put a cold hand on hers-'can you bear it, Hilda? We are ruined. Do you hear what I say-ruined?'

She still gazed at him with these wide-open eyes, which seemed to see nothing.

'The firm has smashed,' he went doggedly on. 'Roper has been speculating, and has absconded with the money. We have nothing, or almost nothing, left, Hilda. For God's sake, say something, or I shall go mad!'

'I don't understand,' she answered at length in a voice which seemed to belong to somebody else. 'What are we to do? I don't understand. How are we to live?

'God knows!' he said hopelessly. 'There will be a few hundreds left when things are settled up. We must think—think;' and he pressed his hand to his brow. 'It is for you-for you-that I feel it, Hilda. For mercy's sake tell me you still love me; that it was not only for money'-his voice stuck in his throat—'that you married me!'

She was silent. How could she be otherwise? Her beautiful castle of life had tumbled to pieces, and the ruins were represented by a pile of open band-boxes and a pink hat.

'I don't know,' she said at last petulantly. 'What is the good of asking me questions like that just now, when we don't know how we are going to live?'

The maid had discreetly re-entered the room.

'You may send all the hats back to Madame Eugénie, Marie,' her mistress said. 'I-I do not require any of them—just now—and I shall not drive to-day.

'Oui, madame,' Marie replied demurely.

Ten years later.

The rain dripped drearily in Hereford Square, Bayswater. It had rained all the morning, and the soot on the window-panes was dissolved into black tears. A tall, handsome woman stood in the back sitting-room of a dingy London boarding-house. She had just come in from her daily shopping, whereby she supplied the corporeal needs of the 'paying guests' at No. 9 Hereford Square, and put up her hands to remove her shabby black hat. As she did so the gesture seemed oddly familiar to a man who lounged, smoking, in the ragged armchair by the fireside.

In a moment his memory went back to a sunshiny May day in Paris, a laughing girl in a summer frock and a pink hat. Could this worn, brokendown-looking woman be the same Hilda?

She placed the shabby hat beside a pair of mended gloves and a worn, lean-looking purse on the table, and commenced to take off her sodden shoes.

'I'm afraid you've got wet,' the man said as he looked up from his paper.

'Wet! I should think so,' she replied. 'My feet are soaking through and through. There is a hole in my shoe you could put your fist into.'

'Why don't you have it mended, or buy a new pair?' asked her husband.

'Why don't I do lots of things? The usual reason: want of money,' she replied, with a short, unmirthful laugh.

'Poor girl, it's too bad!' he said as he filled his pipe.

'Yes, it is too bad,' she replied, turning furiously round. 'Why can't you make a little money, instead of leaving us to be entirely dependent on the whims of a few crotchety old women here'—

'My dear Hilda, you forget I have tried, and

can get nothing to do.'

'Tried!' she said in a tone of bitter scorn.
'However, there's no use breaking my heart over
it. I must just go on, as I have done, till the end
of the chapter, I suppose;' and she commenced to
jot down her purchases in a little note-book.

'Please, m'm'—and a grimy head appeared at the door—'I forgot to tell you, but the bacon's finished, and the gas-man called for the money for last quarter's bill when you were out.'

Hilda turned round angrily, and vented her fury on the woman.

'Why didn't you tell me in the morning? How do you expect me to go out again in this pouring rain? You—you'll just have to go without, that's all.'

'Very well, m'm, it's not my business; but the boarders will have their bacon.'

Mrs Trevelyan sighed assent, and began wearily to put on the soaking shoes again.

'Couldn't I go?' said the man from the arm-

'I suppose you could,' she said dryly; 'but they'd cheat you; they always do.'

'Oh, very well;' and he resumed his paper.

An angular lady of uncertain years waylaid Mrs

Trevelyan in the passage. 'I wish to tell you I am going on Monday,' she said.

'I am sorry,' Hilda replied, with some truth, for this was her best-paying boarder, who could ill be spared.

'Yes; your establishment is too mixed for me, Mrs Trevelyan. I cannot forget that my great-uncle was Lord Mayor of London; and when you introduce persons like Miss Pringle into your circle I feel it is time for me to go. Besides, the fish-sauce at dinner last night was distinctly burnt, and I believe—I do really believe—the lamb was foreign!'

'It is very difficult to provide everything of the best for the terms I ask, Miss Jones,' Hilda replied meekly; 'and as for Miss Pringle, she works, it is true, for her living in a milliner's shop, but she is of good birth. I happen to know her antecedents, and to work for one's daily bread is surely no crime?'

'I prefer to go,' the lady said with a snap of her jaw. 'I did not know Miss Pringle's antecedents, and I am not accustomed to associating with shopgirls;' and she flounced upstairs.

Hilda smiled grimly when she remembered her own many titled relations and their complete

neglect of her since her misfortunes.

'It is retribution,' she said bitterly as she went out into the blinding rain. 'I forgot others in my days of prosperity, and now others forget me.' She bought the bacon, after a furious dispute over a penny in the purchase price, and returned with it tucked under her cloak. An Italian child with a barrel-organ smiled at her as she passed, and she could not resist giving him the disputed penny. His face brought back to her that glad springtime ten years ago, and the dark Italian faces which clustered round their carriage to beg for alms as they drove through the Chiaia at Naples or the Corso in Rome, through the fresh greenness of the 'Signora bella, bellissima!' Cascine at Florence. she could hear again the soft Southern voices say. What would they call her now? she thought as she stood before the mirror in her dingy bedroom.

Often she lacked the courage to look her reflection in the face; but to-day she took almost a cruel pleasure in doing so. It was a tired face which looked back at her; the pencils of care and poverty had drawn deeply under the suffering eyes; already some gray was plainly visible in the nut-brown hair, once—in the days of Marie—so shining and beautifully coiffée, now so dull and uncared for

Her husband had entered the room as she stood before the mirror. He came up to her and put his arm round her waist.

'Poor Hilda,' he said, 'it has been hard for you!

'Has been? Is, you mean—will be till the end of time. Oh Arthur! do you remember that happy time long ago in Paris, and the pink hat? I took you "for better, for worse," but it has been mostly worse, hasn't it?'

'Never mind, dear; perhaps you will have the better again now.'

'How? Have you got something to do?' she asked quickly, starting back so as to see his face.

'Look;' and he showed her an open letter. Tremblingly, she commenced to read:

'Dear Sir,-We write to inform you that your late uncle, Mr Benjamin Smith, of whose demise you are probably aware, has died intestate, and that his estate reverts to you, being nearest of kin.

'We should be glad to be favoured by a call from you, at your early convenience, so as to receive your instructions.

We believe the amount of property is considerable.-We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

'GRAHAM & STOKES.'

'Oh Arthur!' she said as she wept in his arms from sheer relief, 'I can't believe it. No more worries with boarders, or bacon, or gas-bills! Oh, is it not lovely to think we shall be well off again? But I have been so horrid,' she continued in a tone of regret. 'I have rebelled—bitterly rebelled—ever since that day of the pink hat'-

And now you shall have the best pink hat to be had in London to make up for that one,' he said as he dried her tears.

Oh, the relief of it! Hilda thought, as she leaned back in the neat victoria and watched the gay crowd go by in the Park. It had gone by her for so long that now she seemed not to know any of the gay butterflies of fashion. But that would all come—that would all come! She knew her London well enough to understand that as flies gather round the jam-pot, so people congregate together where there is wealth. And they were rich-Arthur and she were positively rich.

That very day they had signed the lease of a house in Mount Street, engaged a staff of servants, and commanded the purchase of a complete carriage outfit and suitable horses. They still sheltered in their Bayswater wilderness. It would not do to burst upon the London world too soonuntil all was settled - though already ominous paragraphs had appeared in the society papers about a hostess formerly well known in London society who was to reappear this season and entertain on a glorified scale. To-day Hilda had come out to reconnoitre. A good firm supplied her modest equipage; the coachman was unadorned by a cockade and unaccompanied by a footman. To-day she was only a looker-on at the scene where she persuaded herself she would soon be a personality.

She looked at the crowds of people walking. They crushed against the railings so as to get a better view of the carriages. She remembered the last day she and Miss Pringle were here, only last month, and how the twopence for the chairs had been such a consideration that they tacitly agreed not to rest unless they could find a vacant bench.

Poor Miss Pringle! She must ask her to come for

a drive-some day. Oh, how delicious it all wasthe scent of the horse-chestnuts, the fresh green of the leaves, the gay crowd of well-dressed people! And for the last time she was an onlooker. A month—a week hence she would again be 'in society.' Oh, money! The wonderful power of money! Its wonderful, wonderful power! Again the scene in the Paris hotel and the incident of the pink hat occurred to her. Had it ever been absent from her brain since it was branded there ten years ago? And those dreadful ten years of poverty and hardship and sordid care! She would soon forget them; she and Arthur would start again as if those years had never been. Ah! could they? Something lay on the sleeve of her neat black dress. What was it? A gray hair? Oh, possibly the wind had blown it there—possibly. But probably?

Never mind; she would make up for the past in the future. She was still a young woman; a woman of thirty-five was quite a girl in these days, and she was not so very much more. 'Not if she has had a life like yours,' whispered a voice in her ear. 'All the more necessary to make up for that life,' she argued mentally. Next time she drove out she must really have a companion, so as to make her feel more cheerful and banish all these horrid thoughts. There was her husband coming towards her. How handsome he looked in a well-cut frock-coat! How different from the man who had lounged in the old arm-chair a month ago! He came up to the carriage with a smile on his face.

'Had you forgotten we were to drive to Madame

Jeanne's in Bond Street to choose a pink hat?' 'Oh Arthur, you darling!' she said, as she timidly touched his arm.

He gave the coachman the address, and took his place beside her; he loved giving her pretty things -when it cost him no exertion or self-sacrifice to do so. How bright Piccadilly looked, and how nice it was to have an obsequious attendant to help you out of your carriage at a well-known milliner's door, instead of jumping off a penny bus and subsequently wrangling with the shopwoman over the difference of a shilling in the price of a hat!

'Madame wishes to see a pink hat?' said the elegant saleswoman deferentially. 'Mauve is more the mode just now, or hydrangea blue; but it must be pink? The gentleman wishes it so?' and she smiled indulgently at Arthur. 'Here is a hat just newly come from Paris, madame-from Madame Eugénie, the great modiste in the Rue de la Paix. No, madame; it goes so-so; and she gently patted the hat into place.

Hilda looked critically at her reflection in the mirror.

The tone of pink in the hat accentuated the lines in her face and made the colour in her cheeks appear more faded; it was the hat of a young woman, and seemed to make her look years older. Or was it a nightmare born of her imagination? No, there was no doubt about it, and her eyes grew big with horror as she looked steadily in the glass.

'Madame does not like it?' the woman asked anxiously.

'No; take it off,' she gasped.

'Why?' said her husband, who was standing behind and had not noticed the little tragedy. 'It is all right, isn't it? It is just the same colour as that one-you know'-

'Yes; but that was ten years ago,' said Hilda as

she swallowed her tears.—'Bring me something plainer; not so bright, not so young, she said with

Yes, it was all true. Youth was gone; the poverty had passed away, but in its cruel wake it had carried

her youth with it. Alas! alas!

'Perhaps madame might prefer the mauve?' said the saleswoman sympathetically.

では、これのことがは、これのことをは、これの

SPECTACLES. THE ORIGIN OF



PECTACLES do not seem to have been known until about the year 1300, though, of course, men even in Roman times had discovered the use of convex and concave glasses to modify the sight, and single eye-

glasses were eventually developed from these; that is to say, single lenses of some sort were rounded off so as to fit in the eye without the support of the hand. The Chinese, who are usually supposed to have invented almost everything first, certainly derived their knowledge of spectacles from Europe, most probably from the Jews settled at K'ai-feng-

The first certain mention of spectacles occurs in a work published about A.D. 1460, called Local Miscellanies. The passage runs as follows: When I was at the metropolis—that is, Peking staying at the house of a certain military friend, I noticed that his father was in possession of an object presented to him by the late Emperor (d. 1426), having the appearance of two discs of mother-of-pearl, but very slender in bulk, with rims of gold amplified into a sort of handle. Old men whose eyes are too dim to make out small writing place this object in front of the two eyes, on which the size is magnified double or more. Moreover, I have recently met with one at the house of one of the Assistant-Secretaries of State, and I tested it with identical results. He said he had obtained it in exchange for a good horse from a Western Region trading Hu Mwan-la, and he understood its name to be ai-tai.

It must be explained, with reference to the term Hu, that it had been for many centuries applied indiscriminately to Syrians, Persians, Hindus, and Tartars; the words 'Western Region,' however, exclude Tartars, and usually Hindus. The only known use of the sound Mwan-la is in reference to the Jewish mollahs (mostly Persian), who precisely in the year 1421 received some favours and presents at the Emperor's hands. The learned Shanghai priest Father Pierre Hoang (a native Chinese) thinks that the syllables ai-tai may represent the Portuguese luneta; but, besides being rather far-fetched, this derivation does not take into consideration that the Portuguese had not yet for a century begun their trading career. Besides, the first spectacles were made in Italy, and it is not

impossible that Marco Polo had introduced them into China, or more probably one of the Italian

archbishops of Peking. A later work, called Rare Objects Explained, says that 'the ai-tai are as big as money discs, of transparent substance, and almost colourless; they are used as eye-mirrors, and derive their name from the idea (ai-tai means this) of light clouds shrouding the sun and moon.' (The Chinese still call spectacles 'eye-mirrors.')

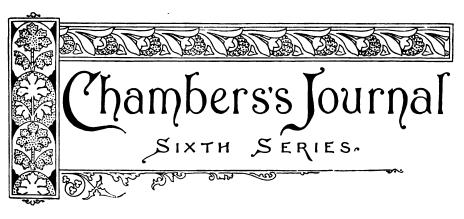
A still later work, of a century and a half ago, called the Collection of Omissions, says that 'eyemirrors were considered as extremely valuable objects during the preceding dynasty (1368-1643), and were either given as presents from the Palace, or were purchased from Hu traders; only the wealthy possessing means to procure them. Now, however, they are cheap all over China, having originally come from abroad, and all being made of glass. The Cantonese artisans, imitating their shape, now manufacture a much superior article out of crystal.'

In conclusion, I may say that I have often seen the Cantonese spectacle-makers sawing lumps of crystal with the aid of water and emery at their shop-doors. The crystal thus sawed has the colour of sea-water.

TRYST-DAY.

I WOKE at the whisper of dawn. Could I sleep ! Could I sleep ! Could I rest-I-knowing the day? I stood by the curtains withdrawn, And I watched the warm sweep Of the red rolling over the gray. That was long ago, long ago-two hours, or three! Hurry, sun, up the blue of your stair! Ah! why do the hours go so slowly for me? This is tryst-day, and she will be there! Oh! laggard and leisurely hours,

Go ye swiftly, go swift! Would ye madden me thus with delay? Have ye not heard from the flowers, Or the winds as they drift, Of the tryst that is named for to-day? However so slow, at the last ye must go, Though ye loiter as long as ye dare! Soon 'twill be noon—then the moon—and I know It is tryst-day, and she will be there! WILL H. OGILVIE.



MAGGIE OF THE DUNES.

A DORSET TALE.

By CLIVE HOLLAND.

CHAPTER I.



the pale light of an autumn morning a girl stood shading her eyes at the door of a cottage standing solitary and bleak amid the sand-dunes.

Away in front of it, facing the east, where a faint rosy flush was

discernible in the sky, stretched a limitless expanse of gray-green water above the grass-tufted sanddunes, finally merging softly above the horizon into a gray sky. Around the cottage lay a waste of coarse green flats and moorland, the latter, when the sun shone, an expanse of purple heather and brown bracken of exquisite harmony, broken here and there by thread-like rivulets wending by devious ways to the harbour and the sea, and tiny pools, the haunts of wildfowl.

Overhead the clouds hung heavy, sweeping the uplands to the south-west, and at times even obscuring their not lofty summits. But in the eye of the wind, which blew north-east, there was a break, which in these parts betokened a bright day by noon.

In that vast expanse of low-lying moorland—which was almost swept by the waters of the little bay when an easterly gale blew, and was only, indeed, saved from invasion by the rampart of sand-dunes skirting the broad, sandy shore—there was not a sign of life to be seen save the girl, who stood at the cottage door and looked out anxiously towards the murmuring sea.

At last a small black speck appeared above the wind-swept ridge of a distant sandhill.

Though it was featureless, the watcher recognised it, and, with a muttered exclamation, gave one long look and then hastily entered the cottage.

'What news, Meg?' inquired a voice from an inner

'Little enough, father,' said the girl; adding hastily, with a flush of anger, 'cept that Rodway is over yonder near Sand Beach.'

No. 494 - Vol. X.

A gruff but not ill-natured laugh was the response from the man; and then, after a slight pause, during which the girl busied herself about the room getting the meal ready, the voice said, 'Seems to me, Meg, youm be a-vooling Jim Rodway. Leastways, he's hanging about more than's conwenient at times.'

Maggie said nothing, but murmured under her breath; and the man went on.

'Ne'er mind, lass. But don't 'e fall in love with the likes of 'e, that 's all. A dirty "preventive," who spies upon honest folk.'

The girl laughed.

'Fall in love with Rodway! Not me, father. Though he do look smartish Sundays. But I wish the chap wouldn't pester I so.'

The door of the inner room, which had been ajar, was pushed open, and Isaac Gutteridge came out into the kitchen-like parlour knotting a woollen neckerchief round his bronzed throat.

He was a big man—one of the tallest and finest built on that strip of the Dorset coast which lies between Weymouth and Poole; and, making due allowance for the softening influence of sex, there was a remarkable similarity of build and facial appearance between Isaac and his daughter. And, 'Any one can tell whose darter Meg is,' as the fisherfolk of South Haven were wont to exclaim on occasion, was more than a conventional saying.

'Well, my lass,' said Isaac, sitting down to the table and cutting himself a slice off the loaf, 'I tell'e what now. I'd as lief see thee dead (lonesome though I'd be), like your dear mother, God bless her! as either vooled or wed by that chap over

The speaker made a significant gesture with his thumb towards the south-eastern corner of the room, in a line with which Maggie had but a short time before descried the distant figure of the 'preventive' man.

[All Rights Reserved.]

MAY 18, 1907.

'Not that I'm afeard,' the man went on, 'for I'm main sure that Bob Livesey stands first. Eh?'

The speaker shot a glance from a keen pair of blue-gray eyes in his daughter's direction, and Maggie dropped her head lower over the blackbrown ware teapot, whilst into her bronzed cheek a flush of deeper colour swept, staining also the skin of her neck.

'Bob!' she said lightly, after a pause. 'Why,

father, I haven't seen him for days.'

'Maybe yes, maybe no,' was the rejoinder. 'But what matter, my girl? Livesey's a fine fellow, and a good comrade to boot; and some day he'll be rich enough to marry the best and smartest lass that walks Poole High Street o' Saturday nights. And why not you?'

'Them-them light o' loves!' exclaimed Maggie with an indignation which seemed to please and amuse her father; 'if he likes that sort he needn't

come near me.'

'There, there, lass,' said Gutteridge, 'ye needn't flare up like your poor mother used to do when I had a bit of a joke. Youm a girl-child, and I misconceive your ways half my time. If you were a boy, now'-

'That's not my fault, father,' cut in the girl; and then both the man and the girl laughed till the sound of it must have reached some distance,

for an echo came from without.

"Bob!' exclaimed Gutteridge laconically.

A deeper tinge of colour suffused Maggie's face, and her hand shook as she raised the teapot to pour her father another cup.

A moment or two later the door was pushed open and a young fellow dressed as a fisherman entered with a cheery 'Good-morning.'

'You're early afoot,' said Maggie.

'I've business, Maggie,' said the other somewhat shortly. 'Is there any one about?'

The speaker glanced round towards the inner room and then up the stairs, as though suspicious.

'None,' said Gutteridge, replying to the question.

'Any news?'

'Yes,' was the reply. 'Tom's heard from the other side,' indicating the sea with a jerk of his thumb. 'It's to-night. There's no moon, and the coast is clear. The Seagull's off down Portland way, and there is a headwind if she were to attempt to beat down here. The Kestrel is somewhere in the Solent, 'tis true. But there won't be a better chance this side of the new moon. Collins and Duke and the rest of them know, and we'll get out well on the ebb, and lie-to for the Belle Marie in the old place. And then, if all goes well, we'll get in on the flood unless the wind drops altogether.

Maggie listened intently.

She had done so to many a like conversation during the last fifteen years that she could remember out of her less than twenty years of life. But it was only of late that she had fully realised what these periodical disappearances of her father -and the lonely nights she often spent, when the

wind moaned round the house and whistled like mocking demons in the chimney-meant.

'Very well,' said Gutteridge, after thought; 'but you'd better be going lest that white-livered Hawkins claps eyes on you, as well as Rodway. See that Hine and the rest are ready with the boat, and that the horses are near Deep Pool, under the lee of the big sandhill. The gorse is high enough there near the clump of hollies to prevent them being seen.'

The younger man rose, and Maggie followed him

when he went out of the cottage.

'Bob,' she said quickly, 'what be you up to

to-night?' 'Never you mind,' said the young fellow. 'It's no consarn o' womenfolk;' and then he looked admiringly at the handsome girl, who had laid a restraining hand on his arm, and smiled. Then he said, 'Look'e here, Maggie; don't you go clacketing with that Rodway agen. He's no good to yer father nor me, curse him! And he's as artful as the devil's own son.'

'And why shouldn't I talk to Rodway?' rejoined the girl, half-petulant, half-laughing, but with a downward droop of her shapely head, crowned with its rebellious coils of wavy brown

'Because,' said her companion, 'I luv 'e, and I hair. can't abide that sneaking, crawling "preventer"

spying on us and ruining our trade.'

Maggie smiled up into the handsome bronzed face of the speaker. Bob was the properest young fellow for miles around; and, to tell the truth, she loved him with a passionate devotion, which, however, for the most part seemed to slumber beneath the restraint of a strong character, like the glowing embers of a live fire beneath the fresh-cut peat on the hearth.

'Never you fear,' she replied. 'I have naught to do with the likes of Jim Rodway. Leastways, when he don't pester with his "Youm lovely" and "You be lookin' fine to-day," and like nonsense. Not that I mind that sort of talk,' said the girl, with a glance at her companion's face, which had clouded over; 'but he's always hanging around, and father can't abide him noways.'

'Let me catch him round here,' said the man, 'and it'll be the worse for his sneaking carcass. But I must be off, and not one kiss have I had.'

Maggie made a show of resistance. She had been known to the lads about, ever since she reached that age when there was some 'flavour' in kissing, as not of the kissing sort; and those who had attempted to ravish her of such favours had found her hand as heavy as her lips were sweet. But Bob Livesey always prevailed over her, ever since he had one day four years ago caught her sitting alone under the great sand-dune which, like a small castellated hill, stood out solitary and detached from the group near the entrance to South Haven, where the tide at ebb hummed seaward in a froth of tiny wavelets and miniature whirlpools.

Now, and for long past indeed, Maggie's resistance to Bol's caresses was merely that matter of form which the fighting instinct of her race of hardy forebears had implanted in her. On this occasion she yielded her face to his somewhat rough caress with a beating heart, 'tis true, for she loved him, but with only a faint pretence of resistance and none of that sensation of exquisite shame which used to flood her face and neck with a darker flush than sun and wind had given it.

As her head nestled against his shoulder, with a beating heart she thought of the fears which had of late taken form in her mind regarding the expeditions in which both her father and her lover engaged.

Now she spoke, and asked him whether there was any danger in the plan to be carried out that night which she had just heard debated.

For an instant the man's face grew grave. Then he replied with a laugh, 'Youm a queer lass, Meg. Danger? There's naught. Leastways, none that I, or the old man, or Duke, or Hine, or the rest of us count such. Never you fear, lass; and after to-night maybe we'll be asking the parson at Kingston to put up the banns;' and, releasing her, the speaker laughed to see her hang her head and the colour suffuse her face.

Maggie watched him stride away across the flat of heather and tussock-grass till his figure disappeared behind one of the dunes. Then she turned and entered the cottage, after a glance at the sky.

A strange feeling of distrust and apprehension possessed her, a foreboding of calamity.

CHAPTER II.

HE night was clear, and a gentle wind from the south-east served but to ruffle the darkling sea and rustle the grass on the summits of the ghostly sand-dunes. On the moorland it was more dark than by the shore, where the broad belt of sand, on which the tiny wavelets crept, appeared a gray strip against the darker gray of the sea. Overhead the stars shone innumerable and twinkling in the autumn night—diamond points in a setting of half-luminous, half-shadowy blue.

Some hours before, from South Haven, on the clib-tide which ran strong and fierce to the southward, the Fortunate Maggie had swept silently seaward like a ghost-ship in the gloom of the night, watched from the summit of one of the dunes by her namesake, and—unknown to the latter—from the hollow between two neighbouring dunes by the half-crouched figure of a man.

Maggie Gutteridge had known many such settings forth, had experienced many a night of loneliness in the solitary cottage which was her home. But to night, as she sat over the smouldering fire watching the shadows flicker on the wall, she shivered with apprehension, she hardly knew why.

There was no sound without, for the wind sang so softly over the heather and gorse that it had no pipe when it came to the angle of the wall where it wailed so drearily on tempestuous nights.

Suddenly, just as night was merging into midnight, and the fire burnt up with a flame as the pile of driftwood upon the peat caught alight, there was the sound of a nailed boot striking against some stray stone of the sandy path which led to the door.

Maggie started and listened.

On another night she would scarcely have given the sound a second thought. It might have been the hoof of one of the pariah donkeys which sometimes strayed down from the hillside for shelter behind the cottage. But to-night Maggie's ears were keener than even their wont. Her nerves were those of a woman who as yet has known no fear, and perhaps has looked the terrible in the face without knowing it.

There was no further sound, though she listened intently; and so in a few moments she got up from the fire, lit a candle, and went to the door. As she opened it a draught of air entered, which made the candle left on the table swale with a sickly flame and the shadows of the articles on the rude dresser dance upon the wall like impsin quick motion.

At first she could see nothing. But when her eyes became accustomed to the darkness she started.

'Meg, I want to speak to you,' said a voice, and a man's figure stepped into the shaft of feeble light which fell through the doorway on to the path.

Maggie recovered herself; and though her pulses beat quickly, and something more nearly approaching fear than she had ever before known seized hold upon her, she said in low but not unsteady tones, 'You, Mr Rodway! What, then, do you want with me? What are you after that you come at midnight to speak with me?'

'I'll tell you, lass,' said the man, making to pass

'No, no!' exclaimed the girl, barring his way and speaking sharply. 'You can tell me all you have to say where you stand. Now, what is it?'

Jim Rodway paused for an instant; and then he suddenly stretched out his hands, and, seizing Maggie at a disadvantage, bore her inwards and shut the door.

For a moment the girl was speechless with astonishment and a kind of fear which had not found a place in her before. Then the old spirit of antagonism against the 'preventives,' which had doubtless possessed her ancestors and ancestresses for a century or more, reasserted itself, reinforced by that vague fear of calamity to come which had sat so heavily upon her heart ever since her parting with Livesey in the morning.

'You're a brute beast, Jim Rodway,' she said slowly, whilst steadying herself against the table and struggling to gain her breath and still the heavy beating of her heart. 'What would Lieutenant Hawkins say if he saw you now, breaking

in upon a lone girl at midnight?' 'He won't,' said the man laconically. 'And what I've come to say I'm going to say, and you've got

to listen. D' ye hear?'

'Ay, I hear,' replied the girl. 'Maggie,' said Rodway thickly, for he had been drinking, 'you know I love you. I am fair mad

The speaker made a step forward; but the girl after you.' retreated behind the table. Her face was pale as the bronze would let it be, and the beating of her heart sent the folds of her cotton bodice fluttering.

'Stay!' she shouted, and there was something so tragical and overmastering in her tone and gesture that Rodway paused unsteadily.

Then, after a moment or two, he seemed to pull himself together, and continued: 'I didn't mean to frighten you, lass. But you shall love me, and I'll brook no refusal.'

43

22

00

1 2

Maggie steadied herself and her nerves. Something told her that Rodway was dangerous. There was a brutal bravado in his tone, as though he was sober enough to know that he had her in his

What good to call for aid? For all she knew there was not a living soul, save perhaps some of his fellow 'preventives,' within a couple of miles. As for her father or Bob, or any of the others-Gutteridge would be home at dawn perhaps. Who knew?

(To be continued.)

CANAL. PANAMÁ THE

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY.



HE idea of cutting the western hemisphere in two parts by digging a canal across Central America is nearly four hundred years old, for the famous explorer Cortez thought of such a scheme when he first saw

the waters of the great western ocean. Before Cortez led his expedition along the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, however, Balboa the great navigator had landed upon the shores of what was known as Darien. From the highest point on this isthmus he also saw the Pacific Ocean for the first time. Thinking he might find a waterway from ocean to ocean, he carefully examined the country on foot, and found that no such channel existed. History records that he took his ships to pieces and actually carried them across the isthmus, to be launched on another voyage of discovery on the Pacific.

Balboa performed a great feat for those times, since all this happened back in the sixteenth century. As already stated, since then the idea of an isthmian canal has been considered, and some of the world's greatest engineers and other geniuses have made a study of the problem. As is well known, Panamá is not the only place in America where a canal has been thought of. The project of cutting the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in two was given careful attention; but it is so much wider than the Isthmus of Panama that finally the idea was abandoned. In the State of Nicaragua there is a lake. Another plan which bade fair to be adopted was the construction of watercourses from this lake to the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, utilising the lake, of course, as a part of the channel. The American Government seriously thought of this project; but at last it was given up, and the United States determined to complete the work begun by the famous builder of the Suez Canal, De Lesseps.

In addition to these proposed canals, however, an engineer named Eads conceived the remarkable

project of carrying ocean vessels across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec by a great ship-railroad. He planned two tracks, one for vessels going from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the other for vessels going in the opposite direction. Each track was to contain five or six rails. When the ship was pulled out of the water by means of an engine and cable, she was to be placed in an enormous cradle or framework fitting closely to her bottom. This framework was to be mounted upon wheels which would run along the rails comprising the track. When the ship was placed in the cradle it was to be hauled from one side of the isthmus to the other by several powerful locomotives built especially for the purpose. On its arrival at the land terminus, the cradle was to be moved upon a sort of dry dock, which, when filled with water, would float the ship, and the latter, released from the cradle, would then resume her voyage. While the Eads ship-railway was never built, there are many men of science who believe that it would have been practicable; but, instead of the ship-railway, an ordinary railroad, built by enterprising British engineers, took its place, and is now in operation across the Tehuantepec, being a formidable rival to the Panamá railroad, since it carries so much traffic across this narrow portion of America.

It was back in the year 1879 when a congress of men from various nations met in Paris and recommended the building of a sea-level canal from Colon on the Atlantic to Panama on the Pacific. Although many members of the congress considered that a canal with locks would be the most advisable type to build, the influence of M. De Lesseps prevailed, and a sea-level canal route was adopted. It was estimated that such a canal could be completed in twelve years, at a cost, including interest on capital, of two hundred and forty million dollars. Work was begun in 1881, and at the outset the funds of the company were called upon heavily for the vast amount of machinery that had to be purchased and placed along the line of the canal, and in providing the necessary shelter and accommodation for fifteen thousand labourers.

Work was no sooner commenced than trouble was experienced. Climatic and other difficulties began to make themselves felt. For twenty-five miles the route of the canal followed the river Chagres, which in the rainy season is subjected to enormous freshets, and not enough thought had been given to controlling these floods. As the excavation of the threemile cut through the Culebra divide proceeded it was found that the ground was of an unstable character, and disastrous slides occurred, filling the cut as fast as it was excavated. Then the first opening of the surface soil along the route induced an appalling amount of sickness, and gradually the conviction forced itself upon the company that the task of building a sea-level canal was beyond their power, being for them at least both physically and financially impossible. The company abandoned the scheme of a sea-level canal, and adopted a less expensive plan which called for summit elevation and the provision of locks. But the change was made too late, and in 1889, after one hundred and fifty-six million dollars had been expended, a receiver was appointed. The commission appointed to examine the company's affairs found that there had been an enormous amount of mismanagement and misappropriation of money; but they stated that the vast quantity of machinery on hand, the engineering data procured, and the labour actually done on the excavation and embankment were worth to any new company at least ninety million dollars.

The United States, however, bought the ditch so far as completed, all the machinery which had been carried to Panama to dig it, as well as the many buildings which the French company had erected, for forty million dollars. The machinery when new was worth several times this amount; but it is an actual fact that now it cannot be sold for any price, because there is an American tariff upon it. While a few of the dredges and some other apparatus used by the French company have been repaired and put to work, the bulk of the machinery is lying along the sides of the channel, some of it overgrown by the dense tropical vegetation, while portions have been literally buried in the heaps of earth and stone taken from the excavation. Many of the locomotives and cars, also some of the dredges, which De Lesseps's company Purchased for the canal were brought to Panama and never used, being left to rot and rust at the mercy of the elements. Probably nowhere in the world can a visitor see so much costly machinery abandoned to ruin as along this canal.

The first thing which the American owners did was to make sure that the canal would be for ever on soil of the United States, so they purchased what is known as the 'canal zone,' being a strip of land extending five miles on each side of the ditch, or ten miles in width altogether. This strip reached from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and cost the United

States just ten million dollars, which it paid to the Panama Government. Once the canal was safely on the territory of the United States, the next thing to do was to make a region fit for living in. The climate has been so unhealthy in the past that in a single year thousands of the labourers employed by De Lesseps have died from fever and other diseases. So two million dollars more were expended in draining, in building hospitals and modern barracks, and in getting rid of the mosquitoes, which the medical men said spread diseases. A part of this sum was also expended in obtaining a supply of pure water. In short, the canal zone was transformed from a plague-spot into a healthy region, as is shown by the small amount of sickness which has prevailed since the United States took possession of it. The result of this step was to encourage skilled and unskilled workmen to go to Panamá, as their lives were not in so much danger as under the old régime; so that at the present time an army of fully twenty-five thousand men is at work upon this great hole in the world, attending to the giant dredges and steam-shovels, running the many trains needed to carry away the earth and stone from the excavation, blasting out the great masses of rock with explosives, supervising gangs of labourers, or employed in keeping the many accounts of this great enterprise in the various offices. About onefifth of the total number are men skilled in their various vocations, the majority of the unskilled labourers being negroes, principally from the island of Jamaica. In another year, however, the energetic President of the United States says, he expects to have fully fifty thousand men working on the big ditch, in addition to the steamshovels, dredges, and other powerful labour-saving machinery.

If a surveyor measured across the Isthmus of Panamá at the point where the canal is being built he would find that from end to end the land itself is forty-two miles. The waterway, however, is forty-nine miles in length, for the reason that if built in a straight line it would have to be dug through one of the highest portions of the Culebra Hills; so it takes a roundabout course, partly for this reason and partly because there is less danger of the canal being damaged by the great floods which occur on the isthmus during the rainy season.

Of these forty-nine miles, about thirty-five represent very easy work. If all the regions through which the canal is to be made were as low and level as these thirty-five miles, vessels would be passing through it perhaps within the next two or three years, and the surface of the canal would be nearly level with the surface of the Atlantic Ocean; but the Culebra cut, as it is called, which caused the downfall of the French company, is by far the greatest obstacle which the diggers have to overcome. An idea of the size of the hole which must be made through this rock ridge which divided the isthmus in two may be gained when it is stated

that in one place the hole will be no less than three hundred and forty feet from the top of the hill to the bottom of the canal; but for a distance of eight miles the workers must make an enormous trench which will average one hundred and forty feet in depth. Were this ordinary earth the labour would be very much simplified, but unfortunately Nature did not apparently favour the plans of men. When she threw up this backbone by the eruption of some great volcano or earthquake ages ago, she formed part of it of hard rock and another part of a soft shale which crumbles to pieces when pinched between the fingers. Other portions consist of clay which turns into ooze when the rain falls upon it, and of loose sand which will bury any heavy objects which may chance to fall upon its surface. Consequently, while much of the 'cut' must be made by means of powerful explosives to rend apart the great masses of rock, care must also be taken lest the shale and sand do not go down from above into the excavation in such quantities that they not only fill the cut but cover the men and machinery. Here an enormous amount of work is required in keeping the loose material from falling into the excavation, while the upper part of the opening must be made many times wider than if it were all composed of rock, in order to get room enough to build walls to hold up the loose material, and to lay railroad-tracks so that the trains of cars may carry away the débris. The fatal error made by De Lesseps was in working upon the lower portion of the isthmus, where the digging of the canal was merely child's-play compared with the excavation at Gulebra; but already the American engineers have made such progress in this immense gap in the country that they have dug it out to a depth of nearly seventy-five feet below the lowest point reached by the Frenchmen, although the latter were at work upon it over fifteen years, and the Yankees actually began operations less than three years ago.

After it had been decided to build the Panamá Canal, the next question which arose was whether its surface should be level with the Atlantic or the Pacific Ocean, or if it should be partly elevated through the higher region, such as the Culebra cut. Of course, to make it what is known as a sea-level canal would require more time and much more money. The leading engineers who have studied the project say that at least twelve years would be required for the sea-level canal, which would cost at least two hundred million dollars, or possibly more. When the idea of having a lock-canal was considered, one scheme proposed was to have the highest part of the waterway at least sixty-two feet above the surface of either ocean; another was to raise it to ninety-eight feet; but at the present time the scheme most favourably considered is that of making its highest level eighty-five feet. This means that vessels going through it will for a distance of several miles move through the waterway at a height of eighty-five feet above either the Atlantic or the Pacific Ocean, being raised to this elevation by a series of enormous lift-locks.

To understand clearly how all this will work, let us suppose that a steamship is to go across the Isthmus of Panamá by water on her way from San Francisco or Australia to Liverpool. She reaches the harbour of Panamá, and there must pass into the lock which will lower her into the canal, for the reason that the tides of the Pacific rise from fifteen to twenty feet in every twentyfour hours; consequently, if the canal were not closed by such a lock, the water of the Pacific at high-tide would pour in in such volume as to cause the channel to overflow and possibly damage it considerably, while it would be impossible for a vessel to be safely passed through. This tidal lock, as it is called, however, is simple in its construction compared with the immense works which will be used to lift the steamship to the highest point in the waterway. To return to the craft which is going eastward, she passes along the excavated ditch to what is known as Sora Hill. Here she enters a lock into which is poured enough water from above to raise its depth no less than thirty feet, lifting the vessel to the same height. Then the ship passes into another lock, and is lifted twenty-five feet higher in the same way, which allows her to float into what might be called a river, eight miles in length. Along this she can steam at full speed if desired to the end of the 'level,' where she passes into the third lock. Its gates being closed, enough water is poured in from above to add twenty-five feet to its depth, the steamship being raised with the water. This enables the captain to navigate his craft upon what will be really a lake twenty-three miles in length, where he can again go at full speed. At the Gatun locks, which are to be at the end of the lake, the steamship will go down three enormous steps, as the series of locks might be called; one of the steps lowering her twenty-five feet, and the others thirty feet each, bringing the ship nearly to the level of the Atlantic Ocean. From the Gatun locks she will pass through a waterway which will be about as low as the surface of the sea, and which will be open at the end.

Never before have locks been designed of such enormous size and power as those which will be utilised in connection with the Panamá Canal. But the engineers say that it is entirely practicable to construct these movable gates of steel, which will be over seventy feet long from top to bottom, and be strong enough to form an immense reservoir capable of holding a vessel and her cargo weighing in all fifty thousand tons. It is planned to have each of these locks at least nine hundred feet in length and one hundred feet in width, and to contain at least forty feet of water when the ship enters them, as when occupied by a vessel each must be of the same depth as the rest of the canal. But when a ship is being taken from a lower to a higher level, or vice versa, there are times when these compartments must hold fifty to sixty feet of water, which will give an idea of the enormous pressure they must sustain.

Next to building the great walls and gates which will form the locks, and providing enough power to operate them, the main problem which the engineers have to solve is how to keep the Chagres River from running over the big ditch. On the Pacific side of the Culebra Hills the water in the rainy season is carried away by numerous small streams, none of which is large enough to give the diggers trouble. On the Atlantic slope of the hills, however, flows the Chagres, which drains a very large area of the ground. In one year the rainfall has been so heavy on the Isthmus of Panamá that no less than one hundred and thirty inches of water have fallen upon the Atlantic side of the alope, or the country through which the Chagres river passes. This means that if the water did not flow off or sink into the earth it would actually stand upon the ground to a depth of nearly eleven feet. So it is that this stream, which in the dry season is little more than a creek in size, with perhaps less than two feet of water in its deepest part, may be swelled in a few hours to a river no less than forty feet in depth, carrying such a great volume of water that it could fill a section a mile long, three hundred feet wide, and thirty-five feet deep in five minutes. If we consider the size of such a section, this seems almost incredible; but the engineers and scientists have carefully calculated the sudden changes in the Chagres, and these figures are the result of their calculations.

It is obvious that the river must be prevented from flooding the canal, otherwise its volume of water and the force of the current might carry away the walls, and possibly do greater damage. By building a canal whose highest part is eightyfive feet above the level of the ocean, however, the Chagres can be turned into an ally instead of an enemy. This is to be done by constructing an enormous dam, which will create the lake already referred to. Here again is a great engineering feat, for the total length of the dam will be no less than a mile and a half, while its highest point will be one hundred and thirty-five feet above the valley across which it is placed. To prevent it from being washed out or carried away by the great body of water which will press against it, at the base it will be fully one thousand feet, or nearly a quarter of a mile, in thickness. The valley in the country which will be made into a lake by this dam is of such dimensions that, enormous as is the flow of water down the Chagres River during the rainy season, it is large enough to hold most, if not all, of the flood-water for an entire year. The lake being on a level with the highest point of the canal, its water can be utilised in keeping the ditch at the proper depth, as well as filling the various locks when it is necessary to lower or raise vessels passing through. In addition to this, however, the waste-water which will be allowed to flow over the dam is to be employed in generating electric current, which will be in turn used for illuminating the canal and possibly for operating the ponderous mechanism which moves the gates. The Bohio Dam, as this work is called, is without a parallel in the world, and its construction may be likened to such feats as the building of the Pyramids of the Nile and other great achievements recorded in history. The lake which it will create, however, will be employed to allow vessels to pass each other, so that it will not be necessary to make other parts of the canal large enough to allow ships to float upon it side by side. It is calculated that, including the time required in passing through the locks, not more than twelve hours will be needed for the slowest steamship or sailing-ship towed by a steamer to go from Panamá on the Pacific to Colon on the Atlantic, or in the opposite direction. Since this lake will cover nearly one-half of the distance of the waterway, it will provide ample space for ships to pass each other without delay.

The reader may ask, What is the principal advantage to be gained by spending one hundred and fifty million pounds to separate North and South America? The benefits to be secured are so many that only a few can be referred to in this article. The United States Government considers the canal of the greatest value for strategic purposes, since warvessels will be able to go from the Atlantic to the Pacific or from the Pacific to the Atlantic without the long and tedious voyage round Cape Horn which they now have to make. One of the reasons why the American Government has been so desirous of building the canal is because of its experience during the Spanish-American war, when one of its battleships was compelled to go from San Francisco right round South America before she could take part in the great sea-fight in Cuban waters. Had the canal been open, the battleship Oregon would have required to steam eight thousand miles less than she did in going to join the American fleet in the Gulf of Mexico. A vessel sailing from New York to any point on the Pacific coast by way of the Panamá Canal will shorten her voyage by no less than seven thousand miles.

The waterway will, of course, be beneficial also to such countries as Great Britain and the nations of northern Europe. For instance, the distance to Australia and New Zealand from such ports as London, Antwerp, and Bremen will be fully one thousand five hundred miles shorter than the present route through the Suez Canal; but the channel which has been made through the sands of the Arabian desert, and which connects the Mediterranean with the Indian Ocean, is but twenty-eight feet in depth, so that the largest ships cannot go through it. As vessels which extend nearly forty feet below the surface of the water will be able to float in the Panamá Canal, and its locks will be long enough to hold the longest liner which now crosses the Atlantic Ocean, it will have the advantage over the Suez Canal, not only because it will afford a

shorter route to the Orient from Great Britain, but because it will accommodate much larger craft. Its benefit to American commerce will also be very great, because steamships and sailing-ships loaded and bound for Yokohama will by passing through the canal save nearly four thousand miles of travel which they must cover by the present routes. The distance to the great seaport of Shanghai will be shortened to the extent of one thousand six hundred miles. The importance of the waterway to Europe, however, can be more clearly appreciated when it is known that the cities on the Pacific coast of the United States will be brought six thousand miles nearer this portion of the Old World.

The digging of the canal is comparatively simple. It gives the inventor, however, an opportunity to show to what extent he can design machinery which will save work with the pick and shovel. It is hardly necessary to say that the great steam-excavators will do most of the excavating. Shovels operated by powerful steam-engines are now at work on the isthmus, each of which will

dig out three cubic yards at a shovelful. This load will more than fill a wagon drawn by two horses; and as some of the shovels will take out two thousand yards in a day, the reader may realise the army of men which a dozen of them will equal in effort. A set of fifty of these great shovels have removed no less than two million loads of earth and stone in a single month. So great is the magnitude of their work that when the full force of men is employed which President Roosevelt expects to have on the work, they will be aided by no less than one hundred of these shovels, having the capability to dig at least seven million yards a month. But they are necessary if the waterway is to be finished within the time expected; for if the material were to be placed in a trench sixty feet wide and forty feet deep it would require a gap in the ground no less than five hundred miles in length, or as long as the distance from the city of Liverpool to the city of Paris. To remove this enormous amount of débris would require five thousand twenty-ton railroad cars for a period of ten years.

норру.

CHAPTER VII.



W could he make certain that Mirabelle should have heard of the sentence passed upon her lover before he saw her that evening? For a long time Vare pondered the question, turning over different plans

in his mind, and rejecting them one after the other as impracticable. Presently his wandering gaze fell once more upon the newspaper, and then the solution of the difficulty became clear. 'Of course,' he ejaculated; 'the very thing. How extremely stupid of me not to have thought of it before! It couldn't be better, and will rub it in well, especially if I add a few words on my own account.'

Taking from his pocket a flat little gold penknife as effeminate as the man himself, he carefully cut out the paragraph, and pinning it to a sheet of notepaper, took up his pen in his left hand—the old dodge of anonymous letter-writers—and wrote underneath, in large, irregular characters, 'Disgraced, nevertheless, in the eyes of all honourable men.' Then, putting it into an envelope, he addressed the shameful thing, always in the same sprawling hand, and putting it into his pocket, muttering, 'That ought to be a good move, even if she has heard about it from any other source,' went into his bedroom to finish his toilet for the day.

Immaculately turned out, his hat and boots vying with each other in the brilliancy of their lustre, he had hardly descended into the street when Rex was in the sitting-room again clearing away the breakfast-things. As he went about his work, the hole in the paper whence his abusive lodger had cut the paragraph caught his eye.

"'Ullo!' he exclaimed; 'that's a rum start. I never knowed 'im do anythink like that before. Now, I wonder w'at can ha' interested 'is r'yal 'ighness so tremenjous. 'Tain't a hadvertisement neither, 'cause 'e's cut it hout o' the noosey sheet. Now, I come to think hof it, 'e'd chucked that paper on to the floor when I comed in an' caught 'im cussin' an' swearin' like mad; it's odds but w'at 'e'd seed somethink w'at 'e' didn't like. An', Rex, my son, w'at Captain "Awe, demmy" don't like may be worth knowin' heven hat the cost o' one penny.'

And so it came about that a short time afterwards Rex made the very disappointing discovery that the mysterious cutting which Vare had so carefully extracted was nothing more interesting than the result of the court-martial on his brother-officer.

'An' quite a natural thing for 'im ter do, hin my opinion,' he said to his wife in his most lofty manner when discussing the incident with her a little later.

But the good woman could not agree—that is to say, would not, on principle; and remarking sweetly, 'Has you're halways wrong, Sergint Rex, hand I'm halways right, I'll take the liberty hof keepin' this 'ere paiper huntil time, the great 'ealer, solves the ministry,' she carefully folded up the sheet and locked it away with much ostentation.

'Oever Mr Time the great heel-catcher may be I don't know,' answered Rex with fine sarcasm; 'but I do know, Mrs Rex—Anne Drippen has was—that you're a first-clarse hold fool, an' halways a-tryin' ter make mountings hout o' sows' hears;'

HOPPY.

and with this brilliant retort, which he emphasised by upsetting the blacking-pot, he once more ascended to the upper regions to finish his morning's work

When Vare arrived at Grosvenor Square that evening he found Mirabelle and her father awaiting him in the small drawing-room. The girl, beautifully yet simply dressed in white, looked as lovely as ever, though, he fancied, a shade paler than usual; and the captain registered a vow, as he held her delicate hand a moment longer perhaps than politeness required, that, Hoppy or no Hoppy, she should become his wife, and that he would stick at nothing to attain his end. He could not tell from her demeanour, which was calm and composed, whether or not she had heard anything about the telegram concerning her lover; but Lord Idsworth, the moment that the butler had shut the door, did not leave him an instant in doubt.

'I suppose you've seen it?' he burst out. 'Most disgraceful piece of military bullying ever known. That fellow Ranger ought to be kicked out of the army. Just because he makes a fool of himself, forsooth! and, as usual with our Generals, thinks he's going to ride cock-a-hoop over a horde of niggers without any trouble and with half the number of men he ought to have, and gets thundering well thrashed for his pains, he must needs make a fine young fellow, who wasn't even outside the city, into a scapegoat to vent his ill-temper on, and trounce him for doing a plucky action for which he ought to have recommended him for a V.C. And then this court-martial of red-tape-ridden boobies sentences him to be cashiered—yes, by gad, sir! cashier him; and he would have been, too, if they hadn't been afraid of me and Sir Ralph at home. They knew I'd kick up the deuce of a row; and I'm going to, too, for all their cleverness in remitting the thing. As if that did any good,' he went on furiously. 'The boy's career is ruined, and he'll probably chuck the service, disappointed and soured for life. If it wasn't for Mirabelle here I shouldn't wonder at his blowing his brains out; but the thought of her will keep him quiet till he gets home, and then we'll have a marriage-eh, child? and show everybody what we think of the

Mirabelle's answer was lost in the announcement of dinner; but Vare noticed that, whatever its tenor, it was very low and faint, and given, as far as he could see, without the slightest trace of enthusiasm; and inwardly exulting, as he offered her his arm, he cried to himself, 'The poison works!'

During dinner the topic uppermost in all their uninds was tacitly avoided, until—the servants having retired, and Mirabelle also, to prepare for the theatre—the two men were left alone for a short space over their wine.

'I'll sever my connection with the party,' avowed Lord Idsworth. 'There is a split impending, and I have been very much inclined to go with the

seceders for a long time. This settles it. I've made up my mind, and I'll tell Wallshire to-night if I see him. The Government are bound to go to the country shortly, and without us they haven't a chance; and then we shall unite with the other side, and manage the affairs of this Empire as they should be, sir.'

But Vare urged him not to do anything rashly. He pointed out that the mischief to Hoppy was done, and that any such step as that contemplated by his irate host could not possibly do the unfortunate young soldier any good; and, unless honestly prompted by political convictions, it would be quite a false move. It was a purely military matter, he declared—he had no desire to see Hoppy cleared and would, if let drop, be soon forgotten; and, after all, Hoppy had only been reprimanded and had the sympathy of all decent men. 'Let it alone, sir; let it alone,' he cried. 'Hoppy will get leave, come home, and be married, and then, with such a charming wife and loyal father-in-law, will, in spite of this little contretemps, soon go ahead again like steam.'

But the discussion was put an end to for the present by the announcement that the carriage was ready, and shortly after the three playgoers were rolling away silently and smoothly towards the Lyceum, where his lordship, who was a great patron of the drama, had taken a stage-box.

Vare had no opportunity of speaking alone with Mirabelle until they found themselves sitting out, in a cool, palm-screened veranda, at Lady Havant's dance, and then only, and with extreme caution, did he begin to open the attack.

'I cannot tell you, Miss Melgrove,' he commenced, softly and sympathetically, 'how awfully upset I am at this abominable sentence on old Hoppy. I only heard about it at the club this afternoon, where all the fellows are full of it.'

'I'd rather not talk about it, please, Captain Vare,' cried Mirabelle in a distressed voice. 'It is too painful a subject at present; and until I hear more about it from papa, who is going to try and discover what it was that really prompted such a savage sentence, I don't wish to discuss it. But,' she continued, with true feminine inconsistency, 'when you say that all the men at the service clubs are talking about it, what do you mean? Do they take papa's'—she made a perceptible pause—'and my view?'

'Oh, as to that,' answered Vare, 'I shouldn't pay any attention to what fellows thought. Naturally, everybody who knows Hoppy is pretty sick about it, for they feel that—er—well, they say, ye know, that though he did quite right in going out after me, speaking from a humane point of view, a sentence like this, although it isn't carried out, means that it's pretty well all U.P. with him as a soldier. And then, you know, there are heaps of chaps who don't know him at all, and who talk an awful lot of rot about dishonourable conduct, deserting his post, and all that kind of rubbish. It's rather

awful for me,' he went on earnestly, 'of all people, to be telling you this, and sounds dreadfully ungracious; but you asked me—didn't you, Miss Melgrove?—and it's better that you should hear it at once, and from a friend, a devoted friend of you both, than from an outsider or beastly society paper.'

The beauty frowned slightly. 'I don't indulge in society papers,' she said coldly, 'though I believe one is taken in the house by my maid; consequently their opinions one way or the other do not interest me; but I certainly am glad to hear about this feeling among Hoppy's friends, though I am astonished at there being any officers who think him disgraced in the eyes of all honourable men.'

Vare drew a deep breath. So she had betrayed herself already? These were the very words he had written and sent her anonymously that morning. He had not used them in their conversation, so the phrase must have stuck in her mind, bitten deeply into her pride, to have enabled her to repeat it so faithfully. She could not have any suspicion, could she? he wondered. This was not a trap, set with such apparent artlessness, to catch him? No, no, there was little likelihood of that, he reflected; but he would take no risks, would put her off the scent in case any such idea should afterwards enter her head.

'My dear Miss Melgrove,' he exclaimed, with well-feigned horror in face and voice, 'surely not so bad as that! I have not heard anything approaching such severity of judgment, and I must have chosen my words awfully carelessly to have conveyed such an impression. But this is too painful to both of us; let us, as you so wisely suggested just now, leave it alone at present until your father has discovered the ins and outs of it all. And now,' he went on earnestly, appealing to her weak point, 'don't you think we had better take a turn? The room is fairly clear for a moment, and—you will forgive me, I know—but we'll hold our heads high—eh?—for the sake of our mutual friend.'

As he had intended, his partner's pride sprang to arms like a sleeping soldier who wakes to the first shot; and, with a grateful glance from her expressive eyes, the proud girl rose from her seat, and was presently bumping round the room with the inelegant step which was—much to their secret disgust, for they were both really beautiful dancers—strictly de rigueur in the select inner circle of London society to which they had the honour to belong.

'Carries it off deuced well, bai Jove!' drawled one of a row of gilded youths who were apparently busily engaged in propping up the ballroom walls with their faultlessly fitted backs, as they noted, with as much admiration as they ever allowed themselves to show, the splendid poise and bearing of the graceful heiress. 'Clean, thoroughbred; takes her gruelling like a queen. Hoppy's in luck there; you can see she means to stick to him in spite of the hash he's made of it.'

And at the other end of the room :

'My dear, I was at school with her, and am one of her oldest friends,' sweetly cooed young Lady Highbridge to her dyed and padded old lord, 'and I can see that she doesn't care tuppence about him, and will throw him over, now that she's got a chance. Dear Mirabelle, I am so fond of her, and I must really try and find a moment to-morrow to run round and have a quiet chat before we go to the Bankshires' dinner. Tommy's feeding there too, and he'll be so glad of something first-hand to put into the "Society Sniffings" column of the Lyre.'

'Don't forget your scalping-knife, ma mic. Dear Mirabelle, I'm so fond of her,' chuckled the old roué. 'Why, Red Indians ain't in it with you little darlings when you are really on the warpath.'

'What hateful and abominable things you can say, Bob!' flared out her ladyship. 'I'm sure that we aren't half so bad as you old men when you get together at your horrid clubs.' But then she remembered what her wise mamma had said to her when she had to decide a very momentous question.' Yes, I know he's over sixty, darling; but you are very young, and the Highbridges are none of them robust;' and the petulant lips resumed their habitual pretty curve, and the little pleat between the eyebrows rapidly disappeared.

(To be continued.)

RISE OF THE GREAT COCOA FIRMS.



NOTEWORTHY feature of our present industrial life has been the rise and great commercial success of many firms the founders or present members of which have come of a good Quaker stock. This is specially

so in the biscuit industry and in that of cocoa and chocolate, the development of which has been phenomenal during the past twenty years in the case, amongst others, of the Frys of Bristol (the oldest firm in the trade, established in 1728), the Rown-

trees of York, and the Cadburys of Birmingham. The world's present demand for cocoa-beans has been estimated at millions of pounds, in which Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States, in ascending quantities, are the largest manufacturers and consumers.

We do not here describe the various processes of manufacture. It may suffice to say that for commercial or breakfast cocoa the seeds or beans are roasted, shelled, and then ground, the heat caused by the friction of the grindstones being

sufficient to cause liquefaction. For the cocoa of commerce the oil, or cocoa butter, as it is called, is pressed out; if for sweet chocolate, the butter is not pressed out, but sugar and flavours are added, and the material is still further ground, and worked up fine until it becomes a smooth and mellow chocolate. The hundreds of pleasant and attractive forms in which sweet chocolate is prepared for the public palate are familiar to every one. The analyst bears witness to its high food-values as a producer of energy and heat, and as a tissuebuilder. It is at once a pleasant and highly concentrated form of nourishment, containing a considerable amount of protein, and is supplied regularly to the German army. The late Queen Victoria's gift of chocolate to the army in South Africa gave an impetus to the trade. It was also supplied to the Boers in large loaves of about one foot square and a few inches thick.

For cocoa butter, the fluid cocoa obtained by grinding is placed in steam-heated hydraulic presses, when the butter flows off in liquid form, is caught in moulds, and hardens. It is used in ointments, toilet soaps, and bonbons, and is now of as much importance in commerce as cocoa. The Dutch method of chocolate manufacture is to roast and grind the beans between rollers, then powder in a hot mortar, adding sugar, when the whole mass is rolled and worked on flat stone slabs, and vanilla added. The dough is made into loaves and kept in a dry place for half a year, and then moulded into smaller cakes. Large quantities of cocoa powder without sugar are used in Russia and Poland.

At one time cocoa was exclusively the drink of the inhabitants of tropical America. We are told in Prescott's Conquest of Peru how 'the emperor took no other beverage than the chocolate, a potation of chocolate with vanilla and other spices, so prepared as to be reduced to a froth of the consistency of honey, which gradually dissolved in the mouth and was taken cold, served in golden goblets and spoons. The emperor was so fond of it, to judge by the quantity, that no fewer than fifty jars or pitchers were prepared for his own daily use, whilst two thousand were allowed for that of his household!' The word chocolate is of Mexican derivation, and originated in its resemblance to the clattering sound made by the native handmill used to grind the cocoa and mix it with sugar.

The Spaniard was naturally the first to discover its properties and cultivate the cocoa-plant. It was many years before other nations shared his knowledge, and Englishmen and Hollanders made little use of it when they took a prize at sea, 'not knowing its secret virtue and quality for the good of the stomach,' as an old writer regretfully remarks. It was first known in Europe in 1550. From Spain the monks introduced it to France; and the first notice of its arrival in this country appeared in the Public Adviser in 1657, where it is stated that 'in Bishopsgate Street, in Queen's Head Alley, at a

Frenchman's house, is an excellent West India drink called chocolate to be sold, where you may have it ready at any time, and also unmade, at reasonable rates.' It came first as a great delicacy, and erelong formed the raison d'être of those cocoa-houses which became as distinctive a feature of the seventeenth century as its gabled mansions or the literary essays of the Tatler and Spectator. In those old days London ladies would sip their chocolate at Don Saltero's, Chelsea, while the 'bloods' and 'bucks' frequented the 'Cocoa Tree,' White's, and the St James's, fashionable gathering-places which ultimately drifted into regular clubs. Already in 1702 cocoa had become as popular at Bristol as pine-apple rum, and chocolate-houses stood side by side with spirit-shops on Clifton Downs. It was shortly after that time that Mrs Elizabeth Montagu, that queen of blue stockings, wrote her friend Mrs Vesey from Bath: 'We take our chocolate every day at the pump-room. It is the best I ever tasted. There is nothing like it in London.'

Perhaps the exclusively temperance nature of this drink, at a time when beer was still the breakfast beverage in England, rendered its manufacture by Quakers peculiarly fitting. Be that as it may, the fact remains that our great cocoa manufactures had Quakers for their founders. the middle of the eighteenth century the Bristol Journal announced that a certain 'Mr Joseph Fry is removed from Small Street to a house opposite Chequer Lane in Narrow Wine Street, where he makes and sells chocolate as usual; ' and, later, that 'he has removed to Union Street, opposite the upper gate of St James's Market, where he keeps his shop for the sale of Churchman's Patent and other sorts of chocolate nibs and cocoa.' Now, at this time Bristol had become the emporium of Bath, and the date of Mrs Montagu's letter coincides almost exactly with the time when the Bristol Journal was concerning itself with the doings of Mr Fry and his increasing sale of chocolate nibs and cocea in a quaint old-world tenement of the city. This was the small beginning of Fry's firm, which at the present day occupies whole streets of the town, and has four thousand five hundred hands on its pay-roll.

Joseph Fry, the founder, was descended from an old yeoman stock then well known in the west counties. His grandfather, Zephaniah Fry, was among the younger and more devoted followers of George Fox, and his enthusiasm lived on in his grandson Joseph, who was destined not only to exert a wonderful influence on the fortunes of his city, but to help to make Bristol Quakerism the much-respected thing it afterwards became. For in his time history relates stories of the Society of Friends most incongruous and strange. Youthful Quakers would go to meeting in gay clothes and powdered wigs; drunkenness, gambling, and smuggling were not unknown; while some of the wealthier were engaged in privateering. In 1722 an Irish Quaker tried his skill

with a Bristol gladiator, and in the Jefferies collection there is a strange document showing that a family of Quakers enjoyed for many years half the tithes of the lordship of Tockington. Against all this Joseph Fry was not slow to make a firm stand, and ultimately succeeded in introducing the much-needed reform.

There were few branches of industry in the city of Bristol in which the 'ingenious' Mr Fry did not come to have some personal interest. The famous 'champion china' owed much to his knowledge of chemistry, while his technical skill was invaluable in the establishment of a soap and candle business carried on in partnership with a Mr Fripp. He was part-proprietor of the typefounding business of Fry & Pine, which, in time removed to London, became 'Letter-founders to the Prince of Wales,' and in 1788 began to publish some fine books which bear the name of the Cicero Press. But from the time he arrived in Bristol he had been engaged in the making of chocolate, having purchased Churchman's patent rights, and this undoubtedly was his greatest venture. His influence is still felt in the commercial and religious life of his city, though it is a century and a quarter since he was laid in the quaint little burying-ground of the Friends at Friars. The business was carried on by his widow under the style of Anna Fry & Son for some time, then by their son Joseph Storrs, who in turn was succeeded by his son Francis. The previous style had been Fry, Vaughan, & Company. Francis Fry (1803-86) inherited his grandfather's extraordinary energy and versatility of power, for he not only developed the business far beyond any dreams of its founders, but took a leading part in those movements which gave the city waterworks and railways and to England the parcel-post. He was an ardent anti-slavery man, and during forty years his name was closely connected with the social and philanthropic work of the Society of Friends. He was also a keen bibliographer, books and china being his hobbies. He collected nearly one thousand three hundred Bibles and Testaments, and wrote bibliographical treatises on the rarest of them. After the death of Joseph Fry in 1789, aged fiftynine, the succession has thus been Joseph Storrs Fry (1766-1835), whose three sons, Joseph, Francis, and Richard, joined with him as J. S. Fry & Sons, the name still borne by the firm. The chairman of the company is still a Mr Joseph Storrs Fry.

In 1795 the works had been removed from Newgate Street to Union Street, when a Watt's steamengine was erected, the first in Bristol, to work the machinery. A local editor remarked: 'Since the great improvement of the steam-engine, it is stonishing to what a variety of manufactures this susful machine has been applied; yet it does not a little excite our surprise that one is used for the trifling object of grinding cocoa. It is, however, a fact, or at least we are credibly informed, that Mr Fry of Bristol has in his new factory one of these engines.'

The business of the Messrs Rowntree, of York, is highly organised and well developed, the main manufacturing centre being on the Haxby Road The firm has cocoa estate, just outside York. estates in Jamaica and in the island of Dominica at Blenheim and Picard. Altogether some three thousand four hundred persons are employed by this firm. The Rowntrees are a Yorkshire family. John Rowntree, son of a Quaker farmer near Pickering, went to Scarborough and founded a grocery business. In turn his third son, Joseph, went to York, established a similar business, and married Sarah Stephenson. Their second son, Joseph, who married as his second wife E. Antoinette Seebohm, is the present head of the firm, and joint-author with Arthur Sherwell of The Temperance Problem. Henry Isaac Rowntree had bought a small cocoa business about 1860, employing but one clerk and one warehouseman. He was joined by his brother Joseph in 1869, and only two travellers were employed at this early stage of development Since 1887 the Rowntrees have steadily expanded. 'Elect cocoa' dates from 1886, and the gum goods and about three hundred varieties of chocolate confections, lemonade, and lime-juice now form a large

item in the present business. As in the case of the Cadburys, who have furnished ideal conditions at Bournville for their workpeople, the Rowntrees have done likewise on their Haxby Road estate. Mr Joseph Rowntree has given his testimony to the advantages which accrue from having a factory practically in the country, with proper light, air-space, and under thoroughly healthy conditions. The works are surrounded by gardens and shrubberies, and the amenity and social conditions receive special attention. In a 'sky-scraper' at Wigginton Road 'Elect cocoa' goes through its seven processes of manufacture, starting at the top and finishing at the bottom. The making of boxes of wood and cardboard for the various items is quite an industry in itself. The dining-rooms for the girls have accommodation for about twelve hundred persons, and here about that number of girls dine daily. The girls are paid by piecework, on the forty-eight hours a week system. Some six hundred of them attend a domestic school, where cookery, dressmaking, and hygiene are taught, so that when they marry they may be the better prepared for their new duties. The writer, after wandering over these works, agrees with what was said in the Yorkshire Herald, that it is difficult to know what most to admire. You leave the works impressed with the magnitude of the enterprise and the daring of the conception to build up a huge commercial business on lines unusual and untried. You recognise the far-seeing enterprise of the promoters, the splendid organisation and arrangement which prevail in every department, and the determination to produce, no matter the labour or expense, the very best article that can be made in every branch of the business. And, lastly, you are profoundly impressed with the regulations which are provided for the comfort, the recreation, and the education of the hundreds of young people who are employed in the various departments. You feel that peace and happiness, a wise benevolence, and mutual sympathy permeate the whole atmosphere of the place.'

In a remarkable volume of Essays and Addresses by the late John Wilhelm Rowntree (1868-1905) there are particulars about the origin of the Yorkshire branch of the Rowntrees, as well as much about the rise of Quakerism; for this member of the firm had collected about two thousand volumes of books and pamphlets for the purpose of writing a history of the subject. To the regret of all who knew him, this was an unfulfilled purpose at the time of his death. His brother, Mr B. Seebohm Rowntree, while actively engaged in the business, has also turned his attention to social and political work. It was he who published a study of York city entitled Poverty: a Study of Town Life, also Betting and Gambling, and he has other social and literary schemes in progress.

The late Richard Cadbury, of Birmingham, under the name of 'Historicus,' published a little book, Cocca: All About It, to which we have been indebted. We owe further information to the interesting and painstaking biography by his daughter, Mrs Helen Cadbury Alexander, entitled Richard Cadbury of Birmingham (Hodder & Stoughton), which depicts a strenuous and happy business career, as well as a successful and useful one. Richard Cadbury, who traced the family name back for many centuries, found a Cadbury in Somerset in the time of Henry II., while a John Cadbury fell at Bannockburn in 1314. The names of father and son can be traced for ten generations at least. The grandfather of George and Richard Cadbury was Richard Tapper Cadbury, of Exeter, who became a silk-mercer and draper in Birmingham. His son John, a publicspirited and philanthropic merchant of Birmingham, had a tea and coffee business at 93 Bull Street, when about 1835 he rented a warehouse in Crooked Lane, where he first experimented in making cocoa and chocolate with pestle and mortar. In 1847 he removed this branch of the business to Bridge Street. Richard Cadbury was twenty-five and George twenty-two when their father handed over the cocoa business to them in 1861. All that heredity, good example, and wholesome home influence could do was theirs, and they started in life thus well equipped. For five years the young men had an uphill fight. Some four thousand pounds which Richard put into the business melted away, until he had but four hundred and fifteen pounds. George thought of becoming a tea-planter in the Himalayas, and Richard a land-surveyor. tide turned in 1864, when the business began to show a small profit. By close attention, by the introduction of novelties, and by supplying a good article, the business increased so much that in 1879 the movement began, by the purchase of the Bournville estate, whereby the whole works

were planted down in ideal surroundings quite outside Birmingham.

The general impression of the cocoa works in their new surroundings at Bournville has been described as follows: 'Five tall chimneys and some acres of warehouses and workshops, divided by streets connected by bridges and intersected by railway lines, give some idea as to the extent of the works; but for all this our first impression on being taken through the porter's lodge was that of entering into a garden, with a welcome of the sweet breath of flowers and the song of birds; for we have to pass by the girls' garden and playground, which is well planted and bordered on three sides by trees and shrubs, while the plantations of Bournbrook Hall give the substantially country surroundings of which it boasts. One of the sights of Bournville is to see the girls in their white costumes, after dinner, sitting to read under the trees or enjoying in other ways a breath of fresh air.' The semi-detached brick villa residences, with front and back gardens, on the south side of the works are inhabited by employés of the firm at a comparatively small rental. In 1860 there were under twenty employes; by 1892 there were one thousand six hundred men, boys, and girls; and now there are over four thousand. As at Rowntrees', piecework is the order of the day. In Chambers's for 1902, under 'Bournville: a Model Manufacturing Village,' further particulars were given as to the Cadburys' establishment.

Richard Cadbury, according to his daughter, was 'a rare genius in the art of loving;' he was always busy either at business or philanthropic work, and had a keen eye for detail and also a genius for organisation. An adult school class occupied him on the Sunday morning, while every righteous cause in Birmingham or out of it had his interest or support. He designed labels for the chocolateboxes in the early days, and called on customers, and afterwards saw to the despatch of orders, and had a sharp word if there was any slackness in attention to these. Amongst his benefactions were over twenty-five thousand Bibles given to Board school children, teachers, and pupil-teachers in Birmingham; an Institute at Stirchley; Moseley Hall, given as a convalescent home; almshouses; and the starting of a saving fund, towards which the firm contributed handsomely. Mr George Cadbury, still happily with us, had a similar career to that of his like-minded brother, and his benefactions have also been many and important. We understand that Mr George Cadbury is proprietor of the Daily News, and that Mr Joseph Rowntree had a controlling interest in the Speaker, now the Nation.

The names of other firms will be familiar to the reader: those of James Epps & Co., and the great Dutch firm of Van Houten, at Weesp, Holland, which dates from the beginning of last century, and is well known in England for the excellence of its products. As long ago as 1828 Mr Van Houten discovered a method of reducing the superabundance of natural fat in cocoa, and produced his well-known soluble cocoa. The firm of De Jong dates from Wormerveer, and Driessens and Karstels from Rotterdam. The French and Swiss firms have long been active and successful in the manufacture. The names of Menier,

Suchard, Schweitzer, Peters, and others are household words. Canada has the works of Ganong at St Stephen, New Brunswick, described in the Canadian Magazine (December 1906). The continued growth and prosperity of the cocoa and chocolate industry in the United Kingdom and on the Continent is a matter for sincere satisfaction.

3

12

P. 10 ...

CONQUERING THE SANDS.

By DAVID MACRITCHIE.



of 'The Walrus and the Carpenter'
will remember that, as these two
strangely assorted comrades were
walking by the strand,

They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand.
'If this were only cleared away,'
They said, 'it would be grand!'

A kindred sentiment must inevitably possess the visitant to any of the miniature Saharas that stretch, sometimes for miles, here and there along our coasts. A little reflection, however, will not only convince him of the utter futility of the suggested remedy (worthy of a walrus) that 'seven maids with seven mops' should sweep it for half a year; but he will also realise the much more important truth that the sand need not be cleared away at all, and that, rightly treated, it may prove to be a blessing and not a curse. In some instances, no doubt, it has been a curse; for there are large tracts of fertile soil which have been overblown and smothered by sand-drifts, and what was once a rich agricultural territory, supporting a goodly population, has been transformed into a dreary and desolate waste. Such was the fate of the barony of Culbin, or Cowbin, lying to the west of the estuary of the river Findhorn, on the Moray Firth. Dr Robert Chambers, in referring to this great catastrophe, points out that an Act of the Scottish Parliament, passed in July 1695, relates how, 'within the preceding twenty years, twothirds of the estate of Culbin had been overwhelmed with blown sand, so that no trace of the manor-house, yards, orchards, or mains thereof was now to be seen.' On account of this, Alexander Kinnaird of Culbin 'represented to the Parliament that full cess was still charged for his lands, being nearly as much as the remainder of them produced to him in rent; and he petitioned that his unfortunate estate might, in consideration of his extraordinary misfortune, be altogether exempted from cess.' But his ruin was not consummated until 1698, when 'we hear of the remaining fourth part of Culbin as sold for the benefit of the creditors of the proprietor, and himself suing to Parliament for a personal protection.' Even this remaining fourth of the barony was unable to hold out against the incessant and relentless

invasion of sand, although 'it is said that an antique dove-cot, in front of the huge sand-wreath which enveloped the manor-house, continued to present the top of its peaked roof over the sand, as a foundered vessel sometimes exhibits its vane over the waves, until the year 1760.' To-day the quondam barony is a lonely and almost awe-inspiring wilderness of sand-hills, where the silence is only broken by the occasional scream of a passing sea-bird.

Now, the causes which have brought about this desolation, the means by which it might have been averted, and the way in which something resembling the former condition of things might be re-established are all matters well worthy of consideration. The chief cause of the catastrophe was never a mystery, for, in the words of the contemporary Act, it was 'mainly occasioned by the pulling up by the roots of bent, juniper, and broom bushes, which did loose and break the surface and scroof of the sandhills'-that is to say, the sandhills previously existing along the coast. These had been held in place by the binding effect of the plants specified, which had rooted themselves firmly over the surface of the hills. But when the peasantry tore up these plants to use for thatching and as fuel, every gale wrought increasing havoc, hewing deep furrows and gullies in the dunes, and blowing the sand in clouds over the arable land. Eventually, as already explained, some three square miles of once fertile territory became a billowy waste of sand, and the manorhouse and mains (home farm) are now outwardly immense mounds rising to eighty or ninety feet above sea-level, and each covering an area of about a hundred acres.

One very interesting reflection, apart from the considerations bearing upon the main theme of this paper, is that it is within the power of any millionaire of antiquarian tendencies to disclose to the world, at relatively little cost, the actual appearance of a Scottish manor-house of the seventeenth century, untouched by any architect of later date. But unless its covering of sand can be utilised to the profit of the remover this northern Pompeii will no doubt remain undisturbed for many years to come.

Too late to save Culbin and its lairds, but in order to avoid similar devastation elsewhere, the Scottish Parliament passed, in 1695, an 'Act for Preservation of Meadows, Lands, and Pasturages lying adjacent to Sandhills,' which prohibits 'the pulling of bent, broom, or juniper off sandhills for hereafter, either by the proprietors themselves or any other whatsomever, the same being the natural fences of the adjacent countries to the said hills.' The penalty for contravention of the Act is liability for resultant damage to property, besides a fine of ten pounds.

Of the three 'natural fences' specified, the sand-grass known as bent (or, in the Celtic forms, muran and marram) is the most efficacious. 'The peculiar property of this grass,' observes one writer on the subject, 'is that it will not flourish unless continually covered with fresh sand, and that where there is most sand the stronger and greater is its growth. With its far-spreading roots below ground, and its shoots above ground, it takes a firm grip on the dry sand, binding it, and holding it fast in the face of the winda'

The possibility of arresting the fluctuation of sand by such means has long been recognised, and systematic and successful efforts in this direction have been made in recent times in Denmark, North Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, Gascony, and Atlantic North America. Wonderful success has been achieved in Denmark by a private society whose name, rendered into English, is 'The Heather Club, 'First they get heather to grow in the sand, then fir in the heather, and in course of time it is hoped that beech and other trees will follow. And they succeed. In one year the society distributed among the peasantry five million fir-plants and one million and a half of plants of other trees.' Mr D. MacLeod, M.A., from whose account in the Gaelic periodical An Deo Ghréine (April 1906) these words are quoted, further states that in thirty years this Danish society has reclaimed more than two hundred and thirty square miles of useless sand-heath and peat-bog-a truly remarkable achievement for a private society, and, primarily, be it noted, the ontcome of pure patriotism; for the impulse to increase the area of habitable Denmark did not arise until she had been deprived of Schleswig-Holstein in 1864. Denmark can now retain on her own soil, thanks to her Heather Club, many thousands of people who would otherwise have been forced to emigrate, and the Danish army can be increased by a proportionate number of soldiers.

Strict attention is paid by the Governments of other countries to the rescue of desert areas and their transformation into habitable country. Visitors to the Netherlands are familiar with the carefully fenced plantations of sand-grass at Scheveningen and elsewhere along the coast, to injure which renders the offender liable to four weeks' imprisonment. The barren Landes of Gascony are similarly watched and tended by officials known as gardes cantonniers. In Germany, fines up to eight pounds are exacted for any infringement

of the laws relating to the sand-dunes. In the British Islands, except for the Scottish Act of 1695, which has fallen into desuetude, there appears to have been no legislation bearing upon this matter. So far as I am aware, there was no similar enactment on the part of the English Parliament, and nothing seems to have been done in this respect by the United Parliament of the last two hundred years. As a matter of fact, Scottish lairds do as they please with the bent, broom, and juniper of their sand-hills, in spite of the Act of 1695.

Nevertheless, private enterprise has achieved something in the British Isles. A notable illustration is that afforded by the Earl of Leicester's Norfolk estate of Holkham, which prior to 1850 was bordered on the seashore by a stretch of sandhills three miles in length. To-day these dunes are covered with grass and pine-trees, the latter forty feet high, and this without the aid of any soil brought from inland. It is a mistake to suppose that sand affords no nourishment to vegetable growth-that is to say, what we understand as sand, which is really not pure sand, but contains nutritious ingredients obtained from the excreta of innumerable sea-birds and from the vegetable and animal matter thrown up by the sea. Moreover, every land-breeze bears to the seashore a certain amount of soil in the form of dust. Experience shows that our sand responds readily to treatment. Our Hebridean crofters, for example, obtain good yields of potatoes, carrots, and clover from what seems hopelessly barren sand by means of the fertilising aid of various marine plants.

Lord Leicester is not the only British nobleman who has transformed a sandy wilderness into woodland. The beautiful Binning Wood, in East Lothian, owes its origin to similar efforts on the part of the sixth Earl of Haddington, who in 1705 planted a great extent of what was then moorland and sand. Even the desert of Culbin has been successfully attacked by its modern lairds, so far as regards its inland fringe, from the year 1837 onwards. Those interested in the details of the Culbin reclamation may be referred to the account given by Mr Hutton, forester, in the Transactions of the Scottish Arboricultural Society (vol. viii. part 1, 1876). It is enough to quote his statement that a certain plantation reared on such unpromising soil 'cannot now be valued at less than twenty-eight pounds per acre, or altogether eight thousand four hundred pounds.'

From these references it will be seen that we have in the British Isles, and especially among the northern and western isles, large areas of desert land which could be rendered productive. Their reclamation would give employment to thousands, would increase the habitable area, and would add to the nation's wealth. The task is too great for individuals; but it could be accomplished by combined effort, as in Denmark, or by direct action on the part of the State.

MANY MEMORIES. OF TOWN BURFORD: A

By T. FISHER UNWIN.



ALF-ASLEEP upon the slope of its lonely down lies Burford, dreaming away the years. Gone are the days when kings and nobles rode up its wide street; the prosperity and importance of the gray old Cotswold

town have passed with the flight of the centuries. Now, far from railways and the rush and turmoil of life, Burford lies dreaming of the days of long ago. Peace broods over the place, only broken now and again by the noisy whir of a motor as it clambers up the steep, sun-baked street; ordinarily 'upstreet,' as they say in Burford, is occupied solely

by a few drowsy dogs.

Though now 'a haunt of ancient peace,' long ago the cloud of the Civil War hung over and darkened the little town, for it was here that Cromwell took prisoner the Levellers, and it was here that three of their number died for their ideal; they were shot in the churchyard in the presence of their comrades, who, powerless to help, were forced to watch from the tower. Roughly scratched on the lead of the font there yet remains the signature of 'Anthony Sedley; Prisner, 1649,' a message from

those far-off years. The church is one of the finest of the splendid Oxfordshire churches. It lies at the foot of the hill, with the Windrush flowing past the churchyard, and the wild roses which fringe the banks are mirrored in the quiet waters. The church is wide and airy, for its doors stand always open, and the winds from the broad uplands are ever blowing through; and it stands looking across the stream to the green water-meadows stretching to the distance and the corn-clad uplands which bound the view. Somewhere within the Tanfield aisle lie the bones of Lenthall, Speaker of the Long Parliament; for, according to his wish, there is no monument to mark the spot. The many side-chapels are full of the tombs of the departed burgesses of Burford, silent witnesses to its bygone prosperity. When the August moon sheds her silver light over the tower and reflects her face in the quiet stream, and the sinking sun sets in flames of scarlet and gold beyond the old gray bridge, it is a moment when the things of modern life seem but of little worth, and the only real life that lived at the heart of nature.

Outside the churchyard lie the almshouses, built on the site of those originally founded by some worthy burgess of the town, but for which that splendid robber, Warwick the King-maker, took Just beyond stands the Grammar School, where the famous Earl of Rochester was the credit.

The town is full of fine old houses. The Great House, overtopping its humbler neighbours in Witney Street, is perhaps the finest. At the corner of the road which leads to Cirencester stands the

Tolsey, once the place of toll, now converted into

On this side of the town lies the Priory. Shorn of a reading-room. all its one-time glory, naught but its shell remains. It belonged at one time to Lord Falkland, who fell at the battle of Newbury, and later passed into the hands of Speaker Lenthall, of the Long Parliament, a by no means estimable gentleman. The house stands on a hill surrounded by splendid trees; and from the window of the ballroom, which is the only room boasting a floor, one can look across the rivervalley to the old manor-house of the Bartholomew family crowning the opposite hill. The old chapel, connected by cloisters with the house, stands weatherbeaten and desecrated, empty of everything. It was from the steps leading to the garden that Waller painted his picture of 'The Empty Saddle.'

But, charming as are the buildings of Burford, the greatest fascination of the place lies in the pleasant waters of the Windrush. It winds placidly through the green water-meadows fringed with forget-menots and tall bulrushes and reeds; naught disturbs its peace save the cattle who come down to drink and gaze in mild-eyed wonder as a canoe drifts lazily down-stream, its occupant resting from his labours of paddling it. The fish sleep lazily in deep pools under the branches of the overhanging trees, or else swim hastily away as the shadow of the canoe and the swish and swirl of the ripples against the keel

But it grows late, and as we climb the steep road pass over them. which leads to Lechlade and the Thames, and look back over the gray roofs and green meadows towards the uplands and Wychwood Forest, we bid good-bye to Burford town with a sigh, for are we not returning to the busy world of men, where there is but little time for thought, when we have left the quiet places?

THE CUCKOO'S CALL.

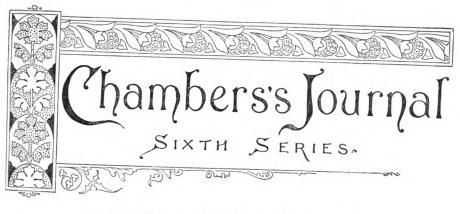
The Celtic superstition is that a long journey lies before you in the cuckoo first the difference of the cuckoo first in spring. in spring.

THERE'S a long good-bye for you and me, And a long good-bye for all; For I stood yestreen above the sea, And I heard the cuckoo's call!

And the shadows crept across the deep, The waves were hushed and still; And we looked where the loved ones lie asleep In the graveyard on the hill.

Oh, my heart grew like a house of dreams Where mournful echoes dwell, And a thought lay o'er the hills and streams That words can never tell.

Oh, the long road's waiting you and me The long road waits us all; For we stood yestreen above the sea, And heard the cuckoo's call! LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, May 18.



OW and for the future the House of Commons is not to count for the same in the scheme of the London social season as it did in the halcyon days of a fashionable Government.

At such times, when the sun was shining, my lady who had nothing else to do would drive down to St Stephen's, hail from the Chamber one of her gallant belongings, and together they would sip tea and take strawberries and cream on the Terrace while they chatted about nothing in particular except life and pleasure, and lazily watched the barges coming and going through Westminster Bridge. But this kind of thing has been severely discounted since the majorities changed and the Labour man became a force. This Labour man himself has shown some disposition to extend parliamentary hospitality to his womenkind; but generally the spirit of the thing is changed. These are the most practical days. At the same time, there are sundry changes going on in the interior of the House which have for their object the making of it more comfortable for members and more the kind of place in which they will like to spend their time; for though it is wonderful in its appointments, it is a little doubtful whether it has been quite that abode of luxury and convenience which many constituents of honourable members have imagined it to be. The Commissioner of Works has been very busy lately, and one of the things that he has done has been to knock a number of small rooms into one, which has been established as a kind of general dining-room on a system that has not obtained in the House previously. Here a member may dine solus, or with his non-parliamentary men-friends, or with the womenkind of his circle. It is an innovation which is likely to be appreciated as time goes on; but the art and custom of parliamentary dining is another of those things which have to some extent fallen into desuetude. In conversation a member of the Kitchen Committee recently declared that in these No. 495. -Vol. X.

days M.P.'s never do really eat anything out of the simplest ordinary except when they are engaged in an all-night sitting, when, as one of the eccentricities of human nature, they come to fancy strange dishes that they have not tasted since the days of their youth, and ask for them to be made; while, as for quantity, on the occasion of such a sitting recently there were consumed at supper seven hundred eggs, two hundred pounds of bacon, and one hundred and eighty devilled bones; and at breakfast one hundredweight of ham and four hundred eggs; while the liquid refreshments that went to their destination included one thousand cups of coffee, five hundred cups of tea, three hundred and seventy whiskies-and-sodas, and four hundred and twenty bottles of beer. In a whole session there are about thirty-five thousand luncheons, fifty thousand dinners, eight hundred suppers, and seventy-five thousand teas served, so that the parliamentary catering is a very considerable quantity. But what the member of the Kitchen Committee just quoted really meant is that the consumption of the big dinner has gone out, the five-shilling and half-guinea affair that used to be popular, and members, having gone in very largely for the simple life, are eating in its place the shilling dinner, on which it is understood the House loses threepence at every serving, said threepence having, of course, to come out of the pockets of the country; while it is said, moreover, that only half as much wine is drunk in this Parliament as was in the last, the new bloods being very strong on temperance drinks, or, at the worst, beer. By the way, a recent menu of this shilling dinner was constituted as follows: 'Roast loin of veal, braised ham and spinach, roast saddle of mutton, potatoes (boiled, mashed, baked, or fried), cabbage, custard pudding, apple tart, Chaldar or Cheshire cheese, bread and butter,' so perhaps there may be held to be some reason for the M.P.'s preference.

one of the land In the matter of its gentle drinks, the House, after in these all, is only just the same as the clubs and the other [All Rights Reserved.]

May 25, 1907.

places where men meet to eat and be refreshed. No feature of this side of London life is more noticeable than the large and increasing proportion of men who sip only plain natural or aerated waters not merely at lunch-time but at their dinners. Sit down in the dining-room at your club and you will see these waters being served at table after table all around you, until the man who has the boldness to call for a pint of claret or a bottle of good hock may feel that he is in danger of condemnation for his bibbery. To such a state are things coming that whenever a suitable opportunity presents itself great efforts are made to give a fillip to the sales in this country of the different Continental wines. Thus, a year or two since, when King Edward went to Portugal and there were many manifestations of a long-standing friendship between His Majesty and King Carlos, the delights of port were extolled in every newspaper, and the wine was pressed upon you by every merchant. In the same way, since we have had such a personal interest in Spain we have been told that we should take more sherry for our stomach's sake; and all the time, as we are such good friends with France, it is being insisted that we are too neglectful of the advantages of claret as a general drink for meals. Claret, indeed, has made up some of its lost favour, chiefly at the expense of hock; but some day soon we shall have columns in the papers about a warm Anglo-German rapprochement, and then we shall be persuaded that there never was such a wine as Rhine wine, and some enthusiasts may even think it is a pity that they have not such heads and organs as would permit them to partake of the favourite beverage of the great Bismarck, which was a mixture of champagne and stout, and which upon occasion would even serve the Iron Chancellor for breakfast. This is a digression, but it serves the small purpose of suggesting that, after all, the House of Commons is merely falling into line with the times in the matter of its food and drink.

It is either falling from grace or achieving it, according to the point of view; and taste and temperament will also decide for each critic whether he is to regard the present half-indifference of the House to the clothes that it wears as to its credit for common-sense and simplicity, or against it for slovenliness. As has been said before, Parliament has gone through some transformation in the matter of its apparel during recent years, and even those who have only made a little study of it at close quarters for a decade notice the great difference. It is not so long since it was considered a terrible thing to go down to the House in a 'bowler' hat; now even Cabinet Ministers do so. Lord Randolph Churchill was the first to walk into the chamber wearing light-coloured boots, and his audacity in doing so created general amazement, and caused the Speaker to turn his head away from the sight in mingled sorrow and disgust. Now you may wear anything you like to walk to Parliament

in, and I am fairly certain that some honourable members have been in their places wearing golfshoes with huge nails in the soles thereof. Then Mr Gibson Bowles took to wearing white ducks, and others blossomed forth in cummerbunds when the May sun shone warmly at Westminster. The people who say that Parliament has not the 'tone' that it used to have do not, one understands, call for repetitions of any such feats of originality as these, for indeed has not the last possible word in such direction been said by certain of the Labour members who have turned up at St Stephen's in cloth caps? But this is just the time of the year when from the sartorial point of view Parliament in the old days always used to look its very best. When overcoats were thrown aside, then you should see how the M.P. had a most delightful regard for appearances, and the examples were set to the flock by the leaders. At such times Mr Gladstone used to be a picture of summery fancy, with a lightgray frock-coat, white waistcoat, and light-coloured hat. Disraeli, too, would be a buck in June. But now they don't care; it doesn't matter. Men go down to Westminster in their working clothes, and they dress themselves afterwards if they have anything special to do. C.B. is neat enough, and he is always tastefully and respectably dressed; but he has not a spark of the D'Orsay spirit in him, nor have his followers. This is a great Parliament without a doubt, and perhaps it is to be expected that it should look dull, as many great things do.

Irish matters being so much in the air just now, one was reminded the other evening, in discussing the lot of the present Chief Secretary, that when Lord Stanley once refused the post he did so with the remark, 'I'd rather sit naked on a nest of wasps!' The Minister whose special business it is to grapple with the immense Irish problems in these days finds a very different state of affairs at his Dublin headquarters from that which his predecessors found some fifty years ago. Mr Horsman, who was Chief Secretary from 1855 to 1857, once told the House of Commons in the course of a debate on Irish affairs that the day after his appointment he visited the office full of eagerness and energy at ten o'clock in the morning, and that he found it very much like arriving at an inn so early in the morning that there was no one up but the boots. The fires were unlighted and the rooms were unswept, and he was told that the one clerk might be expected to arrive about midday. He got the clerk to attend at ten o'clock, but was positively ashamed of bringing the man down at so early an hour when there was nothing to do.

An old proverb, the establishment of which ought to have been held as contempt of Court, having it that the law is an ass, it is natural that it should strain at a gnat and—— No, I don't see how an ass could swallow a camel after all. For months past, or rather for years, there have been general

complaints about the inadequacy of the arrangements for the administration of the civil law in the High Court of Justice, the number of Judges and the Courts being quite insufficient to keep pace with the number of causes that are presented to them. The expenditure of a very few thousands a year would completely remedy what has become very little short of a national scandal; but it seems to be a desperately hard thing for the Government authorities to make up their minds to take this step, although there cannot be a man in the world who would object to it, least of all the lawyers, since more Courts and Judges would mean more briefs. It is an astounding thing that when the Courts opened recently, after the Easter vacation, no fewer than eight appeals were placed once more on the list that were first set down for hearing more than twelve months ago, while two of them were two years old. Think of the wretched litigants waiting all this time; and little wonder that many of them get tired of this unconscionable delay and settle their grievances with each other, which means so much the less for the lawyers and so much the more for their litigants. That is the single consolation of it all. Where the straining at the guat comes in is in the fact that recently much earnest thought has been given by the heads of the law to that mighty question as to what should be done with the two refreshment-bars that have occupied prominent places in the corridors of the Law Courts ever since they were established in their present quarters. After much consideration it was decided to make representations to the Lord Chancellor with a view to their removal, and this being done, and the Lord Chancellor assenting, the bars have been abolished. So there is one more load off the legal mind, and the Courts feel a better sense of dignity than it was ever possible for them to do while those bars were in the corridor-fully licensed bars to which the man in the street might ask the friend whom he casually met to go with him to have a drink of some of the best beer that was to be got in the Strand-if it was some of the best beer. You could walk into the Law Courts and have your drink there just as you would-if you were one of that kind-walk into any hotel, and the only difference would be that in the case of the Courts you would have a fine-looking policeman to open the door for you on entering, and other policemen to direct you up the steps and along the proper corridors.

Now there is only one place left to obtain refreshments, that being in the crypt, where counsel and the public congregate at the luncheon interval. The Judges, of course, have their own common room, where they sometimes feed in company; but there are such epicurean eccentrics among them that the gathering is seldom representative, so I am told, certain of their lordships consistently spending the adjournment interval in their own private rooms. It is on record that the favourite lunch of

one Judge used to consist of cold pork, a piece of cold meat-pie, half a lobster, a quantity of hot pickles and chutney, and a piece of Dutch cheese, and that when his lordship had disposed of these items he would go back into Court beaming with the most profound satisfaction. At the other end of the scale, Lord Brampton, when Sir Henry Hawkins, did not generally take any lunch at all, and Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge used always to content himself with a mere cup of tea; while Mr Justice Grove, another of the eccentrics, had regularly a couple of boiled eggs, and a bottle of soda-water to wash them down. He sometimes spent five minutes of the adjournment by boiling these eggs himself, and it was once discovered as a coincidence that while he was doing so a learned brother in an adjacent apartment was holding his chop over the fire and giving it a little extra cooking which he considered that it needed. Such is a glimpse of the very human side of our Judges; how very ordinary they are in some matters nobody, seeing them only on the bench, would suspect. There is one of them who walks home down the Embankment every afternoon when the Courts rise; and on a fine morning Mr Justice Grantham may sometimes be seen riding up to the Courts on horseback. And I once heard a Judge of the High Court say that on one occasion when he had displayed some emotion in sentencing a man to death at a provincial assizes, the matter being duly reported in the public press, the wife of his bosom forthwith sent him a stinging letter thus: 'Dear Bill,-If this is the best you can do, you had better come home at once.' His name wasn't 'Bill,' but otherwise this letter was exactly what she wrote, and I am sure this is a true story.

* * *

And talking of the law reminds me of a curious circumstance which was discovered to me by a person of much high authority in the matters concerned. The other day there was great excitement in one of the Courts over a question of a whale, and a small piece of the said whale was produced in evidence. The whale had been found dead in the sea, and had been beached somewhere on the east coast, where it had been used for show purposes; and the local authorities, feeling that they had a grievance in the matter, went to law about it. The point is that though nobody knew about it at the time, or even know now, so far as I am aware, the Royal Family might have intervened in this suit with some effect, and their failure to do so may result in the loss through lapsing of one of their old-time privileges. This privilege, which is really very old, and used to be very positive, is that when a whale is caught off any of our coasts the head part of it belongs by right to the King and the tail part to the Queen.

It would be a happy relief to many weary people if during the present season the London theatre

were to display a little more soul. It gets worse, and the low-water mark of its inanity was nearly reached by some recent productions in the musical comedy department. In speaking thus one is, of course, describing in a word the general impression that would be formed in the mind of the man who made a tour of the theatres of the Metropolis, and whose most pleasant recollections of some performances would be overcome by the nausea suffered at succeeding ones. Good, honest drama is not in general favour apparently, though some actormanagers rarely make anything but a considerable success. When the critics rail against the decadence of the theatre, as they may well do, the managers generally put all the blame on the dramatists, who, they say, do not write good plays; and the dramatists in turn say that they do write such plays, but that the managers will not read them. But the explanation is probably, as the signs of the times suggest, that running a London theatre at a profit is an easier business than it used to be, despite the enormous expenses incurred, as, for instance, at His Majesty's, where, I am told, when there is something unusually handsome being produced the cost runs up to fifteen hundred pounds a week. It is true that a very bad piece is still upon occasion so utterly condemned that it dies quietly off in a week or a fortnight; but managerial influence and personality count for so much that there have been things which have had quite respectable runs though they have been condemned by every critic and by all sensible persons who have seen them. London stageland becomes such a desert sometimes that one looks

forward quite happily to the periodical visits of the French actors and actresses. When one goes to Paris one is frequently struck with the triviality of the majority of the prevailing theatrical attractions; but there is seldom anything trivial about the French representations that are made in London, and that they are appreciated is proved by the fact that when Mademoiselle Jeanne Granier was brought over to the New Royalty Theatre recently she was paid three hundred and sixty pounds for six performances. There must have been heavy bookings if there was to be any profit after such salaries were paid. In this connection a somewhat striking departure is to be made next winter. There is to be a French season at one of the theatres from October to March, and the gentleman who will manage it is inviting French authors to submit their original manuscripts to him for first production in London, and the best critics in Paris will be invited to the premiers. The best artistes that can be found in the French capital, so it is said, will be engaged for the production of these new plays. M. Tristan Bernard is the first French author to respond to this invitation. This is highly interesting from the English point of view; but it is surely a little topsyturvy. To appreciate it entirely we must try to imagine a new play of, say, Mr Henry Arthur Jones or Mr Pinero being produced, not in the west end of London, but in Paris, and in English, for the edification of our friends the Parisians, while the whole troupe of our dramatic critics would be assembled the night before on the deck of the Calais boat, sighing distressedly for the tunnel that was not and is never to be.

норру.

CHAPTER VIIL



IRABELLE left early, but before she went she had once more to hear some criticisms—quite innocently given— of her unfortunate lover's conduct. Somebody had 'brought'—that is to say, added without a previous

invitation—one more unit to the unfortunate hostess's already overcrowded rooms, a youthful warrior whose sun-tanned face, decorated with a white-patched forehead, suggested a late acquaint-ance with ardent Eastern suns. Somehow or other, an instant captive to Mirabelle's bright eyes, he had succeeded in getting introduced to the lady of his desire, and his frank, almost boyish admiration contrasted so pleasantly with the languid manners of the political and Foreign Office young men by whom she was surrounded that she then and there gave him the begged-for dance, greatly to his surprise and to the intense disgust of the partner she smilingly threw over.

But no sooner had the music ceased and they were ensconced in a couple of chairs in a corner

than up came the subject of her fiance's sentence, which appeared to the poor girl to be the principal topic of conversation amongst military London that night. Before the lad had said a dozen words, Mirabelle, who had at first been astonished at what seemed to her a woeful want of manners, had grasped the fact that not only was her partner completely ignorant of the relations between her and Hoppy, but had been at Rhanibad himself at the time of the trouble, and had witnessed from the battery on the wall the rescue of Vare by her lover. Her first impulse on making this discovery was to tell him at once that she was engaged to be married to the man whose gallant action he was describing; but, finding that he was his warm admirer and a staunch upholder of his cause, she felt that she might for the moment hold her peace without fear of hearing anything to hurt her feelings.

'You know, I hadn't joined very long, 'chattered the boy, 'and I was awfully sick at being left behind with the guns on the wall; but when I saw old Hoppy's run with that fellow in his arms, I tell

you, Miss Melgrove, it was just most frightfully exciting, and it was all I could do to prevent myself from attempting to jump down and cut off to his help. But I should only have broken my silly neck, you see,' he added naïvely, 'which wouldn't have done any good; so I just took it out of 'em with a rifle—we couldn't use the guns without risking hitting Hoppy—and made some pretty shooting, too, for a young un.'

'That was capital!' said Mirabelle, her eyes dancing with amusement. 'But how is it, if you have only just joined the Artillery, that you are back in England so soon?'

The lad looked confused. 'Oh, well, you know,' he said shyly, 'we all went out next day, when the other lot attacked the nigger camp, to do what we could to help, which wasn't much, there were so few of ns fit; and—er—I—er—oh, hang it, Miss Melgrove! one hates to say anything about one's self, but I got a little scrape that knocked the wind out of me, you see; and—well, I 've got some sick-leave home, like Vare over there.'

'I see,' said Mirabelle softly. 'I suppose you mean that you were badly wounded?'

Something like it,' grinned the boy; and his hearer, glancing at the older man with his scar and his little circle of adorers, felt her heart warm towards the youth at her side with a sudden burst of admiration. The gunner saw the look, and, mistaking its cause, once more reverted to the subject of his hero.

'Ah,' he exclaimed, 'you're wondering, like everybody else, why he did it. I hope Vare isn't a particular friend of yours, by the way, Miss Melgrove; but, you know, he's just the last fellow in the garrison, with his finicking ways and woman's tongue-oh, I say, I've done it now, but I can't help it - that Hoppy should have run such a risk for, when he oughtn't really to have budged from his guard without leave. At least, I mean, he blundered on, 'he had leave, he said, and of course we all believe him; but he's such a pig-headed old chap when he's got some idea or other in his head that he wouldn't say who gave it him, in spite of all the chances the president gave him; and so, you see, the court couldn't do anything more. The funny thing is that Vare hates Hoppy.' Mirabelle started. 'Some row about a girl at home, I believe, that Vare was going to marry, only Hoppy cut him ont. Oh yes, you may look incredulous, Miss Melgrove; but you don't know Hoppy. He's worth ten of the other little rat, and it's an open secret in the Sooties that Vare, who's adjutant, you know, is always dropping on to him whenever he gets a chance, and making things just as unpleasant for him as he dares.

'I dare say,' went on the irrepressible boy, 'that that's the reason why Hoppy went out for him—sort of beaping coals of fire on his sleek head, don't-cherknow? But I may be quite wrong. I was at the gate in the morning just after the column went out, and there was a Mrs—well, let's say Mrs Blank,

an awfully fetching little woman, who was always running after Hoppy, down below with a fellow. They were chaffing Hoppy—he was on the wall—and wanted to come up to him. I don't know much about it; but I believe "station" gossip associated their names pretty freely together—it always does out there if a fellow looks at a girl—and I shouldn't be surprised if Hoppy, who was mad at being out of the fun, hadn't been seized with an insane desire to shine in the lady's eyes—get a V.C. or some such tommy rot.'

Mirabelle's under-lip quivered and her colour deepened slightly; but she asked in the sweetest manner, 'But didn't you say that this Mr Hoppy, as you call him, was engaged to a girl at home?'

'Yes, rather,' laughed her companion; 'and to a jolly smart one, too, I believe. But you know—or p'r'aps you don't know—that fellows out there get awfully slack and bored, and—well—it's a long way from home, and everybody does a little firting more or less—quite harmless of course, though there are some cads about who get into hot-water sometimes; but old Hoppy was never one of that sort.'

'I see,' again answered his listener; but the light had died out of her eyes and her voice was cold. 'And now, tell me, please—no, nothing more about your flirtations,' she added hastily, as she saw the look of surprise in the lad's frank eyes; 'but what is your candid opinion about the effects of this court-martial on your friend's future? I am interested in knowing because—er—because I know the girl he's going to marry.'

Her partner looked very uncomfortable.

'Oh, I say, Miss Melgrove, that's not fair,' he exclaimed anxiously. 'I never dreamed of that. You won't say anything to her, will you, about my idiotic chatter? I didn't mean that there was anything really between Mrs-Mrs Blank and Hoppy, and it'd be awfully rough on him. As to what chaps think, if you won't mention it to his girl'----

Mirabelle gave him an encouraging smile.

'I'm afraid they think that he will have to send in his papers after such a cracking sentence; and though I simply love him—for I was attached to the Sooties' mess at Rhanibad, and he helped me like a brick in a little scrape with a nigger moneylender I got into—we none of us can hide the fact that it was a pretty feeble thing for him to leave his guard just when he did, especially to save a thing like Vare. For, don't you see, he had to have the gate opened for him when he came back with a crowd of natives behind him; and for all he knew there might have been a thousand of 'em, and then if they had got in, with everybody at sixes and sevens in the city, who knows where it might not have ended?'

'There is my father looking for me; I can see that he wants to go. Please take me to him,' hastily exclaimed Mirabelle, suddenly catching sight of old Lord Idsworth through an open doorway. She was glad of an opportunity of getting out of what was rather an equivocal position, for she felt that she had taken a somewhat unfair advantage of her admirer's loquacity, and now jumped at the chance

of putting an end to the conversation.

'I saw you hunting for me. I'm quite ready to go, papa,' she cried, as she reached her father; and the old lord, who as a matter of fact had not been looking for her at all, was too well trained to show any surprise, and quietly assented to his daughter's statement.

'Good-bye, Mr-er-good-bye.' She had totally forgotten the lad's name, if indeed she had ever known it. 'No, don't come down, please; there's Lady Havant looking at you. She wants you to dance, I'm sure. Call? Oh yes, certainly; only I'm-er-I'm leaving town to-morrow on a visit; but some time later, of course, delighted.' And the embarrassed girl swept away downstairs to her carriage, conscious that she had made rather a fool of herself should this pertinacious youth ever find out that she was the 'smart girl' who was going to marry his hero.

As the luxurious carriage rolled smoothly homewards, and her father dozed peacefully in a corner, certain rather disagreeable thoughts persisted in forcing themselves into her mind. It was very evident that the majority of those best qualified to judge—that is to say, the officers of the army—however much they admired Hoppy's bravery, one and all, with a few youthful exceptions, felt that he had been, nevertheless, guilty of a great breach of discipline. The sentence, though severe and partially remitted, was considered by them, she saw, necessary to the gravity of the case. From what both Vare and the artilleryman had told her, she gathered that 'the clubs' and 'the service' agreed that no lighter sentence could have been given, so grave and so open to possible disaster to the city had been the offence. 'Disgraced in the eyes of all honourable men!'-the refrain sang in her ears, mingling dully with the rumble of the streets, and she felt sure that the anonymous communication of the afternoon represented the real opinion of her lover's silent judges.

And then there was the other thing. Ridiculous and foolish as it was, she could not prevent herself from thinking about it. She was not jealous-certainly not; she had perfect trust in her fiance's devotion; but, as that wretched boy said, everybody flirted out in that horrid country, and her Hoppy, good-looking fellow that he was, was naturally 'run after'-those were the boy's very words-run after by all the abominable women who went out to India solely to get husbands, and who married the first fool out of the jungle that they could catch.

It wasn't Hoppy's fault, she felt sure; but it was foolish-nay, wicked of him to allow even a breath of 'station' gossip to attach itself to his name. There was never smoke without fire, and he had allowed this horrid, this 'fetching little woman' to flirt with him, and it was too bad, too abominable; and then there was this other business as well! Oh dear! it would serve him right if she wrote by the next mail and broke off her engagement altogether.

No, she wouldn't do that yet. She would tell him to come home, and hear from his own lips the truth of the matter. He was not a liar, whatever his other faults; and her bosom rose and fell with the violence of her emotions, and her breath came short and sharp through her clenched teeth as she thought of the wreck of all her hopes of wedding a distinguished soldier. Mr and the Honourable Mrs Apner! Faugh, it was dreadful! 'Hoppy, Hoppy,' she cried to herself, 'you will indeed have well and truly to justify your conduct, and my love for you will have to prove itself strong indeed, if I am to marry a man "disgraced in the eyes of all honourable men.";

And then, when her weary maid had been dismissed, and she snuggled her well-brushed golden head down into the depths of her pillow, the silent, long-kept-back tears slid softly down her cheeks, and she cried herself to sleep, to dream of Hoppy, niggers, and lost V.C.'s, but most of all of the unknown flirt, the 'fetching little woman.'

(To be continued.)

THE TALKING-MACHINE.

By A. LILLINGSTON.



·# Disc (

HEN it was announced, less than thirty years ago, that a machine had been invented which would record and reproduce the human voice, a ripple of wonder and admiration was evoked. Science was more

than satisfied, for though the sounds reproduced were weak in volume and unnatural in quality, perfected development would be but a question of time. The public, however, viewed the matter differently; it had waited for the invention too long to be put off with what seemed a travesty of the human voice. Disappointment was succeeded by laughter, the echoes of which vibrate even now. Then came indifference.

Meanwhile science, backed by capital, has been at work so silently, yet so thoroughly, that it is as though a huge industry had grown in the night. Scarce is there a good business thoroughfare in London or the provinces which does not boast imposing premises devoted exclusively to the sale of talking-machines. Every big store has its department. A talking-machine Press has arisen. Retailers engaged in the sale of machines and

records are counted by the thousand, while private buyers number millions. Obviously, an exact census of owners of talking-machines in this country is impossible; still, a working idea may be obtained from the following facts: A retail house, only one among many, will hold a stock of from one to two thousand machines, with an annual sale of hundreds of thousands of records. In England there are well-nigh a dozen large manufacturing firms with an aggregate capital running into seven figures. The scope of trade done may be gauged from the fact that within a period of seven months one firm recently sold one and a half millions of records, while last year another earned for its shareholders a trade-profit of more than two hundred thousand pounds.

The industry has of late developed certain characteristics. One is the largely increased demand for machines among folk of means and education, the other the growing popularity of records of a better class. Nor are these characteristics interdependent. An individual who has acquired a talking-machine, whether he be a man of letters or a mechanic, goes through certain stages. At first he buys records because they amuse him, the novelty of listening at will to song, speech, or dance being sufficient. The parallel may be found in the villager's enjoyment of an entertainment which the cosmopolitan votes tedious. In this primary stage comic songs, pantomine hits, stirring martial strains, and lively dance-music are the favourites, the buyer choosing his records much as a child would colours-for their vividness. Taste and judgment, however, come with experience. There are exceptions; but, as a rule, the record-buyer's standard alters considerably within the first few months, the change being always in an upward

If we take a comprehensive glance at the number of records published in Great Britain, there must be now on the market a selection of at least one hundred thousand from which to choose. These range from the last music-hall song to a speech on education by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Wellnigh every artist of note makes, or has made, records, the fees offered being sufficiently generous to attract the finest operatic talent in the world. Those who know say that at least one-third of the income made by many well-known singers is earned in the recording-room. One artist received four thousand pounds in two years from a certain firm for making records; another, whose name, familiar enough to record-buyers, is unknown to the general public, makes an average of five hundred pounds a year, and so on.

Collectors of records are by no means confined to one class. Sir Thomas Lipton, himself a keen phonoist, a while ago introduced the phonograph to His Majesty, who not only ordered one for use on board the Victoria and Albert, but showed considerable personal interest in the machine. Her Majesty owns a gramophone; so do the King

and Queen of Spain and many other European Royalties. Viscount Wolseley is credited with being an ardent admirer of the gramophone, and in connection with his machine Viscountess Wolseley once had a somewhat grim experience. Her ladyship had played over several records, and was actually listening to one of Tamagno's records when the news of the famous tenor's death reached her. The sudden dying away of the voice almost at the same moment—for her ladyship was unaware that the machine had to be rewound—produced quite an uncanny sensation.

In China, Japan, India, and other foreign countries numerous influential devotees to the talking-machine are to be found. The Shah of Persia has a gramophone, and is in addition the owner of some of the smallest and largest phonographs extant. The Sultan of Turkey, when he bought a machine, also ordered a big supply of cylinder blanks, these latter being, of course, for the making of private records. By the way, when, a few years ago, machines were first introduced into Turkey a serious discussion arose among the Faithful as to whether a man could be a good Mussulman and yet own such a profane thing as a talking-machine. Evidently the discussion was settled amicably, for there is to-day a very steady trade done with Turkey. In the Japanese navy every hospital-ship carries a first-class machine; the latter fact reminding one that not long ago a generous donor (Sir Tollemache Sinclair) gave a graphophone and three dozen records to one hundred and fifty metropolitan workhouses and hospitals.

At the present moment the aim of the majority of record-buyers is to have a numerous and representative collection. Melba's exquisite 'Lucia di Lammermoor' is found next to Florrie Forde's 'He's me Pal,' and a chance dip into a cylindercabinet is as likely to produce a rollicking song by Harry Lauder as a fine old ballad by Ben Davies. It is no unusual thing for wealthy private buyers to give an order for forty or fifty pounds' worth of records at a time. Collections of from five hundred to a thousand are frequent. I know of one man who, although now owning more than two thousand, is still a steady buyer. Another has had to use his stable as an extra depository, since his house is already full to overflowing. Yet another recently employed a mechanic for some weeks fitting special rooms for the accommodation of his treasures, upon which he has spent hundreds of pounds. Collections of a few hundreds are so common as not to be worth considering. Since one firm of manufacturers holds a selection of twelve thousand records, we may safely multiply this by ten to get an idea of the number of records now on the market; yet only here and there does one find an attempt made to specialise, for the art of collecting talkingmachine records is the hobby of to-morrow. Yet specialisation is inevitable, and when the buyer realises this he will add considerably to the

pleasure of his hobby. There is even now a fairly steady demand for records of particular composers such as Wagner, Verdi, Meyerbeer, Leoncavallo, and many others; nay more, special operas are asked for, and to meet the demand an increasing number of groups of records of various operas are issued. Since a very large number-experts put it at from three to five thousand-of each record must be sold before a profit is shown, the desire to collect operatic records is already tolerably extensive. Others prefer particular artists, such as Madame Kirkby Lunn, Ernest Pike, Lloyd Chandos, &c. So many Welsh customers of one firm asked for a cylinder record of 'Gwenith Gwyn' by Ben Davies that it was specially made. The record connoisseur has a wide choice in which to specialise. He may go in for specimens of famous bands, such as the Scots Guards, the Irish Guards, the Garde Republicaine, &c., or he may prefer English, Scotch, or Irish ballads; if instrumental solos, then he has violin, pianoforte, cornet, piccolo, xylophone, banjo, concertina, &c., many of them made by worldfamous artists. Of vocal records there are many fine soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone, and bass records on the market, without counting duets, quartettes, choruses, &c. Then there are national airs or specimens of music peculiar to the different countries; Turkish, Russian, Japanese, Chinese records, and many others, are all obtainable. Descriptive records alone offer a tempting field. If the quaint and exceptional specially appeal, then the collector may go in for pygmy records, seachanties, &c., or he may—as one collector I know does-endeavour to possess perfect specimens of the recording art. To this man the class of record is immaterial, his aim being only records which for clearness, volume, and quality of tone are absolutely faultless.

The Austrian Academy of Sciences has commenced a collection of records of every dialect and language in the world. The Bureau of Ethnology (U.S.A.) especially engaged a recording expert to go among the coloured population and take a number of folklore records. The Manx Language Society is industriously gathering records of the Manx language. Most privately made records have but a personal and family interest, yet to be able to recall the actual tones of relatives and friends when time and distance have dealt unkindly is sufficient reward for their collection. One of the most interesting collections of private records is owned by a gentleman who admittedly had exceptional opportunities. Here are to be found two or three by the late Lord Tennyson. One of them, made just before the poet's death, is the famous 'Charge of the Light Brigade.' Another cylinder contains a short address on 'Grit' by W. E. Gladstone, which was made specially for an audience of young men in the United States. The voices of H. M. Stanley and P. T. Barnum are also here. Another, spoken in French, is by the unfortunate Prince Louis Napoleon, whose tragic death in the Zulu war is still well remembered. Yet perhaps the most interesting of all in this collection is one by Florence Nightingale. It was made in July 1890, when an exhibition was being held for the benefit of the survivors of Balaklava. In pure, distinct tones, this brave woman speaks: 'God bless my gallant comrades of Balaklava, and bring them safe to shore. - Florence Nightingale.'

MAGGIE OF THE DUNES.

CHAPTER II. (continued).



HE flaming candle which stood between them on the table threw gigantic shadows of their figures upon the ceiling and walls. In Maggie's heart there burned not only a passionate spirit of resistance, but a scorn of

the man who gazed across at her with reddened, hungry eyes. What a brute to seek to take her at a disadvantage thus!

Still, with all her spirit and scorn, she realised that this half-maddened man was dangerous, and her woman's wit suggested temporising.

'You can't, Jim Rodway,' she said slowly but firmly, 'expect me to take courting like this, at midnight, and when the liquor's in your head. You should speak to a maid at other time than this, and softer. You'd affrighten the Poole wenches, I reckon. As for me'—and her breath came short, and there was a sense of almost despair in her heart—'I'm not afraid of what you can do. But you'd best be gone ere father comes in—and perhaps some one else.'

At the mention of Gutteridge, Rodway started. On the instant a more potent method of approach suggested itself to his clearing brain. He laughed unpleasantly.

'Ho! your father,' he said. 'You know as well as I do where he's gone. But, curse you! you don't know that if you play with me or thwart me you'll never see him again, 'cept with the handcuffs on his wrists and on his way to Dorchester. You don't know,' he went on rapidly and excitedly, 'that for all the old fox's plans there's a score of men behind the sandhills waiting for the boats from the Fortunate Maggie—very fortunate she'll be to-night, mark me—whiles you fancy that there's none of us 'cept me within five miles.'

He paused to see how his words had told.

So this was the turn of events, thought the listener. Under the surface of her proud and independent nature there glowed a devoted love of her father. In a moment's space she realised he was in peril. And not alone he, but Bob—

Bob with the good-humoured laugh and debonair ways, who kissed her as though there was nothing more pleasant in the world, and against whose shoulder she had leaned but that morning to gaze up at his face and see that strange, softened look in it and his eyes. She said not a word, however, although there was a catching of her breath in her throat, and she felt as though she must tug at the collar of her bodice for more air.

'Now, my fine lass,' continued Rodway, noticing the movement, 'you've never a very civil tongue for me, but I give you your chance. You are mine, and marry me you shall, or I'll see to it that your old father and that young cub Livesey, with the rest of the gang, are laid by the heels. It's all nicely planned; they're to run ashore near Sand Beach, between the two big dunes, and the horses are waiting away near the clump of hollies. Choose,

Rodway once more advanced. But there was the table between them. Little as he knew of the girl, he did know her love for her father and for Livesey; and the knowledge, to his mind, delivered her into his hands.

Through Maggie's mind rushed a bewildering series of thoughts; but out of them two resolved themselves clearly. There was only one price at which Rodway would sell his honour and her father's and lover's safety. There was only one way of escape for her.

'I'll not buy even my father's life at such a price,' she said with a motion of bitter scorn, though tears swam in her dark eyes.

'You won't ?'

He was about to continue, when a strong puff of air blew open the door and extinguished the candle. The two enemies—the woman and the man, the one who sought and the one who longed for escape—were plunged in darkness. At almost the same time the clock which stood in the corner of the room rattled and shook—as old clocks will-preparatory to striking. Then on a sonorous wire-coil it sounded the half-hour past mid-

In the darkness Maggie could hear Rodway breathe as though he were approaching her, and she shuddered her way into the corner of the room and groped for the door of the stairs leading to the upper floor.

But, although she knew it not, the chiming of the clock had sobered her assailant. He realised that even then his enemies, Gutteridge and Livesey, night be approaching some part of that deserted shore, and that they might escape him. For was he not to give the signal of their coming, without which the men who lay behind the heather-clad knoll of sand would not move?

There were other nights too, when, Gutteridge and his comrades confined at Dorchester, Maggie would be in his power. He could wait. That sudden darkness and the cool night-air which blew in upon him had sobered him.

Stumbling over a chair, he let drop a curse, and then called out raucously, 'Say your prayers, you baggage there! You've had your chance of saving your old fox of a father's neck, and that lover of yours, and now I'm off. In a couple of hours come down to the beach and see your pretty gentlemen by the heels in the sand, staring up at the stars and wishing they had never set foot aboard the Fortunate Maggie; and, groping his way to the door, Rodway passed out, slamming it behind him till the windows rattled, and thence away down the path to the

CHAPTER III.

AGGIE crouched and listened, half-fearful lest Rodway's departure were but a trick to lure her into his power. But as the minutes passed and he did not return,

she rose and relighted the candle.

During these terrible minutes of suspense, when she had scarcely dared to breathe, lest by doing so she should not hear the return of the enemy, an idea had formulated itself in her mind, prompted by a mingled desire for revenge and to save her father and lover. Should she be able to find Rodway in the darkness? That was the main thing. If she found him-well!

He had scarcely left the cottage twenty minutes before Maggie crept from it, after shutting and locking the door, but leaving the candle lighted.

Away down the path to the shore she passed barefoot and silent, cautiously peering into the gloom ahead lest she should come upon any one unawares.

When she approached the beach she turned to the right off the rough track, and made her way to the back of one of the dunes, which she climbed panting, for the slope was steep and the dry sand slipped almost like a quicksand beneath her

From the summit, in daylight, she could see the whole length of the beach right and left, to where it curved towards the chalky headland and ran northward to South Haven. Perhaps she might see him she sought even in the starlight.

She lay prone along the summit's ridge, for against the sky her figure might have been silhouetted, and peered down along the beach. At first she could distinguish nothing but the wide, curved stretches of sand on either side of her. Then at length, when her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, a dark spot resolved itself on the shore about a quarter of a mile to the right. Was it Rodway? The girl crept backward over the ridge, slid down the slope, and then made her way along at the back of the dunes, over rough ground and smooth, till she had reached a spot she judged to be immediately behind where the distant figure stood.

Climbing the dune, she once more crawled along

the ridge. Yes, there stood the figure gazing out seaward into the night. As she lay prone amid the grass and sand she saw a light flash for an instant far out at sea. Where the light came from was the Fortunate Maggie, she well knew. The figure on the beach moved across the sand until it was almost immediately below her, and close to the base of the dune.

As she peered down at him she heard Rodway mutter a curse and her own name. There was not much time to lose, for that far-away light was a signal to the boats which doubtless were waiting out in the bay ready to pull alongside the Fortunate

Maggie and land the cargo.

Maggie crawled nearer the edge and then com-Luckily, the wind had menced the descent. freshened, and there was a murmur of wavelets breaking on the patches of shingle amid the sand, and the noise smothered any sound of her bare feet in the soft sand. There was one supreme moment while she was within twenty feet of Rodway when all seemed lost. He whistled to himself and partly turned his head, as though listening intently. Maggie held her breath. Then, as he gazed seaward again, she slid forward, and with a bound clasped her strong arms round his neck under his chin, and threw the whole of her weight on to him to force him backward.

So sudden had been the attack that the man's fingers instinctively opened to grasp his assailant, and his pistol fell with a thud on the sand. The two swayed backwards and forwards, the man only half-conscious, from the terrible grip of the girl's fingers round his throat, of the identity of his assailant. Maggie was fighting for the safety of her father and lover; perhaps for her own, for Rodway was little likely to spare her if he conquered. If he did so, and found his pistol, his comrades could be summoned at any moment, though he would doubtless wait until the smugglers' boats were fast ashore.

The struggle between the untamed, hardy girl of the moorland and the still unsober 'preventive' was no unequal match. Maggie's sinews and muscles were of tougher sort than those of town-bred misses, and had been brought to their reasonable perfection by boat-sailing, rowing, and the hauling of an occasional net, kept in condition by a life of the open air and freedom from conventional restraint.

Braced by a passionate sense of the danger of those she loved, and a no less strong desire for revenge which had sprung to birth in her during Rodway's threatenings in the cottage a short hour before, Maggie inch by inch forced the struggling, choking man backwards. In the darkness of the warm autumn night, in a silence unbroken save for the low murmur of the tiny waves rippling on the shore, and the panting of the combatants, this struggle went on under the stars like some primeval conflict of bygone age, when marriage was by capture and often provocative of desperate conflict between the sexes.

Far out at sea-though unnoticed by the struggling, swaying man and woman on the beach -a gleam of light had come and gone several times, and had been answered by a masked light from a lantern along the beach between two dunes; whilst, loaded to their gunwales, two large fishing-boats had already left the side of the Fortunate Maggie, and with muffled oars were slowly creeping through the water shoreward.

Before Rodway's eyes everything was growing ruddy; in his ears there was a strange singing, increasing every moment to a roar like breakers foaming on the rocks away down the coast where the chalk cliffs give place to those of granite and stone. He was choking. All his endeavours to throw off his panther-like assailant, who swayed to and fro in unison with his struggles like an experienced wrestler who only seemingly yields to grip the tighter, were unavailing. His fingers only once or twice got any hold behind him, and then fragments of the girl's garments were torn away.

As for Maggie, she felt her strength ebbing whilst as yet Rodway was unconquered. She remembered the light she had seen, and that before long the boats from the Fortunate Maggie would be drawing in shorewards unsuspicious of harm. If Rodway escaped her, as soon as their keels grounded upon the beach he would give the alarm, and his comrades who lay awaiting the signal would rush over the heather, and in the struggle her father and Livesey might be hurt or even killed; and if taken, then she might not see them again for years.

Summoning her failing strength for one supreme effort, she threw all her weight backward, and tightened her tingling grip on Rodway's neck. There was a horrible choking rattle in the man's throat, and suddenly he seemed to collapse, and staggered backwards, almost crushing the woman beneath him; then there was a thud as his head struck heavily against a half-buried stone, and he lay still. Maggie had only just managed to roll clear of him as he fell, and now she lay dazed and panting, with blood streaming down her left arm and from her bare neck, where Rodway's nails had torn her flesh and her clothing from her.

For a moment or two her strong nerves, which had never before flinched, and had stood her in good stead that night, seemed as though about to give way. The underlying weakness of her sex struggled for the mastery over her indomitable spirit, but she raised herself and gazed out to sea.

No light shone now across the dull gray-black of the waters; but her keen eyes, when they had been cleared of the tears of pain her torn arm and neck called into them, could distinguish two blots upon the expanse—the approaching boats. Then she suddenly started when she remembered that Rodway might be only stunned, and at any moment revive and renew the terrible struggle or raise an alarm.

She crawled nearer, and bent over his body. His face, with its brown beard framing it, was turned upward and looked ghastly gray in the gloom. For a terrible moment she fancied he was dead. She bent over him until she felt the faint breath issuing from his mouth and fanning her cheek, and by opening his coat could detect the equally faint beat of his heart. Then she tore strips off her skirt and quickly bound his hands and legs with knots she had learned from her father—knots which would but become tighter should he struggle. Then she rolled a portion of the material into a cone-shaped gag and stuffed it into the unconscious man's mouth. Rodway, she thought, might 'come to' now without danger to those she loved.

Her own wounds she thought nothing about; she merely brushed with a gesture of impatience the disordered tresses of her hair out of her eyes. Then she rose and went down to the water's edge, and gazed out to sea and listened. The two black blots she had seen dimly before upon the face of the water were now distinct shapes—two boats, which were heading for a spot about five hundred yards farther up the beach. She ran along the sands, with the water now and again lapping against her bare ankles as a wavelet bigger than its fellows ran up over the shingle. When she reached the spot the boats were within a hundred yards of the shore, moving through the water like black beetles with rhythmically agitated legs.

The first boat grounded and Livesey sprang

'What's the matter, Meg?' he asked in a hoarse whisper; and then, as the light of a half-concealed lantern for a second flashed in her face, he started back.

'My God!' he cried out, 'what's the matter? You're all bloody, lass, and '—he caught at her arm and steadied her—'something's wrong.'

The other boat grounded noiselessly in the soft sand, and Gutteridge sprang out.

'Meg!' he exclaimed, 'what are you doing here?'
Then he caught sight of her torn garments and bleeding arm and neck. 'What's come to you, lass? Speak up.'

Maggie pulled herself together with an effort. With Livesey's arm round her, sex had once more almost conquered spirit, and the world had begun to spin round; and the boats, and the men standing beside them hastily lifting out the kegs, had for a moment begun to smear themselves in an endless, moving blackness along the shore.

'Nothing,' she whispered rather feebly. 'See to getting the kegs ashore. The "preventives" are away at the back of the knoll near the Long Drain, waiting for Rodway's signal. He's along the beach, safe from harming you, till they find him in the morning.'

Whilst she was speaking a troop of men and horses, silent as phantoms, wended their way between the two dunes, summoned by one of the smugglers; and the kegs and bales were loaded up with swift, accustomed hands. Gutteridge and Livesey threw a glance at Meg, and the younger man murmured an oath which boded ill for any one who had injured her, and then they turned to the task of unloading the boats.

Then, as the last bale was strapped on the rear horse, Maggie turned to her father and said, 'I'm off, father. Good-night!'

'Good-night, my lass,' was the reply. 'Best let one of the lads go with you.'

'No; I can find my way.'

Maggie had not got far ere a hand was upon her shoulder, and she swung round to find Livesey beside her.

'Meg! Meg!' he cried, 'you're not hurt, are you, lass? Rodway didn't harm you?'

'No, no, Bob,' was the response. 'He only scratched. You must cut his nails;' and the girl laughed.

'Yes, of course I will,' said the man. 'Trust me for that. But, Meg, if we get clear to-night it'll be a visit to the parson; and you shall have the finest silk dress and the best lace of any girl hereabouts.'

'As soon as you like, Bob,' was the reply.

For a moment the speaker's face was turned up with glowing eyes to his; and then, with a light though unashamed kiss, Maggie of the Dunes fled away silent-footed along the shore, and her companion cut inland through a gap in the dunes to rejoin his companions in adventure.

THE END.

FALLACIES IN STATISTICS.



was indeed a wise man who remarked that there was nothing more deceptive than facts, except figures. Nor was that other sage deficient in observation of the world who classified the statistician with the mining

fied the statistician with the mining expert. Statistics are easy enough to compile, no other qualifications being needed than considerable diligence and a knowledge of the elementary rules of arithmetic. It is the use of them in argument that tests intelligence and discrimination, to say nothing of honesty.

In almost all cases where false conclusions are drawn from true figures it will be found that the source of the error is the overlooking of some element that is essential but not obvious. This is especially to be noticed in international comparisons. For example, much surprise was recently expressed in some of the American papers at the expenses returned by candidates at our last General Election. It was suggested in consequence that electioneering in the British Isles must be more corrupt than in the United States. Apart from the fact that no man who bribed would be so stupid as

to enter his bribes among legitimate expenses, the bottom is knocked out of this argument by the fact that the comparison is not of the same things. With us the expenses of the several candidates include the cost of the election itself, which in America is defrayed out of the public funds. In the same way, there is little value in some of the comparative estimates made of the cost of government in England and in America, for the reason that many functions which here are discharged by the Imperial Government are not correspondingly centralised at Washington, but are within the province of the separate states.

A curious instance of the possibility of misreading statistics was afforded a few years ago by a Government return on Egyptian affairs. It was shown that during the British occupation the expenditure on education had quadrupled, but that application had been made for the building of several additional prisons. Here was a fine text for those who believe that schooling is harmful to morality. Unluckily for their contention, it was explained shortly afterwards that the increase in prisons was by no means owing to increased criminality, but was simply due to the fact that the days of backsheesh are now past. Under British rule the offender actually goes to jail although he may possess a sufficient number of piastres to square the cadi.

The disturbing ingredient would sometimes be eliminated if it were possible to repeat the inquiries on which the statistics are based. It is stated that some years ago a census of the City of London was taken on the morning of the day when an important cattle show was to be held at Smithfield. The hotels and lodging-houses of the neighbourhood were naturally filled with farmers, cattle-dealers, graziers, drovers, &c., and the returns consequently showed that a large proportion of the inhabitants of that part of London were engaged in agricultural pursuits! What a treasure-trove will this record be to some antiquary of the twenty-fifth century ! The chance of any misunderstanding would, of course, be avoided if it were possible to repeat the census, say, five or six times a year, when the agricultural character of the local occupations would be seen to be accidental.

There is no question on which statistics are more eagerly studied by the general public than that of health and disease, and there is perhaps no subject on which one is so liable to err through neglect of some modifying circumstances. In 1904 Dr J. M. Rhodes, chairman of the Manchester Asylum Committee, called attention through the British Medical Journal to the lack of sound foundation for a somewhat widespread alarm at that time as to the increase of insanity in the United Kingdom. It was true, he said, that on the face of the returns there appeared to be an appalling increase in the number of nervous and mental diseases, including insanity, under treatment in public institutions throughout the country. But he pointed out that within the previous twenty years there had been a

great change in popular feeling toward hospitals and asylums, with the result that patients were more readily sent. Further, the number in the asylums had been largely augmented by the general migration into towns, where it is impossible for working people to keep the mentally afflicted in their homes as they might in the country. As a matter of fact, the deaths from nervous diseases, Dr Rhodes stated, showed a steady decrease during the period under consideration.

This comparison of town and country suggests another important point commonly overlooked in discussions of the healthiness of urban versus rural life. The mortality figures of many large towns are abnormally swollen by items which should properly be set down to the account of the country. Many fatal cases in the town hospitals are those of country residents. Their accidents or illnesses are incurred in the country, and they are taken to the towns for treatment because it is only there that the best surgical or medical facilities can be found.

On all questions of health particular caution must be exercised in dealing with percentages. The late Sir Wilfrid Lawson used to tell a story of a regiment in India whose mortality record had been quoted as convincing evidence of the unsuitability of total abstinence to life in the tropics. No less than 50 per cent. of the abstainers in this regiment had died during one year! When details were examined, however, it was found that there were only two abstainers in the regiment, and that one of them while going through the jungle unarmed had been so unfortunate as to meet a tiger. In fact, it might be argued from percentages that it is far more dangerous to go to bed than to travel by rail or steamer, inasmuch as the large majority of persons in all classes of society die in bed.

In the competitions which many newspapers nowadays arrange among their readers there is one occasion of false inferences which is not generally noticed. Readers are invited to fill in coupons with the names of the leading novelist, poet, politician, actor, &c., and the prize is awarded to the competitor whose list tallies most nearly with the names that have received the largest number of votes. The figures of these competitions are sometimes quoted as indicating the popular preference, but this conclusion is not altogether justified. In the first place, we are not warranted in supposing that such readers as think it worth while to send in coupons fairly represent the opinions of those who do not, or indeed that the whole body of readers of that particular paper may be taken as representing the general public. Again, the conditions of the award being known, each person who is anxious to win a prize asks himself not Whom do I consider the leading novelist?' but 'Whom will the other competitors most likely consider the leading novelist?' or rather, 'Whom will the other competitors suppose that other competitors will suppose that' - &c., ad infinitum. It is evident that this does not quite come to the same thing.

Another notable opportunity of error in the use of statistics is to be found in the reports of circulating libraries as to the frequency with which various books are taken out. Does this indicate the comparative popularity of the books in question? Not necessarily. What happens in the case of a novel on which there is a great run? A reader who is lucky enough to apply for the book just after it is returned by some one else takes it home for a week. He gets through it in a few hours, and then he sub-lends it to friends who have themselves tried for it at the library in vain. When it goes

back there is only a single entry made of it, though it has actually been read by four or five persons. It thus counts for less in the library statistics than a book for which there is a more moderate demand, and which has been taken out by two successive readers in the same period and read by them only.

Perhaps the moral of this whole paper may be expressed thus: That the problem of statistics is in the application of them, and that one cannot use them aright without knowing a good deal more than the statistics themselves.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE CONQUEST OF THE STARS.



HE huge telescope presented by the late Mr Yerkes to the Williams Bay Observatory is still the most powerful instrument of the kind extant; but a much larger telescope still is to be built for the Solar

Observatory of the Carnegie Institution on Mount Wilson, in California. This telescope, for which the funds are being provided by Mr John D. Hooker of Los Angeles, is to be of the reflecting type; and some idea of the immense stride in telescopic construction which will be made by this new addition to the astronomer's resources may be gathered from some notes supplied to Engineering by Professor Hale of the observatory on Mount Wilson. The largest reflector hitherto made has a sixty-inch diameter silvered glass mirror, of which the glass has a thickness of eight inches and weighs one ton. In the proposed new telescope the mirror will be one hundred inches in diameter, necessitating a thickness of glass of thirteen inches and a weight of four and a half tons. The herculean task of casting and annealing this huge mirror has been entrusted to the Plate Glass Company of St Gobain; the equally formidable task of grinding, figuring, and testing will be undertaken in the workshops of the observatory itself, under the direction of Professor Ritchey; and, lastly, the mounting of the instrument is to be entrusted to the Union Ironworks Company, a firm which is well known as the builders of battleships and cruisers for the American navy. It is estimated that the making and mounting of this telescope will take about four years. The question of its behaviour when finished will arouse considerable interest, for undoubtedly, if its performance be satisfactory, it will be a great gain to astronomy. Its huge aperture, combined with comparatively short focal length, will make it extremely valuable for spectroscopic work of the fainter stars; but as telescopes of increasing size are taken into use very great difficulties are encountered. The question of temperature is a grave one, for a very slight difference in the warmth of

the air in one part of the tube will spoil the chances of successful observation. In the case of this new telescope it is proposed to keep the observatory always at one constant mean temperature as near as possible that of the night.

ANTITOXIN FOR OLD AGE.

Truly the science of inoculation against disease is making big strides when it becomes even remotely possible to make the suggestion contained in the heading of this paragraph. Yet to treat that widespread and always fatal disease of old age by means of an injected antitoxin is the logical result of some most curious experiments recently performed by Dr Wolfgang Weichardt, a German physician. These experiments, although revolting in themselves, as all such experiments are, may prove to be of extraordinary value to mankind. A number of guinea-pigs were made to work continuously on a kind of miniature treadmill until they dropped dead through exhaustion; then, from the fagged muscles of these animals, a kind of juice or sap was extracted; and when this substance was injected into the blood of healthy guinea-pigs they began to show all the signs and symptoms of extreme exhaustion, and died in from thirty to forty hours, as though from overwork. The analogy appears to be complete between this peculiar experiment and that proving the transmissibility of disease by inoculation, and the corollary is scarcely surprising after all that has been heard of inoculation against certain diseases by a very diluted dose of the very poison which causes those diseases. Dr Weichardt followed up his experiments on these lines, and proved that a very small quantity of this 'fatigue' poison, as he calls it, when injected into the veins of a healthy animal acts as an antitoxin against fatigue. If it be true that old age, as Metchnikoff says, is the work of certain cells, which he calls microphags, which attack the cells of the brain, liver, kidney, &c.; and if, again, it be true, as Dr Snyder remarks, that old age is in some sense merely accumulated fatigue, then the possible bearing of these experiments upon the future of the human race becomes vaguely apparent.

THE UVIOL LAMP.

The value of ultra-violet light in the treatment of various diseases is coming to be very generally recognised, and several methods of producing it are ready to the hand of the progressive physician. Ultra-violet light, it is hardly necessary to explain, is that constituent of ordinary sunlight which is of extremely short wave-length, shorter than the shortest rays of visible light. In the solar spectrum these rays take their place beyond the extreme violet end; and, as everybody knows, it is to the blue and violet rays and the ultra-violet rays that the chemical action of light is due. Finsen of Copenhagen, who originated the use of ultra-violet light, notably in the cure of lupus and other skin complaints, produced it by means of a very powerful arc light robbed of its heat-rays by special cooling devices. This was a very expensive and cumbrous method, for the amount of ultra-violet light so produced is very small in proportion to the energy expended, which principally finds its outlet in visual light and intense heat. actinic light is produced in large quantities, however, in the mercury vapour-lamp, whose heat-rays are practically nil, the radiation consisting almost entirely of blue, violet, and ultra-violet rays. In the ordinary mercury vapour-lamp the ultra-violet light is almost entirely absorbed by the glass tube forming the lamp, for glass is practically opaque to these invisible rays. In the uviol lamp this difficulty is overcome by forming the tube of a special uviol glass which is as transparent to ultra-violet light as to the visual rays. The lamp is especially applicable to the treatment of skin disease covering a considerable surface, because, unlike the concentrated radiation from the Finsen arc, the light is spread over a large area.

STEERING BY GYROSCOPE.

The mariner's compass occasionally fails of its purpose in these days of iron ships and cargoes of a magnetic nature. This is especially the case in warships, where the huge masses of iron and steel in guns and gun-turrets, &c., are very liable to affect the reading of the compass. It is the usual practice to make all possible corrections; but gun-turrets have to be moved around, and the corrections cannot always be relied upon. Again, the shock due to the firing of big guns is extremely bad for the compass. Dr H. Anschütz-Kämpse has invented a new form of steering standard dependent for its operation upon the principle of the gyroscope, which, as used for steadying ships, is dealt with in the July issue of Chambers's. This apparatus has been subjected to exhaustive tests on a battleship, where, amid the firing of big guns, the movement of the turrets, and such other disturbing influences as would effectually have disposed of an ordinary compass, it behaved with remarkable precision, and came out of the trials quite uninjured. The apparatus consists essentially of an electrically operated gyroscope, carrying an indicating needle and pivoted

within a divided arc or rose similar to that of the ordinary mariner's compass. The instrument, of course, does not necessarily point north and south, but it tends continually to point in any direction in which it is set, and thus to indicate any change of direction of the ship. It is not proposed to displace the mariner's compass by means of this instrument, for its readings would tend to become inaccurate after long spells of use without re-setting by some standard. It will be useful rather as a supplement to the compass; for although both instruments have their faults they are not of the same nature, and the perfections of one cover the imperfections of the other.

ELECTRONS.

The brain-racking speculations as to the inherent nature of electricity, involving as they do still more disturbing questions regarding the nature and very existence of matter itself, can hardly be followed by the ordinary mortal. That all matter of every kind whatever is really composed of corpuscles which are all alike, and which are nothing but a 'disembodied electrical charge' containing in themselves nothing material, is a conception beyond the grasp of the ordinary intelligence. Yet it is to a conception like this that modern physicists appear to be trending. A recent book by Sir Oliver Lodge, entitled Electrons; or, the Nature and Properties of Negative Electricity, will be of interest to those who wish to obtain a grasp of this complex subject.

RAISING OF THE ASSOUAN DAM.

Sir William Garstin has recommended that the Assouan dam should be raised by seven metres, or approximately twenty-three feet, at a cost of about fifteen hundred thousand Egyptian pounds. He observes that there can be no doubt of the enormous benefit which the Assouan reservoir has conferred on Egypt, the sale value of lands already provided with perennial irrigation having been increased by twenty-four and a half million Egyptian pounds, while when canals now in course of construction are completed this figure will rise to over twentyeight million pounds. In addition to this, the cotton crop, the value of which was estimated last year at twenty-eight million pounds, has been secured. It is estimated that the reservoir now supplies about a quarter of the water which will be eventually necessary for the needs of Egypt. If the dam is raised the water-supply will be more than doubled, and nine hundred and fifty thousand acres of land brought under cultivation.

GRADED ILLUMINATION FOR PAINTING.

One of the greatest difficulties which an artist has to contend against is the absolute impossibility of correctly rendering the contrasts of light and shade met with in nature. While the difference between a deep shadow and the light of a clear sky, with all the various tone-values in between, may be represented as from 1 to 100, the greatest contrast

between pure-white paint and the blackest pigment is probably not more than from 1 to 10. An interesting experiment has been made by R. W. Wood, and described by him in a recent number of the Scientific American. He had observed when sketching from nature that a ray of sunlight falling by accident upon a certain part of his picture produced on it a wonderful effect of luminosity. Following out the idea suggested, he tried the effect of increasing the brightness of light portions of various pictures by means of local illumination. Results of quite a startling nature were secured by making a photograph on an orthochromatic plate of a painting, and then projecting by a magic lantern a positive transparency of the picture upon the picture itself. Thus the dark portions of the picture received little or no light from the lantern, while the brightest parts were brilliantly illuminated. It is said that the results obtained were of a very remarkable nature, and pictures so illuminated were quite startling in their brilliancy.

OZONE IN BREWING.

The proprietors of a simple electrical machine for the production of ozonised air in quantities-Messrs Ozonair, Limited—have issued a pamphlet dealing with the utility of ozone in breweries. It is stated that ozonised air, owing to its germicidal and disinfecting properties, has a very important effect in preventing contamination, and that it also aids very considerably in many of the processes. The ozone is said to have a marked effect in invigorating the fermentative action of the yeast. Ozone is produced by the action on air of what is called the silent discharge of high-tension alternating electricity in air driven through and among the electrodes by means of a fan. A large quantity of ozonised air is produced in this manner at a very small expense for energy.

SOLDERING OF ALUMINIUM.

The autogenous soldering of aluminium or welding by means of the oxy-hydrogen or oxy-acetylene blowpipe has occupied the attention of various experimenters since aluminium first came to be recognised as a very important metal of the future. Hitherto the great difficulty has always been that as soon as the metal was hot enough to flow, it immediately became covered by a film of oxide extremely thin, but yet sufficient effectually to prevent the union of one piece of metal with the other. The problem has been to find a substance which would dissolve or otherwise remove the covering film of oxide; but until lately experimenters in this direction have been baffled. A great many different processes for soldering aluminium with other metals have been introduced from time to time and patented, but the great objection to them all is that electrolytic action is almost invariably set up when aluminium is intimately associated with a different metal, and the resulting corrosion weakens and perhaps destroys the joint. Mr M. U. Schoop, in an interesting article in the Scientific American, describes and illustrates his own process for the autogenous welding of aluminium. From the description given, the process appears to be a simple one; being, in fact, precisely analogous to that of lead-burning, except for the application of the Schoop reducing liquid, of which no particulars are given. This liquid has the effect of preventing the formation of the film of oxide, and of rendering quite easy the junction of the two metals when heated sufficiently under the blowpipe.

A NEW CASH REGISTER AND AUTOMATIC CHANGE-GIVER.

The public are now so used to seeing and hearing of new inventions of marvellous ingenuity, mechanical exactness, and reliable action, all tending towards the saving of time and labour in every path of life, that it may therefore not be surprising to learn that another remarkable mechanical marvel in the shape of a new cash register has just been invented. One of the many unique features in this machine is that it not only does the essential things that the registers so well known to the public accomplish, but in addition actually handles the money, and by instantaneous mechanical action calculates and gives out whatever change is required. It achieves what has up to the present been declared impossible by the world's mechanical engineers, and as a cash register stands unique and by itself in this particular class of machinery. There are no cashdrawers to be manipulated, the money in the machine being contained in columns, the coins finding their way automatically into these columns irrespective of their size or value. This is accomplished by means of slots in a slide placed at an angle in the machine, by which they fall into their proper places, the weight of each individual coin being sufficient in itself to carry it along this angled slide until it finds its home. The coins for the required change, as given out from the bottom of these columns, fall on to their edges and roll down an inclined plane into a receptacle, from which they may be taken by the customer direct if desired. In manipulating the machine to gain these results, keys are depressed in the usual manner, and a feature of this register is the fact that unless each individual transaction is recorded by this means, it will not give out the change required. By the action of the depression of the keys the mechanism automatically calculates the exact amount required for change from any given amount, and instantaneously gives out the No calculation of any necessary amount is needed, the machine doing all this by means of two sets of keys, the one set representing the amount of a purchase, the other set the amount of coin tendered, the difference between these two amounts being the change required. The amount of every purchase is shown at the back of the machine to the customer, and at the front

to the operator; and continuously, with the working of the machine, it is automatically adding together every individual purchase, giving the grand total, which is to be seen only by the proprietor or those so entitled. Again, it is at the same time printing on a tape every individual amount, giving a most complete check upon the transactions, while the total of such impressions must of necessity tally with the grand total. This automatic cash register and change-giver is of a very compact size and somewhat resembles in style the cash registers in use, and the manufacturers of this machine have undoubtedly taken a great stride forward in this class of public commodity. Another machine made by the same company is an appliance by which, on the machine being filled with a certain amount of money, any desired sum from it is automatically given out, such as is required in the paying of wages; this machine, in its mechanical action, being an adaptation of the cash register, its mechanism being similar with regard to its automatic sorting, adding, and printing apparatus. This machine will unquestionably be the means of an enormous saving of time and trouble to the employers of labour, seeing that the machine accomplishes what can at present only be done by a staff.

THE BEST BUTTER IN THE WORLD.

The discussions in the press on butter blending and adulteration are educating public opinion as to what to use and avoid in the various brands on the market. Country Life has taken the practical step of submitting various brands of butter-English, Danish, Italian, Brittany, and others—to an analyst, who kept them for a certain period. The analyst knew nothing about the country of origin of the butter. In the result, the Italian was the worst, and the English proved the cleanest and best sample; it was the richest and the best-made butter. The result, as far as it goes, proves that the best butter in the world is obtained from Jersey cows fed on English pastures; no foreign or colonial butter is quite equal to the best made in England. There are butters made in Normandy and New Zealand equal to that found in any other part of the world; but then these never reach the consumer exactly as they leave the dairy. The choicest samples are mixed with those less good. English and Scottish dairies, too, are now turning out butter superior to that which is sent out from Normandy or Denmark. The cheap butters are often made, under insanitary conditions, of inferior fats and other substances, with colouring matter added to hide defects.

FALLS OF IGUAZU.

Attention has been called in Cassier's Magazine for April to the wonderful cataract of Iguazu on the Upper Parana, at the junction of the three great states of Argentina, Brazil, and Paraguay, as a possible source of natural power in South America. It is about twelve days' journey by rail and river from

Buenos Ayres. As Niagara has been harnessed, and the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi may be exploited, Mr Henry Harley points out that there is here as great a possible source of power, which might be carried for hundreds of miles, while there are other lesser waterfalls in the district which could also be harnessed. The cataract of Ignazu is more than double the width of Niagara, and about one third higher. There is a plan for the conversion of the surrounding country into a park.

国際がある。

DECORATED PREHISTORIC CAVES.

News has come from explorers that yet another prehistoric cave has been discovered in the French Pyrenees of Ariege. This time the mural drawings which form the special interest of the find have been discovered in the very heart of a mountain, eight hundred feet from the entrance and from the light. They were discovered by accident by two travellers, who fortunately drew a plan of the cave and warned M. Cartailhac and M. Salomon Reinach, the French authorities on prehistoric matters. The cave is ornamented with designs of thirty bisons, with horses, stags, and wild goats, all drawn in black and with considerable talent in the now recognised Palæolithic style. The tone of colour is exactly that of other caves known as prehistoric, of which this is considered as perhaps the most ancient. The curious red signs found elsewhere are not lacking here too. Arrows black and red are to be seen drawn on the flanks of seven bisons. It is believed that the images played a supposed magical part in these caves.

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

A RONDEL

A CAPTIVE I, whom winter bound doth keep In a dull square, where smoke grimed branches sway, And here I weary for the longed-for day When Spring shall stir and waken from her sleep.

So, every morn, when on the sordid town The cold day breaks, I eager gaze to see If the Deliverer comes; but, woe is me! Nude Nature shudders 'neath the tyrant's frown.

Yet once again I to my lattice creep, And, lo! a miracle. There stands a tree Rosy as Hope, rosy as Love; and, see! White cloud-sails on a glorious azure deep, For Spring has risen exulting from her sleep. BLLA WRAY COX

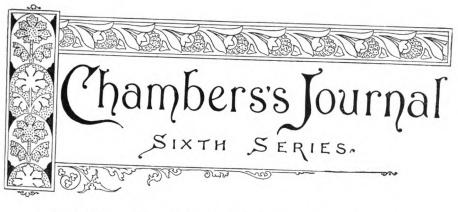
. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written were the surface of the state of

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



RUTH; OR, THECLOTHES-PINS.

By LADY ROLLESTON.

CHAPTER I.



OME years ago I was seated in the old wainscotted library of a remote country house on the confines of Worcestershire, closeted with Mr Archibald Tite, of the firm of Tite

and Mortmain, my late uncle's solicitors, and passing what the French call a very unpleasant quarter of an hour. Mr Tite, like myself, was habited in a complete suit of black, and a huge mourning-cloak, which hung over the high carved back of his chair like a sable catafalque, would have given him a very lugubrious appearance had it not been for the prosperous plumpness of his figure, which, together with a somewhat rubicund complexion and a pair of sharp, twinkling eyes, contrasted strikingly with these solemn surroundings.

'Well, I confess your case is peculiar,' said Mr Tite, regarding me complacently over his goldrimmed spectacles; 'but you see, my dear sir, whatever your respected uncle's intentions may have been towards you, this'-and he laid a fat forefinger on a document spread on the table before him-'appears to be the only will extant; and, as you perceive, it bequeaths to your late father no more than the sum of one shilling, to which you, as his lawful heir, will become duly entitled; while the residue of the property is devised in its entirety to certain charities in this and the neighbouring county of Warwickshire.'

Mr Tite spoke deliberately, dropping each word as if mentally appraising its exact weight and value, much as a banker weighs his money before passing it to a customer; nor was this to be wondered at, insomuch that each expression of Mr Tite's opinion had the average market-value of six and eightpence in sterling coin of the realm.

Seeing that I vouchsafed no reply, he presently continued: 'I may mention that your uncle left this shilling enclosed in his will'—and he pushed the coin, neatly wrapped in silver paper, towards me-

No. 496. -Vol. X.

'which, I presume, I may as well deliver to you at once; unless, of course, you propose to contest the inheritance.

'No, I have no such intention,' I replied. 'There is something revolting to my mind in the idea of relatives fighting over a dead man's property, like vultures round a carcass. Besides, I suppose my poor uncle had a perfect right to do what he liked with his own. Though, lest you should give me undue credit for my forbearance, I may as well frankly admit that even if I had the will to go to law with these wealthy charities, I should not have the means; for, when my debts are paid, I fancy this shilling you have just given me will, with a few suits of clothes, be all that remains of my real and personal estate, as you would call it.' I spoke rather bitterly, and thought that Mr Tite glanced up a little uneasily, as if he anticipated that I was going to ask him for a loan.

However, he hastened to say, with an air of cordiality which really did him credit, as he rubbed one fat hand placidly over the other, and smiled the smile of a man with a comfortable balance at his own banker's giving prudent advice to his less pecunious brother:

'Come, come, Mr Chesney, you must not look at your prospects in that way. There are many things a young man can turn his hand to; and if we can be-I speak for Mortmain and myself-of any service in recommending you to some mercantile firm, for instance, where you might obtain a junior clerkship-we must not be too ambitious at first, you know-why, it will afford us great pleasure to give our late client's nephew the assistance of-of, in fact, our recommendation.'

There was something so patronising in the way Mr Tite, the obscure country attorney, came to the climax of this little speech that I began to wonder whether I was really the same individual whom he had treated with so much deference when I was the presumed heir of Pixley Hall; and this vague feel-[All Rights Reserved.] JUNE 1, 1907.

ing of a changed identity clung to me whilst I took my leave, and wandered for the last time through the silent house which was no longer to be my home. It was only when the old butler waylaid me at the front door with a sorrowful face and a respectful request that I should take a glass of wine before venturing into the cold air that I began to feel like myself again. I did not accept the honest fellow's offer, but his little attention did good to my ruffled feelings; and as I threw myself into my carriage and bade the man drive back to the station, I made an effort to collect my scattered thoughts and face my position.

That morning I had arrived from Heidelberg just in time for my poor uncle's funeral, and had been received with all the attention due to the heir of a wealthy country gentleman; but when, after the ceremony, Mr Tite proceeded to read the will, it was found to be dated some ten years previously, and that my name was not even mentioned in it, the whole of his estate being bequeathed to certain large county charities; so that I left the house

practically a beggar!

Of course I had heard, in the vague sort of way children learn such family stories, that my father and uncle had quarrelled desperately in early life about a young lady possessed of great personal beauty, to whom for a long time my uncle had been deeply attached, though some peculiar diffidence or reserve in his disposition had prevented him from ever being able to bring himself to make her formally acquainted with the fact. As, however, she freely admitted him to a very frank intimacy-a circumstance which to a more far-seeing man might have been the surest warning that her heart was not touched—he foolishly assumed that she would marry him, as a matter of course, whenever he felt himself in a position to offer her a home; and to further this end went to London to study at the Bar. Unfortunately, during his absence, my father, who was the elder brother, chanced to visit a property he possessed in the young lady's neighbourhood. An acquaintance sprang up between them,

and in a very short time my father, who was a less diffident suitor, succeeded in winning her hand and heart, totally unconscious that in so doing he was cutting out his own brother, to whom he wrote the news in a strain of pardonable exultation.

71

Naturally, my poor uncle was dreadfully disappointed; nor could he see that his own reticence was alone to blame, but, blinded with rage and jealousy, flew to my father, and upbraided him in the bitterest terms with having deliberately taken a base advantage of his absence to supplant him in the regard of the young lady, who he declared had only been won by means of false representations and the glamour of his superior wealth and position. This cruel and unjust taunt against his promised bride at last kindled my father's wrath, and the interview became so violent that it might even have led to a fratricidal duel had not the entreaties of my mother, who fortunately happened to enter the room, averted so dreadful a calamity.

My uncle strode from his brother's presence with heaving chest and flashing eye, and as he turned in the doorway to cast a last glance at the grieved and agitated lovers, he swore solemnly that he would never set eyes on them again or be beholden to my father for one farthing of the allowance he had hitherto received from him. In spite of every effort to trace his whereabouts, he then disappeared entirely from his friends, and it was only a twelvemonth later that they learned he had enlisted in a

cavalry regiment and sailed for India.

Two years passed, and the Gazette announced that my uncle had obtained his commission for distinguished bravery in the field; but soon afterwards he sold out and devoted himself to indigo-planting, in which peaceful occupation he spent the best years of his life, till at length he had shaken the pagoda-tree to such advantage that at the age of fifty he was able to return to England with a curious taste for hot curries, a yellow complexion, no liver to speak of, and a fortune of some eighty thousand pounds.

(To be continued.)

GARIBALDI: A CENTENARY TRIBUTE.

By GEORGE PIGNATORRE, Rome.

PART I.



IE name of the great warrior-patriot of Italy will go down the stream of history with those of Wallace and Herman, of William of Orange and Washington, as that of a dauntless soldier and champion of

freedom; of one who, without a thought of self, devoted his life to what must have appeared the well-nigh desperate task of freeing and reuniting oppressed and dismembered Italy, the achievement of which would have to be accomplished under

unprecedented difficulties, springing from the presence in the land of a powerful foreign for and from the seeds of disunion among the people themselves, which had hitherto prevented their combining against their national enemies.

Italy at the peace of 1815 appeared fated to remain for long a geographical expression, as Metternich had not inaptly termed her. Great must have been the faith and unflinching courage of the young patriot, who hoped, in 1833, to create a free and independent country from the Alps to

Cape Passaro in Sicily. All those who had dreamed that glorious dream and striven to realise their aspirations had hitherto failed. The schemes of the valiant Manfred of Naples (the Harold Infelix of Italy), those of the dark and terrible Visconti of Milan, the far-sighted conception of Lorenzo the Magnificent of Florence of a federation of the Italian states towards the end of the fifteenth century-which, had it been realised, would in all probability have preserved Italy from her threecentury vassalage to Spain, Austria, and Franceall came to naught. Even as late as 1814-15, the successive attempts of Eugène Beauharnais and of Murat had failed signally, quite as much through. the apathy of the population as through the arms of Austria. The Liberal risings of 1821 in Piedmont, Naples, and Sicily, like those of 1831 in the states of the Church, had been sternly and promptly repressed by the help of Austria; moreover, they had proved once more the lack of concert and unanimity among the Italians.

Indeed, the outlook had never seemed darker than in that year 1833, when young Garibaldi struck the first blow for Italy. Northern Italy, save Piedmont, was in the hands of Austria; Central Italy was governed by princelets who were really the satellites of the great northern empire, or, worse still, misruled by the Roman pontiffa. The whole of the south was groaning under the tyranny of the faithless and despotic sovereigns of Naples, and was seemingly, as ever, hopelessly divided in opinion and feeling. But Garibaldi possessed that belief in ultimate success which is the distinctive trait of men of his stamp. He was ready to brave failure and encounter adversity in his country's cause, believing that success must crown his efforts at last.

Born in Nice, 4th July 1807, then as now annexed to France, but at that time a purely Italian city, he was but twenty-six when he joined the Society of Young Italy, founded by Joseph Mazzini, another illustrious son of Italy. From the very outset his fearless and adventurous character brought him to the fore. He was forthwith chosen to execute the bold stroke of seizing a Sardinian man-of-war which lay in the port of Genoa, and this done, to promote a rising in the town itself on behalf of the Liberal and patriotic party. The attempt miscarried, and young Garibaldi was condemned to death for high treason; but ere he could be arrested he had made his way out of the Sardinian kingdom to Tunis, whence he embarked for Rio de Janeiro. Some fifteen years later Charles Albert granted a constitution to his people, and alone of all the Italian potentates maintained the liberties he had bestowed.

Meanwhile the future conqueror of Sicily and Naples, the victor in many a stricken field, was earning his living as the master of a small coaster; for, like his father, Garibaldi was a fine seaman and had studied navigation. He continued thus to be peacefully employed until 1836, when, an

insurrection having broken out in the province of Rio Grande against the central Government, Garibaldi threw himself with characteristic fervour into the struggle, and, arming a small craft, captured a Brazilian vessel. He was pursued by a vastly superior force, and was wounded, but escaped. Captured on another occasion by the Brazilians, he was shamefully ill-used and even tortured by his captors to make him reveal the names of those who had assisted him in his first escape. Garibaldi was, of course, proof against coercion, no matter how exercised, and magnanimous enough when the fortune of war threw his barbarous enemy in his power to disdain to retaliate. His generosity was only equalled by his valour, and this again has rarely been matched and never surpassed.

During the whole duration of these desultory and protracted hostilities, which lasted from 1836 to 1842, Garibaldi's feats of arms seem to belong rather to romance than to sober modern history, and would have sufficed to raise to fame any other man, yet in his case they were but the prelude of even greater marvels. On one occasion he was attacked unexpectedly by a band of one hundred and twenty men, and though he had but eleven of his followers with him at the time, he beat off his assailants and put them to flight. He captured or assisted in the capture of several fortified places; but the overwhelming odds and internal discord rendered the struggle of the inhabitants of Rio Grande hopeless, and made fruitless all the exertions of Garibaldi, who on this occasion, as always, had taken the weaker side and had championed the cause of the oppressed, or of those whom he considered such.

Garibaldi, on leaving Rio Grande, repaired with his wife—a Spanish lady whom he had met during one of his campaigns, and who was to follow him in adverse fortune and share his dangers and privations—to Montevideo, then subject to the Argentine Republic. Here he earned a precarious livelihood by giving lessons in mathematics. When Montevideo rose in its turn to throw off the Argentine yoke and establish its own independence, Garibaldi once more drew his sword for the good cause. He raised an Italian Legion of eight hundred men, who were the first wearers of the Red Shirt which was to become so well known on many a hard-fought battlefield, and a national badge like the Greek fustanelle.

At the head of his partisans he won repeated successes over the Argentine commander Oribe. His greatest achievement during this war was in the action of St Anthony, where he engaged with only one hundred and ninety men a force of one thousand two hundred, whom he defeated with immense slaughter, while he lost only thirty-six men as compared with five hundred of the enemy.

While this somewhat obscure contest was being waged between two South American states events were occurring in Italy which opened a way for the return of the exile and gave him an oppor-

tunity of displaying his rare gifts as a leader of men. Rejecting all the offers of the Uruguayan Government-who, loath to lose their redoubtable champion, had voted him a grant of money and lands-he was so straitened in means that he was compelled to delay his departure, and was only able to set sail in May 1848, to the great detriment of the cause he had returned to defend. His presence at the outbreak of hostilities would have been of incalculable benefit, through the impetus he would have given to the popular movement by arousing the enthusiasm of the people, and through the damage his active partisans would have caused the foe by cutting their communications and harassing them incessantly on their retreat. But owing to the obstacles thrown in the way of his departure by the authorities at Montevideo, and to his own lack of funds, he was unable to reach the shores of Italy in time to share in the first victorious advance of Charles Albert. When he arrived the tide had already turned, the battle of Custozza had been lost by the Sardinian army, Milan had been reoccupied, and the national forces were in full retreat. Garibaldi nevertheless succeeded, in spite of all these untoward events, in raising a body of volunteers, with whom he advanced against the oncoming Austrians, whom he worsted at Luvino and Morazzone; but, unsupported by the main army, which continued to fall back, he broke through his encircling enemies and crossed the Italian frontier into Switzerland.

From Switzerland re-entering Italy, he hastened across Tuscany, everywhere greeted by the population, whose idol he was fast becoming, to join in that defence which he rendered for ever memorable by his deeds. The newly established republic was threatened on all sides by the Neapolitan forces advancing through Velletri from the south, by the Austrians coming from the north, and lastly by the French Republican host under Oudinot, which was marching on Rome to subvert the Liberal

régime and restore papal misrule. Endowed with that personal magnetism which some few gifted spirits have possessed, but none in greater degree than Garibaldi, he soon inspired his raw levies with some of his own enthusiastic love of country and with unbounded faith in their leader. In this respect no man in modern times can be compared to Garibaldi save Napoleon, whose landing at Cannes with a thousand men to reconquer France offers a parallel to the expedition to Marsala undertaken by Garibaldi with a like number. Had the odds been less heavy the heroic defender of Rome might have been successful. But Garibaldi had to deal with foreign foes and his own countrymen. He had first to encounter Oudinot, who had attacked Rome on the 30th of April 1849, but was repulsed after seven hours' fighting with the loss of many men killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The French general fell back on Civita Vecchia to await reinforcements. Secure on this side, Garibaldi fell

on the Neapolitan army, who, to their eternal disgrace, were assisting in riveting the chains anew on their fellow-countrymen. They had perhaps little heart in the cause; they certainly fought badly in a bad cause, and were utterly broken at Velletri by an inferior force, and again at Monte Fortino in the Marches. Notwithstanding these successes, which shed a lustre on the fall of Rome, though they could not avert the final catastrophe, the toils were closing Bologna after eight days', and Ancona after three weeks' resistance, had surrendered to the Austrian forces. The reactionists were triumphant in France, and Oudinot, being strongly reinforced, was ordered to renew the attack on Rome with thirty-five thousand men and sixty heavy pieces of siege artillery. To this army the Italians could only oppose nineteen thousand in all, inclusive of volunteers. The siege lasted a month. The Italians, albeit overmatched, fought stoutly under the guidance of Garibaldi, Medici, and other subordinate leaders. The decisive struggle was obstinate and prolonged; but, outnumbered and outranged in artillery, the patriots were obliged to yield at last. On the 3rd of July General Garibaldi evacuated the city with some four thousand men, who chose to follow his fortunes, and to whom he addressed these words: 'I have nought to offer you save hunger and peril, the earth for a bed, the sun's heat for refreshment; but let those who still hope for their country come with me.'

118

Eluding or fighting his way through the serried arrays of white-coated Austrians, he effected his retreat to the coast. Bidding his followers disperse and reserve themselves for happier days, he himself took refuge with a few adherents and his devoted wife in the marshes or fens of Comacchio, where the greatest bereavement of his life befell him in perhaps the darkest hour of his chequered career. His wife succumbed to the hardships of the retreat, and died. In that summer so fatal to Garibaldi's hopes he lost the dear companion who had always been at his side in danger and distress, who had loved him devotedly, as he deserved to be loved, who had stood by him in adversity, but was not fated to be with him in his triumph. We may imagine his grief; we cannot describe it, nor would it be meet to attempt to portray the sorrow of that great

That ill-omened summer closed with gloom. The heart. revived hopes of Italy had been doomed once more to disappointment, and the cloud of despotism had settled down once more on the land; and save for one bright spot, one break in the overcast sky, it would have appeared incapable of lifting any more. But that bright spot, Piedmont, under its honest king, was destined to spread and light up the whole horizon.

Garibaldi returned to Italy in 1854, and retired to the isle of Caprera, which has become famous on this account and is visited by thousands of admirers of the hero of Italy, who repair thither each year on the 2nd of June, the anniversary of his death, as to a shrine. The island, which is about eighteen miles in circumference, lies off the north coast of Sardinia, and, though rocky, is very fertile where the loam has accumulated. Here Garibaldi built himself a modest dwelling with his own hands and the assistance of a few friends; here he dwelt quietly, eking out his daily bread with the fish he caught himself or the game he snared or shot; and here the tidings were brought that the tricolour of Italy was once more aloft and waving by the side of that of France.

The real dawn was breaking at last, dispelling once and for all the long night of centuries. The times were ripe at last. Slowly but surely the feeling of nationality had been growing up during the first half of the century. The Italians had at last taken to heart the lessons of experience, especially those taught by the vicissitudes of the struggles of 1848-49. But they knew also the gigantic power of Austria and the impossibility of combining against her without having a nucleus round which the elements of national resistance might aggregate. Even Piedmont unaided had not proved equal to the task. But in 1859 the alliance of the French Emperor (then at his zenith) with the King of Sardinia, Victor Emmanuel, provided the required initial force for a general movement. Moreover, at that critical and turning point of her history Italy possessed in Count Cavour a great statesman, who had been scheming for an alliance with France as a preliminary to the liberation of Italy. So ably had his plans been laid, so completely had Austria played into the hands of her adversary, that a French army crossed into Italy to assist the Piedmontese in repelling an Austrian invasion; in other words, Piedmont was no longer the aggressor. Garibaldi was summoned to take the field again against the hereditary foe, and placed in command of the Cacciatore delle Alpi. At their head he won two battles, at Varese and San Fermo, which were purely Italian victories gained by Italian soldiers under an Italian general; in the battles of Magenta and Solferino the honours were divided between French and Italians. The unexpected conclusion of the armistice of Villafranca arrested Garibaldi's victorious career, and shortly after peace was signed between Austria on the one side and France and Piedmont on the other, by which Lombardy was ceded to the latter. This seemed at first a meagre result, but the impetus had been given towards national unity. The expulsion of the petty sovereigns of Central Italy, Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, followed by the unanimous

vote of the people, gave these provinces also to Italian unity; the Legations followed suit and declared for Victor Emmanuel. This unforeseen, though very foreseeable, enlargement of the new kingdom caused Napoleon to deniand the cession of Savoy and Nice, provided the people gave their consent and Parliament ratified the public The Savoyards and Nisards voted for annexation to France; but the debate ran high in the sitting at Turin, and General Garibaldi strongly opposed the measure. Doubtless the great patriot had on his side the sympathy of the House when he pleaded for the retention of But the fiat had gone Nice, his native town. forth; it would have been highly impolitic to offend the French Emperor, and even the opposers were somewhat embarrassed by the assent freely given by the inhabitants of the ceded provinces. But save for the natural pang which Garibaldi would feel on seeing his birthplace passing under the domination of France, he must have rejoiced at the brightening prospects of Italy at the close of that memorable year. He must have felt that half the great work for which he had toiled for years was already accomplished, that its completion could not be long delayed. All Italy, save the Venetian provinces and an insignificant district round Rome, was now free, from the Alps to the confines of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies; and Garibaldi had resolved that these dissevered members should not long remain outside the pale of Italian unity. So the expedition to Sicily was planned; for as Venice and Rome were guarded by Austrian and French troops, any movement in that direction would mean war against these Powers, and would be not only discountenanced but actively opposed by the Italian Government, while an attack on the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies would be resisted by the forces of that kingdom alone, and the attempt, if successful, would add far more in extent of territory and population to the new State than would the acquisition of the Veneto and of the province of Rome. Still, even thus, the task before him was formidable enough; to most men it would have seemed an impossible one to undertake the conquest of a realm of nine millions of inhabitants-defended by a numerous, well-trained army and a considerable fleet—with a few hundred volunteers. It seemed an enterprise beyond the powers even of Garibaldi. But he, fortunately for Italy, thought otherwise, and brought over others to his way of thinking.

(To be continued.)



норру.

By Captain CECIL NORTH, Author of The Moorish Treasure, The Hermit of the Irati, &c. CHAPTER IX.



HE sick man tossed restlessly on his camp-bed; he was living once again through the heart-breaking run for the gate. Oh, what a weight that fellow Vare was getting! It was like carrying a baby-elephant! Horror!

it was an elephant, and its trunk had twined itself round his neck! He couldn't throw it off, and all the time the enemy were coming closer and closer behind him! Oh, why doesn't Rex shoot it? Why does he stand grinning on the wall with a great packet of blue papers in his hand instead of a Martini-Henry rifle? Why does he keep crying out, 'To be cashiered, to be cashiered'? But it is not Rex after all, it's an officer, and he refuses to let him blow out his brains because he cannot find Mirabelle.

Ah, Mirabelle, his darling, she is lost, lost! How hot the court-martial room is getting; and how queer the president is looking, as dark as a nigger! Why, it is a nigger-his own man, too, Tilloki Ram! How thirsty he is! Surely the court will let him have a drink? Why is there a punkah waving over him, and why is he in bed? 'Tilloki, get me a drink,' he says feebly; and Tilloki, answering with a start, says, 'No can do, sahib,' and bolts out of the court-room. No, it's not the court-room, it's his own, surely? How his head aches! Ah, here comes Tilloki, and Jones the

'Drink this, old boy,' says the latter. 'Don't talk; you've been seedy. It's all right now. Keep quiet, and try to have a snooze.'

Jones has a cool hand, and the liquid he gives is refreshing, and Hoppy, closing his burning eyes and vaguely wondering what has come to him, drops off to sleep, and this time no awful shapes and horrors haunt him.

'Yes, it's been a short but sharp bout, Hoppy,' says, two days later, his friend the officer who had come into his room at so opportune a moment on the morning of the reading of the court-martial. 'It's been pretty bad with you, old chap, while it lasted; but now you'll mend like steam. Don't excite yourself, but listen calmly to me. This is a wire that came for you a couple of days after you went down. I took the liberty of opening it in case it was anything of importance.'

Hoppy took the paper in his thin hand and read, 'Get leave. Must see you at once.—MIRABELLE.'

'But this must have come ages ago, and must be answered at once,' he exclaimed quickly, 'unless you've done it, and told her I was seedy, Billy.'

'Well, I didn't know quite what to do,' answered the other; 'but on consideration, and knowing all about it, you see, I thought the best thing would be

to wire back, "Applying leave at once," as I knew you would do it directly you came to your senses, and it was no use upsetting your girl by telling her you were sick.'

'Clever Billy!' gasped the invalid. 'You did just right; and now, as soon as I can manage it, I'll send in my papers and get leave for Europe, either

"sick" or "pending resignation."

And so it came about. In spite of the rather faint protests of his brother-officers, Hoppy was resolved to quit the army; and his application for leave having been granted, he in due course found himself installed for a day or two in Bombay, awaiting the sailing of the great white 'trooper' in which he had been granted an 'indulgence passage'

As he lay one evening in a long chair in the home. veranda of Watson's Hotel, lazily smoking a cheroot, he heard behind him a familiar voice whose fair owner he had imagined was at that moment enjoying the gaieties of far-away Simla. Quickly scrambling to his feet, he saw, to his astonishment, the fetching little woman'—the knowledge of whose existence had so dreadfully disturbed his Mirabelle -coming towards him, followed, as usual, by a couple of faithful admirers.

'You didn't expect to see me here, Hoppy, eh?' she cried in the loud, shrill voice affected by fashionable women. 'But I really couldn't stand the Hills any longer; and Tom, thinking that a few months at home would do me good '-Tom was her husband, who never bothered his head about anything concerning his wife so long as she left him in peace to his whist and whisky-'got me a passage in the Himalaya, and here I am, you see. I'm with Sir Charles and Lady Bray, you know, she babbled on; 'they're off home too. And let's see, I think you know Captain Fox, and Mr Guy of the Piebald Parkers?' indicating her two scowling cavaliers, who produced a couple of automatic jerks by way of acknowledging the introduction: 'Mr Hoppy Apner, Sooties.—They're coming home too, so we shall have a jolly high old time-eh, what?

'Bother the woman!' thought Hoppy. 'Although it's rather nice to know somebody on board, I'd sooner she hadn't chosen this particular old hulk to come home in. She'll grate awfully on Mirabelle if they should happen to meet.'

But he showed no trace of his annoyance in his greeting, and the 'fetching little woman' went to bed that night perfectly happy in the conviction that she would certainly be the only lady on board the ship who would be able to exhibit three such preux 'tame cats' ready to do her slightest bidding.

Aden, with its diving-boys and sharky harbour;

HOPPY.

the Red Sea, bristling with the ribs of wrecks; the Canal, gay Malta, and gun-sown Gib.—all the old familiar sights and smells were left behind at last; and as the stately transport drew up alongside the jetty at Portsmouth, the first people upon whom Hoppy set his eyes were the Honourable Mirabelle Melgrove, her father, and Sir Ralph. They were soon on board, and affectionate indeed was their greeting of the wanderer from over the seas.

As he had been credited with sick-leave, he had escaped any military duties during the voyage; and thus, being in plain clothes and almost a civilian passenger, so to say, he was quietly allowed to go ashore when he liked, with all his bag and baggage. Catching a fast train from the harbour station, the party were presently speeding through the pleasant Hampshire country, whose hanging woods and green beauty were gladsome to sun-baked eyes. Three hours later they had reached London, tired, hungry, and happy.

But was Mirabelle happy? She hoped so, wished to be so, and yet in her heart she felt that there was something awry. Her lover, she knew, was a universal favourite, and she was proud of it, and yet she almost wished that it were not so. Who was that woman, for instance, who had flung such a loud farewell to him as they left the ship? She knew that in the confinement of long voyages people became friendly in a few days to an extent almost impossible in the same time on land; but surely it was a little too strong to call out, in a voice a kitchen-maid would have been ashamed of, 'Au revoir, you long-legged flea; mind you look me up in town next week.' Of course she was some vulgar 'grass widow,' though she was refined and pretty to look at, and really it was too bad of Hoppy to have laughed. And then there was that 'fetching little woman' left behind in India! She wished now that she had never gone down to meet him. She hated that sort of thing and that sort of people. No, decidedly, poor Mirabelle was not very happy.

By tacit consent all unpleasant topics of conversation were ignored for the moment, and it was not until after dinner—they had all dined together at the Idsworths—that Sir Ralph discovered that his son had thought fit to resign his commission without first of all asking his advice. The news came as a terrible shock to the old soldier, and he sat for an instant so stricken and silent that his host at first feared that he had received a stroke of paralysis. But presently the blood flew to his head; he worked himself into a tremendous rage, and raved and

stormed at Hoppy with such violence that the two men trembled for his sanity. However, such a terrific explosion of temper could not endure long, and soon—the centre of the cyclone having passed —the delinquent was able to place before him his reasons for the step he had taken, and tried to induce him to look at the question from another point of view. But it was perfectly useless.

'Disgrace be d—d, sir! Opinions of your friends be blowed, sir! Feeling in the service be hanged, sir! What do you young jackanapes know about it, I should like to know?' he cried. 'I'll go to the Duke to-morrow, my lad, and beg him to refuse to accept your papers, sir. Yes, by gad! I will; and as I've never yet asked him for anything except your nomination to the Sooties, he'll do what I want, sir, as sure as eggs are eggs.'

'I must say that I think you have put yourself in the wrong by this ill-considered step, Hoppy,' put in Lord Idsworth; 'and, besides, looking like running away, it is an unpleasant slap in the face for me. I don't mind telling you,' he went on, 'that I took up your case with a considerable amount of vigour, and separated myself from my party, in a great measure though not entirely, on account of their allowing you to be tried at all. I have good reason to think that the alteration in the sentence was made entirely with a view to conciliating me; and now this unexpected resignation of yours will undoubtedly give the laugh to what have now become my political opponents.'

Hoppy finished his claret.

'Very well, sir,' he slowly said; 'if you and my father are so much against it I have nothing more to say. I don't, Heaven knows, wish you to stultify yourself for my sake; and if my father can arrange with the Duke, there is an end of the matter as far as I am concerned.'

'That's the right spirit, my boy,' cried his lordship, apparently much relieved. 'And now, General, if you won't take any more wine, suppose we join Mirabelle in the drawing-room?'

It was not until the afternoon of the next day that the lovers found themselves alone together in the pretty little boudoir in Grosvenor Square that was Mirabelle's special sanctum. Hoppy had lunched at the house, and Lord Idsworth having afterwards gone out, the pair settled down to a long confidential chat, which the lady on her part had resolved should develop into a severe cross-examination, on the result of which, she told herself, her happiness depended.

(To be continued.)



THREE DEVONIAN TOWNS.

I. --- TOTNES.



HRONED amongst the fair Devonian hills, the lovely river Dart washing its feet, the notable old town of Totnes, with its early history lost in the mists of ages, is a quaint and delightful place not as yet overrun

by the almost ubiquitous tripper.

Compared with our swarning northern burghs, Totnes looks very small for its age, but every quarter of it teems with interest. Its antiquity is undoubted, for, setting aside the legend which ascribes its foundation to a Trojan hero, by name Brutus, who drifted hither after the ruin of his city, it is an ascertained fact that, before the earliest authentic records of the district, tin from the long-disused mines on Dartmoor was here shipped for exportation; and it is highly probable that Phænician galleys rode at anchor in the Dart close to the present landing-place, or possibly where it is now spanned by the fine bridge built in the twenties of last century.

In those distant days it is probable that the town was little more than a cluster of wattled huts huddled together on the mound to the north of the town which is now crowned by the majestic ruins of a Norman keep. History relates that before this castle was built the inhabitants of the thriving Anglo-Saxon burgh 'made here a defence for themselves and for their town, when, before the Conquest, the Danes and other foreign enemies used invasions and exercised great cruelties in this west country.' This ancient British stronghold was certainly utilised by Vespasian when he rested in Totnes, even at that remote period a trading centre, on his way to the siege of Exeter. That the great soldier-emperor fully realised the importance of the place is fully proved by walls with which he surrounded it; fragments of the ancient building thereof are still in existence. The more modern walls are still standing. Originally there were four gates, but two of them only remain. north gate, close to the old Norman keep, is very perfect, a beautiful Roman arch, which forms a striking feature in a lovely landscape. The luxuriant ivy of this soft climate has flung a web of glistening green over the ancient masonry, and a group of bright-haired young Devonians play in the sunshine at its base.

The conquerors of the world left yet another mark behind them in the old Fossway, the great road running through Devonshire and Somersetshire to Cirencester, which commences here on a hill at the head of the town. Traces of this noble highway are still discernible; half a century ago they were plainly to be seen. Roman coins, bearing the image and superscription of the soldier-emperor, have been found in various parts of the town.

There can be no doubt as to the builders of the ruined castle that stands to the left of the Roman Arch. It is Norman in every line, and was probably the work of that Norman baron to whom William I. granted the town. It must have been a very strong place in olden times; it commands a whole view of the district, the lovely valley of the Dart-a typical Devon prospect, rich in the local colouring which is unlike anything known farther north. The red earth of Devon is here seen to perfection in its varying shades. It has gradations of colour that delight the eye, from the deepest russet-red to a soft terra-cotta, all combining with the rich and vivid greens of the country to make a perfect chord of harmonious colouring. The hills that stand about Totnes are in themselves a striking feature in the scene; they fold and enfold one over the other with flowing slopes of a grace and beauty which is distinctly feminine in softness. Milton's 'hedgerow elms' are here in perfection; nor are Wordsworth's 'little lines of wandering woods' absent-those sylvan features peculiar to the British Isles. Over all hangs a sky of Italian blue, a glorious canopy, under which larks are soaring and singing, while blackbird and thrush and 'all the family of finches' answer back from the woodlands. A little later and the orchards will be a sheet of rose and white blossoms 'for other eves than mine.'

But back to hard historic fact and the dear old town rather than its fair surroundings. At the time of the Conquest, when William the Conqueror was flinging away English lands and boroughs amongst his followers, this very flourishing town of 'Totenaise,' as it is called in Domesday-book, was bestowed upon a certain Judhel, together with a hundred or more rich Devonian manors. The record may be freely translated thus: 'This fortunate Baron Judhel held of the King the borough of Totenaise, which King Edward the Confessor held in his demesne. There are within the borough one hundred burgesses (less five), and without the borough fifteen working the land.' A flourishing old town this nearly a thousand years ago, possessing a goodly trade, and paying a goodly sum 'in geld' to the Crown. Also, it was rated for service 'either by sea or land' at one-third the amount in ships and men exacted from the city of Exeter, then, as now, the capital of this beautiful county of Devon.

There is one little fact which tells of the importance of the town in Anglo-Saxon days: it made its own money, and coins from the Totnes mint, beautiful coins, and in very good condition, are amongst the treasures of the Royal Museum of Antiquities in Stockholm, of all places in the world. Totnes is very easy of access. It has a station on the main line of the Great Western Railway between London and Plymouth, and a steamer plies daily on

the river between the town and its twin-sister Dartmouth. There are also big motor omnibuses which run between the town and Paignton-a lovely drive. These lumbering vehicles link it with the young and smart town of Torquay and bring it very near our modern life.

But the town belongs to the England which Shakespeare knew. Up the steep street which ascends the hill from the bridge the eye cannot detect a single house like unto its fellow, and yet the diversity in form and colour makes a charming whole. The East Gate, altered to suit the exigencies of modern times, spans the street, and makes a very charming feature in the vista. The street mounts a very steep hill, so that the striking diversity of the houses rising one above the other makes a unique whole. Here is an ancient house, dating from the late sixteenth century, with peaked roof and overhanging gables; there another, quite two centuries younger, with rounded front abutting upon the pavement; and here, drawn discretely back from the street, with a certain air of aristocratic privacy about it, an early Georgian abode, stone-faced, and with pillared entrance, primly protected by a little bit of garden from the encroachment of the vulgar. The lavish productiveness of the soil and the softness of the climate fill these little patches with rich green of many shades and a glory of golden daffodils. Formerly the East Gate consisted of one archway enclosed by gates which were large enough to admit vehicular traffic, and beside them a 'needle's eye' for foot-passengers, only sufficiently wide to admit the travellers in single file. In the room over the gateway there is a fine, coloured, carved frieze, and over the chimneypiece heads of Henry VIII. and the unfortunate Anne Boleyn. The windows looking up and down the street are of the Tudor period, when doubtless the arch was

In the pavement, on the right-hand side as you approach the archway, is an ancient relic highly venerated by the inhabitants. This is the 'Brutus Stone; and while the childish legend associated with it is certainly not to be credited, the fact remains that this great pebble, now level with the footway, has its associations and its place in the story of the borough. Here, for hundreds of years, all royal proclamations have been read by the civic dignitaries. Here, not so long ago, the name of Edward, by the Grace of God, King and Emperor, was shouted abroad; and right loyally did his faithful subjects in the old Devonian town keep holiday on the day when he was crowned our King, some nineteen months afterwards.

In several of the houses in this street there are ceilings which would do honour to any great abode stucco-work of the Stuart, or even an earlier, Period; elaborate patterns, including in their scheme of decoration the heavy beams with which the old timbered houses are constructed—absolute treasures of an art no longer cultivated to such perfection.

A little above the East Gate the superb tower of

the old church breaks upon the traveller's sight like a sudden burst of sacred music. It is a very ancient church. It must have crowned the hill proudly in the days when Totnes had its mint and its earliest charters, although the first actual mention of it occurs in Domesday-book, and also in a charter of that 'Baron Judhel de Tottenaise' to whom William gave the town. By this deed the church referred to in William's gift (vide Domesday-book) as Sancta Maria de Toteneo is granted to the great Benedictine Abbey of St Sergius and St Bacchus at Angers - a fate which befell too many English churches after the Norman Conquest.

The church was rebuilt and consecrated by Bishop Bronscombe in 1259, when the bells were recast, renamed, and rehung with great ceremony. But the body of the beautiful church which we now behold was erected in 1432 by Bishop Lacy, whose original indulgence of '40 Daies' to all who contributed to the work is still in existence. The tower, erected by this worthy bishop, and of which he appears to have been exceedingly proud, is, like the rest of the church, built of the red sandstone of the district, faced with Caen stone. It is crowned by four crocketed pinnacles of the white stone, and string-courses of the same mark out the various divisions and subdivisions of the erection. There are three little niches of the white stone about halfway up the tower, the centre one supposed to represent Bishop Lacy, whose anagram is introduced into many of the decorations. Under the little Episcopal figure was an inscription, now preserved inside the church: 'I made thys tore.' The old letters are very beautiful and clear cut; and we can forgive the old man whose heart appears to have been in the work of restoration and of making beautiful the House of Prayer for any little vanity or pride in the task he had undertaken, seeing that the object of it was such a worthy one. A machicolated battlement, also of Caen stone, like a turreted corona, finishes the top of the tower, and is continued round the whole church. The effect of the white and red stone is remarkably good, and strikes the eye at the first glance. An ancient sun-dial, which absolutely fell to pieces with age, was in 1904 replaced by a new one. There are three halfdefaced escutcheons over the south door: one of them is that of the town, the tower, and keys, which is often repeated elsewhere.

The church was thoroughly restored under the care of Sir Gilbert Scott in the seventies of last century, at a cost of fifteen thousand pounds-a large sum, most of which was contributed by the townspeople, who are as proud of their restoration as Bishop Lacy was of his. The chief feature of the interior of the beautiful church is the chancel screen, which is the original work of the artists who wrought for Bishop Lacy in the fifteenth century. But as it was falling to pieces at the time of the restoration by Sir Gilbert Scott, a lady-resident placed one thousand five hundred pounds in the vicar's hands for the purpose of its complete renovation, as a memorial

of her father, a well-known citizen of the good old town. It is a very beautiful piece of stone-work. Those old workers knew how to give to the heaviest of all material the lightness of lace-work or of the tracery of leafless branches against a vivid sky of early spring. Lines of deep colouring and of gilding are still remaining on the delicate work—colour and gold that have outlasted the changes of old time for close on five hundred years.

On the north side of the church stands the remains of the old Priory of St Mary's, now altered into the Guildhall of the ancient town. It was granted to the Corporation for this purpose by Edward VI. in 1553, which date appears proudly over the Mayor's canopied chair. One or two quaint, old-world relics remain in the ancient hall, which has its prison-cell close by—a gloomy cellar of old monkish days, with an iron-barred window that looks grimly out upon the seat of justice. Here is a portrait of a certain Captain William Short, a worthy benefactor to the charities of the borough, a notable-looking Georgian gentleman in a fine red coat. Near by hangs a portrait of that Mayor of Totnes who went down to Brixham on a certain chill day in November 1688 to welcome the Deliverer, William of Orange. A fine, resolute face has this Christopher Farwell, and a noble aspect he possesses; he looks like a man who knew his own mind and held to his own opinions, one who lived in strenuous days and bore himself well in time of need. There are good old engravings of other Totnes worthies, and in the council chamber there are very interesting relics of a brave time. Here are two rousing proclamations under the hand of 'Oliver, P.' One is against that semi-legalised piracy called privateering—that sailing under letters of marque which was such a fruitful cause of irritation on the high seas. Oliver will no more of it. The depredations of these half-legalised pirates had grown over-bold, and must be subdued with a high hand. The other is against 'Popish priests and Jesuits'—a most bitter document. Both papers are old and frayed. Careful hands have pasted them together, but some lines are missing; still, in their decayed condition, the vigorous words stand out strong and clear. This Oliver will tolerate no misunderstanding of his meaning. His words are earnest, soul-searching ones that admit of no double construction, and he will have them obeyed. Even now their strong vitality seizes the imagination.

But in the smaller committee-room adjoining there are matters of a lighter sort, also proclamations, but those of feasting and merriment. They both relate to the annual Town Holiday and how it was to be honoured: first, on the great Peace, July 1814, when Europe was breathing freely because the Corsican troubler of her princes was, as every one thought, safely caged in Elba, little dreaming that Waterloo was yet to come. Right joyfully did the faithful lieges of Totnes keep the day. There was a great procession (a naval and military triumph), leading off with

flourishes of trumpets and roll of drums. One special feature of the gay scene was a 'Triumphant car, drawn by four horses, with Britannia, Minerva, and Neptune in a boat, surrounded by British tars' -a noble sight upon that brilliant summer day ninety-two long years ago! It was a popular festivity, in which all the neighbouring gentry took part. The list of notables attending is a long one, and reads like a page out of the peerage of the day. These carriages of the great ones of the earth, with their retinues, must have made a brave show; and then the events of the day terminated very early, if judged by our modern ideas, in a 'banquet of John Bull fare at two o'clock,' said banquet being 'spread for two thousand five hundred persons.' Be sure, according to the menu of the day, that banquet must have been of Gargantuan proportions.

The second bill relates the 'Order of Procession' for the Totnes Holiday of 1832, and is really very amusing, giving us, as it does, an insight into the everyday life of our ancestors. This pageant was certainly an elaborate one. It was headed by music, the church organist, on horseback, leading, while all the trades that flourished in the town had their representative cars. Indeed, some of them had more than one. Agriculture had a shepherd and shepherdess with sheep in one vehicle, and after this followed the triumph of the woollen traders, a very important industry in the town, when 'serges of Totnes and hose' of the same held a very high place in foreign markets. Jason, with the Golden Fleece, had a car all to himself, and the other industries of the town were each ideally portrayed after a fashion that must have obtained in Shakespearian times. The tailor's craft was well represented, as being allied to the local wool-manufacture. First came a car with 'Adam and Eve in a state of innocency'-surely a period of their existence when one would have thought the sartorial arts unnecessary. This pageant was followed on foot by the same personages in 'coats of skins,' and so on, until the climax of the craft was reached by 'Two Dandies' of the day—the day of the dandies, the thirties of last century-when men dressed in all colours of the rainbow, and garments were cut in the most eccentric style. Of course the inevitable great feast followed, but the notables of the neighbourhood did not crowd to this show. It was Reform year, and party feeling ran high; therefore the peerage held aloof.

Close by this old broadsheet hangs the record of what was done here on the day of Edward VII's coronation, and over against this loyal document the wall is decorated by a quaint collection of constables staves, rare old things, emblazoned with the Royal Arms and those of the loyal borougheries of times that are no more, and of the old orders that have changed and given place to new.

Descending the stairs and passing out through the hall of justice, we may pause for a moment beside the ancient stocks, the rude and, in many cases, horrible mode of punishment with which our forefathers were familiar. By the side of the worm-eaten relic of old-time cruelty there stands yet another, being no less a thing than the old bull-ring, a relic of that brutal and cruel sport, quite as horrible as the Spanish bull-fights of to-day. Well, we have improved since 'killing of dogs was sport for ladies,' and a horrified gentleman of the Court saw a mangled and bleeding dog tossed into the lap of a fine lady.

But we are out again into the delicious sunshine of this soft southern climate, and here is the old Market Place with its Butter Walk and the quaint piazzas that distantly resemble the famous Rows of Chester. It was here that in old days the 'serge,' cloth of Baize,' and 'hose' of Totnes—or, better still, 'of Fine Totnes'—were sold to eager buyers from overseas. A very bright and busy place this Devonian town unto this day, although the woollen trade and the 'hose of Fine Totnes' fill its shady piazzas no more, and no longer do the purchasers from beyond the Channel do 'fair trading' with the good folks of the town, a little weakness to which

all these coast towns were addicted in the good old times.

Just a word as to the real notables whom Totnes claims for her sons. The list is a long one, but a few names will suffice. Two great masters of ancient lore, Benjamin Kennicott, the great Hebrew scholar, was born here; as was also Edward Lye, who compiled a Saxon grammar and also a dictionary of that language. Charles Babbage, who invented the calculating-machine, makes a third; and in modern days a young Totnes man fell a victim to his zeal for Empire. A granite obelisk close to the bridge at the foot of Fore Street, just where the first glimpse of the picturesque town breaks upon the eye, perpetuates the memory of William Wills, who perished with Burke, the first pioneers who dared to penetrate the Australian interior and lost their lives in the attempt.

Good-bye, notable old town, the proud possessor of the oldest municipal charter in the land, whose Mayor, in virtue of that fact, took precedence of all other English Mayors at a recent function in London

A REMINISCENCE OF THE JAMAICA EARTHQUAKE.

By H. F. ABELL.



ROBABLY no mail-steamer ever discharged at Kingston wharf a happier and more hopeful crowd of passengers than did the *Port Kingston* on January 11, 1907. We had a

pleasant, if not a very quiet, passage from Avonanouth, marred only by the loss overboard of a poor boatswain's mate in the performance of his duty. The greater number of our party were the guests of Sir Alfred Jones, who, with a delegation of noblemen, members of Parliament, and representative men of business from Lancashire, was making the visit with the view of extending the cotton-growing industry in Jamaica. Most of our passengers had never been in the West Indies before, so that, with only ten days at disposal, there was a general resolution to make the best use of the time.

Of this privileged band, we—that is, my wife, her sister, and myself—were only members by virtue of board-ship camaraderie, being mere fugitives from the rigorous climate of East Kent, and this being our fourth visit to the islands. So, when Kingston greeted us with band-playing, speechmaking, and flag-flying, we felt full of holiday spirit, and determined to have the very best of times in this lovely land of sunshine.

To the pleasant Constant Spring Hotel we went as soon as the custom-house formalities had been compiled with. This hotel, which occupies the site of an old sugar estate 'great house,' stands about five miles from Kingston, in a charming plain at the foot of the mountains, here of no great

height but of most picturesque outline. It consists of a large central stone-built block, from which stretch east and west two-storied timber buildings, to stone towers, from each of which more timber buildings extend. I am particular in detail with a purpose. A broad verands surrounds the whole, and at one end is a goodly swimming-bath in a separate building. The hotel is surrounded by its own domain, variously arranged as garden, golf-links, and tennis-grounds.

Monday, January 14, a perfect Jamaica day of bright sunshine and cool breeze, we purposed to spend in Kingston. I knew Kingston well; and its quiet by-streets, with their lingering shadows of the prosperous days of old in the shape of fine old Georgian houses, always had a fascination for me. So, whilst my ladies should do their shopping, I purposed to wander about revisiting old haunts. An attack of fever, however, upset the plan so far as my wife and her sister were concerned, and I went into town alone, little thinking that it would be my last visit to the Kingston of Tom Cringle's day, and intending to lunch either at the club or at the Myrtle Bank Hotel.

Accordingly, I passed a long morning in the city. I went to delightful old jasper and marble halls, once the town residences of merchant-princes, now the dilapidated abodes of dusky people; I spent some time watching for sharks at the pier of the Myrtle Bank Hotel; I went to the Museum; I was a long hour in the old parish church, reading anew fine old Benbow's epitaph, which records how

this 'pattern of true English courage' died from the effects of a wound which he had received in his 'legg' in action with Monsieur Du Casse, and discovering that a fine old brass candelabra which had been presented to the parish in Queen Anne's reign by a 'merchant' of Kingston had been sold for old metal; and I wound up at the club. In less than three hours each one of these buildings was to be a shattered ruin!

Then, instead of remaining in town to lunch, I returned to Constant Spring to see how my ladies were getting on-a providential change of plan. At 3.25 P.M. such of the hotel guests as were not in town or away on country expeditions were variously whiling away a day which had gradually become almost airless, but which was still radiant with sunshine. Two energetic men-Britons, of course-were playing tennis. Towards them I strolled across the lawn, when suddenly I was staggering about and fancied I had been sun-struck. But when I saw the stretch of lawn in front of me violently agitated into waves exactly as a carpet is moved by wind under it, and at the same time a muffled roar like distant artillery filled the air, and when, a second later, I saw a huge rent spring, as it were, from the bottom to the top of one of the stone towers of the hotel, and then followed a deafening crash and the rising of a cloud of dust, it needed no experience of Japan in past days to tell me the terrible truth.

At once I ran at top speed into the hotel and up two flights of stairs to our rooms where my ladies were. I believe there was shaking and crashing all around me, but I neither felt nor heard; and, to my intense joy, I found my wife and her sister unhurt, but, although perfectly calm and collected, naturally in the greatest alarm. I need not say that a very few minutes sufficed to lead them, half-dressed as they were, into the compara-

tive security of the gardens.

The shock, which lasted about fifteen seconds, had played strange freaks in our rooms, although it had not been spiteful and devastating as in rooms adjoining. Every article of furniture had been shifted from its place; clothes had been lifted bodily from walls to floor; securely fastened trunks and bags had been wrenched open and their contents scattered. The passage outside was strewed with fallen plaster and shattered glass, and in one case a door had been torn off its hinges, whilst a staircase corresponding to that by which we had escaped was blocked with the fallen roof. Only the fact that the wing of the building which we occupied was of wood saved us; and if the shock had taken place in the night, when the hotel was full of guests, the loss of life must have been awful. The main block, forming the large entrance-hall, with three stories of rooms above, was badly shaken and cracked, whilst the stone tower up which I had seen the rent run was a tottering wreck.

In the garden every person, white and black, stood silent and wondering what next would

happen. And here let me place on record the splendid conduct of the hotel staff generally, and the black servants in particular. I saw much terror and some panic among the whites; but the poor black people kept their heads to a degree not usually associated with their racial character.

Of what had taken place in the outside world we knew nothing; but the rising of a dense black cloud over Kingston proclaimed catastrophe there. Little by little, as the non-recurrence of bad shocks established calm, the ladies, who had been tumbled out of their rooms in every variety of deshabille, began to care for appearance; the black servants were sent into the hotel for trunks and bags, and in no case did these good fellows refuse, although another severe shock would have brought the whole

building down upon them.

About an hour after the great shock I drove into Kingston with the Bishop of Barbadoes, on the double errand of ascertaining the fate of his daughter, newly married to an officer in the West India Regiment, and of helping in the city. Directly we emerged from the hotel grounds we saw signs of trouble. A dam had burst somewhere in the hills, and a swift torrent ran down the roadway. Great cracks were visible in the road itself, and as we passed from the country proper into the zone of human habitations, signs of ruin and destruction multiplied. Every structure of brick or stone had suffered more or less, with the result that while the houses of the well-to-do were wrecked or badly damaged, the mud-and-timber cabins of the poor were comparatively untouched. The destruction wrought during the few seconds of the earthquake's duration was incredible. Whole sides of houses were lifted away and shattered; a ground story would be wrecked and the upper left intact, and vice versa; one brick gate-post and iron gate would be overthrown and the companions remain whole; lines of palisading were as clean shaven off the supporting walls as by a machine. We passed the electric-car which runs between Kingston and Constant Spring standing just as its course had been abruptly stopped by the destruction of the dynamo-house in Kingston. Then we began to meet fugitives. We stopped a buggy containing fellow-passengers by the Port Kingstondishevelled, dust-begrimed, and one with head in bandages, all with the grave looks of those who had seen terrible things-and learned that Kingston was practically level with the ground. Then came a cart full of maimed and bleeding people, followed by another with still, draped forms lying in it; then families of blacks carrying their household gods, and groups of praying, screaming women.

We entered the stricken city. We had to thread our way between masses of fallen roofs and walls, shattered palisades, entanglements of telegraph and telephone wires, crushed buggies, and notably groups of distracted people who rent the air with cries of lamentation, hymns, and entreaties for help. As yet no idea could be formed of the number of

victims; but so many people implored us to help in removing heaps of ruin beneath which lay relations and friends that we knew it must be very great.

Down the comparatively broad thoroughfare of King Street, above the masses of ruin, we could see the flames and dense smoke of the fire which was consuming all that quarter of the city which lay parallel with the shore, as well as the coal-stacks of the shipping companies. We reached the great public garden which marks the centre of the city. Our wheels brought up sharply against something, and I saw that it was a marble hand holding a marble tall hat belonging to a shattered statue of a former governor. We could not get round to the side on which stood the parish church, but over the trees I could see the spire apparently on the point of toppling over.

The club was a shapeless ruin, and a large church near it was completely destroyed; yet one of the worst-built edifices in Kingston, the hall in which the delegates of the Cotton Conference were assembled at the moment of the earthquake, seemed unharmed. At last we could make no further progress, and turned to get out as best we could.

Passing by the racecourse, on which hundreds of refugee families were already assembled with their furniture, we saw a great mass of smoke rising above Up Park Camp, the station of the garrison, and learned that the hospital was on fire. It was known later that more than forty soldier-patients were burned here. So we returned to Constant Spring. Here we found that most of our party had returned from the city and the country. Those who had been out at Spanish Town had been obliged to return by road, for the railway was wrecked, and the greater part of the Kingston terminus had fallen.

As evening gathered over us, and the beauty of the starlit sky was only blurred by the ruddy glare and the dense smoke-cloud of the fire in Kingston, whilst the hotel people did their best to prepare for us some sort of meal in the open, a general recounting of adventures took place. Some escapes were remarkable. One young Scots lady was in a shop in Kingston when the earthquake occurred. The whole front of the shop fell into the road, burying two people. She had just time to spring out of the window and catch at a tree, to which she hung suspended until released. Two elderly ladies were on the first floor of a house; it sank with them, and they walked out into the street unharmed. Two men had been lunching at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, and had just stepped from the veranda into the water-side garden behind, when the whole building fell, burying ten men. Two men were playing billiards at the club; one ran, and was instantly killed by the fall of an iron pillar; his companion, too paralysed with fear even to run, remained, and was unhurt. The companion of Sir James Fergusson, when the latter was killed in Harbour Street, escaped. And so the narratives

continued until we sought rest on chairs and couches and garden benches; but sleep came not to many of us, and many times during the silence of the night more or less severe shocks of earthquake would rouse the recumbent company into movement.

All next day we remained in the hotel grounds; but as courage became restored by the non-renewal of shocks, we entered the hotel, packed our baggage, and had it carried out into the open. All the same, so suspiciously alert had our senses become, that the smallest fall of plaster or the sound of an unusually heavy trunk being dragged along a floor sufficed to send all but the calmest helter-skelter over the veranda railings into the garden. So frequent, indeed, were these little panics that openings were cut in the railings to facilitate egress.

The second night in the open was more peaceful than the first, for a great proportion of our party had chosen to go down to the *Port Kingston*, despite the fact of its having been turned into a hospitalship, rather than risk more earthquake ashore. Moreover, we had mattresses and pillows, and could choose our locations.

On Wednesday we came across the island by rail to this beautiful Port Antonio, on the north coast, whence this description is written. Thanks to the intervention of the Blue Mountain range, Port Antonio suffered less than other parts of the island, and of course much less than the neighbourhood of Kingston. All the same, had there been no earthquake elsewhere, the half-ruined Town Hall here would have figured in the illustrated newspapers of the world; and, although the magnificent Titchfield Hotel, being constructed of timber, was not seriously affected, there are cracks in the wall of the room in which I write which would be photographed at home as fearsome.

Apart from its significance as a calamity, the occurrence of this earthquake is lamentable for another reason. Jamaica, after long waiting for a turn in the tide of her lack of prosperity, has at last become recognised as one of the happiest of health and holiday hunting-grounds, if not by us who own her, by Americans, and the winter season of 1907 had been looked forward to as one of real brilliancy. Good hotels-thanks largely to American example and enterprise-abound, and the authorities have been active in remedying many of the detriments and drawbacks which for so long have closed the gates of what is, on the whole, the most beautiful island in the world to pleasure tourists. A few seconds of earthquake have undone all this, and not only have driven away hundreds of visitors who came to stay, and deterred many other hundreds who intended to come, but have dealt the island a blow from the actual and moral' shock of which it must take time to recover. How long this time will be must depend largely upon the sense of people at home and in the United States in refusing to receive as gospel much that is said and written by ignorant or malevolent alarmists.

ENGINEERING NOTES.

By W. O. HORSNAILL, A.M.I.E.E., &c.

WATER-POWER AT NIAGARA.



HE utilisation of Niagara is so little heard of in these days that few people realise the enormous developments which have been carried out since water-power was first used at the Falls. At the present time four

large power-companies generate electricity and sell the current for industrial purposes; and when all the projected extensions to the machinery of these undertakings are made the horse-power developed will reach the huge figure of six hundred and fifty thousand.

A few years ago, when the idea of harnessing the Falls aroused universal interest, the scheme was subjected to much opposition on the ground of injury to the beauties of the surrounding scenery and the possibility of taking off so much water to work the machinery that little would be left to pass over the Falls. It was then admitted that industrial concerns would spring up at Niagara; and with a view to conserving the grandeur of the spectacle some attempt was made to confine the factories to certain areas. But the diminution of the flow of water resulting from the first power-scheme was so infinitesimal a proportion of the amount passing over the Falls that opposition on this score was easily silenced.

In the meantime developments have been quietly going on, and it is now estimated that when all the new power-machinery is working, and some proposed canals farther up the river are completed, well over a third of the water will be utilised. It is to be feared that unless the extending use of the water-power is limited by the Canadian and United States authorities there is a very real danger that Niagara Falls will ultimately run dry. If the power could only be distributed over a small area a limit would soon be arrived at; but current is now being sent eighty-five miles to Toronto, so that no check on future developments is likely to arise through lack of demand. Perhaps a compromise may ultimately be reached involving the partial stoppage of the machinery on Sundays and holidays, when the Falls will be allowed to perform with their customary vigour, this magnificent natural display being thus saved from utter extinction.

The latest developments consist of thirteen turbines of ten thousand horse-power each, which will drive an equal number of large dynamos. The power-house containing this machinery is situated at the base of the river-bank below the Falls, the water being brought to the turbines in the following manner: A large reservoir has been constructed at the top of the bank above the power-house, and this

reservoir is fed by a canal one hundred feet in width, which joins the river above the Falls. Pipes nine feet in diameter convey the water from the reservoir to the power-house two hundred feet below, and some idea of the magnitude of the works may be gleaned from the fact that an electric motor of twenty horse-power is required to open and close the regulating-valve in each pipe. Immense gratings cover the mouths of these pipes; and so great is the quantity of weeds and débris caught by this means that a special railway has been laid down to carry it away. Elaborate arrangements have also been made to catch the ice coming along the canal, and to run it down a chute into the river below.

The American character is of such a practical description that regard for the beauties of nature is not generally thought to enter into their calculations when dealing with business matters. It is interesting to note, therefore, that the company above mentioned are going to very considerable expense to make their works harmonise as far as possible with their surroundings; and with this end in view the pipes to the turbines are to be encased in concrete, having arches at the top and being otherwise given an ornamental finish.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF GAS FOR POWER PURPOSES.

Electrical power schemes are kept so constantly before the public by their advocates that the possibility of distributing power over a large area by any other means is apt to be overlooked. Not only is it commercially possible to convey gas over long distances, but this is actually being done on a large scale.

Ordinary 'town' gas is, however, unsuitable for this purpose, as it costs too much to manufacture; but if the gas be required only for power and heating instead of for lighting, a much cheaper quality will do what is wanted. It is customary to use what is known as 'Mond' gas for power and heating purposes, this mixture being produced by passing steam and air through a glowing furnace. After leaving the furnace the gas is cleaned from dust, and the tar and sulphate of ammonia are taken out, and it is then ready to be pumped into the distributing pipes. This type of gas costs very little to make, as the coal used in the furnace is of a cheap quality, and the value of the sulphate of ammonia nearly pays for the fuel. The South Staffordshire Mond Gas Company distributes gas for power and heating purposes over an area of one hundred and twenty-three square miles.

Many advantages accrue to the consumer who can purchase a supply of this gas, as it is very much cheaper than the ordinary 'town' variety for heating or for use in a gas-engine; in fact, for the latter

purpose the cost is less than if a private producer were used, and it can be turned on and off in the same way as town gas without requiring any more attention.

The first generating station laid down by the above company has a capacity of sixteen thousand horse-power, and the main pipes for distributing the gas measure thirty-five inches in diameter where they leave the station. Some thirteen miles of pipes are already in position, passing through the towns of Bilston, Wolverhampton, Wednesbury, and Walsall, besides a number of smaller towns and villages, and it is estimated that three hundred thousand horse-power are used in the district for various purposes, so that plenty of scope exists for the operations of the company.

EXACT MEASUREMENTS.

Most people are familiar with the fact that spare parts for bicycles, motor-cars, gas-engines, and similar machinery can always be obtained when a breakdown occurs, and that these spares may be relied upon to fit accurately into their proper places. This state of affairs has only existed for a few years, and it may be interesting to consider how the interchangeability of parts has been made possible.

Fifty years ago, or perhaps less, such simple parts as nuts for bolts were each made specially, and one nut would only fit the bolt for which it was intended. This state of things was found to be very inconvenient, and it is probable that nuts and screws were among the earliest machine-parts to be made alike, so that any nut would fit any bolt or screw of the same size. The next step towards the standardisation of parts consisted of the gauges invented by Sir Joseph Whitworth and called by his name. These gauges were simply a number of round plugs fitting exactly into an equal number of rings. Thus, when a workman wished to bore a hole a certain exact size he enlarged it until the plug-gauge would just go in; similarly, if a spindle or shaft were being made to fit into this hole one of the ring-gauges was tried until it would pass over.

This system was a distinct advance over the previous methods, by means of which the sizes were obtained from calipers set to a rule, but sufficient accuracy for the manufacture of interchangeable parts was not obtained unless the workmanship was of a very high order. The reasons for this can be easily understood: the workman enlarged the hole until the plug-gauge would go in, and unless he exercised great care it entered too loosely and the hole was too large. Then, again, another man making the part which was supposed to fit the hole in question very likely reduced the size until the ring passed over too easily. In this manner we have a double error: the hole is too large and the spindle or cylindrical part is too small; hence, when they are tried together the difference between them is too great to allow of a good fit.

To ensure that holes shall not be made too large

or spindles too small, a system of 'limit-gauges,' as they are called, has been introduced. The workman making a hole is given two plugs, one of which must be able to enter the hole, whilst the other is too large to do so. Cylindrical parts are made to an exact size in a similar manner. Two rings are tried, one of which must pass over the other part in question, whilst the latter will not enter the smaller ring. By this means the hole and the spindle must be made within certain limits of size; nothing is left to the workman's judgment; therefore a less proficient man can do work which he would otherwise be unable to undertake, and in this manner interchangeable work as regards the size of holes and shafts can be turned out cheaply.

THE GYBOSCOPE AND THE STEADYING OF SHIPS.

Most of us have experienced the very unpleasant effects caused by the rolling of a ship in a heavy sea, and any appliance which will steady a vessel under such conditions will be welcomed by all whose business or pleasure takes them across the ocean. With a view to the prevention of rolling in a seaway, a German naval engineer named Schlich has been experimenting for some time past with a gyroscope fitted into the hull of an old torpedoboat, the results proving that almost perfect steadiness can be obtained by this means. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the action of gyroscopes, a brief explanation will make their application for this purpose more easily understood. The main feature consists of a flywheel revolving at a high speed, and mounted in a frame carried on gimbals, the latter being arranged at right angles to the spindle; that is to say, if the axle of the flywheel be vertical the gimbals will be horizontal. Now, if it be attempted to rock the gimbals up and down whilst the wheel is spinning, great force is required to do this, and advantage of this peculiarity is taken to prevent the rolling of a ship at sea. A flywheel of considerable weight is placed in the centre of a vessel, the spindle being vertical, and the frame carrying it is pivoted on gimbals at each side of the ship, the result being that rolling is prevented, as it cannot take place without rocking the gimbals, which we have been already shown cannot be done when the flywheel is rotating. Our explanation may be much more easily understood by readers purchasing a toy gyroscope and trying the experiment described above. Unfortunately, no gimbals are provided on the frames of these toys; but the ring passing round the edge of the wheel may be held loosely between the finger and thumb at each side, when it will be found almost impossible to rock the gyroscope as a ship would attempt to do in a heavy sea. Care must be taken to hold the frame loosely so as to imitate a pivot or gimbal at each side, as the frame must be allowed to rock in the other direction; if it is held rigidly the effect indicated will not be produced. The torpedo-boat upon which Mr Schlich has been experimenting is a vessel of about one hundred and sixteen feet long by nearly

twelve feet in breadth, a flywheel weighing over one thousand one hundred pounds and running at one thousand six hundred turns a minute being used to prevent rolling. This wheel is forty inches in diameter, and is kept spinning by a steam jet much after the fashion of a steam turbine. The first trials were made in smooth water, the ship being artificially rolled by pulling on a rope tied to the mast; the results of these experiments having proved satisfactory, the vessel was taken out in a rough sea to give the apparatus a practical test. The effect of the gyroscope was most remarkable, the arc of rolling being reduced from thirty degrees to one degree when the flywheel was put into action, thus producing a practically level deck, excepting as regards the pitching motion. The usefulness of this invention can hardly be overestimated, as, apart from the comfort obtained by such means on passenger-ships, a steady gun-platform will be provided for battleships and cruisers, resulting in greater accuracy in aiming the weapons. system is to be tried in a German coasting-steamer, and there is no doubt that we shall hear more about it in the near future. Steering by gyroscope is dealt with in the preceding issue of Chambers's.

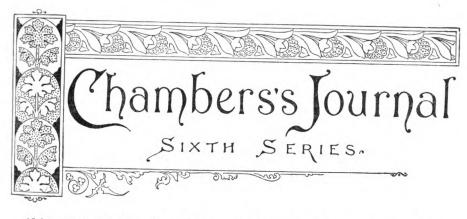
GAS-PRODUCERS FOR BOATS AND SHIPS.

Few people, apart from those especially interested in the engineering industry, realise the changes which are taking place and projected in the means for propelling ships of all kinds. The steam-launch may now be considered obsolete; no one intending to build a small self-propelled boat would contemplate steam for this purpose, petrol or paraffin having entirely superseded the older method of producing motive-power for small pleasure-craft of all descriptions. For somewhat larger vessels, such as canalboats, small coasters, and fishing-smacks, suction gas-engines are making steady headway, the system being advocated by several leading authorities, including Sir John Thornycroft, and recently this form of motive-power has been put forward for the propulsion of the largest ocean-going vessels and battleships. The ordinary gas-engine driven by town gas is a familiar object and needs no explanation; but the independent gas-producer may require a brief description for the benefit of those who have never come in contact with this ingenious contrivance. The gas is manufactured by passing a mixture of steam and air through a glowing fire, and after being cooled and freed from dust it is ready for use in the engine. The latter, when it is once set going, sucks the gas from the cleaning chambers, thus causing the steam and air to enter the fire, which is thus kept burning, fuel being fed into the top of the producer through an air-tight hopper. This system of driving a ship offers several important advantages over steam : for instance, only half the amount of fuel is required, and the coal may be fed into a large bin over the producer by mechanical means; hence, instead of having a number of stokers continually shovelling

coal on to the fires, this work is all done by a machine, and the only handling of the fuel occurs in the bunkers as at present, and even here only half the amount has to be dealt with, thus introducing a further saving of labour. What are called the stand-by losses are also much reduced in the gas system. In steamships it is often necessary to keep the fires alight and steam up in the boilers for many hours when the engines are standing idle, and a great deal of coal is burnt in this way; also, in a large vessel at least twenty-four hours, and often double this time, will be occupied in raising steam in the first instance. With gas-producers the amount burnt with banked fires is exceedingly small, and gas can be produced in a comparatively short time after the fires are lighted. Other advantages include the absence of pressure and consequent risk of explosion, the saving in space, and, for battleships, the absence of funnels, thus leaving the decks clear for gun-mountings. A good deal of work has already been done in the way of applying gasengines to marine propulsion, notably on the Continent, where many river and canal boats are driven by these means. In this country, Messrs Thornycroft have fitted up a barge with gas machinery, which has made a successful tour of the canals extending over a thousand miles, and it may be mentioned that the length of the engine-room was reduced by three feet and the weight of machinery by four tons as compared with a steam-engine and boiler of similar power. Other experiments are being carried out by Messrs William Beardmore & Co. with a five hundred horse-power engine, and by Messrs Crossley Bros., who have fitted one of their gas-engines into a canal-boat. Difficulties have to be met in all new enterprises, and the propulsion of ships by gas-power forms no exception to this rule. Particularly is this the case as regards the starting and reversing of the engines; but there is no doubt that the weight of experience now being brought to bear on this problem will eventually overcome all obstacles, and we may expect to see steam-power entirely superseded for marine purposes in course of time.

SUMMER.

HER child the Spring, wild wayward thing, With steps of joy and cheer, Has run before, to ope the door Of the icy, arctic year. Now Summer sweeps o'er the northern deeps, In her robes of golden light; Her shining eyes fright from the skies The lingering shades of night. The year's bright queen with pearly sheen Bedecks each sparkling rill; The tempest's roar dies on the shore; The wanton waves are still. To the sad heart thy peace impart, Queen of the rolling year; With thy fair hand, fling o'er the land Thy gifts of joy and cheer. J. J. HALDANE BURGESS.



MORE ABOUT ORCHARDING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

By R. F. DIXON, Wolfville, N.S.



HAVE received so many personal inquiries from individuals residing in all parts of England and Scotland who have read my article entitled 'Orcharding in Nova Scotia' (Chambers's Journal, January 1907),

asking further information, that I have decided to supplement it by another article, which will be mainly taken up with replies to the various questions asked in these letters, and some further information which may have been omitted in the previous article. Of course, to deal fully and exhaustively with a subject like this would necessitate the writing of a bulky pamphlet, and there are details which can only be learned by a personal visit to the country or even by actual experience in orcharding. However, after the perusal of these letters I feel that there are some points which, if not entirely ignored in my former article, are susceptible of further elucidation, and this, I think, can be satisfactorily accomplished within the limits of the space usually accorded to a magazine article.

First, as to the question of climate, about which I did not speak very fully. All my correspondents, if I mistake not, refer to this. Generally speaking, the climate of the Annapolis Valley, so far as actual cold goes, is probably, outside of British Columbia, the mildest in the Dominion. At all events, it is the mildest in Nova Scotia, which, according to official meteorological returns for the Dominion, boasts the highest mean average temperature in Canada, British Columbia excepted. Taken all round, the climate of the Annapolis Valley may fairly be called enjoyable. Of course it has its weak points, like every other climate between the two poles. The especial weak point of our climate is the spring. Winter with us dies hard and slowly, and does not stay dead. By the middle of March, winter, for all effective purposes, is gone, the sleighing has disappeared, the rivers have broken up, the frost is daily receding; but there it unfortunately ends. Not until at least a month later are there any signs of vegetation; and all through April—probably, with its No. 497.-Vol. X.

alternations of bitter and balmy weather, the most trying month of the twelve-we are subject to sudden snowstorms and fitful returns of wintry temperatures. Not until the middle of May can the vegetation be said to begin in good earnest. Having said this, I have said the worst that can be alleged against the climate. Our summers are delightful, bright, cool, not unduly showery, and as a rule free from alarming thunderstorms. Very seldom can they be described as unpleasantly warm. Such, at all events, is the result of my own experience of twelve years. Nova Scotian summers, in this respect, contrast strikingly with those of New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, and the other inland provinces, in which the heat is very trying, especially to Old Countrymen. Our summer nights are nearly always delightfully cool, and compare very favourably with those of the other provinces, where the oppressively hot nights often make sleep impossible, and of which I speak from nearly twenty-two years' experience. Summer lasts here until the middle or end of September, and is almost invariably succeeded by six or seven weeks of glorious autumn weather, the most enjoyable of the year, during which apple-picking takes place.

Toward the end of November come the premonitory signs of winter-sharp frosts and occasional snowfalls. In the early part of December, as a rule, winter apparently sets in, and we have between two and three weeks of hard weather, usually accompanied by snow. This is almost invariably succeeded by a 'soft' spell, which lasts until the beginning of the New Year; the snow disappears, and occasionally the land becomes free from frost, and ploughing recommences. During last winter (1906-7) ploughing in this neighbourhood was carried on in both Christmas and New Year's weeks. In twelve years I have only seen one genuinely 'white Christmas' in Nova Scotia. The typical Nova Scotian Christmas Day is mild and soft, and oftener than not rainy and 'muggy.' Then winter, as a rule, resumes its sway, lasting in an irregular fashion till about the first or second week in March. In this part of the province JUNE 8, 1907. [All Rights Reserved.]

our winters are apt to be 'punctuated' by frequent thaws, which often, to the very general disgust, cause the disappearance of all the snow. From time to time we get zero weather, which, however, never lasts for more than two or three days. Very occasionally the mercury touches twenty degrees below zero. Ten below is considered very extreme in this province, while in New Brunswick and Quebec thirty and even forty below is a comparatively common experience. The temperature always rises with the sun, and I cannot call to mind one single day in this province during which the mercury has not risen by noon above zero. With the exception of a month or six weeks' gloomy weather, from the beginning of December to about the middle of January, sunshine predominates throughout the whole winter. Taken as a whole, our valley climate may be described as one of the most temperate on the continent. Its healthiness may be inferred from the excellent physique and longevity of the people, the death-rate being exceptionally low. Since I knew Halifax, twelve years ago, at least four centenarians have died, and the number of vigorous octogenarians to be met with in every part of the province is very remarkable. One, and only one, class of persons the climate does not suit-namely, those with any predisposition to lung weakness. Although close to the Bay of Fundy, the valley is almost entirely free

from fog. The number of apple-trees to the acre averages about forty. Formerly they averaged about as high as fifty, but the tendency of late has been in the opposite direction. With the modern plan of planting, the trees have more room to grow and can be more scientifically and effectively pruned, the interlacing of boughs is avoided, and the sunlight, essential to the right colouring of the fruit, is more freely admitted. It has been found by experience that one large, well-pruned tree will grow proportionately more apples, and of vastly better quality, than two moderately sized ones, and of course with less expenditure of labour and fertilisers. The up-todate orchardist, instead of crowding his land with undersized trees, goes in for large umbrella-shaped trees, whose branches as a rule just clear each other. While the trees are growing the land can be utilised for various crops—potatoes, beans, turnips, parsnips, &c.; but this of course necessitates very heavy manuring. Many fruit-raisers grow heavy crops of clover or buckwheat, which they plough in as a The common barnyard manure is of fertiliser. course widely used, and also chemical fertilisers. Very few apples are grown on permanent sod. When this is occasionally done heavy annual topdressing is necessary, and the grass is cut during the summer and allowed to lie on the ground until it rots into the humus. As a rule, however, orchards are continuously cultivated and kept clear of weeds. It is a common practice in the case of young orchards to plant plum, peach, and pear trees, and gradually to remove them as the apple-trees come into bearing. These temporary trees are called

'fillers.' In some cases they are allowed to remain permanently, especially in the modern and more

175

thinly planted orchards. The price of unplanted land varies widely, and ranges from two or three to, say, eighteen or twenty dollars per acre. The price of land depends so materially upon location and innumerable other minor and indefinable conditions that it is very difficult, practically impossible in fact, to strike an average. As to the advisability of buying and planting, as compared with purchasing an orchard in full bearing, it is somewhat difficult to decide. To buy and plant means a wait, so far as any direct return from the apples is concerned, of from at least ten to twelve years; but, of course, the initial outlay will be much smaller. To buy an orchard in full bearing involves a much larger initial outlay but an immediate income. On the whole I am inclined strongly to recommend the latter course. A man who is nursing an orchard into bearing is more likely to throw money away in unremunerative experiments than in paying an excessive price for an orchard which is a 'going concern.' But buying under all circumstances is a very ticklish business, and should be entered upon not 'wantonly, unadvisedly, or lightly,' but with all due precaution and circumspection.

As I have already made clear, I do not recommend farming to the British emigrant; but if a man is bent on trying it, and has some practical knowledge of agriculture, a start can easily be made in Nova Scotia on a few hundred pounds, or even less. As I have said, the price of land cannot be given with anything approximating exactitude. The price of farm-land will vary according to the owner's anxiety to sell. This I may safely say, that hundreds of excellent farms, with fairly good dwelling-houses and outbuildings, can be bought in this province for the price of western prairie-land. The attractions of city life in the United States and of our own Canadian North-West are very strong for the Nova Scotians. Like the Old Country Scot, they are of a roving turn, and are found in the remotest corners of this continent, and, in fact, in all parts of the world. There are, therefore, hundreds of Nova Scotian farmers ready to 'pick up' and sell at twenty-four hours' notice, and generally on favourable terms for the buyer. This really constitutes no reflection on the country, but it is simply a national trait that would manifest itself in the

Apple-tree pruning here is an annual operation Garden of Eden. and of vital moment. For any one possessed of the average judgment and application it is not difficult to learn. The general time for pruning is in March and April, or as early as the weather will permit. Occasionally pruning is done in February. is a saying here that 'the time for pruning is when ever the saw is sharp; but I must confess I have never known it acted upon. It is wonderful how

the fertility of an apple-tree is stimulated by skilful

pruning, and how it can be gradually transformed

in shape by the dexterous and persistent removal of certain superfluous branches. In this respect pruning almost approaches the dignity of one of the fine arts. An unpruned orchard, on the other hand, is a woeful and depressing sight, and rapidly deteriorates. A week or a fortnight's annual pruning by two good, experienced hands will suffice for an orchard of three or four hundred trees, the cost of which will average, say, five pounds. Skilful and reliable pruners can always be obtained in any part of the country.

A correspondent, who could not conveniently arrange to work with an orchardist, as suggested in my last article, asks if it would not be possible to engage some one to superintend his orchard for him for a year or two until he had acquired the necessary experience. Undoubtedly this could be managed. Almost every labourer of the more intelligent class in this neighbourhood has a good practical knowledge of orcharding, and could be trusted to conduct its working. I feel perfectly justified in saying that the man who could not pick up a good practical knowledge of apple-raising in the course of a couple of years, working with an experienced orchardist and acquiring all available information from external sources, is not fit to own an orchard. But, of course, the first plan is much the cheaper, and on the whole, I think, more effectual.

An apple-tree will begin to bear profitably at from about ten to twelve years, sometimes in exceptional cases earlier, often later. This will depend entirely upon the thoroughness and efficiency of its culture. The apple-tree reaches its full bearing capacity at twenty years, and will go on bearing, if properly handled, for a practically unlimited time. For the first twenty years of its life an apple-tree is said to add one dollar annually to its value. Thus the planting and cultivating of an orchard is often a good investment, even if the owner never picks an apple. Five hundred trees worth five hundred dollars, say, the second year, will be worth one thousand dollars the third year, and fifteen hundred dollars the fourth year, and by the eighth year will be worth, exclusive of the land, three thousand five hundred dollars (seven hundred pounds). Land bought at twenty dollars per acre would be worth at this rate, with forty trees to the acre, at least two hundred and twenty dollars per acre in five years.

The average yield of a tree in full bearing will, of course, vary greatly. Some varieties, such as Ribstones, Blenheims, and Gravensteins, may be depended upon to bear pretty nearly every year. In my own orchard I have had a fair yield from these three varieties annually for seven years; some, again, will average a crop two years out of three, the great majority every alternate year. The best bearing trees, however, are always apt to take a year's reat. Certain kinds of apples will do exceedingly well in certain years, and others will fail utterly. But with a judiciously selected orchard of many varieties an annual yield can always be secured. Again, the general yield of all varieties will vary

with certain years. Some seasons are undoubtedly more favourable to an 'all round' crop than others. There will be more sunshine, fewer periods of drought, an absence of storms and cold rains and muggy weather. The climatic dangers which threaten the apple crop are protracted spells of cold rains in June, during the pollenisation of the blossoms; moist, warm weather; and heavy gales in the autumn. Late spring frosts, as in Great Britain, occur almost every year, but have little effect, except possibly in thinning the crop, which may be reckoned as a blessing in disguise. Of living pests we have the caterpillar, canker-worm, and budmoth, whose ravages by diligent spraying can easily be reduced to a minimum; and these pests, under the systematic war waged upon them year by year with ever-increasing pertinacity, will probably eventually entirely disappear, or at all events become a negligible quantity. To come back to the subject of the average yield per tree. For an apple-tree in full bearing, a yield of from five to seven barrels may be called a fair average. This should be halved to get the average annual crop. Each barrel contains a few pints less than three imperial bushels. Of course, exceptional yields go far beyond this. I have been shown a tree (a Nonpareil) in this neighbourhood from which it is said twenty-two barrels (over sixty bushels) were once picked, and fifteen and twelve barrels are no uncommon yield from exceptionally productive trees. But an average annual yield of three barrels per tree, with fair prices, will bring very satisfactory returns.

What, it will be naturally asked, is a fair price? The general opinion here is that a gross profit of two dollars (eight shillings and fourpence) per barrel, one year with another, is about the minimum paying figure. From this two dollars there must be made a deduction, on a liberal calculation, of fifty cents (two shillings) per barrel for working expenses of orchard, leaving a net profit of one dollar and a half (six shillings and threepence) per barrel. To ensure this gross profit apples should fetch in the British markets about fourteen shillings per barrel.

An orchard with a capacity for annually averaging one thousand barrels, it will therefore be seen, should bring in a net income of something like three hundred pounds per annum, and this for apples alone, and quite exclusive of small fruits such as plums and pears or root crops. Such an orchard would contain between four and five hundred apple-trees and comprise about ten acres, and should be purchasable for about fifteen or eighteen hundred pounds. At two thousand pounds it would pay 15 per cent, on the investment. But, of course, such returns as these postulate the very best methods and management and direct personal application, and a beginner would probably have to content himself with a lower percentage.

Pears do splendidly in Nova Scotia, and in some respects are more easily raised than apples, being absolutely free from disease and perfectly proof against pests, and require no pruning. Two superb

varieties are grown here, the Bartlett and Clap's Favourite, for which there is a fair local market, but they mature too quickly for export. The hard winter kinds can also be successfully raised, but as yet have received little attention. Plums of every kind do equally well, but are sadly handicapped by the 'black knot,' for which no antidote but removal by cutting has as yet been discovered. In spite of this, however, many thousands of baskets are annually raised, and a good deal of planting goes on every year. A plum-tree will come into bearing in about four years, and as a rule will continue to bear every year. The quality of our Nova Scotia plums for table use and for canning or preserving is excellent, and, as a subsidiary industry to applegrowing, their culture is often successfully carried on.

A correspondent asks for information in regard to taxation. We have no direct taxation in Canada, Dominion or provincial. Our taxes are all indirect, and are paid by the consumption of dutiable goods. Of course we pay municipal rates, for which we receive direct value in the upkeep of our roads and

schools, police protection, &c.

Full information regarding properties for sale may be had by writing to the 'Provincial Secretary, Halifax, N.S. The best time to 'look through the valley' would be the last week in May or the first half of June, when the orchards are in blossom, and in September and October, during the apple-

picking. I have now, I think, met all the points raised by my correspondents; but the only really satisfactory course for any prospective settler is to see and judge the country for himself. Nova Scotia has the advantage of being the gateway of the Dominion, and

it can be visited en route to any portion of Canada. That hundreds of desirable settlers have made a serious mistake in rushing west without even a passing glance at the good old province, few who have seriously investigated its claims as a place of settlement will, I feel sure, attempt to deny; and at least 95 per cent. of our immigrants never dream of doing this.

Before I close this article I may say that the province offers excellent openings for sheep-raising. The quality of the wool grown in Nova Scotia, it is said by experts, is from some cause the finest on the continent. A very large proportion of the province seems to me ideally adapted for sheep, closely resembling as it does portions of Scotland and the north of England. According to carefully worked out calculations, sheep can be raised at a handsome profit in Nova Scotia. Almost unlimited quantities of 'mountain land' can be secured at prices not exceeding fifteen or eighteen shillings (three to four dollars) per acre. This is a matter, I am persuaded, well worth the serious consideration of English and Scotch sheep-raisers, especially as the demand for wool in Canada, which now stands at about seventeenpence per pound, is sure to increase rapidly. However, this is a subject that cannot be adequately treated at the tail-end of an article.

Mr J. B. Oakes has been appointed immigration agent for the province of Nova Scotia, and will gladly supply reliable information about orcharding or farming to any applicant, and will, when practicable, arrange for personal interviews. Address care of J. Bruce Walker, 11, 12 Charing Cross, London, S.W.; or John Webster, 35, 37 St Enoch

Square, Glasgow.

норру.

CHAPTER X.



OPPY, poor youth! had no suspicion of what was preparing for him. If he had at first harboured a faint notion that the resignation of his commission would be very distasteful to his fiancée, his mind was now

quite at rest on that point; for his father, as he had said he would, had gone to the Duke that afternoon to arrange for its cancellation. As regards anything else, Hoppy had a perfectly clear conscience, for whatever little flirtation he may have been tempted to indulge in, to while away the weary hours in cantonments and on board ship, he was well aware had been a perfectly mild and harmless one, both as regards the lady and himself. For his part, he knew that he was as devotedly attached to his Mirabelle as ever; and as for the grass-widowwell, her heart was acknowledged from Calcutta to Cawnpore to be as hard as the nether millstone.

Their conversation had progressed comfortably for some time in that wonderful language which

only really belongs to amorous youth, when, with out warning, Mirabelle, having lulled her lover into a state of blissful stupidity, suddenly sprang to the attack.

'Who,' she demanded sharply, 'was that woman on the Himalaya who seemed to know you so well,

dear ?'

What woman? Oh, I know whom you mean, said Hoppy. 'That was Mrs Tom, a jolly little soul and a very good sort. Awfully pretty, too, don't you think? Everybody does.' Oh, foolish Hoppy!

'I really didn't notice her looks,' answered Mira belle coldly; 'I only thought her remarkably loud and vulgar, and extraordinarily familiar, to say the

least of it, with you.'

Bless your dear little heart!' cried the fatuous one; 'why, I've known her for years. She was at Rhanibad when the row was on; came to see me, I remember, the morning I made such an ass of myself, and wanted to come up on the wall with me, only I wouldn't let her—against orders, you know.

Mirabelle's eyes blazed.

'What!' she cried; 'is that the same woman? And she came home in the same ship with you—the woman whose name was shamefully linked with yours all over India—the woman for whom you made "an ass of yourself," as you so rightly said just now? The woman for whom you disgraced yourself would be more appropriate. I wonder she didn't "come up upon the wall with you"—mimicking him—'even if it was against orders, for you don't seem to have been very particular about obeying them afterwards.'

Hoppy sprang to his feet with a cry. His face, even to his lips, was livid, and his blue eyes sparkled dangerously.

'My God!' he panted, 'you must be mad, Mirabelle; that's the only thing I can think about you—stark, staring mad with jealousy or something. That you, of all people, should say that I disgraced myself; and as for your abominable stories and insinuations about Mrs Tom and me, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Yes, indeed, you ought.'

And now truly, to use a homely expression, 'all the fat was in the fire.' If Hoppy was in a great temper, Mirabelle had flared up into a greater, and no longer was her behaviour marked with the 'repose of Vere de Vere.'

'I know all about your wicked goings on, sir,' she cried. 'I have heard about you and your Mrs Tom from at least a dozen people.' Oh, naughty 'You have insulted me before the whole world, you who ran away from your guard and opened the gates to the enemy, to show off, for sooth! in the eyes of another man's wife. Oh, it's useless, quite useless, to attempt to deny it; everybody is talking about it,' she went on, frustrating with a very torrent of words her angry lover's attempts to put in his oar; 'and I for one will never-no, never-consent to marry a man who cannot obey orders, and though he does escape his well-deserved punishment through backstairs influence—a thing patent to everybody—is disgraced in the eyes of all honourable men. That is the opinion all over England, and you will find it out for yourself if you dare to put in an appearance at your

This unjust and unexpected assault did not, as may be surmised, do anything to diminish Hoppy's anger.

'And I, for another,' he burst out when Mirabelle paused for want of breath, 'would never dream of marrying a girl who can—who can'—He stuttered in his efforts to find a fitting expression. 'No, Miss Melgrove, I'll take myself off for ever before I'm tempted to lose my temper. I wish you a very good day, madam;' and with this stately and ridiculous adieu he stalked out of the room like a transpontine tragedy-king.

This unfortunate lovers' quarrel would, no doubt, have settled itself in the usual manner of these things, after a few days' dignified silence, during which the two fiery young people would have had

time to calm down, if Hoppy had not, on reaching his father's house encountered, that choleric old gentleman also in a state of suppressed fury, and the meeting was of the match to gunpowder. Another violent scene took place; for it appeared that the Duke, friend as he was of the old soldier, had very decidedly refused to take any but the usual course when Hoppy's resignation, of which he had not yet heard—for the document had many a slough of routine to wade through ere it finally reached him—should in due course be brought to his notice.

'Sorry I can't help you, General,' he had said; 'but a youngster who feels like that had better go. I did as much as I dared for the Prime Minister, who was afraid of Idsworth, and I can't do anything more. If your son hadn't the grit to go on and face it—well, he'd better do the other thing. You'll thank me for it some day. Goodbye. I'm very busy to-day.'

His blood boiling at this quite unexpected treatment, Sir Ralph had driven home, nursing his wrath against his son; and the latter, also in a state of fury, coming in a few minutes later, the result was a tremendous row, in the course of which the younger man heard some very forcible expressions of opinion as to his behaviour at Rhanibad and the conduct of his affairs in general.

'And let me tell you, sir,' ended Sir Ralph, 'that if you'd disgraced yourself—yes, sir, I repeat, disgraced yourself, for that's what everybody, from the Duke downwards, thinks—and I had been in command, I'd have tried you by a drumhead courtmartial then and there—ay, and shot you within twenty-four hours if that had been the sentence awarded you.'

That night Hoppy did not put in an appearance at dinner, nor was he in his bedroom the next morning when the valet brought up his tub. Then, presently, it was whispered abroad that 'Apner, the Rhanibad chap, yer know,' had mysteriously disappeared, leaving no trace behind him; and 'quite right, too,' said the cunning ones. 'Nothing like lying doggo for a bit until things have blown over. His people are in the know all right.'

But for once these wiseacres were wrong. The General and Mirabelle knew nothing, and not a sign came from the missing man, who had apparently gone away in a violent hurry, taking with him but a small bag.

'He will soon get over it and come back,' they said to each other when they met, which was now almost daily; but the weeks ran into months, and the months into years, and the expected Hoppy came not.

The world, naturally, did not give him another thought after the terse notice, '161st Rifles.—Lieut. F. L. E. Apner resigns his commission,' had appeared—within a few days of his disappearance—in the Gazette, and with the exception of the Idsworths and his father, and perhaps a dozen others—Vare amongst the number—the once popu-

lar soldier was as completely forgotten as if he had never existed.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs brought his hand sharply down upon the map of North Africa which lay open upon the table before him with a bang that caused his colleague, the Minister for War, to jump with the unexpected noise.

'May the devil fly away with these indefatigable English!' he cried irritably. 'They give us more trouble with their everlasting expeditions than all the rest of the world put together. And the worst of it is,' he continued disgustedly, 'one never can be sure of what they are going to do from one day to another. They don't seem to be able to behave like other people, but blunder along seemingly without plans or anything else, and upset the most carefully prepared schemes by sheer John Bull rosbif ignorance. Look at that business at Rhanibad three years ago nearly! Our good friends, who had secretly provided the Ameer with guns and leaders, meant to let the two English columns unite, and then crush them together in one big battle. But the man in command of the one in the city wouldn't wait for the co-operating force, and made an attack on the Ameer alone, a couple of days too soon. He got badly beaten, you remember, as was natural; but what was the ultimate result? The natives, intoxicated with joy at their success, wouldn't listen to their leaders or take any precautions, and, being caught napping by the second column, were utterly smashed, and all Sobenoffski's careful plans came to nothing, and nearly led to a rupture between the two Powers,'

'Are you sure that in this present case your information is to be relied on?' asked the other.

'Quite, as far as it goes. It comes from Madame. There is no doubt but that we must act at once; but read the report yourself and see what you make of it.'

The War Minister adjusted his pince-nez and carefully studied the paper which was almost thrown at him. 'Yes,' he said presently, 'you are right; this expedition, if our ideas are correct, will inevitably cross and perhaps attempt to occupy the country to the south of Bouc-al-Aran. Of course it is only a strictly scientific one-they all are; but we must forestall it with one of our own, with an adequate escort and a good supply of tricolours, you know;' and he smiled across the table at his friend. 'I will telegraph to the General at Algiers,' he continued, 'and tell him quietly to make the necessary arrangements, and that orders as to the objective of the force will be sent to him later. I need only say at present-for least said soonest mended—that Bouc-al-Aran will be the jumping off place, so that he can collect the men in that neighbourhood.'

'Whom do you propose placing at the head of it?' queried the Foreign Minister.

'Escheaux. He's the best man for the job, and not being Anglophobe, can be trusted not to make

a fool of himself should there be any friction with the English.'

Then the two men set to work to discuss other details, which, as they have no bearing on this story, need not be recounted here.

Thus it came about that a few months afterwards, a weary string of men straggled into the centre of a native village several hundred miles south of the limit of French occupation in Northern Africa, after a long and toilsome march. The country into which they had penetrated was unknown and unmapped. They had journeyed by compass and such native guidance as they could obtain; and, as their leader ordered a halt, he consulted his subordinates and a well-dirtied document which he took with great care from his pocket.

'Yes,' he finally exclaimed, 'we shall not do better than this; it answers well enough to our instructions. And so we had better pitch our camp here for good—or until we receive further orders,' he added, with rather a doleful grin.

So the porters were ordered to dump down their loads, and the escort—native troops all, with a sprinkling of white non-commissioned officers, the latter picked soldiers of the Foreign Legion sent especially from Algiers—were drawn up round their chief.

'Comrades,' he said, 'my children! you have reached your goal. Here we shall remain to guard the flag until we receive orders to go north again. The natives of these parts, as you have found, are peaceful and friendly towards us. See that you do not give them any reason to change their attitude.'

Then a tall, straight tree was felled, and after being stripped of its branches was set up as a flag-staff, and, the headman and elders of the village attending, the flag of France was hoisted to the breeze amid cheers and volleys of musketry. A great feast was then arranged, presents were given and received, and the members of this strange scientific expedition settled down to a peaceful occupation of the country, patiently to await the coming of the Englishmen, whose little game they piously hoped they had frustrated.

But alas for human ambitions! The English mission, taking a totally different direction from the outset—that is to say, directly it had lost touch of civilisation and its attendant disadvantages of publicity-never came anywhere near them at all, the perfidious ones! And a wave of military trouble sweeping over France shortly afterwards, that country was divided into two hostile camps, Ministers and Generals were changed, and in the confusion, which almost at one time threatened to develop into civil war, Escheaux and his men were forgotten. Swallowed up in the great, mysterious continent out of which all things evil are said to have originally come, but one white man, of all that gallant band, ever saw his native land again.

(To be continued.)

GARIBALDI: A CENTENARY TRIBUTE.

PART II



HE insurrection of Palermo in the early spring of 1860 gave Garibaldi the signal he was awaiting, and on the 5th of May he set sail from Genoa with his famous 'thousand' red-shirted volunteers; and after

overcoming many minor difficulties in the matter of provisions and arms, of which he was able to obtain but a scanty supply from the commander of a small fort near Orbetello, the small flotilla, composed of two transports, the Piemonte and Lombardia, sighted the coast of Sicily on the 10th of May. Eluding the Neapolitan squadron, which was cruising in the offing, the volunteers effected their landing at Marsala on the following day, unopposed by the British men-of-war, though our Government was officially adverse to what they considered a hopeless enterprise, which would only cause a wanton effusion of blood and the useless sacrifice of noble lives. And hopeless indeed must the enterprise have appeared from a common-sense standpoint. For never were forces seemingly so ill-matched as those arrayed against each other at the commencement of the marvellous campaign. On one side the disciplined forces of a considerable kingdom, consisting of about one hundred thousand trained soldiers provided with copious artillery and occupying several fortresses of great strength from Palermo to Gaeta, or guarding the many passes and other defensible positions which abound in Sicily and Calabria, and some well-equipped and tolerably efficient warships more than sufficient to give an account of Garibaldi's flotilla even had it been tenfold greater than it was; a kingdom, moreover, which could count on the secret sympathies of three Great Powers at least, and on the possible armed intervention of France, and which was safe from any general insurrection on the part of a disaffected but unstable and cowed population, provided the army remained loyal and was able to give an account of the enemy, of which there appeared little doubt. On the other side was the scanty band of young men, some already bronzed by campaigning, others beardless youths; but, whether in the prime of life or mere striplings, all animated with one spirit: to do or die under their beloved leader, the legendary hero of so many fights against odds, of so many deeds of derring-doe, whose presence had always been a tower of strength on the battlefield, and who above all believed thoroughly not only in the righteousness of his cause but also in its final

Still, history has left on record so many examples of the superiority of trained troops over untrained levies, however brave, and even when more numerous, that the chances seemed a thousand to one against the invaders. But the commanding

personality of the hero who led them redressed the balance, and caused the one thousandth chance to come off. Hitherto all similar attempts had failed. The call to arms of the brothers Bandiera at Cilento in 1831 had met with no response. The cause had been the same, the probability of foreign intervention no greater; but neither the hour nor the man had then come. They had both come now. But the paucity of the invading force and the instinct of discipline nerved the Neapolitans to make a stand at Calatafimi, entrenched in a good position, where, some eight thousand strong, they encountered the Garibaldians. The Red Shirts charged uphill, carrying line after line of entrenchments, capturing a gun, and putting to flight the first army of King Francis they had engaged. There had been a critical moment when the fight seemed going against the assailants, who, exhausted and thinned in numbers, had halted before the last position of the enemy, unable to advance, unwilling to retire. Bixio, the second in command, counselled a retreat; a moment's hesitation on the part of Garibaldi would have lost the day. As he turned to his men, his voice rang out loud and clear: 'My lads, I must have one last charge home. Five minutes' rest, and we shall all go together.' The wearied men gathered themselves up for a final effort; and when Garibaldi pealed out, 'Fix bayonets! Charge home for Italy!' with loud shouts of 'Viva Garibaldi!' they dashed forward, one serried line of flashing steel, and the battle was won.

Calatafimi decided the fate of Sicily and of the whole campaign. Strongly reinforced by the arrival of two bodies under the command of Medici and Cosena, which raised his force to six thousand, Garibaldi divided his little army into three brigades. One he sent to seize Girgenti, the second to occupy it, and the third he led himself on to Messina. He met a Bourbon force at Milazzo, strongly posted and more numerous than his own, which he dislodged after a sharp conflict.

The next day was employed in preparing for the passage of the Strait of Messina, a difficult undertaking to effect under the guns of two large frigates and in the teeth of an army of thirty thousand men well provided with cavalry and artillery. Here Garibaldi was strengthened by the very opportune arrival of nine thousand volunteers, who had been raised for an expedition against the papal power, but who had been hindered by the Sardinian Government from crossing the borders into the pontifical territory. Finding their purpose balked, and having heard of the successes of Garibaldi, they had sailed for Sicily and brought him a very welcome reinforcement. The strait was crossed somehow, and Garibaldi stood on Calabrian ground

with four thousand men. He marched swiftly on Reggio, which at once surrendered, the garrison evacuating the town without striking a blow. There was still the royal army encamped at Villa San Giovanni, twelve miles from Reggio, to be dealt with. But that army had no stomach for fighting; the victories at Calatafimi and Milazzo had completely demoralised the soldiers, who cared little for the cause they were defending, and had very little confidence in their commander. The army melted away on hearing that the redoubtable leader-or Liberator, as he was now called—had taken Reggio.

Thenceforth the progress of Garibaldi was assured. His success had given him a kind of legendary fame, which was continuously increasing among the imaginative and impressionable southern Italians; the disbanded soldiers helped to fan the flame of insurrection by disseminating stories of the irresistible prowess of the invaders, and soon the whole of Calabria and Basilica was in a blaze, which, spreading rapidly all over the kingdom, enabled Garibaldi to pursue his triumphant course not only unopposed, but welcomed with joyous shouts by acclaiming crowds.

On the 21st of August the Liberator had disembarked at Melito, on the mainland; and on the 7th of September he entered Naples, whence King Francis had fled on the previous day. A fortnight had sufficed to overthrow the power of the Bourbons on the mainland, who only retained the two fortresses of Capua and Gaeta, under the protection of which the royalist leaders arrayed their still formid-

able force of forty thousand men.

Garibaldi's entrance into Naples was very characteristic of that great man. Though perfectly aware that bodies of the defeated Bourbons were still occupying the forts, and that among them were many foreign hirelings hating Garibaldi and his cause, he did not hesitate to enter, accompanied by nineteen followers, leaving his army at Salerno. His calm self-confidence, the sight of the brave, honest face in which courage and kindliness were so happily blended, wrought their wonted effect on the easily moved southerner. Even the stolid mercenaries caught the contagion. Not a bullet was fired, not a bayonet was levelled; but the sentinels everywhere presented arms. From the Palazzo della Foresteria, where he took up his residence, he addressed the immense crowd of eager, flushed faces thus: 'In placing my foot in this fairest of all Italian cities, my heart is filled with joy. This is a solemn day for a people who, having shaken off the yoke of so many tyrants, is reborn to a life of freedom and has won a fatherland. You had a right to this redemption on account of your long sorrows and sufferings. Your deliverance causes all Italians to rejoice, and comforts humanity. From the exulting throng cheer followed cheer as Garibaldi ceased speaking. Such cheers as Naples had never heard yet rang out through the square. At last, exhausted with physical fatigue and the emotions of the day, he retired to rest; and this

being made known to the people, they quietly dispersed, with their right hands raised above their heads, the first finger alone extended to symbolise the cry which was now repeated through Naples: 'Italia è una' ('Italy is one').

The next eight or nine days were devoted by Garibaldi to reorganising the machinery of government, thrown out of gear by the change of polity. Having appointed a working Cabinet, he decreed that the Neapolitan squadron-composed of two ships of the line, fourteen frigates, and about twenty smaller craft - should hoist the national colours and unite with the fleet under Admiral Persano. The decree was obeyed by all the Neapolitan commanders save three or four, who sailed

Having thus provided in a measure for the to Gaeta. administration of the liberated provinces and for the prosecution of the war by sea, he led his forces on the 19th of September against the Bourbon army, which lay along the Volturno, and had somewhat recovered from the effects of the disastrous campaign. They were still forty thousand strong, and more efficient on the whole than the former forces, which had been so easily routed or dispersed in Calabria, for only the staunchest men and foreign mercenaries had remained faithful to King Francis, and they and their commanders were eager to redeem their military reputation, from a purely professional point of view. Thus it came to pass that Garibaldi met with a stouter resistance from the Bourbon soldiers than he had yet experienced. Indeed, the first encounter at Caiazzo was favourable to King Francis. His Generals scored a decided success, which had the effect of raising the courage of the rank and file to such a degree that the Bourbon Commander-in-Chief resolved to take the offensive and attack the Garibaldians in their lines. The decisive battle was fought on the 1st October, and was stiffly contested on both sides. The Garibaldians were skilfully posted, and full of enthusiasm and of faith in the holiness of their cause; and though but twenty thousand strong, against perhaps double that number, felt confident of the result, for they had won against greater oddsodds of position as well as of numbers. The royal army of Francis, possessing the advantage of numbers and of guns, felt not a whit less assured of victory.

Both sides displayed great valour in this last fight of the war. The Neapolitans delivered assault after assault against the positions of the Garibaldians. The Royal Guard, under General Tabacchi, especially signalised themselves, and pierced the enemy's lines; but Garibaldi, who was present wherever the fight was hottest, brought up the reserve and saved the position at that point. Several partial successor cesses were achieved by the Neapolitans in other parts of the field; but Garibaldi's presence never failed to rally his men where they were broken or hard pressed. The timely arrival of some companies of Bersaglieri (sharpshooters or riflemen of the regular Sardinian army) in the afternoon was of much material help. At length, repulsed at all points, the Neapolitans sullenly retired, falling back on Capua and Gaeta. The losses on both sides were very severe in this obstinate and protracted struggle. The victors owned to a loss in killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing of three thousand five hundred men out of twenty thousand; that of the vanquished was not given, but must, of course, have been more severe in killed and wounded.

The war of liberation was now virtually over. The final operations of the two sieges of Capua and Gaeta were mainly conducted by the Sardinian troops, which, marching southward through the Marches under King Victor Emmanuel, effected a junction with the Garibaldians on the 26th of October, on which day the valiant, patriotic King met the Liberator on the high-road between Fratte and Teano. They were both accompanied by their staffs, and as they came into each other's presence, Garibaldi, uncovering, hailed Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy. The King in return grasped the General's hand, saying, 'And I hail in you the first of all Italians.'

Both were strangely moved as the cry of Garibaldi was taken up by the officers of the two escorts, white-mantled and plumed horsemen of the King and red-shirted, bearded volunteers; and the shout of 'Viva il Re d'Italia!' rang out for the first time on that solitary road, and for the first time since the death of Theodoric the Great had that cry borne its full meaning. For since the great Goth's death in 526 A.D. there had been no real King of Italy. Those who had borne the title had been mere shadows or kings in name, but not in reality

The two foremost champions of Italian independence and unity who had clasped hands on the Teano road had many traits of character in common. Both were brave, honest, single-minded, as gentle hearted as they were brave, and could not refrain, even when they differed, from respecting and admiring each other's motives. The King was sometimes compelled to temporise, to hold his hand in order to strike more surely, and his wonderful good sense always taught him when to forbear and when not. Garibaldi was not forced by the exigencies of his position to consult others on the advisability of a certain course of action, and he was too adverse to the delays of statecraft and the devious paths of politics to seek or accept the advice of those who advocated the postponement of his daring schemes. An anecdote related by Guezzoni, his aide-de-camp, shows this characteristic in a strong light. In 1864, on his visit to England, he had an interview with Lord Palmerston, who purposely brought up the subject of the Venetian question, still at issue, and endeavoured to persuade and convince Garibaldi of the necessity of waiting for the proper moment, of observing existing treaties, avoiding complications, and so forth. But he was cut short by Garibaldi, who, flaring up suddenly, said, 'What are you

saying? It is never too soon for slaves to break their chains;' and thereupon he left the Minister rather abruptly. Thus it fell out that, from the diversity of means employed towards the same end, Victor Emmanuel had to oppose and frustrate some premature or at least over-hazardous attempts of his heroic subject.

On the 9th of November 1860 Garibaldi handed over to King Victor Emmanuel the plebiscite of the Two Sicilies, and then, bidding farewell to his comrades, he quietly embarked for his beloved Caprera, where he resumed his homely life as naturally and as unostentatiously as if the glory and pageantry of the last seven months had not existed. The hero of Calatafimi, of Milazzo, and of the Volturno, the Liberator of nine million Italians, the chosen dictator of a realm, refusing rewards and honours, might have been seen planting, sowing, and tilling, or at times fishing among the many creeks of his island-home to eke out the slender supplies of food which it offered. Content as he was with his present life, he would have been satisfied to remain there for the rest of his days had it not been for one thing, which was quite enough to disturb his equanimity and prevent him from enjoying his well-merited repose. This was, I need hardly say, the ever-present thought of Rome and Venice still enslaved, still separated from free Italy. He chafed at the irritating delays and tortuous paths of diplomacy, the evasions and double dealing of some, the caution of others. He grew more and more restless as time went on and the goal seemed as far off as ever. Suddenly the news spread that the Government had put down the movement in Lombardy for the liberation of Venice. This action of the Italian authorities confirmed Garibaldi in his opinion that nothing would be done by the constituted authorities or by negotiations unless he put himself once more at the head of his volunteers. He was mistaken, perhaps, in his estimates, but they were such as any man in his position might have made. We must remember the marvellous success which had hitherto attended Garibaldi's operations in the field, both in the New World and the Old, whether fighting against undisciplined South Americans or against the veteran soldiery of France and Austria, or whether, lastly, opposed by tenfold odds, as had been the case in the last wonderful campaign, which had commenced at Marsala and ended at the Volturno. He had not stayed to count costs: why should he now? True, there was France to reckon with; but he would be able to number his volunteers by scores of thousands, and there were now twentytwo million Italians to back him. He had engaged heavier odds before. Anyhow, his duty lay plainly before him, and he would not be stayed by King or Kaiser. Lastly, no one could have foreseen then the momentous events of 1864-70 which were to change the map of Europe and give both Rome and Venice to Italy.

Sailing from Caprera, Garibaldi made for Sicily,

where a first disappointment met him. His call for volunteers was not responded to with the ardour he expected. The Sicilians, generally speaking, were lukewarm in a cause which did not affect them closely, and could not feel on behalf of the Romans, whom they had been accustomed to look upon almost as aliens, the same enthusiasm as they had felt two years before on behalf of their own hearths and homes or for their neighbours on the mainland, or the same readiness to combat the Pope of Rome as to fight against the King of Naples. The one was the head of the Church, the common father of the faithful; the other was a temporal potentate, and had, moreover, been a very bad one. And this consideration weighed with many. There were numbers, doubtless, among the more intelligent and better educated who felt, like Garibaldi, that Romans and Sicilians were brethren, and that the Pope had no more right to misgovern or oppose the desires of the people than any other temporal monarch, perhaps less; but they, again, must have foreseen complications, perchance endangering the newly cemented union of Italy. Hence Garibaldi was only able to collect a scanty force, which, far

from increasing like a snowball on the march, remained stationary. Crossing the Strait of Messina, he came into collision with the royal troops at Aspromonte, in Southern Calabria, and was, sad to say, wounded by an Italian bullet, taken prisoner by his own countrymen, and confined for a month in a fortress, when a free pardon was granted him, and he retired again to his retreat at Caprera. In this most regrettable affair both Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi acted, as was their wont, according to their convictions, and in what they considered the interests of the fatherland; both had those interests at heart, both had the same goal in view, but, as has been said, they differed as to the proper course to be taken to reach that goal. Victor Emmanuel in this instance saved Italy from many complications, of which it would have been impossible to forecast the consequences, while Garibaldi's action must have brought home to the French Emperor the falseness of the position he held in Italy by withholding from the Italians their national capital, and rendering truly friendly relations between the two States impossible.

(To be concluded.)

RUTH; OR, THE CLOTHES-PINS.

CHAPTER II.



Thad been my mother's dearest wish before her death that the brothers should become reconciled and make up the quarrel of which she felt herself the innocent cause; but apparently his return to the scenes of

early disappointment only tended to embitter my uncle's feelings, for when my father attempted to bring about a meeting he was met with a short and stern refusal. Unfortunately he was now a ruined man, having lost the greater part of his estate in railway speculation, a mania for which about that time affected all classes of society like an epidemic; and my uncle, with a want of generosity for which I trust the state of his liver was alone accountable, chose to impute an interested motive to his advances, and stated openly that the brother who had supplanted him in his dearest affections when he was a penniless youngster should never be a gainer by the fortune which he had passed the summertide of his life to win in voluntary exile beneath a tropical sun.

Of course this insinuation rendered it impossible for my father to make any further overtures, and we saw nothing of the retired indigo-planter, who, I presume, about that date made the amiable will which I had just heard read.

My mother's dying wish, however, was not destined to remain unfulfilled. One evening towards the close of autumn—as my poor father, now completely broken in health and fortune, was sitting under the thatched veranda of the little

Devonshire cottage to which we had retired, listlessly inhaling the soft breeze that blew across the darkening sea, while I read to him from Milton, his favourite poet, and had just declaimed the verses which close the ninth book of *Paradise Lost*:

Thus they in mutual condemnation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;
And of their vain contest appeared no end—

we were surprised to hear the unusual sound of a carriage stopping at our gate, and soon afterwards a tall, upright old gentleman with snowy-white hair walked rapidly up the narrow path towards us. I saw the colour flush and fade in my father's pale face as he hastily bade me go indoors.

But the stranger stopped me with a gesture, saying to my father, 'No; let him hear what I have to say. Brother, I was wrong to refuse to meet you, and I have come to ask your pardon. Here is my hand.'

My poor father's eyes glistened as he grasped in his own thin, wasted fingers the brown hand extended to him; but he was a true Englishman, hating every outward sign of emotion as if it were a horrible crime to possess a tender heart, and he merely replied, 'Not at all, Jack; not at all. I was hasty too; but I am right glad to see you, old fellow. Sit down and let us have a cigar.'

So the brothers were reconciled at last, and chatted away on indifferent subjects till they had quite recovered command of themselves; nor did they allude again to that old quarrel which had parted them for more than a quarter of a century.

I suppose that stern dislike to the exhibition of the softer emotions which characterises most Englishmen of to-day is a plant of modern growth; for in the good old times when Sterne and Richardson delighted the world with their sentimental outpourings, we read of men embracing each other and dissolving into tears without restraint, though some of those same men who boasted so much 'sensibility,' as it was then termed, were brutalised and vicious in their pursuits and language to a degree that would not be tolerated in modern society. Shakespeare, it is true, writing in the more virile age of Queen Elizabeth, speaks of Othello's eyes 'unused to the melting mood;' and few will deny that there is something more sterling and noble in the burying of emotion deep in the secret recesses of the heart than in the wearing it on the sleeve, as people appear to have done in the days of 'Mr Tatler' and 'Mr Spectator.' We all know the story how Sterne was discoursing with great feeling on the iniquity of a man who treated his wife unkindly, declaring that such a wretch deserved to have his house burned over his head, when Garrick stopped him with the dry remark: 'I hope, Sterne, you are well insured at home; and I think Englishmen of to-day have lost nothing in real depth of feeling, though they may be less ready to expose every pulsation of their hearts to public view.

The reconciliation between the two brothers proved a real and lasting one. My uncle took lodgings at the neighbouring seaside village of Lynmouth, from which he walked up to our cottage every day, spending long hours with my father, and endeavouring in the most delicate way to alleviate the latter's position as far as lay in his

I often wondered what could have worked such a change in the feelings of the fiery old Anglo-Indian, whom from childhood I had believed to be as implacable as the car of Juggernaut; and one day he told the story with unaffected simplicity.

'I had ridden into the neighbouring county,' he said, 'to call on a gentleman who is a Quaker, and who, I knew, had great influence with the poor, and could assist me with some local reforms I was then contemplating. It happened to be the season of the hay harvest, and all his servants were away in the fields when I arrived; so I tied my horse to the gate and walked round the house in the hope of finding some one, for I had come a long distance, and did not wish to leave my errand uncompleted.

'As I passed a French window which opened on to the lawn I heard the voice of a young girl reading aloud, and, looking into the room, perceived my friend seated in his easy-chair listening reverently to his daughter, who was reading a chapter from the New Testament. They did not rise to greet me as other people would have done; but the old gentleman smiled pleasantly and motioned me to a chair, while the young lady continued her occupation till she had come to the end of the chapter.

'She was a beautiful girl, with a quiet seemliness about her smooth hair, her simple, modest dress, and snowy linen, which surrounded her as it were with an air of purity and peace. As she bent her shapely head over the book on her knee, her clear, low voice read out the grand passages with gentle earnestness; and when she came to the words, "And grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," there was such a divine sweetness in her tones that it seemed as if a good angel were pleading with my rebellious heart, and the holy exhortation kept ringing in my ears long after she had closed the book.

They made me stay with them that evening, and I had many opportunities of observing the decent order and quiet cheerfulness which reigned in that well-regulated house. Ah, brother! people may laugh at the Quakers, but they are good people; and happy will be the man to whom Ruth Dingly gives her love. Her gentle words affected me like a revelation, and the next day I ordered posthorses and came to seek you.'

My father pressed my uncle's hand in his, but said nothing, for indeed there was nothing to

This conversation took place during the last weeks of my father's life, and when the end came, and he was no longer with us, my uncle took me back to Worcestershire with him, and treated me like his own son. He was anxious that I should travel and acquire some modern language, which he declared was a necessary part of the education of every man who pretended to culture in these days of rapid communication; and at my own request he sent me to Heidelberg that I might complete my studies at that famous university. I had been there two years when the news of his sudden death hurried me back to England.

That the good old man, whose loss I mourned sincerely, had intended to make me his heir I could not doubt; for he had always encouraged me to live in a style befitting such expectations; but why he had neglected to make a new will, or even to destroy the old one, I could not guess, unless it were that he was one of those people who cannot bear to destroy any written paper, whether trivial or important; and that man, strong in the consciousness of life, is ever only too prone to postpone making preparations for death.

I took out the shilling which was his only legacy, and was surprised to find the name 'Ruth' deeply cut in Roman characters on the face-my mother's name! Perhaps this was the very shilling which he had received when he enlisted for her sake, and which in his anger he had left as a silent reproach to his more fortunate brother. There is something terribly ghastly in these vengeances which attempt to reach beyond the grave, the hand that is dust still striving to smite the

living!

How this shilling now seemed to rise up in judgment against him, rendering abortive the work of reconciliation and atonement he had held so dear, and leaving his brother's only child, the child of the woman he had loved, a beggar! Nay, as if in very mockery, the coin bore the name of her through whose gentle instrumentality the reunion of the brothers had been brought about.

'In spite of himself he has been ruthless to the end,' I murmured; and I shuddered as I perceived the pun I had involuntarily made on my own evil

fortunes.

CHAPTER III.



Y reflections were interrupted by the driver stopping to tell me that one of his horses had cast a shoe, and that he must go somewhat out of his way to find a smithy.

Accordingly we turned down a cross-road, and presently arrived at a pretty village nestling among orchards beneath a wooded hill; and while the driver went in search of the farrier I started towards the only inn, above the porch of which swung the now somewhat rare sign of 'The Barley Mow, with these verses beneath, composed doubtless by some local poet:

Stranger, stay to quench your thirst; If you won't drink your horses murst.

Unable to resist so touching an invitation, I entered the parlour, where a bright fire blazing on the hearth, a kettle singing merrily on the hob, and a snowy cloth neatly set for a meal, as if anticipating the arrival of a guest, had a pleasant air of welcome. A rosy-cheeked landlady, over whose head some forty winters had passed kindly enough, bustled in to inquire whether I should like a room, adding, with a touch of housewifely pride, that the beds were well aired, and that there was a chamber upstairs overlooking the garden, which she was certain would be to my liking. Whether it was owing to the sight of my mourning dress, or that women of whatever age or degree always feel a kindly sympathy for the helpless condition of a lonely young bachelor, her voice had such a pleasant, motherly sound about it, and she seemed to take such a warm interest in my comfort, that it occurred to me I might do worse than accept her offer. I really had nowhere to go, for I had travelled straight from the Continent, and was already beginning to feel that longing for complete peace and repose which surely follows on keen mental excitement; so, dismissing my carriage, I ordered my portmanteau to be taken upstairs.

Next morning, when I opened my casement and inhaled the fresh, dewy air of the country, I felt thankful that I had not returned to London. The

birds were singing blithely among the gnarled old apple-trees just bursting into blossom in the neighbouring orchard; below my window was a tidy lawn ornamented with great red terra-cotta flowerpots filled with homely English posies as sweet to the scent as they were pleasing to the eye; while a few tree-stumps filled with ferns and creepers, and a secluded arbour embowered in white honeysuckle and climbing roses, gave a pleasant air of retirement and rusticity to the spot, which, together with the ripple of a trout-stream, the hum of bees, and the soft bleating of the lambs in an adjacent meadow, was peculiarly soothing to a man in my then state of mind. The hostel appeared to be little frequented save by the rustic politicians of the village, and by an occasional bagman whose rare arrival was an event of local importance. It therefore offered me every facility for such privacy as I might desire, and as I despatched my breakfast of fried trout and new-laid eggs, I mentally exclaimed, 'Here, then, will I prolong my stay and take mine ease at mine inn while my money lasts. I have still a score or so of pounds left from my allowance, and when they are gone, why, I can but follow my uncle's example and take the Queen's shilling; and the shilling he left me, poor fellow! shall be the last I will part with.' Fortified with which resolution, I thrust a well-worn German book in my pocket and sallied out for a walk, determined to trouble my head no further about the frowns that fortune might have in store for

I have always experienced an intense delight in solitary and quiet communion with our beautiful and mysterious Mother Nature. To throw myself on a bank and watch the tiny insects following their myriad occupations among the flowers and herbs, as busy as the beasts that people a vast forest; to examine the delicate stamina of a blossom lifting its golden apices to the sun; to mark the wondrous development of every blade and weed and seed and moss, is to me to read a book of inexhaustible interest. And, as day after day I pursued my lonely rambles, not a cloud darkened the sun, not a bird carolled on the bough or a bud burst into summer foliage on the tree, but it gave my young and ardent mind, thirsting for knowledge, food for speculation and research.

Sometimes I would take a rod and try to lure the shy trout from the busy stream which wound round the bottom of the hill, now brawling over gray, lichen-covered boulders, now sliding darkly under the overhanging trees of the wood; and I have often stood so long in perfect silence watching my fly float temptingly over the head of some finny giant who, I knew, was, or ought to be, lurking in the depths below, that the bright-eyed squirrels have come to peep at me round the trunks of the trees, the brilliant kingfisher has sunned his gaudy plumage on a neighbouring branch, and even the timid heron stood motionless watching the pool beyond with a gravity of demeanour which seemed to mimic my own, and afforded me intense delight.

But more often I would take a book, and, losing myself among the woods, spend long hours striving to follow the intricate imaginings of some of the misty metaphysical German authors whose works I had brought with me from Heidelberg, where I had imbibed a taste for abstract speculation and searchings into the infinite and unknown, which at that time exercised a strong influence on my thoughts.

(To be continued.)

SUNDAY WITH A THEATRICAL COMPANY.



is Saturday night in a provincial theatre. Before the footlights a crowded audience is watching with keen interest the development of the old, old theme—the triumph of vice and villainy in the first three

acts, and its discomfiture by patient virtue in the final scenes. Behind the stage all is bustle and activity. The inexorable 'train call' is posted up in the passage leading from the stage-door to the dressing-rooms, and in obedience to its intimation the actors are packing up their dresses and properties in readiness for their weekly pilgrimage on the morrow. For Sunday to the theatrical who tours the provinces is a busy day. Not for him the comforts of home, the pleasures of the family circle, the complete severance from business cares which is the privilege of even the poorest of the workingclasses. On the contrary, Sunday is a day of changes and discomforts, of long railway journeys, beginning with taking farewell of lodgings and acquaintances just becoming familiar and friendly, and ending by the arrival in a strange town on the hunt for new 'diggings.'

The outsider is apt to think, when he thinks at all, that there is a certain amount of romance in this weekly travelling from one place to another. There may be at first; but every actor who has been on the road for a number of years will agree that the romance soon wears off, and that it very speedily becomes a bore. The fact is, the ordinary man can hardly enter into the situation. Lingering over his bacon and egg, and then marching to church with a silk hat and a gilt-edged prayer-book, he belongs to quite another and a different world. The idea that at that moment thousands of professionals are on the move never enters his head, or, if it does, he thinks that on the whole it is rather a jolly way of spending Sunday. So it might be if it only came once in a while; it is the repetition of it every Sunday which becomes so painfully monotonous. As to the scale of this weekly transmigration, the reader has only need to stand a few hours on the platform of a big railway junction to see what an enormous business the Sunday travelling of theatrical companies has become. At Derby or York, Crewe or Stafford, anything up to a hundred companies will pass through in the course of a single Sunday. The railway companies lay themselves out for this special form of Sunday traffic, and on some lines—as at Derby, for instance

—an official is set apart to see that the theatrical trains are got away without hitch.

Let us look a little closer and see how it is done. A company finishes an engagement at Manchester on Saturday night. On Monday night it is due to open at Glasgow. Obviously, the journey could not be delayed until Monday, for two very clear reasons. In the first place, a long railway ride would be a very bad preparation for an opening night's performance; and, in the second place, the artistes would arrive too late to enable them to have the Monday afternoon rehearsal which in nine cases out of ten is a stringent decree from which there is no escape. There is, too, even a third reason. So many companies have to travel, and so many of them require special trains, that the resources of the railways would be taxed to their uttermost to cope with the work if it had to be piled on the top of their ordinary Monday's arrangements. So we come to this, then, that unless the company is very small, and in need of no rehearsal on the Monday, Sunday travelling is absolutely necessary.

And now for the method of operations. During the week the advance manager has gone ahead and made the way ready for the advent of the company. The other manager, the one who travels with the company, has seen the railway people and made all his arrangements. If his 'show' is a big one he may take a special train. If the combination is but small, and he learns that other companies have to pass through on Sunday on their way north, he may have arranged to join one or even more of them. By Saturday night all these preparations must be made. The 'train call' is posted up behind the stage-door, apprising everybody that the train will leave, say, at ten-thirty next morning. The hour depends on the length of the journey. If short, there is no hurry. If it involves a long run -from Birmingham to Dublin, or Newcastle to Douglas, or Manchester to Plymouth—the hour will be very early indeed; while sometimes, if the Irish Sea has to be crossed, it may be necessary to join the train an hour or so after midnight. In that case the company miss at least one night's bed; a hurried rush home to lodgings to pack private bags and have supper, and away off to the station.

We will suppose, however, there is no such hurry in our case. Half-past ten on Sunday morning is a reasonable hour. It means, though, that all packing must be done on Saturday night. So, as the play proceeds, everything is put away as soon

as done with. Scenery no longer required is bundled up. Curtain cloths, wings, fairy gardens, baronial halls, or haunts of vice in city slums-all are put away. The same thing applies to costumes, dresses, armour, wigs, and other properties. As the actors change from one scene to another, everything that has been used for the last time is bundled away into the big wicker 'skips' which form the professional travelling-boxes of theatrical artistes. This is no slight matter, particularly in the case of a heavy play which involves frequent changes of dress by actors and actresses, and which is produced with its own special scenery. When the late Wilson Barrett toured with The Daughters of Babylon his scenery alone weighed eight tons. By the time the play finishes nearly all this is ready. Last of all, the players sweep their own personal effects into the baskets-grease, paints, crayons, brushes, and so on-and then all is complete. They go off to their lodgings for supper for the last time. A lorry arrives to carry away the luggage to the station, and the theatre is left to the ancient dames who gather up the orange-peel and spread holland cloths over the plush-seated chairs in stalls and circle.

It is Sunday morning when we next see our friends. In ones and twos they make their way to the station. They are easily recognised in the streets, and as a rule the impressionable youth of the town make a point of being about to see them off. It is so interesting to see them in their everyday garb! Yonder is the bewitching heroine, now perhaps rather commonplace; and the stoutish party who walks alongside is the scowling villain who last night gripped her by the wrist and swore that she should surely die! He is smoking an old brier pipe now, and you are sure the heroine, who is laughing at his jokes, is sucking peppermintdrops. But here we are at the station. The manager makes sure we have all arrived, for the train is nearly due. The comedy man is usually late, and it is so to-day. Just when everybody is becoming uneasy he comes bounding on to the platform, in a bad temper because he overslept and his landlady didn't waken him. As the train comes along we notice that the carriages are marked by printed bills on the windows-'Mr Brown's company, The Madman's Freak'-and that other compartments are set aside for the ladies. Though this is not an inexorable rule, it is very common. The 'boys' and the 'ladies' are often expected to ride in separate compartments. The manager sets the example by going with the men, and his wife heads the womenfolk in another compartment. And so, to a faint cheer from the little band of gallants who stand and look wistfully at us, we steam out of the station. If the journey is but a short one, it has not time to become monotonous. Should it be a long one, cards and papers help to while it away, and small-talk serves the same purpose among the ladies. There is a diversion when a busy junction is reached. There is almost certain to be a wait, but the monotony is broken by the arrival of other trains, and to the outsider it is interesting to see how one company hastens to the other to make inquiries about friends and colleagues, and to learn where they have been and whence they are going, and what sort of 'business' they have been having.

On the whole, then, this Sunday travelling is not as pleasurable as it might seem to be. In summer it is not so bad, and the passing landscape is rich both in beauty and novelty. In winter, however, it is dreary and cold in the extreme, and the difficulty of obtaining a wholesome meal is not the least of its many drawbacks. But the greatest drawback of all is the fact that it prevents those home associations, those Sunday gatherings in the domestic circle, which are such a happy feature of English family life. Let the reader, therefore, have a kindly thought for those people who are ever on the move yet never have the joy of feeling that they are a 'day's march nearer home.' When, on a raw Sunday afternoon in winter, he stirs the fire and gets nearer to its cheerful blaze, settles in his easy-chair with an engrossing novel, let him think of the thousands of players who at that moment are being whirled about the country in cheerless trains, to be dumped at twilight in strange towns, to find their way to strange 'diggings'-all that he may be able to go and see the play in comfort on a Monday night.

THE NEW CENTURY FRICTIONLESS MOTOR.



EADERS of the original article on the above subject in the November number of this *Journal*, fascinated with the easy, graceful glidings of the American condor, appear to be urgent for fuller particulars of the

earlier movements which lead to such bewitching results. For such enlightenment we must again turn to the safe and wonder-working book of nature, but they must be prepared for a complete contrast. No longer smooth, easy, almost indolent

circlings in air, but short, sharp, powerful, straining effort, sustained for greater or less periods as circumstances may require, on land. Of the mighty albatross, whose flight is longer and more steadily sustained than that of the condor, and is therefore more adaptable to man's use, we read: 'The weight of these large birds is so great, and the span of their wings so wide, that they have much difficulty in raising themselves into the air before flight. This they do, rising from the sea with outstretched neck, by striking the surface of the water

with great exertion with their feet for some sixty yards, when, tucking in their legs, they are fairly launched on their flight.' The condor runs in the same way on dry land before rising in flight. This creation of a sufficient momentum for man's purpose of flight might be more favourably imitated on a level road by a run of a few yards by one light of foot, ending with a sudden upward spring on outspread air-blades, or, so to speak, a tucking up of the feet before launching off on the supporting air. Or some might prefer to gain momentum by a launching of the aeronaut with his air-blades over a straw-padded track from a high swing. In each case, patient practice alone can secure the rapid setting of the air-blades to a new angle for the steady upward rise like a paper kite spoken of by Professor Darwin in closely watching the condor's gliding flight.

No doubt the chief difficulty at this point will prove, after sufficient practice, no greater than the first increasing of a cycle to full speed, or, better still, the first strike-off of a skate to full speed, or even the incredible skill and control of a figure-skater. Two things are essential to success: (1) the construction of the air-blade machine, which must be equal to meeting each and every movement of the condor as detected by Professor Darwin; (2) a strict course of training in the swift, regular handling of the air-blades to imitate the easy, lounging gait of the albatross.

Under the head of construction we discover from nature's repository how to add nearly a sevenfold supporting-power to the air-blades without increasing their surface. Professor Darwin distinctly notices the separate action of each large terminal feather in the condor's wing, no misty blurring of these feathers together. That such

work from each individual terminal feather is expected by nature the strained back-curve of each tip-feather in a rook when alighting testifies. Thus, by dividing the air-blade at its tip into seven terminal blades we gain a sevenfold support to the traveller, and nature bestows the greatest supportingpower in the least possible space. Next, attention should be drawn to an essential feature of each airblade-namely, a stiff, sharp fore-edge for cutting its way and even gathering pace from the opposing air. Another surprising but beautiful effect is displayed in nature's resourceful power of adding ease and elegance to the rapid flexing and expanding of the air-blades—an impossible feat if we think only of the opening and shutting of a hand-fan when supporting one-half of the aeronaut's weight; but by a simple but most ingenious twist of one joint in the air-blade all the terminal blades are brought on edge to the air to be flexed or expanded with the greatest ease.

Readers of this article are invited only to observe closely and imitate nature's incomparable contrivances to obtain as a reward a safe, clean, swift, domestic conveyance, well suited to new century traffic requirements.

Finally, what is claimed for such a machine is that man possesses in his own weight alone an inherent power of progression, ever at hand and independent of all mechanical help; also, that such air-blades can claim more weatherliness for meeting the ever-changing forces of the opposing wind by their flexing and expanding construction than has ever as yet been attempted. The skeleton of such a machine has been seen by the writer, and might on inquiry be on exhibition as a guide to the strength and weight of construction necessary.

THE 'FISHING LIAR' AND HIS VERIFICATION.

FISHING-NETS OF SPIDERS' WEBS.

By Louis Becke.



ANY years ago the writer was discussing with an eminent German naturalist—the late Dr J. S. Kubary, of Ponapé, in the Caroline Islands the habits and customs of some of the native tribes in the Western

Pacific Islands, and the extraordinary ingenuity they displayed in their manufactures. At the time, the doctor and the writer were walking along a narrow mountain-path leading to a native village on the island of Ponapé. It was early dawn, and every now and then our progress was barred by spiders' webs stretching completely across the path from branch to branch, and so strong that we had to break them down with a stout stick. I had never before seen webs of such extraordinary

strength and size, and of such wondrously beautiful construction. My friend, however, assured me that they are nothing in comparison to what, he believed, were to be met with in Eastern New Guinea, in the vicinity of Astrolabe Bay. He had, he told me, seen a published statement or a letter (I forget which) from Baron Maclay, a distinguished Russian naturalist, who lived for many years among the cannibal tribes of Astrolabe Bay, in which he affirmed that certain mountaineer tribes used these spiders' webs for catching fish in the mountainestreams.

Whether the Baron had actually seen the nets or the operation Kubary did not know; but that Baron Maclay would never make such an assertion without ample foundation he was certain. At the

same time, Kubary could not conceive how the webs were utilised for fishing purposes. His one theory, as he explained to me during our walk, was that the natives, by some cunning contrivance, were enabled to remove one of these gigantic webs en bloc —perhaps by cutting away the branches of the trees on which they were spread, and then placing the entire web across some narrow mountain-stream, and driving the fish into it. 'Some day,' he added, 'Maclay's missing journals of his discoveries and researches may be found, and we shall get at the truth.'

Baron Maclay, I must mention, died of fever in New Guinea, and his extremely valuable ethnographical collection, journals, &c. were never recovered—at least so far as the writer knows. His wife was an Australian lady, a daughter of the well-known New South Wales premier, Sir John Robertson, who was one of my earliest friends.

Years after my meeting with Kubary, I one day said to old Sir John that it was a great pity that his son-in-law's scientific notes had been lost; that I for one, and Kubary for another, should like to learn something about those wonderful fishing-nets of spiders' webs. The old gentleman's eyes twinkled as he stroked his long white beard. 'My boy, an ordinary Russian is always a good liar, an educated one a better; a scientist or a politician must be as good as a Persian. Maclay, being a Russian, and a very good fellow too, couldn't help exercising his natural talent at the expense of a German rival scientist. He was only taking a rise out of the Dutchman.'

Truth is stranger than fiction-how often we hear and say it! - and now after thirty years comes an irresistible and undoubted confirmation of the Baron's story in a book which is now before me. It is entitled, Two Years among New Guinea Cannibals: a Naturalist's Sojourn among the Aborigines of Unexplored New Guinea, and is by Mr A. E. Pratt, Gill Memorialist, Royal Geographical Society. Mr Pratt, accompanied by his son, had most exciting adventures in New Guinea during 1901-3, and tells them in such a simple, self-effacing manner that those who have been similarly situated cannot withhold their admiration. The photographs taken by him are most excellent, and I regret that those dealing with the especial subject of this article cannot here be reproduced; for he gives us, on page 262, the picture of a mountaineer native of New Guinea with his spider's web net, and on page 268 a vivid photograph of five of the mountain people engaged in fishing in a pool with these nets.

Now, let me quote Mr Pratt, and in quoting him I can absolve Baron Maclay from the undeserved imputation accorded to him by Sir John Robertson:

'One of the curiosities of Waley, and indeed one of the greatest curiosities that I noted during my stay in New Guinea, was the spider's web fishingnet. In the forest at this point huge spiders' webs,

six feet in diameter, abounded. These are woven in a large mesh, varying from one inch square at the outside of the web to about one-eighth of an inch at the centre. The web was most substantial, and had great resisting power; a fact of which the natives were not slow to avail themselves, for they have pressed into the service of man this spider, which is of about the size of a small hazel-nut, with hairy, dark-brown legs, spreading to about two inches. This diligent creature they have beguiled into weaving their fishing nets. At the place where the webs are thickest they set up long bamboos bent over into a loop at the end. In a very short time the spider weaves a web on this most convenient frame, and the Papuan has his fishing-net ready to his hand. He goes down to the stream and uses it with great dexterity to catch fish of about one pound weight, neither the water nor the fish sufficing to break the mesh. The usual practice is to stand on a rock in a backwater where there is an eddy. There they watch for fish, and then dexterously dip it up and throw it on to the bank. Several men would set up bamboos so as to have nets ready all together, and would then arrange little fishing-parties. It seemed to me that the substance of the web resisted water as readily

as a duck's back.'

Dr Kubary is dead; but I can well imagine how his eyes would have lighted up, and how he would have clapped me on the shoulder with delight, had he been spared to read this extract from Mr Pratt's volume. 'Ah, mine dear friendt,' he would have exclaimed, 'did I not dell you that Maclay vas not delling a fairy dale aboud dose spiders' fishing-nets?'

THE GARDENER.

My garden stretches to the sun,
But, O how faint and pale to see!
I love to think, when winter's done,
How gay my plot will be;

For though I cannot see them thrive, the Gardener keeps my flowers alive.

In spring, when lily-beds are white
With little bells that ring and sing,
And all green things that love the light
Are just awakening,

I half-forget how still and deep the Gardener puts them all to sleep.

And when the summer time is come,
And I am happy all day long,
The linnets, that to day are dumb,
Bear up my happy song

Above the very farthest star to where the white snow angels are.

When I kneel down to make my prayer Before I in my bed am curled, I thank the Gardener for His care

Though I sow seeds and till the sod, the real, true
Gardener is God.

B. M. DANBT.



RURAL WORTHIES.

By Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Bart.



MONG the 'vanished hands' that haunt our memories of the days langsyne are the many worthies in humble walks in life, 'supers' on this world's stage, in front of which strut the great and the noble

-the lions, some of them in asses' skins may hapa useful, honest, and highly interesting class, for want of a better name yclept 'rural worthies.'

The most important of these, as carrying the social and commercial link between man and man, is certainly the mail or post carrier—the rural postman, not by any means, in the time of which we are commissioned to write, 'winged Mercuries.' Slow but sure, walking for the most part, sorting his bundles with scrupulous care-letters sealed, wafered, wondrously folded, some of them stamped, some 'franked,' social or political for the laird, news for the meenister from his boy at the academy, a cheery message from the soldier laddie to his father in hodden gray, one to the mither from the cherished lassie 'oot' at her first place; joy and sorrow, good news, bad news, 'crowns to be broke' (with swords), crowns to be made (with sickles)— 'Johnny the Post' moves among the citizens as a comet amid the fixed stars, as he and his kind have ever done since man first discovered how to communicate with his brother by scratches, coloured marks, or letters inscribed on bark, leather, papyrus, or paper. The acceleration of mails, coaches to replace the walker, express trains to replace the coaches, and (who shall say?) airships to race the trains. Evolution of post-running!

About the early forties, in the parish of Caputh, between Dunkeld and Spittalfield, started in life and along the road one John Stratton, who tells his

own story as follows:

'I was selected out of the scholars at Spittalfield School to commence post-running from that village to Dunkeld and back to Delvine and Gourdie, a distance of nearly twenty miles per day. This makes out one hundred and twenty a week, six thousand two hundred and forty a year; and

No. 498. - Vol. X. [All Rights Reserved.]

having been on the road for forty years, the distance travelled comes to two hundred and fortynine thousand six hundred, or ten times round the globe. I am now over eighty years of age. The penny post was not long in force when I commenced. I received ten pounds a year from the late Sir John Muir Mackenzie, and a penny for every letter I delivered; but there were very few letters at that time.'

Franking letters, the privilege of nobles and members of Parliament, had apparently ceased.

'My predecessor was one Johnny Lauder, of Dunkeld, who marched with a wallet over his showlder [sic]. I think I was one of the first to use a bicycle in this country, and when I first rode it into Dunkeld the town turned out to a mannot to say boys-to see this evil invention. I often walked over my twenty miles a day, being very fond of fishing and also of attending any musical meeting. I acted as precentor to the Free Church at Clunie, and had the pleasure of training an excellent choir.'

Johnny does not tell us that he applied for this post in the 'Establishment,' and only when refused transferred his services to the Frees.

'I had various incidents while on my travels. One night, about a mile from Deanscross, I saw something light on the road moving backwards. When, stick in hand, I stood it stood, and when I moved it moved. Murmuring "Ministers of grace defend us!' I advanced, and, lo! "it" was about a score of roe-deer, who bolted up the hill in grand style, greatly pleased no doubt at having frightened the "mere man."

'I knew I must see the White Ladye of Stenton some night, and so it was. One dark night, near the Stenton Bridge, there I espied a large white object-the Ladye hersel'. It moved about the road, as I did, guardedly; but when it turned, as if for me, I made a bolt for it, upon which it turned round and up the hill like an arrow, when I saw it was a large white collie. So much for the legendary ghost!

JUNE 15, 1907.

'On the occasion of the great flood in 1847 I had to take by the high ground to reach Spittalfield; when I got a boat, and sailed over fences and hedges to Delvine, where already horses, cattle, and sheep were being driven up to the Croft—the high ground of Inchtuthill.

'After my retirement I served on the School Board of Caputh, the first one elected, along with Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Rev. (now Dr) Theodore Marshall, the late Mr T. G. Murray, Bailie Jack of Dunkeld, and Rev. Mr Macpherson, Free Church minister—a fine mixture of Whigs and Tories, on the whole quite harmonious.'

Charles M'Intosh of Inver was postman round and about this district. He is sixty-seven years of age, and has been runner on Tayside from 1858 to 1890. His father was a weaver until the factories dispossessed him and other small tradesmen. His uncle Charlie is immortalised in Robert Chambers's Threiplands of Fingask, when he gave the classic tune 'Braes of Tullimet' before the laird of that ilk and a jovial crew of sportsmen. M'Intosh's round would be about twenty miles a day, or six thousand two hundred in the year, totalling for thirty-two years' service about two hundred thousand miles. This was partly before the Highland Railway was made, and he says, 'I've seen us waiting the morning (?) coach, according to order, till sax o'clock at nicht! In 1877 he received a gold watch and chain in acknowledgment of faithful service from the inhabitants of Dalguise district.

Since his retirement he has been occupied with bugs and fleas, ferns and fungi, as Charles is an accomplished botanist, ornithologist, and whatever 'ist' describes best the searcher and devourer of the classic 'puddock-stool.' 'Geologist? Well, na, I havena great experience in rocks; but I have taken great observation of the different gravels used in the embankments of the Highland Railway. I have made many notes of the different floods on the Tay and Braan of no small value to the hydrographers of the Tay basin.'

Charles had many colleagues: Hugh Robertson, Butterstone; Andrew for Amulree. Andrew Robertson was called the 'grumbler,' on whom the young sprigs would play many a prank. He was too proud to use spectacles, but one day was obliged to put them on, to no effect, however, as a wag had previously abstracted the glasses, and he was seen peering through the empty rims! They would cut an inch or so off his walking-stick, which puzzled

the worthy man 'immense.'

'In my delivery, I fancy my experience is much the same as other postmen. Some customers were always expecting letters which never came, and for which I was held to blame, and others were always mighty curious as to the contents of other people's letters—a remarkable trait in the character of folk usually quite honest in other matters. My daily walks were much enlivened by my study of botany, while out of hours in the same pursuit I often may have committed "trespass," but

generally without much rebuke. Once, however, up comes a keeper-lad, and says he, "What are you deeing here?" "Boternising," says I. "Boter -what?" says he. "Is you a Latin name for trespassing? for that's what ye're deeing." We M'Intoshes of Inver have been precentors in Little Dunkeld Church for three generations, so that one of us might have been "hanged," as the precentor was when the meenister was drooned, the steeple dinged doon, and the bell drucket.'

He is no mean violoncellist, and, with his son Charles or neighbour Mr Sim, delights in rendering old Scotch music, the pathetic, as in 'Touch not the Nettle,' or in the wilder strathspey, say 'Pulney Loch' and 'Deil among the Tailors.' His rendering of 'Simon the Cellarer' is a treat reserved for the Brethren who are in the 'Light,' on the sacred festival of St John's Day, to whom he acts as

Grand Musician.

In his simple cottage you meet with a fine collection of dried plants and herbs, well-preserved bird-skins scientifically arranged, and many curiosities-inter alia, a remarkable conical stone with ring, which may have been a weaver's weight or primitive curling-stone, and an old hand-made gun —the rifling of the barrel shows very fine work and extraordinary mechanism. He is a scientific scholar and a 'gentleman' under the rough exterior of a rural postman.

John Houston, rural postman of Borgue, Kirkcudbright, has an extraordinary record: 'Entered the postal service from Kirkcudbright to Borgue in 1868. Journey six miles each way, but house tohouse delivery has increased the work, so that I walk near twenty-five per day. I have served thirty-eight years, and only for one week have I been off duty. A close observer of nature, I took careful notes of the weather during my "walk," and am known far and wide as a skilful weatherprophet, which is attested by many notices in public prints. I claim to be able to predict a storm four days in advance of others and be generally accurate. Of these it is my practice to issue forecasts from a "guy" on top of a pole. A white ball denotes fine; red and white ball, showers; red and black ball, change; red, much rain; black, very stormy; with notes written with chalk on blackboard.

Mr Houston has always been foremost in new inventions, such as rat extermination, speedy harvesting, automatic coupling, and a time-gun which proved a great success in Ibrox Park at a football match. He has also taken a foremost part in athletics, football, and cricket. There is a very pleasant notice of Houston in the Weekly Welcome for June 27, 1906, in 'Notable Men in the Ranks.'

The name of Edward Capern, the rural postman of Bideford, Devon (1819-94), deserves mention in any collection of rural worthies. His parents being poor, he worked at first in a lace factory. This tried his eyesight, and in 1847 he was appointed rural letter-carrier at Bideford, with a salary of ten shillings and sixpence a week. From time to time he contributed poems to the North Devon Herald, and a collection appeared in 1856, entitled Poems by Edward Capern, Rural Postman of Bideford. Landor, Tennyson, Dickens, and Charles Kingsley were subscribers to the book, which brought him one hundred and fifty pounds. His salary was raised to thirteen shillings a week, and he received a civil list pension in 1857 of forty pounds a year, which was raised to sixty pounds in 1865. Another volume, Ballads and Songa, was dedicated to the Baroness Burdett-Coutta.

The Helston poet-postman is noted as one of the latest Cornish rural celebrities, but that worthy himself declines to have his history published.

We have not to chronicle the deeds of any unfaithful post men or mistresses, such as pictured in the Antiquary, as we believe but few 'Jenny Caxtons' have to wait until their love-letters have been deciphered by the horn-spectacled old post-mistress, Mrs Mailsetter; still, I recall one instance, better

told perhaps in dialogue.

Scene: a Highland Lodge, nigh to the high pass in Drumochter Forest-laird in kilt and sporran, powder-flask, and shot-belt, fidgeting with his muzzle-loader. 'Mail's late, John.' 'I hear her; she's left Dalwhinnie,' answers John Crerar, who stands holding back the eager pointers, while Kitty, the white pony, stands sagaciously by. A merry tootle, and John Anderson pulls his four-in-hand up with jingling chains and rattling splinter-bars. 'Now, Rob, ye will be particular to deliver this in Dunkeld and bring answer back, as we are sair needing.' 'All right, Sir John,' answers the cheery Rob Stewart, placing the missive in an enormous pocket in a gigantic coat; 'I'll no' forget.' 'Eich, va!' chuck, chuck, from John, and away go the willing four on their fourteen-mile stage to Dalnacardoch. Next day no answer by return coach. Rob appears as usual. 'Did ye forget my letter, Rob? asks the angry laird. 'Dod, Sir John, indeed I did; and here's the letter,' producing it. 'Weel, Rob, dinna forget this time, or I'll'-Rest of sentence lost as the coach starts off at a smart pace. Now, the story as told to me has it that four times did Rob forget, and four times was chidden, till at last he fractiously exclaimed, 'Dod, Sir John, for guidness' sake tak' back your letter. I canna be fashed wi' it ony longer.'

STALKERS AND KEEPERS.

Amongst many notables, we select the Clan Crerar, long connected with Atholl and Dunkeld. The following notes were supplied by Ian, seventh Duke of Atholl, from chronicles of every person connected with his estates, and marked with unfailing accuracy:

'Alexander Crerar was "fowler" to the second Duke, and was living in 1745. The family came from Breadalbane, and according to legend were M'Intoshes. One of the clan, being pursued by his enemies, asked help of a basket or creel maker

near Dull. The gudeman bade him go into the house, change his clothes, and assume the part of a "creel-maker;" and if asked who he was, say "Criathar" or "Krear," ar meaning a riddle or a sieve. Hence the name Crerar, or, as Scrope has it, Crerar.

'John Crerar came to Blair-Atholl in 1776, and assumed charge of the forest, assisting the Duke to clear the ground of sheep and of poachers. He lived at Pulney, and M'Intyre had charge at Forest Lodge. Scrope bears witness that he was "honest, faithful, a most attached adherent, possessed of astonishingly active powers and admirable skill in stalking and shooting the deer." In his off-moments he was a composer of music, being a pupil of the famous Neil Gow (who died 1807), whom the Duke paid for instructing his favourite stalker.

'His son, Charles Crerar, served the Duke of Buccleuch when tenant of the Atholl Forest, and ultimately went to him at Langholm as factor,

where he died full of honours.

'John Crerar, believed to be the son of Frederick Crerar, feued the lands of St Adamnan, which was afterwards the residence of the Duke of Atholl when Dunkeld House was pulled down in 1828. This John began life as keeper at Dunkeld, chiefly employed in killing roe-deer to protect the then rapidly growing forest, and earned the sobriquet of "Crerar Dhu nan erbchen" ("Black Crerar of the roe-deer"). He walked into Delvine, his shoes and stockings in his hand, about 1820, and saw his first pound-note from the late Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie. He became whipper-in to John Muir Mackenzie's Harriers, was raised to keeper, fisherman, and stalker, and finally land-steward, in which capacity he served the present Baronet for near forty years, dying in 1890. A true sportsman all round, shooting, curling, fishing came naturally to him, as did managing his farm, having a surprising success in shorthorns, at that time coming into notice. He and his laird, being in advance of their time, were more than once nearly stoned off the field when they brought some new-fangled invention to work, such as reaping-machines and potato-planters. and loud and deep were the execrations when a steamengine was set to work to replace the dreary round of the four-horse mill. Needless to say, he was a Tory of the Tories, and about the last of that gallant crew.

John Ferguson, ferryman at Caputh from 1850 till 1887, son of Sandy Ferguson, was brought to Caputh from East Ferry, Dunkeld, when that ferry was abolished on the building of the brig at Dunkeld, for 'his skill at the oars.' The ferries in those days were simply cobles of various sizes. (See description in Caputh Ferry, by Sir A. M. M.)

The chain-boat put on in 1833 would be John's first charge, under his father, Sandy, and well he understood his boat and his river. Never would John go out if 'she' rose to a certain mark; neither when 'fou' nor 'sober' would he budge but when it was safe. Many a risk, however, was run when

the river was in high spate, and an uprooted tree or large block of ice would strike the chain or one of the twin boats, and unless speedily freed would inevitably have wrecked the boat, which might be replaced, and drowned John, who could not be so easily replaced. In loading his boat John exercised strong discipline. Like his prototype Charon, he would, if not actually yet morally, 'batte con remo qualcunque s'adagio,'* and soundly rate the loiterer; and no one dared land until he had made all secure with his chains and gave the word, 'Noo than.'

In half-spate the Lady Jane or Lady Mackenzie would rattle merrily across 'her lane,' when John would come up with a bleary eye to 'ha'e a crack,' in which Lady M. always readily joined. One day it was: 'John, I see that "she" goes quicker to Caputh than she does to Murthly.' 'Ay. She's like yer ladyship, keen to get hame.' The following was his reply when called upon to respond for the 'Navy' at one of our convivial dinners: 'Been mony times round the warld, mair on fresh water than many wha ca's themselves sailors ha'e been o'er saut!'

When the river was low Mr Keay used to take the ford and evade the toll, but he was greatly astonished when one day the river suddenly rose, and he shouted to John to ferry him across. 'Ca awa', as ye're used to,' was the unexpected reply. Others trying the same trick might get off the track and into deep water, from which John would not rescue them without receiving his obolus.

One to use the ferry in natural course would be the village carrier. Old Rob Gellatly, his broad bonnet tightly drawn down over his brows-which bonnet never came off for laird or ministertrudged weekly alongside of his old white mare to Perth, fourteen miles each way, paying two tolls, besides the ferry dues. There he would execute the various and varied commissions, from a sack of meal to a 'wee bit bairnie's printed frock,' a plug of tobacco, or a packet of pins, and naturally all the news and gossip of the great city were imparted to the quiet, stay-at-home 'weavers' of Spittaly. Telephones and steam have now thoroughly abolished this class of 'rural celebrities' or worthies. Rob could sing with rare expression that delightful pastoral ditty:

Oh, Johnny's content . . .

And his wee little bairnies rin toddling hame.

Many a quaint reminiscence could be quoted of the sayings and doings of many a humble worker in rural life. The pendicler, the joiner, the weaver with small holding, the fisherman, the mole-catcher, are of the 'old order' now vanished off the land in these days of progress.

НОРРУ.

CHAPTER XI.



IVE long years had passed since Hoppy's disappearance, five long years of reproach and sorrow for both Sir Ralph and Mirabelle. The latter, under the chaperonage of an aunt, now made her home with the

General, her father having eighteen months before joined a 'party' where he was at last certain of being always in the 'majority.' He had left an immense fortune, and his pretty daughter, the great heiress, was besieged by suitors of many degrees. But, changed and sad, though more beautiful than ever, she refused all pretenders to her hand, and lived a quiet and retired life, doing much good in an unostentatious way, with the stern old man, the sharer of her burden of remorse.

Vare alone enjoyed any degree of intimate friendship with her. He had become Sir Dethe Vare now, succeeding to the title on the death of a cousin, and had left the army, retiring with the rank of major. He had never given up his hopes of winning Mirabelle, but had been much too clever to force the pace until he believed that time had been given ample opportunity to exercise its powers of oblivion. Of late he had ventured to press his suit, for

he thought that he had discovered unmistakable symptoms that the cure he had so patiently awaited was on the way to accomplishment; and his supposition was so far correct that Mirabelle had eventually been induced to say, 'Bring me certain and positive proof that Hoppy is either married or dead, and I may then, perhaps, seriously consider your proposal.'

'But,' he urged, 'you set me an almost impossible task. Sir Ralph has tried, private inquiry agents have tried, and I also have tried to find some clue to his whereabouts, but without result. It is tantamount to telling me to go about my business for ever, and all because a man gets into a rage and

deserts you.'

Five years earlier such a remark would have caused Mirabelle to flare up and lash the reckless offender with her ready tongue; but she had learned a bitter lesson since then of the endless misery that can be caused by a hasty temper; so, stifling her anger, she quietly replied, 'I am sorry, Sir Dethe; but I cannot say more than that,' and abruptly terminated the interview.

A week later he sought her again, and—Sir Ralph being also present—made the following

startling announcement.

'I have succeeded,' he said, 'by an unexpected

^{*} Dante, Inferno, Cary's translation: 'beats with his oar whoever lingers.'

HOPPY.

piece of good luck, in coming across certain traces of Hoppy, which I have some alight grounds for hoping may eventually lead me to his retreat. I leave London to-night, and shall probably be away for some little time. I won't say more now than that I will, of course, wire to you if I find him; if I don't, I will tell you all about it on my return.'

'Oh, that's all nonsense, Vare!' broke in Sir Ralph in great agitation. 'It won't hurt anybody to tell us all you know now, surely?'

And Mirabelle cried, 'Ah, yes, Sir Dethe, it is cruel to keep us in suspense like this.'

But Vare shook his head. 'I am sorry, Miss Melgrove,' he said, looking her full in the face with a glance replete with meaning; 'but I cannot say more than that.'

And the girl, recognising her own words of a week ago, had to content herself with shrugging her shoulders; and taking the mystified Sir Ralph by the arm, she led him haughtily out of the room.

Crossing that evening to Paris, Vare caught the 'Rapide' from 'La Ville Lumière' to Marseilles, and embarked in a French steamer at that busy port, the termination of a pleasant thirty-six hours voyage bringing him in sight of the African coast and a dazzling white sugar-loaf streaked with horizontal brown lines, which he learned was the town of Algiers. Here he landed, and, taking up his quarters at a hotel, proceeded to prosecute certain inquiries. As a result, he discovered that his London information had not been at fault, and that Hoppy had actually arrived in Algiers shortly after his disappearance from the former town. But beyond that he could not carry the trail; the man appeared to have been swallowed up, and he was disconsolately thinking of giving up the search, when he knocked up against one of those unexpected pieces of good fortune which now and again come to us at the eleventh hour, when the accomplishment of an undertaking appears hopeless.

Sitting one afternoon, sipping his coffee, at an outdoor café, and watching the motley crowd, he remarked a man, whom he recognised from his dress to be a soldier in the Foreign Legion, attentively regarding him from the opposite side of the street. Presently the fellow crossed the road, and sauntering towards him with an easy swagger, to the intense disgust and astonishment of the exclusive Englishman, pulled up a chair and installed himself, an uninvited guest, at the indignant baronet's

'Captain Vare, I think?' he asked in a refined and gentlemanly voice; and, noticing the other's look of amazement, added with amusement, 'Met you at Aldershot in the good old days, you know.'

'You have the advantage of me, sir,' snapped Vare, scenting that unpleasant thing—to such men as he—the social failure. 'Might I ask your hame?'

'You might certainly,' drawled the other, 'but really it wouldn't interest you if you heard it. Many of us who have gone under, from one cause or another, find our way out here, and I shouldn't have bothered to speak to you, only I fancied, foolishly perhaps, that your presence in this hole might in some way be connected with poor old Hoppy of ours, who was once in your regiment, you know. Ah, I'm right, I see, after all!' he exclaimed as he saw Vare's sudden start and the look of eager interest that now replaced the haughty stare with which he had at first regarded his unwelcome companion. 'Hoppy was my chum in this cursed country, and so I dare say you won't mind having a drink with me now, eh?'

'Of course, Mr-Mr'--- He paused inquir-

Smith—let us say Smith; it's an excellent name,' supplied the other, with a grin.

*Certainly, Mr Smith, with pleasure; and allow me to say that you are just the very one person in all Algiers with whom I should like to have a

And talk they did for a good hour or more, and Vare learned that Hoppy had, nearly five years previously, joined the Foreign Legion under the name of Eustace, but that he had discovered a previous army acquaintance in 'Mr Smith,' and, respecting each other's confidences, they had become great pals, with a friendship that had waxed strong and enduring. Also, that two years afterwards he had been selected for promotion, and sent down to Bouc-al-Aran as one of the non-commissioned officers of a party of black troops who were to form the escort of an expedition which was going 'the devil knew where.'

'Of course we weren't told what the game was,' added his informant; 'but we guessed that it had something to do with interfering with some similar one of our own—British, I mean—because Hoppy was taken over the heads of heaps of older non-commissioned officers simply because he spoke English. Oh yes, I know there was I,' he laughed, noticing Vare's look of interrogation; 'but old Hoppy was an awfully steady chap, you see, and—well, most of the rest of us have our little faults. No; I shouldn't ask anything about that expedition,' he went on reflectively; 'it's rather mysterious, and a sore subject, I think, with the authorities.

'You see, Escheaux, who was sent in command, was not only a clever fellow, but—well, not exactly a good Republican; and I dare say they were glad to get rid of him. Anyhow, nobody came back, and that's three years ago, and it looks to me as if the whole lot had been wiped out. Take my advice, lie quiet a bit, and I'll try to find out something for you. I have a chum in the headquarters office here—a clerk who knows lots of funny things—and I'll get at him over a good dinner, and see what he can tell me about it.'

'Perhaps,' said Vare with some hesitation, 'you

may not be particularly flush just now; and as er—this is my business, I hope you won't be offended if I offer you'—

'Thanks awfully. Hoppy was my friend. I thought that I had made that clear to you,' cried the soldier, reddening. 'Meet you here same time to-morrow. So long;' and he stalked away, leaving Vare looking rather foolish as he angrily twisted his moustache and muttered, 'Silly ass! Fancy a private in the French Foreign Legion having any pride left whatever!'

'It is as I thought,' announced Mr Smith next day as he met Vare at the café. 'The fellow in the office tells me that although Escheaux's people have long been applying for information about him, they have none to give them. They tell them-but I don't believe it-that they have sent several native messengers from Bouc-al-Aran at different times, with instructions to try to trace the expedition, and bearing orders for its recall when found. But nothing has come of it, and things have been so upside-down lately that there doesn't seem much chance of their taking any more trouble about the matter. It is only Escheaux and the other officers that they would bother about, you see; the rest—only a few d—d foreigners and a mob of niggers-don't count. So they just tell any inquisitive relatives that the mission is still in the wilds, and there it will stick, so far as the Government is concerned, until only its bones are left.

'I shouldn't stir up the mud if I were you; but if you have the time and money, get a caravan together—big-game shooting, you know—and start on the hunt yourself. My pal up there tells me that he thinks he made a few rough notes of the orders given to Escheaux when they passed through his hands for copying; but of course that's all on the strict Q.T., and if he finds 'em you mustn't give him away by letting on to a soul that you know anything about 'em whatever.'

'Not likely,' replied Vare; 'and I think your plan a capital one. And as I have plenty of money as well as leisure, and a very particular desire to ascertain Hoppy's fate, if your informant can give me an idea as to what part of this godless country the expedition was to make for I'll certainly see if it can't be managed.'

Two days later Vare was in possession of what he wanted. To find his way to a spot more or less vaguely indicated on the map by certain degrees of latitude and longitude, and to stay there until he received further orders, were the most important points of the document, which purported to be a hasty and surreptitiously obtained copy of the instructions given to Captain Escheaux for his guidance on his scientific expedition.

'I hardly know in what manner to express my gratitude to you, Mr Smith,' said Vare as he finished studying the paper, 'for the ready help you have given me; and if you would now tell

me how I can be of any service to you, you will much increase my obligations.'

'Take me with you on this hunt,' came the quick reply, 'and I'm sure that you won't regret it. I know,' the man went on shyly, 'that there's the question of buying my discharge from the Legion. I—er—haven't the necessary funds available just now, but if you could advance me the money I should soon pay you back in service, for I should be worth half-a-dozen men who didn't know anything of the country.'

Vare held out his hand. 'Consider it done,' said he warmly; 'that is to say, if I decide to go. But it will be as a friend and companion, not as a hired organiser, and we'll cement the bargain by your dining with me at the hotel—yes, just as you are—and we'll talk over our plans in comfort.'

comfort.'
Mr Smith grasped the outstretched hand eagerly.
'Thank you,' he said, and his voice was unsteady.
'I shall not disappoint you;' and then the two men wended their way to Vare's palatial hotel, where their appearance together on such evidently confidential terms caused no little astonishment and comment.

'Sir Teeth Bare!' announced the new footman, as he flung open the door of Sir Ralph's drawing-room, a few days after the discovery at Algiers, and ushered the amused little man into the presence of the General and his 'adopted daughter,' as the old soldier now invariably called Mirabelle.

'Well?' The question broke from them both

simultaneously.

'You shall judge for yourselves,' replied the new-comer gravely, as he shook hands. 'I'll, tell you all I have found out since I saw you last, and you two shall decide as to what shall be done next.'

Then he related the particulars of his quest, its many disappointments, and its final success. 'And now,' he ended, 'the matter rests with you. Am I to go or not?'

'Go,' exclaimed Mirabelle instantly. She had never doubted it for a moment.

'Ay, go, Vare,' echoed the old man, 'if you will undertake such an apparently hopeless task. You have done splendidly so far, and who knows that you may not even yet succeed?'

'That is settled, then,' cried Vare cheerfully; and then the three of them entered upon an animated discussion as to the best means of organising, and especially who should pay for the projected expedition into the unknown.

'May I hope?' whispered Vare presently, as, the General having strolled to the window, he rose to make his adject.

make his adieux.

'You know the condition,' answered Mirabelle under her breath: 'positive proof that Hoppy—that Hoppy cannot come back;' and the tears sprang to her eyes at the thoughts which Vare's story had conjured up.

The little man ground his teeth as he walked rapidly towards his club. 'She cares for him as much as ever, I verily believe,' he grumbled. 'I was a fool to tell her the truth. It seems to me that I am growing quite idiotic in my old age'—he was under forty—'getting quite enthusiastic over Smith's yarn, and letting myself in for a hunt for a fellow whom I hate, and who, if I find him, will certainly deprive me of what I desire most in all the world to win.'

But Mirabelle, on her knees in her bedroom, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, prayed, 'Dear Lord, bring him back to me. Let not the death of my loved one lie heavily on my soul.'

Vare spent the next few weeks in busily preparing for his 'trip after big game,' as his expedition was considered by his friends, for he kept its real object a secret. Several of them wanted to go with him; for though he was the last person they would have expected to take to this kind of thing, he was really not so effeminate as his appearance suggested, and his wealth was a guarantee that, whatever the sport, he would at all events do the business in comfort. But he would have none of them. He had a companion, he told them, waiting for him in Algiers; and as his hunting-grounds were far from the track of civilisation, the transport of baggage, even for two only, was quite as much as it would be possible to provide for.

So the half-pay captains and impecunious toadies were choked off, and the sportsman quietly slipped away from London alone. When a wire reached Sir Ralph, a month afterwards, despatched from Boucal-Aran, containing the laconic statement, 'Start to-day,' those to whom he communicated the—to him—important intelligence, replied, 'Really?' or 'You don't say so?' or something equally inane, accompanied by that vacuous expression of countenance that betrays perfect ignorance of the matter under discussion.

(To be continued.)

UNNECESSARY NOISES.



HE extraordinary increase in the variety of unnecessary and irritating noises in modern city life is beginning to attract the attention not only of the busy workers whose nerves, by reason of this never-

ending din, are continually on the rack both night and day, but also of the medical profession. Work has to be done, business transacted, sleep attempted, to the strains of the piano-organ, the melancholy dirge of the street-singer, to the bawling of 'caowls' and 'mieulk,' and the yells of 'orl the winners.' Through all these tortures runs the continuous hum of street traffic, the birr of the motor, the houk of the motor-bus, and, worst of all, the steady grind and shake of the tractionengine. No wonder that diseases which are directly attributable to disturbance of the auditory system are very much on the increase. At a conference of medical men organised by the Street Noise Abatement Committee of London, Dr T. B. Hyslop gave it as his experience that a much larger proportion of patients are now being treated for complaints connected with the ear than was formerly the case, and the influence of undue noise on infant mortality is becoming very serious. Even when one is asleep, noise affects the brain; and in a busy town refreshing sleep is out of the question.

In New York there is a Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises, organised by an energetic lady, Mrs Rice. She hopes, with the aid of a number of prominent men, to secure in the first place relief for the hospitals. This is certainly a step in the right direction, and one which the London society might take a note of. She proposes that car-bells should not be rung by cars passing

any of the great hospitals, and appeals to the automobile clubs to secure co-operation in order that when cars are passing hospitals noises may as much as possible be avoided. Motorists in our own country might well remember the existence of hospitals. Of course it would be impossible to lay down a hard-and-fast rule that horns are not to be blown in the vicinity of hospitals, because very often it is necessary to do so; but there is a very great deal of unnecessary tooting, and nothing irritates the nerves of a sick person so much. But besides this Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises, the Americans, always practical, have constructed a steel bridge which is to all intents and purposes noiseless. The device is very simple: merely the laying of eight inches of ballast on a bed of steel, upon which the ties are placed instead of upon the ironwork, with the result that the noise of crossing the bridge is reduced to a minimum. This invention, if we may so call it, may prove to be of great value in diminishing the noise of the elevated railways in the great cities of America, the annoyance from which is said to be almost unbearable. It is most certainly to be desired that inventive genius should be devoted to discover methods whereby the increasing discomforts of modern life caused by the multiplication of noises may be alleviated.

It is evident that this question is also with us becoming an important one, almost in truth a national one, in view of the pronouncement made by eminent physicians that one of the great contributory causes of physical deterioration is the impossibility of the young, and indeed the old, getting proper sleep in our big towns. It should be known that the Street Noise Abstement Committee are making great efforts to induce the

Thus, at the Medical legislature to interfere. Congress already alluded to the following resolution, the terms of which demand close notice, was carried: 'That legislation should provide for prevention by the police of street shouting by coal or other hawkers, costermongers, milkmen, and vendors of newspapers; of organ-grinding, of itinerant brass bands and other forms of street music; that it should also provide for the effective supervision, regulation, and control (as to speed and otherwise) of all classes of vehicles used for the carriage of passengers or goods, such as motor-omnibuses, traction-engines, lorries, and carts using the public thoroughfares; for the direction of the routes through which such vehicles shall be allowed to pass, and for the entire prohibition of noisy traffic between the hours of midnight and 6 A.M.'

If this resolution be analysed it will be seen to divide itself into two parts, which may be labelled 'noises ancient' and 'noises modern.'

The truth is, that while people have suffered and complained from time immemorial about the first class of noise, it has been the advent of the snorting, rattling, rumbling, horn-blowing motor traffic, defined by Mr George R. Sims as 'a Gargantuan-Gilbertian Grotesquerie,' which has made the long-suffering worm of a public turn, and directed general attention to the physical results on the national welfare entailed by the coming of the

new locomotion.

It is really on this problem of motor traffic and how it is to be conducted that the question of unnecessary noises lies. The other nuisances can be dealt with in a subsidiary way; but were it not for the excruciating noise made by the new traffic it would have been next to impossible to arouse such public interest in the manifold cries and sounds which have been with us for so many years as to lead to any hopes of effectual measures for their suppression; and a point which should be remembered is that organs and brass bands are the 'people's music and beloved of them.'

Before dealing with noises modern it may be as well to consider noises ancient. The list, indeed, as enumerated in the resolution, is by no means complete. For instance, it does not include the practising of church chimes, the unnecessarily loud striking of clocks, or the rumbling of carts on rough pavements. Some noises which our ancestors had to submit to have disappeared, such as the tolling of the curfew-bell and the cries of the watchmen as they made their rounds. It is only within recent days that the keeping of poultry in towns has been prohibited as a nuisance. Curiously enough, there is no law against the keeping of pigeons, an anomaly which should be looked to, as these birds, if kept in large numbers (as they sometimes are), can become an appalling nuisance to light sleepers.

It must not be supposed, however, that the previous generation was oblivious to the annoyance caused by street cries. Thus the inhabitants of

Montagu Square in London had the good fortune to have a private Act of Parliament passed in 1813, by which it was made illegal for itinerant street vendors, musicians, and newsboys to shout or otherwise annoy the inhabitants of the square, who had the remedy of being able to bring the offenders before the magistrates. In 1897 a lady had the courage to put this Act into operation by summoning to the Marylebone police court three noisy newsboys who persisted in causing annoyance by shouting while selling newspapers on Sunday morning. The case attracted considerable attention, and was perhaps instrumental in initiating the campaign against such street noises as organs and costermongers' cries begun by the Betterment of London Association, and carried on by the Street Noise Abatement Committee. It has been successful to a certain point, a bylaw having been passed by the London County Council prohibiting the calling of vendibles to the annoyance of the inhabitants; and as regards organ-grinding and street playing, if a sufficient number of householders can, in any defined locality, be got to sign a petition to the Chief Commissioner of Police, asking the support of the police to prevent such nuisances, the Commissioner, on receipt, notifies the local authorities, and then notices are affixed in prominent places bearing that 'Organs and street cries are prohibited.' It is true that these notices do have some effect; but if they are disregarded the onus lies on the individual householder to come forward and put the machinery of law into motion. What is wanted is that these noises shall be made a police offence, such as can be dealt with by the police direct.

All the same, though organs, cries, and their kindred pests are a horrible nuisance, it is seldom, except in cases, which are rare, of persons who are afflicted with peculiarly nervous organisations, that this class of noise can be said to be actually detrimental to health. There is, of course, the case of John Leech of immortal memory. His was a temperament so constituted that street noises had an extraordinary wearing effect on it. Mr Frith, in his memoirs of the great caricaturist, describes meeting him at dinner the day before his death. 'In reply,' he writes, 'to my inquiry how he was, he said he should be well enough if he could get away from the terrible noises that never seemed to cease in his neighbourhood. Back and front of his house, he said, noises of all kinds were incessant; his servant's time was taken up in sending away street musicians; the cries of the hawkers were awful; work was impossible except under agonising conditions. A butcher's cart passed and repassed his house repeatedly with a dog on it that barked continually. He then mentioned other nuisances, and concluded his grievances with a sentence I shall never forget: "Rather, Frith, than continue to be tormented in this way, I would prefer to go to the grave, where there is no noise." It is hardly too much to say that the continual strain of having to work under these conditions,

with the nerves at full tension, killed Leech. Carlyle's endeavours after quietness for sleep and literary work had something of the grotesque about them. Froude tells us that the cocks around Cheyne Row had been finally abolished, 'purchased out of existence by a five-pound note and Mrs Carlyle's diplomacy.' At a cost of one hundred and seventy pounds he built for himself in 1854 a sound-proof room on the house-top, where he might work without interruption at his Frederick the Great. It seems to have been a doubtful success.

Regarding modern noises, it may be that the Moloch of motor traffic is claiming its daily quota of victims. It is, of course, an established fact that the ear gets accustomed to noises which are constant by night, and that after a short time actual sleep is not, in the majority of cases, interfered with. Not only that, but the converse holds good. On coming to the country, men accustomed to city life find the silence too oppressive; the chirping of the birds irritates their nerves much more than the rumble and roar of the city. The serious thing is the medical testimony that sleep obtained under such conditions is

no restorative to jaded nerves.

Dr Hyslop, in a pamphlet on Noise in its Sanitary Aspect, says: 'The fact that town life under existing circumstances makes it impossible to obtain adequate brain-rest goes far to cause the prevalence of insanity, about which the various municipalities are so solicitous, but which in my opinion they could do much more than they do to prevent. And again he says: 'The value of sleep as a restorative is more dependent upon quality than quantity.' Here, then, is the explanation of the request that noisy traffic shall be entirely prohibited through residential streets between midnight and 6 A.M. While we are in full sympathy with the object of the resolution-namely, to secure a diminution of the noise-fiend in our cities—this does seem a somewhat sweeping demand, and one is not inclined to envy the drafter of that particular clause of the Bill if ever it comes before Parliament. What, for instance, are to come under the definition of purely residential streets? And still more important, what is, and what is not, noisy traffic? These be problems which may come before our legislators. It must, in this connection, be remembered that the motor has come to stay. It is no longer merely a rich man's toy, but one of the commercial assets of the nation; and the regulation of the structure, both internally and externally, is one of the great problems of the future, for the motor is decentralising all our big cities, is carrying towns to the country, and is also carrying town noises to the country.

Motor traffic can be divided into two classes—the pleasure motor and the commercial motor; and the latter again, as in the case of railways, into passenger and goods bearing machines.

The ordinary pleasure motor, if properly driven, is, so far as noise is concerned, more or less bearable. True, the often needless repetition of the pheut, pheut

of the pneumatic horn is not a cheerful sound, nor does the burr of the passing car tend to soothe the nerves; but these sounds, per se, would not be sufficient to found such an indictment against the perpetration thereof as to make any attempt to induce the legislature to interfere likely to succeed. But when we come to the heavier machines of commerce it is a different matter. Take first the motor-bus, the numbers of which are increasing day by day not only in London but in all our large cities, and which are a great thorn in the side of the railway companies. These motor-buses, even in cities which have electric tramways, are striving to oust the existing systems. Whether they will succeed or not is for the future to show. But the question directly concerns a large section of the community -those who have houses abutting on the routes by which they travel, especially that large class of workers who reside outside the immediate radius of boroughs in suburban villas, which, if not actually jerry-built, have at any rate comparatively light foundations.

The internal noise of the Juggernauts is being dealt with in London by the Commissioner of Police. For some time (longer, it is said, than was absolutely necessary) no notice at all was taken of the internal groanings and clankings of the primitive motor-bus; now that question has been taken up and the extra noisy ones have been dismissed the streets. But that is in London; other cities have yet to face the problem of the noise made by the interior of motor-bus machinery, and it may be that they do not all possess the plenary powers of the London police.

But what is more important—and here we come into contact with the motor goods traffic—is the effect on roadside residences of the continual passing of weighty vehicles on roads which are not built for heavy traffic. It may be that this hardly comes within the scope of an article devoted to noises; but the question is so very nearly allied to it that it may be lightly touched upon, and for this reason: the rougher and lighter the road the more noise and the more vibration will there be.

What is wanted is a road on which there will be the minimum of noise. Incidentally from this point of view, there will probably be also the minimum of dust, for noise and dust are twin-sisters. Is there no panacea for the evil? It may interest some readers to know the remedy adopted in California to overcome the dust nuisance. It is the application of oil in a very scientific manner. The oil is put on in three applications. It must be hot when discharged, and must not be poured on indiscriminately but drilled into the dust. A machine has been devised to meet the requirements of the process. A big tank mounted on four wheels drags a sort of tender-box supported by two wheels, into which is run from the tank supplies of oil. This box has a furnace under it which heats the oil, and attached to it is a drag looking somewhat like a hay-rake. A number of curved rods or fingers go out from the

bottom, and these are drawn through the dust along the road. They make little furrows in the dust, and into these furrows through a series of pipes is discharged the oil. A second finger or sort of thumb arrangement, fixed farther back, turns the dust over the oiled furrows, and the surface is then left to absorb the oil, a process which requires about an hour to effect. A roller is then drawn over the oiled surface. This has to be repeated three times, with a diminution in the amount of oil used each time. Now, oil is a deadener of sound, and it is possible, and even probable, that if this process is the success which is claimed for it, and the cost be not prohibitive, a remedy for the dust and noise nuisance both in and out of our towns lies to hand.

But however the roads be treated to minimise dust and sound, there will always remain the vibration caused by the passing of the weighty vehicles, and this is the most serious of all the charges, because one does not see how it can be prevented except either by practically relaying the roads and streets or making new highways for motor traffic alone. It is a fact that the walls of houses abutting on roads which are much used by the heavy goods motors have cracked, and that the houses themselves shake as in an earthquake. Many of them will soon have to be abandoned. Taking all these facts and arguments into consideration, it will be seen that there is a prima facie case for urging the legislature to interfere, and to attempt to devise some scheme which, while not interfering with a British industry which is also an aid to trade, will give some protection to the present and future generation from the results which our medical advisers threaten will overtake those who live continually exposed to them. And as the greater includes the less, so may those to whom life is made a burden by reason of the itinerant musicians of their own and other countries live to realise that the coming of the motor was a blessing in disguise.

RUTH; OR, THE CLOTHES-PINS.

CHAPTER IV.



NE day, after a long walk, I returned towards evening to mine inn, and sat down before the fire to wait for tea; for, though it was now the summer season, I still loved to see a cheerful blaze upon the hearth. My mind

was preoccupied with certain abstruse questions I had been studying during the day, and, falling into the current of my previous reflections, I said to myself, 'What if Gottlieb Wernsdorfius be right, and there is a sympathetic affinity between atoms that have once been related, at however remote a period? The needle feels the influence of the pole at any distance, and why should the subtle sympathy of related atoms be wholly destroyed by mere transmutation? Matter cannot perish; this world of ours floating in the ethereal firmament has not lost or gained one atom since its creation. The population of the universe may increase, but the earth supplies the food on which the multitudes thrive and grow, and they in turn return to the earth again. The atoms of which we are composed but change their groupings and form new combinations, like the glasses in a kaleidoscope: the sea may become a cloud, the cloud a shower, and the shower a river; and the cloud and the river may travel far over the face of the globe, but nothing is lost. The river will find its way to the sea again, or will water fat pastures, which will breed fat sheep, which in turn will make fat men. The atom remains imperishable; it is the indivisible unit of which created matter is the sum. Why, then, should not its sympathies survive and remind us of their existence in every fibre of our brains and nerves? We all know that there are certain visionary localities which are perfectly familiar to us in our dreams, though we have never beheld them with our waking eyes; and, again, that there are places which we have never seen even in our visions, yet which strike us with a strangely familiar air when we behold them for the first time.

"Why, this very village in which I stand'—I was sitting in my easy-chair, as it happened, but my argument did not halt for such a trifle— 'this very village was familiar to me the moment I entered it. I had never set foot here before, or even heard its name; yet the moment I did, every house assumed the aspect of an old friend, and I could have told at once where to find the shop with brass thimbles and bottles of sticky sweetmeats in the window, the cobbler's stall, or the smithy's forge beyond the church. How are these things to be accounted for unless on the theory of what the old Wittenburg doctor calls in one of his jaw-breaking sentences "before-begotten atomic relationships"?

'Who knows,' I exclaimed aloud, forgetful of all save the subject of my meditations, 'but that many of our sympathetic feelings are reminiscences of

some former state of existence?'

'Ay, truly, who knows?' whispered a voice so close to my ear that I started up, and, facing about, saw to my surprise the smiling face of a jolly little man dressed as a Quaker, who was standing looking through the window at the other end of the room.

I had not heard any one enter, and felt so amazed that I stood hesitating to utter the question which trembled on my lips, when, turning towards me, he said in the most natural way possible, 'Verily, friend, I think we shall have a stormy night.'

I glanced at the sky without, but all looked to me serene; nor could I discover any indications from which my companion could form such an opinion as he had expressed. I therefore merely answered, 'Indeed?' somewhat interrogatively, when I was again startled by hearing these words whispered as if at my ear:

'Thou wonderest how I can predict a storm with such a lookout?'

This was so precisely the case that I advanced a step towards the Quaker, determined to put an end to my perplexity, when the girl coming in with my tea stopped me by inquiring what I would be pleased to have with it. This weighty question settled, I can hardly express my amazement at observing that she left the room without taking any notice of the stranger, but apparently walked right through him on her way to the door.

I felt so confounded at this that I positively rubbed my eyes to be sure that I was awake. However, regaining my self-possession, I said as calmly as I possibly could, 'Will you do me the pleasure, sir, to take tea with me?'

'Friend,' replied the stranger, 'I thank thee for thy civility, but must decline thine offer, for I have to treat this night of important matters with my worthy ancient friend William Penn.'

This statement led me to think I was in the company of a madman, so I merely observed, 'The person you name has been dead nearly two centuries. How can you, then, pretend to have business with him?'

'See and believe,' whispered the same voice as before; and, lo! when the Quaker raised his hand as if to fix my attention, I beheld through a misty vista extending far beyond the limits of the room the portly figure of William Penn advancing and looking as though he had just stepped out of West's picture, except that his complexion was paler and his form less defined.

This vision lasted but a moment; the next I was alone, with no appetite remaining for my meal, which that night was removed untasted, much to the surprise of the maid and my hostess, who anxiously inquired whether there was anything not to my liking. So, to escape their importunities, I pleaded a sudden feeling of indisposition, and, saying that I desired rest, retired early to bed.

CHAPTER V.

ondinary circumstances above related, and soon the prediction of my strange vision became amply verified. The placid moonlit sky was suddenly darkened by a ragged army of fugitive clouds hurrying after each other, as if fying before a sombre, pall-like mass of vapour that rose behind them in the north-east, and, rapidly extending across the arch of the heavens, rendered

the obscurity complete, save where an occasional violet flash low down on the horizon, accompanied by a distant rumbling, indicated the presence of the electric fluid with which it was charged. The wind, which had risen, sighing and moaning round the chimneys, now as suddenly died down again as though awed into silence, and a few heavy drops of water splashed against the window-pane. Then peal after peal of thunder rattling right overhead announced that the storm had broken, and the rain poured down in torrents, while the flashes of lightning followed each other in such rapid succession that the room was hardly ever dark.

How long this lasted I do not know, for at length exhausted nature exerted her sway and I fell into a troubled sleep.

Even then my overtaxed mind was morbidly active, and I dreamed that I saw my mysterious stranger in a new shape, he being now tall, bony, and thin, with straight, lank hair, and dressed in dark-brown clothes of an antique cut, with a tall steeple-crowned hat on his head; in short, in the habit of a Puritan of King Charles's time. Still, I recognised perfectly his features and the expression of his countenance. I too was equally transformed, for I now wore the rich garments of a Cavalier about the Court. Strangely enough, however, I did not wonder at these metamorphoses till later on recollection; but all seemed at the time to be quite natural and as actually occurring. I felt, too, that the stern Cromwellian had good cause to call me to account for some clandestine flirtations I had been indulging in with a certain beautiful maiden named Ruth who was under his charge, and with whom I had fallen in love, notwithstanding the party difference that divided us.

Anon my dream changed, and I found myself in a richly ornamented salon, where a company of ladies and gentlemen in the costume of the middle of the eighteenth century were variously engaged—some at cards, some chatting in pairs or groups, others listlessly moving about observing what was

'You have heard that my Lord Bute has turned the King from his passion for Lady Sarah Lennox, and that he is to marry the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz?' said a tall, aristocratic-looking man behind me, whose rich costune betokened him a person of condition, though an enormous hooked nose, an extraordinarily long chin, and a pair of small, leering eyes did not give a pleasant expression to his countenance.

'Yes,' lisped a foppish-looking youth who was standing beside him; 'Sir Horace tells me she is a mighty genteel and amiable person, though not solovely as her ladyship.'

'And what do you know about beauty?' said the first speaker, with a supercilious smile. 'There are no beautiful women nowadays; the race died out when you were in long-clothes. I can remember'—

Just then the doors of the salon were thrown open, and a liveried servant announced 'Miss Dingley; whereon a gentleman near me observed, 'The rich banker's daughter.' I looked up in the direction of the new arrival, and saw a young lady handsomely but simply dressed, whose smiling face did not appear strange to me.

'Faith!' said the tall man, staring at her through a large gold quizzing-glass, 'I believe I was wrong; there is still one beauty left. You must introduce

me, Sir Edward.

'I must beg you to hold me excused, my lord,' replied the gentleman addressed, somewhat coldly. 'My acquaintanceship with Miss Dingley is not sufficient to warrant me in taking such a

The nobleman's lips tightened into an unpleasant smile as he replied in a low voice, 'Liberty, Sir Edward, is a somewhat unfortunate expression;

may I ask you to explain it?'

'I should think one so well acquainted with the meaning of the word license as my Lord March needs no such explanation,' answered the other, drawing himself up to his full height and turning on his heel.

The Earl shrugged his shoulders slightly, and then, beckoning to an officer in uniform, linked an arm in his and strolled into an adjacent room,

conversing in a low voice.

I had been so taken up with watching this little incident, and wondering whether it would lead to a duel on the morrow, that I was startled when the

silence which for a moment reigned in the room was suddenly broken by a sweet, fresh voice, the tones of which seemed strangely familiar, singing the following serenade:

Though years be flying, Love lives undying Like yonder star. And in sweet memory My heart will turn to thee When thou art far; Wide waves may sever, Yet the dove ever Wings home her flight. Night it is dreary, Morn will be cheery, Bringing the light.

And, turning in the direction of the singer, I perceived Miss Dingley seated at the harpsichord. As I approached the instrument, drawn by an irresistible attraction, a lady covered with diamonds joined her and said, My dear Ruth, I am so de-lighted to see you. I protest you are in exquisite voice to-night. How is your good father?' After a few more words spoken in a low tone, she turned in my direction and audibly whispered, 'That is the gentleman who has requested me to introduce him to you; will you permit me?' I felt it was so, and became so flurried that I awoke-to find the morning light streaming through the casement, while the words of my dream-song kept ringing in my ears:

Night it is dreary, Morn will be cheery, Bringing the light.

GARIBALDI: A CENTENARY TRIBUTE.

PART III.



ARIBALDI remained at Caprera until the outbreak of the war of 1866 called him away from his hermitage to fight once more his country's The war operations of Italy battles. were doomed to failure. The in-

capacity of her leaders was conspicuous from first to last. Though outnumbering their enemies on land and on sea, the Italians lost the game of war at Custoza and in the sea-fight off Lissa, notwithstanding the undoubted bravery they displayed in both actions. The only success scored during this unfortunate campaign was achieved by General Garibaldi at Besecca, where he worsted the Austrians, and was preparing to advance on Trent when the armistice, signed on the 26th of July 1866, between Italy and Prussia on the one hand and Austria on the other, prevented his advance.

Owing to the astounding military successes of her ally in Germany, Italy, though vanquished in the field, reaped the fruits of victory. But her military weakness had become so apparent that she had to play a very subordinate part in the negotiations which followed, and to submit to the unusual con-

ditions imposed by Austria, who refused to recognise a second suspension of hostilities on the 3rd of August unless Italy evacuated the positions she held in the Truilo and Trentine. Peace was concluded by Prussia alone, who, without even consulting her ally, guaranteed her adherence to the terms agreed upon as soon as the Emperor of France (to whom Austria had ceded Venice) should have transferred it to King Victor Emmanuel. This transfer took place on the 22nd of October, and Italy received as a boon from France the once proud city, the Queen of the Adriatic, which had filled with her fame the annals of her country.

One by one the severed provinces had been united, all except Rome, which was still a papal city guarded mainly by foreign mercenaries. Garibaldi, true to himself, unheeding the warnings of those who tried to dissuade him from his purpose, as they had tried when he was on the point of starting on his Sicilian expedition, assembled his volunteers and entered the province of Rome. At first all went well. The Garibaldians captured Monterotondo, and entered Viterbo, Velletri, and Frosinone, welcomed everywhere as liberators by the people, who voted unanimously their annexation to the Italian kingdom. But Garibaldi was disavowed by the Italian Government, who, either through timidity or regard for the French Emperor, shrank from sanctioning an enterprise which might fail; and the hesitation of the Italian Cabinet, or, more likely still, his own inclinations, caused Napoleon to despatch a strong force to the assistance of the Pope. Garibaldi, abandoned by his own Government, and with reduced forces, had to face the united Papal and French troops, whom he engaged at Mentana. This battle was perhaps the only one in which the great partisan leader was vanquished in the open field, and the result of the fight has been turned to account by detractors of Garibaldi, who have wished to justify the conduct of the Italian Cabinet from the event. A few particulars of the conflict were related to me by General Ricciotti Garibaldi, who, with his elder brother Menotti, fought at Mentana, and I shall give the General's very words:

'The Garibaldians numbered under five thousand men [at Mentana], having lost two thousand of their best men during the two preceding weeks owing to political intrigues. The enemy is supposed to have numbered about seven thousand. At about three in the afternoon the battle of Mentana was a victory for the Garibaldians; all the positions lost in the morning through surprise had been retaken, with heavy loss on both sides. The sudden appearance of the French outflanking on the left forced the Garibaldians to retire; but Mentana itself was held till next morning, when the castle capitulated.' It is clear from these words of General Ricciotti Garibaldi, which I have textually reproduced, that though overmatched in strength, the Garibaldians had, as usual, overcome their less enthusiastic, often lukewarm, adversaries, when the appearance of a strong French force changed the fortunes of the day, as Blücher did, and as Grouchy might have done, at Waterloo. The joint strength of the French and Pontifical troops was double at least-according to some triple—that of the Garibaldians, and, besides being more numerous, they were better armed. The newly invented chassepots, like the Prussian needlegun, practically decided the contest; but had the Italian army co-operated, a single division would have enabled Garibaldi to occupy the city before the arrival of the French, and the Emperor would probably have recognised an accomplished fact. Garibaldi's noble efforts were not made in vain, for, though not immediately successful, they not only kept the question alive, but demonstrated that it urgently needed a solution.

Three short years after Mentana, Rome was evacuated by the French garrison, which was required for the defence of French soil, and was occupied by the Italians, after a faint, almost nominal, resistance of the Papalini, on the 20th of September 1870.

The same year that saw the occupation of Rome saw also the downfall of the second French Empire and the invasion of France. Italy, the ally and

friend of both belligerents, remained neutral, and her attitude on this occasion, though severely criticised by some, was the only possible one under the circumstances. She was indebted to both Powers for the consolidation of her national unity, and if her indebtedness to France had been greater, she had also made some repayment towards its extinction. If she had received Lombardy and Venetia, she had given in exchange Savoy and Nice. Lastly, France had been the aggressor, and had wantonly provoked what she hoped would be a war of conquest, in which case she would have tightened her grasp on Rome. But Garibaldi's generous heart was moved by the misfortunes of those by whose side he had fought, who were now, deservedly or not, in sore straits, and the weaker party, and beaten to the ground. Garibaldi forgot and forgave Mentana; he remembered only Magenta and Solferino-the greater benefit which outweighed the lighter injury. Evading the cordon of troops which guarded the passes over the Alps and which were stationed all along the north-western frontier to prevent any infraction of neutrality, Garibaldi, with his two brave sons Menotti and Ricciotti, crossed the border into France in the autumn of the year 1870. Some eight hundred volunteers contrived to slip through the cordon of troops, to whom were soon added twelve hundred Italian workmen, labourers and artisans thrown out of employ through the war, making in all two thousand Italians, who, together with some six thousand marksmen (franc-tireurs), made up the whole of the fighting strength of General Garibaldi's force. It was nominally much greater, for it was supposed to include between fifty-five and sixty thousand mobilised National Guards; but these were so utterly inefficient that they were never employed in active operations requiring great marching powers and endurance under privations. Yet, with this small available force divided into brigades, he gave battle at Chatillon, capturing prisoners and colours, and took Dijon from the Prussians. General Ricciotti, who accompanied his father in the expedition, especially distinguished himself by the admirable use he made of his brigade to screen the movements of the French main army. The mobility of the irregulars was such that the German commander was completely deceived as to their number, and remained concentrated with a tenfold force of disciplined troops.

These encounters in the south-east of France could not alter the results of the war, but they added to the laurels of the great chief who, with very inferior forces, was able to hold in check a numerous host of veteran soldiers, and who won against odds almost the only success achieved during the campaign. The fight at Chatillon and the capture of Dijon were the last exploits of Garibaldi, and they closed worthily a life of heroism and honour.

Retiring after the war once more to Caprera, he lived out his last years—save for a brief sojourn in

Rome, when he was returned deputy—in peace and contentment, happy in the knowledge that the cause for which he had toiled and battled for forty years, undismayed by reverses, was triumphant at last. The fatherland was free from the Alps to Sicily, and from sea to sea, for the first time since the fall of the Roman Empire, and united under a native ruler. Much remained to be done; much remains to be done still; but the greatest step had been taken in the achievement of political liberty and union. Henceforth Italy was the mistress of her own destinies, and her great-hearted champion could utter his nunc dimittis, when the hour came, with a glad and thankful spirit.

That hour came in 1882. He had long been ailing from a bronchial complaint, which on the 1st of June developed suddenly into an acute form. On the 2nd his case had become desperate; and in the evening he quietly and serenely passed away in his cottage at Caprera, preserving his senses to the last, with his son General Menotti Garibaldi by his side—his second son had been sent for, but could not arrive in time—and a few of his old companions.

The thrill of grief which ran through all was his best funeral oration. All felt, in the words of Victor Emmanuel, that the first of Italians had passed away, and that they would never look on his like again. And they were right, for men such as Garibaldi are rare in all ages, and are an honour to the whole human race; they are reverenced by all men alike. Brave as his sword, gentle as he was brave, disinterested and unambitious, he was the protector of the weak, the stainless knight of freedom wherever the former was wronged or the latter endangered. He was undoubtedly the brightest and foremost figure in the galaxy of Italian patriots, the chief builder of her national unity. Well might the nation weep and mourn for her noble son; well may she pray and trust that his spirit may continue to inspire her children, and, like the 'spirit of Montrose' to Dundee, be the guide of every Italian commander, to lead him to In his world-wide sympathies for the oppressed of every nation he is unique, and stands on a higher pedestal than perhaps any other of the great national heroes the world has known. The period may have influenced him in this respect, but he must have been susceptible to such subtle influence. He was cast in an antique mould modified by modern civilisation. Next to his universal sympathy for those who suffered from tyranny of whatever kind was his magnetic power over the minds of his fellows, that strange mastery over other men possessed by Napoleon and all leaders of men, which has always been the chief element of their success.

His son General Ricciotti, who has inherited many of his father's qualities, related to me an incident in connection with this curious power of his father's which happened on the occasion of his visit to Malta, which was then a hotbed of religious

intolerance and superstition, wherefore the majority of the Maltese regarded Garibaldi, for having attempted to oust the Pope, as a kind of antichrist. The British authorities endeavoured to dissuade him from landing, fearing some hostile demonstration on the part of an excitable population; but the General was not to be turned from his purpose by personal considerations. Landing with his staff, he proceeded to one of the chief hotels of the city, before which a crowd had already assembled, and with ominous hisses and mutters of 'Down with Garibaldi! was beginning to make itself General Garibaldi did not wait for the heard. storm to burst. Rising from the table where he was seated with some friends, he advanced to the balcony overlooking the square, which was by this time packed with a dense, seething crowd. In the words of his son, he stood there gazing on them, and they gazing at him. A great hush fell on the throng; but it was suddenly broken by a ringing shout of 'Viva Garibaldi!' Waving his hand to obtain silence, the General spoke a few words, such as he knew so well how to speak, and his clear, resonant voice, which had sounded on so many battlefields, now rang out over the square. He told them briefly what he had done, and why he had done what he did. The cheers which rose again from that superstitious throng at the conclusion of his address proved that the ordeal had been won; and an English officer in attendance on Garibaldi, who had tried to prevent him from going outside, urging young Ricciotti to bring in his father, was astounded at this revulsion of public feeling. Even his son, accustomed as he was to the sight of his father dominating a mob, had felt uneasy as to the result on this occasion.

His kindness of heart was at least equal to his The following anecdote is told by a companion-in-arms. On hearing of the fall of Gaeta, the last stronghold occupied by the Bourbons, he announced the glad tidings; and, commenting on them, he said, 'Our civil contests are over, Cialdini. With our people in Gaeta, Italians will no longer now slay each other.' Then all at once his joy seemed to leave him, his expression became troubled, and he withdrew earlier than was his wont to rest. Uneasy and somewhat alarmed at the General's demeanour, and fearing that he had become suddenly indisposed, or had received bad news of a private nature, one of the party of officers who had remained in the dining-room was sent by his colleagues to inquire as to the cause of the General's sadness or indisposition. He found his chief reading the Times. The officer explained why he had come. Garibaldi answered, after a pause, as if speaking to himself, 'Poor youth! born at the foot of a throne, perhaps not through any fault of his driven away-hurled from it. He, too, will have to test the bitterness of exile-unprepared! Is that all? All! Yes, and enough to make any one sad. But you went to Marsala. It was the duty of all of us to go there; otherwise, how could

Italy become one?' The officer returned to his companions, moved by what he had heard; and though several were amazed at what he told them, one who knew Garibaldi best said, 'I am not at all surprised. The General is such a man that should Antonelli, Francis II., and Pius IX. be in distress or homeless, he would not only welcome them at Caprera, but give them his room and bed.'

His love for animals was proverbial. He was much attached to his dog Castor, whom he left with Mr Murray, the British consul at Tangiers, when compelled to quit. On his return to Caprera in 1860, after the triumphant expedition of Marsala and liberation of all Southern Italy, his first thought on landing was for his two chargers, whom he ordered to be unsaddled and unbridled, to enjoy the rest they had so well earned. He did not forget his dumb friends even on his deathbed; and among his last recommendations to those around him was the care of some of his favourites, especially of two blackcaps whom he fed every day with his own hand. Indeed, in him the saying was verified that the bravest are ever the gentlest.

Disinterested almost to a fault, he steadily refused not only the honours and rewards he might have justly claimed or accepted from his countrymen, but even those proffered by a foreign State for which he had battled and for the independence of which he had striven. He preferred to earn his own living rather than be indebted to others, and left to his sons little besides his modest patrimony at Caprera and the heritage of his deathless name, which they have so worthily preserved.

If his civic and private virtues were such as have been rarely united with greatness, his qualities as a warrior and as a leader have scarcely ever been equalled, never excelled. His marvellous expedition to Sicily would of itself suffice to attest his supreme excellence in the art of war. The campaign of 1860 stands by itself; there is nothing like it in history. Garibaldi, with a mere handful of men, attacked a kingdom defended by one hundred thousand regular troops, defeated them in four battles, and liberated the whole of the south of Italy within the brief space of four months. True, the population was mostly disaffected, but no man would have stirred had Garibaldi been checked in his first encounter at Calatafimi; even Napoleon's landing at Frejus with his 'thousand' cannot compare, daring as it was in a military point of view, with Garibaldi's attempt in 1860. Though there are some points of resemblance in both these enterprises, they were undertaken by men who relied on their own personal influence over others to achieve success, and who led an insignificant force (in both cases about one thousand men) to conquer or liberate—the one France, the other the Two Sicilies. But Napoleon's task was smoothed from the first by the collapse of all armed resistance, whereas Garibaldi had to join battle over and over again ere he was able to reach

Naples. On almost every occasion he met and outfought his enemies, whether French, Austrian, or Neapolitan, and under him the Red Shirts (Camicie Rosse) acquired a fame enjoyed by few Italian bands since the Black Bands of Giovanni de' Medici.

General Giuseppe Garibaldi by his first wife had two sons and one daughter; by his second, a son and a daughter. The two former, named Menotti and Ricciotti, shared with their father the perils and glories of the campaigns of 1866, 1867, and 1870. General Menotti Garibaldi died two years ago from typhoid fever, contracted on his property situated in the Campagna, where he was occupied in improving the condition of the estate, and especially of the peasants, to whom he was a most kind and liberal landlord. His surviving brother, General Ricciotti Garibaldi, is a fine soldier and a generousminded man like his father; and besides fighting his country's battles, he fought also in France and in Greece in the cause of freedom and of national reconstruction and defence. On two occasions, in 1866 and 1897, he crossed over to Greece, and during the latter unfortunate campaign he led his international corps of volunteers, one thousand three hundred and twenty strong-of whom, however, only nine hundred and twenty-four were present in the ranks - to victory at Demoko. Shortly after, an armistice was concluded between the Greeks and Turks. The General, in his story of the campaign, commends highly the cool courage of an English gentleman, Thomas Palmer Newbold, a special correspondent who was fighting in the ranks of the Red Shirts. He was slightly wounded in the last engagement under Lamia, and received the honorary grade of captain. General Ricciotti Garibaldi advocates strongly the employment in war of bodies of volunteers, and his great experience gives much weight to his opinions. Certainly he, like his father and brother, has proved repeatedly on the battlefield what these irregular levies, well organised and well led, are capable of; and history teaches us that the people of Southern Europe, owing to the configuration of the soil and to their temperament, have always shown a greater aptitude for guerilla warfare than the more methodic northerners have displayed on their less mountainous territory. But it must also be borne in mind, in estimating the value of these irregular patriotic levies, that they surpassed themselves under the leadership of a great captain in whom they had implicit faith. Thus the Red Shirts, led by Garibaldi, became, like Napoleon's soldiers, well-nigh invincible. Whether they would have been so under another commander may well be doubted. However that may be, the question lies outside the limits of a brief sketch like the present, of which the sole object has been to place before the general public, whose fathers welcomed the Italian hero to our shores in 1864, a few of the salient incidents of his career; for some of which I am indebted to the courtesy of his son General Ricciotti Garibaldi.

The name and exploits of the great patriot are household words all over Italy; and his residence at Caprera, the Mount Vernon of Italy, is the scene of a yearly pilgrimage from all parts of the country on the anniversary of his death. So should his name be revered in all countries where freedom reigns, in whose cause the hero lived and died.

THE END.

FLORENCE: AN IMPRESSION.

By LADY WYNFORD.



is a soft, dull, gray evening in Florence, city of the past and of its mighty sons, whose work stands up proudly against the sad sky: Brunelleschi's work, dome of a cathedral, dim, indefinite, rounded, and plum-

coloured where a warmer light falls on its tiles; Giotto's work, the tower, fair and pure and delicate, the best thoughts of a man's mind—nay, let us say rather of his soul. And around these two gather the dull-red roofs, and the soft ivory walls, and the stain of wet and the stain of time, with the shadows falling in narrow, paved streets full of hurrying figures.

Here is a doorway with marble carving over it, its sharpness blunted by time, its whiteness mellowed. The ironwork on the door within writhes and twists and curls itself into the flowershapes its maker dreamed of—deliberately—with all its time before him, working as men do not work now, because the world has taken to spinning instead of rolling, and they must needs keep pace.

There is a red-frocked child running down the street, and broad puddles on the flags reflect it and also the clothing of a mule which stumbles before a block of gray Fiesole stone on a protesting cart.

Towering and threatening above its neighbours rises a palazzo, stone and iron and gloom and dirt. If one stops, to stand, jostled and hustled, beneath it, one will cease to hear the rattling of cab-wheels and the cracking of whips, with strange noises to tired horses. Instead, there will be the clear, sharp ring of steel, and the clash of it falling from a limp hand on to the stones; there will be wild Tuscan oaths, and the old rings and torch-brackets bedded in the wall will not be empty any more; there will be a splash of rich crimson in one of them, a banner, with the torch below wavering into its gilt fringe, for the dusk falls.

Ah, that was a rude contadino; his elbow has sent us reeling almost into the gutter, quite into the present of which he is part. He is a grand fellow all the same, with his strong, dark, clean-cut face, which we of the chinles. North may sigh after in vain. He turns into a church, and we will follow him in and out again—having looked round us while he was at his devotions, and been awed and fretted and mystified all in turn. The awe we felt for much majesty, for dim pillars and shadowy arches, for suggestions of breadth and height and depth, for proportion delicate and wonderful, for the holy and

gentle thoughts of bygone minds who painted their Madonnas or saints with stiff figures and quaint, surprised faces, because their art had taught them no better, and imparted true piety and devotion to the poses of those figures and the expressions of those faces because their religion had so taught them.

When the awe passed, we saw more clearly for its absence. There was a little wax doll in a case, hung with tinsel, a tinsel halo round its uplitted head. Spangled hearts lay heaped upon many altars; others displayed small oleographs. On all, tapers burned in painted wooden candlesticks of strange and hideous shapes. There were no more old pictures to be seen, and the stained wooden pulpit dated from last year!

We pattered slowly towards the doorway, and wonder swept away the feeling of irritation. These makers of wax dolls and hangers-up of tinsel hearts, were they indeed the after-comers of Angelico and Bartolommeo, of Orcagna and Donatello?

We have come out again, and look down the street, to where it widens, and the bridge ends it, a proud, strong curve into the air, with the tawny flood whispering beneath it, stealing on through oldest Florence—grime and age and the beauty that comes of both—to a broad plain with a silver mist across it. Beyond the plain there are hills, and beyond the hills, where the sun sets, there lies the Land of Youth, if one there be. And perchance the dreamers and workers of Florence have found it, because they made that Florence.

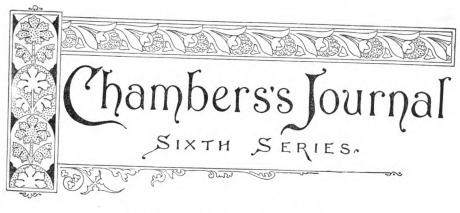
THE FIRST ROSE.

Her tiny hands are swift to seize

The golden buttercups and daisies—
Just playfellows she reckons these,
Too intimately dear for praises;
But when she spies a radiant rose,
The first-born of our garden bower,
Her little face with pleasure glows,
Flushed pinker than the perfect flower.

Her happy eyes grow wide; her hands,
Like two curled rose-leaves, upward flutter,
Then folded, show she understands
More than her lips have learnt to utter.
And when she lifts her face, all sweet
With wondering love—with reverence maybe—
I bend the rose-branch low, to meet
The fervent kisses of my baby.

B. ADA TYACK.



DAKAITI IN INDIA.

By Major-General W. Tweedie, C.S.I.

Ut jugulent hominem, surgunt de nocte latrones; Ut teipsum serves, non expergisceris?

Hor., Epist., Lib. I. E. 2.



*

N the Urdù ('horde') language which, after the Mughal irruption into India gradually evolved itself, and, spreading far and near, came to be known as Hindùstànì, a dakait is one who

has taken seriously to gang robbery (or dakaiti), now on a large scale (as in attacks on sleeping villages), and again on single buildings or seldom that these heavy-handed rather than lightfingered operators make an attempt on the dwellings of the European residents. A prestige doth hedge the imperial race in India as 'divinity doth hedge a king' all the world over. Every white-skinned member of the official classes is, in the eyes of the gentle Hindu-as sometimes also in his own-like a god descended from heaven. The hardier Moslems scarcely go so far as that; but, what comes to the same thing, they regard their foreign masters as a tribe of highly dangerous jinn, or 'genii,' whom it is most unadvisable to disturb or irritate, when through the protection of Allah they chance to be lying more or less dormant. Every general statement needs, however, some qualification; and it will appear from the following narrative, which is true in every particular, that the eyes of the Indian slim one may fall when least expected on the superfluous possessions even of the judge and magistrate.

I. -THE VENUE.

In 1874, as for some years previously, I happened to hold an appointment—not the highest, but the second—at the court of one of the mimic potentates of southern India; and if I can but bring before the eye of the reader the bungalow (or house laid out on a single story) which formed my official residence and was the scene of the following incidents, the facilities, not to say temptations, which the spot held out to robbers will be evident.

Imagine, then, a low-browed château of a type No. 499. -Vol. X.

not unrepresented in the villa architecture of our south coast watering-places, among the features of which are spacious verandas and innumerable inlets. Imagine, further, ample grounds dotted with giant trees, under the shadow of which robbers might come together unnoticed in the brightest moonlight. Within these same grounds are stables, servants' quarters, and other accommodations, the superior style of which is accounted for by the circumstance of their having been erected at the cost of the native Government, presumably under treaty obligations, to suit the requirements and ideals of a British 'political' officer. In front, the outlook is towards the walls of a turbulent city, the space between being occupied by the depressed channel usually more or less dry-of a considerable river, along the rocky bed of which, as over a great natural highway, a body of traffic is always passing, both on foot and on horseback, as well as in bullock-coaches and atop of donkeys, camels, and elephants. From this highly picturesque scene of life and motion the walks and shrubberies of the bungalow are separated by the superior elevation of their site, and by a low parapet useful in its way for military purposes, but offering no obstacle to those who would enter quietly.

It was long after dark on April 18 of the abovementioned year. The season of vehement heat was at its intensest. The sultry air was overloaded with the luscious fragrance of the mango-tree blossom. Every door and casement of the bungalow stood open to admit the refreshment, such as it was, of the night-breezes. There was no 'lady of the house,' but only the one master; so that the stir and bustle of a night-nursery were wanting. The small sepoy guard which local usage sanctioned had been dispensed with because of the clatter which attends the movements of sentries. There was not so much as a house-dog to lay himself down with one eye open behind the unbarred thresholds. Most of the inmates had gone for the night, some to their places within the grounds and others to homes in the bazar; but three good men and true remained

[All Rights Reserved.] JUNE 22, 1907. to spread their rolls of bedding within the bungalow. One of these was an armed orderly of that martial Sikh race whose prowess cost us so dear at Chillian-wala, while the other two—a chaprasi (or belted messenger) and a domestic—were of the Moslem race.

In accordance with the old-fashioned Anglo-Indian method, not yet perhaps wholly superseded, one of the rooms of the house was fitted up as a more or less public office, in which the Government business was conducted daily, with the four doors open to the poorest man or woman who had a petition to present or a story to unfold; and, moreover, on stated occasions the same apartment was used as a court-house, into which murderers, burglars, forgers, and reprobates of every description were ushered, whether as accused persons or as witnesses, to take their stand before the Dharm-autàr, or 'Incarnation of Justice.' The main access to this place-of-all-work was from an outer veranda, through an anteroom called the 'matted hall' because carpeted with stuff made of fibre. Out of this hall a side-door opened into the principal diningroom, part of the proper furniture of whichnamely, three large oaken plate-chests-always stood in the hall for the convenience of the servants; and the consequence was that every convicted or unconvicted felon, as he passed through the 'matted hall,' was liable to have the highest aspirations of his crooked nature acted on by the sight of three padlocked and brass-clamped strong-boxes only too suggestive of Government cash-chests.

On Tintock's tap there is a mist, And in the mist there is kist,

and nursery rhymes of that sort, can hardly have appealed more forcibly to the imagination of old-world Scotsmen than the bazar rumour and gossip about those very matter-of-fact boxes must have done to the cupidity and spirit of enterprise of the criminal classes. In reality, the contents of the boxes were of a mixed description. Table equipments of Elkington's best electroplate largely took the place of the more precious metal; but room had been made by the side of these for a goodly number of racing trophies in solid silver, each of which was enclosed, after the manner of silversmiths, in its own proper shell of wood and morocco.

IL.—THE ROBBERS AT WORK-AND AFTER.

In the Indian hot months, sleep, when it comes at all, comes heavily; and the darkest hour which ushers in the dawn was making blackness visible when, awaking from the first long slumber, I called out to ascertain what time it was. Surat Singh, the Sikh henchman, sleeping lightly as becomes a soldier, entered the room with the desired information—which must have come to him instinctively, for every lamp was out; and as he was returning to his carpet a queer sort of crash happened, as if he had knocked over something with his feet. The next moment he was arousing his two heavier-eyed comrades, making for the open, and shouting 'Chor! chor!' ('Thief! thief!') at the top of his voice.

Imagining that he had merely caught sight of some lurking trespasser, I was in no hurry to follow him up; and by the time I did so lights had been fetched from the stables, and the situation disclosed was in this wise. Under a tree near the bungalow lay the three plate-chests, much broken up as with a hammer; and yet, most wonderful to state, a sepoy sentry of the guard over the British Residency was pacing up and down within sound of the spot. Innumerable articles taken from the boxes lay strewn on the grass. Most of these, as bright as plate-powder and 'elbow-grease' could make them, glittered weirdly in the torchlight; but here and there a darker object bespoke the ignorance and stupidity of the robbers in throwing from their hands unopened the cases containing the race-cups -the only pieces in the whole collection which, if made acquainted with the crucible, would have repaid the honest fellows for their night's labour.

The Sikh orderly was a fine youngster. Not a word is to be said against him; but, somehow, his untutored mind was full of the idea that he had highly distinguished himself by driving away ever so many ruffians without their booty. Just as among ourselves the line that separates 'tact' from deceit inclines to be vague and wavy, so with Orientals to draw the long-bow is not too rigorously excluded from the confines of laudable rhetoric. 'A plain, unvarnished tale' scarcely is an Eastern commodity; a great talker is tacitly assumed to be a great liar; indeed, by a ridiculous piece of confusion, Indians whose knowledge of English depends on the ear only observe no distinction between the words 'liar' and 'lawyer' in the sense of barrister or special pleader.

The Sikh's statement was as follows: He and another had spread their beds in the dining-room; while the third man slept-and slept almost as sleep the dead-in the adjoining 'matted hall' out of which, from under his very nose, the plate-chests had been carried. Some time in the course of the night he had noticed from where he lay that the house-lamps had been extinguished. This preliminary performance, as it was subsequently ascertained to be, of the robbers he had sapiently ascribed to the interference of a passing div, deòta, or deus-that is, evil spirit; the antagonism subsisting between all such children of darkness and every manifestation of celestial light and goodness forming, as is well known, one of the fundamentals of ancient Zoroastrian and Aryan dogma. It was not till after my call had roused him, and he had tripped over and sent flying a tier of empty wooden despatchboxes which the wily ones had placed across one of the dining-room thresholds, alarm-bell fashion, that he had come to realise the situation. And then it was that his forward tactics had saved the house from being looted. How all these particulars except the last were afterwards verified will appear in the sequel. Indeed, it was even then apparent that the work of the robbers had by no means been interrupted; for when the scattered contents of the boxes were brought together it was discovered

that quite a nice little collection of soup-tureens, salvers, and the like was missing.

The news of what had happened was not long in spreading. The first to appear on the scene were those of the servants who lived outside the precincts. Poor, humble, faithful fellows! the varying expressions of their dusky features as they stood before the desecrated receptacles which they had come to regard with so much reverence would have made a study for a painter. When the sentries of the Residency guard were questioned, one of them stated that he certainly had heard a knocking during his two hours of duty, but that, being an unlearned man who came from a remote country, he had not presumed to notice sounds in which the Almighty was perhaps concerned—so difficult is it to speak with persons in whom, for want of education, or rather through education in wrong directions, the margin of the supernatural has been inordinately extended.

In a short time no less a personage than the British Resident hove in sight, and with him several officers of his staff, all of them filled with astonishment and curiosity as well as anxious to express their sympathy. The pity of it was that an attempt was then made to affix the guilt on the household. This man and the other man were particularly recommended for prompt incarceration. More especially did suspicion fall on the Sikh orderly because of his shoes having been found in the grass beside the rifled boxes. The explanation of this circumstance which had satisfied my mind was not accepted by every one. Among the many characteristic points of appearance through which the castes and classes of India are distinguishable the cut or fashion of the foot-gear is to be reckoned. For example, the shoe of the Moslem gallant is as different an article from that of the Sikh man-at-arms as the rapier is from the claymore. The robbers, it appeared, in reconnoitring the house-interior before proceeding to business, had, as usual, taken notice of the shoes which, conformably with Eastern custom, the inmates had shuffled out of at the several thresholds. Recognising among them a pair belonging to a fighting-man, they had been careful to carry this pair outside with them, so that the owner, if he should chance to catch the alarm, might at all events find himself barefoot. By a happy accident, however, the Sikh had that very day bought a new pair of shoes, which he had placed in his bedding, where they came as ready to his feet in the moment of need as the handle of a tankard does to the grip of the thirsty traveller.

In the end, and to my great contentment, the police came to the conclusion that it was unadvisable to lock up any member of my establishment on bare suspicion. Apart altogether from the principles of justice, men of respectability will not take service in Anglo-Indian houses when they see a kind of rule established that in the event of a robbery occurring the servants must go to prison. A common complaint in India is that the

masses of the people will not help the authorities; and doubtless under alien and more or less despotic governments this will always be a weak point. But really, for a long time after the abstraction of my plate-chests, the interference and espionage which petty police-officers—of course with the most laudable intentions—brought to bear on every detail of my household proved so aggravating as to make me cease to wonder at the invincible tendency of Indian communities to leave crime unreported.

III .- DETECTION.

Just three days after the occurrence of the robbery, as I sat in my office drawing up the record, now before me, on which this veracious history is based, word was brought that my plate was being fished out of a deep water-hole on the farther side of the river. Off I posted to see what had happened, and, sure enough, the first thing I noticed, on gaining a certain imli bàori, or 'tamarind-tree well,' was a shapely loving-cup-its lustre turned black by the foul and brackish water-ascending to the upper air at the end of a horseman's turban. One of my own men, who was a great swimmer, had, it appeared, been bathing in the well, when his toes, as prehensile as a monkey's, had 'located,' as the doctors say, a number of hard substances in the mud at the bottom; and, lo and behold! article after article of my lost property was coming up as fast as willing hands could haul it. In the course of the day every piece was thus recovered, with the notable exception of the spoons and forks, not one of which was forthcoming. The explanation of this came later. A week or so afterwards, an aged woman, whose hut opened on the enclosure of a city mosque, chanced to observe a man, evidently from northern India, burying a gruesome-looking bundle in a heap of rubbish. Afraid to meddle with what, for aught that she knew, might contain the remains of a female infant, the good dame, after the manner of lone women everywhere, had recourse to a 'holy man,' or mulla, by whom the suspicious parcel was found to contain innumerable strips of base metal. By that time the news of the plucky invasion of the Feringi's bungalow had been widely bruited, and the native Government, as in duty bound, had proclaimed a substantial reward for information tending to clear up the mystery. Bethinking himself of this, the mullà carried his prize to the Prime Minister's office, whence it was sent to me for examination. Beyond a doubt the pieces of white metal were neither more nor less than my spoons and forks chopped up for purposes of assay and fusion. Did ever 'minions of the moon' experience so cruel a disappointment? For their sakes I could almost have wished that the wretched implements of eating and supping had been made either of honest horn or of sterling metal. It appeared, on inspection, that the wrapping in which the metallic pieces had been put together consisted of a Hindustani garment serving at once as drawers and trousers; and, moreover, on the corners of the

fabric there were cabbalistic markings which, if interpreted, would serve to indicate, if not the place where it was woven, certainly the man who had worn it, and perhaps also the washerman who had chiefly handled it. The reader will be spared the narration of how, by means of these and other clues, a successful result was ultimately achieved. Suffice it to say that before the season turned I had the satisfaction of knowing that, in respect of the indignity which my bungalow had suffered, the prestige of the British Residency had been amply vindicated. On the requisition of the native state in which the offence had been committed, three men belonging to the professional robber class had been apprehended in a distant British province, and before being handed over had made a full confession. Most properly it was decided that a judicial functionary of the native Government, and not the aggrieved British officer, should try the case. On the 23rd of August-I love to be particular-after the three miscreants had been sentenced, not for the first time, to terms of imprisonment, one of them was brought before me. The pathetic expression of the man's countenance, as he stood in his leg-irons in the 'matted hall' which had formed the scene of his ill-judged enterprise, was not soon forgotten. By that time the plate-chests had been put to rights again, the only difference being that Rangoon teak had partly replaced the oak. Each of them, moreover, had been screwed down at its four corners to cubes of hardwood set in the stone floor below it, so that an elephant could not now uproot it, easily as he could crush it with a forefoot or break it up like tinder with his tremendous forehead. The idea had been that it must have taken several men to carry outside those ponderous boxes; but the deponent now before me maintained strenuously that he, and he alone, performed the porterage part of the business. To prove his words, he laid hold of a chest as if to raise it in his arms, and finding it impossible, of course, to do so, ascribed his failure to weakness induced by the cutting off of his daily

pill of opium—a statement raising far too large a question to be dealt with in a mere excursus, even were such a thing allowable. The queries that were addressed to him brought out the following additional particulars:

The robbery had been planned under the assurance that the chests contained bags of rupees, if not even of gold coins, for the carrying off of which the green baize cover of the dining-table, together with a number of deerskins, had been spread out beforehand! When nothing but tablefurnishings issued from the boxes, the robbers would have gone off in disgust but for the chance of the stuff being of silver. Taking away with them as much of it as they could carry, they had entrusted their burden to the safe keeping of the nearest well, all except the spoons and forks, retained as test-pieces for assay. On these proving spurious, their fragments had been buried, as the reader has seen, in the mosque; and that was the end of the performance.

Some would have it that a story without a moral is like a kite without a tail. Be that as it may, at least two useful lessons are derivable from the series of incidents now narrated. One is, that Government work should always be done in a Government building which is not at the same time a private residence; and the other is that every human habitation in which there is anything to attract the robber should have its canine guardian. There is no denying that a house-dog is a trouble. The cook does not always regard him with favour; the housemaids naturally dislike the labour of getting his muddy footprints and scattered hairs out of the carpets; the neighbours are prone to imagine that he is always barking when he is not howling. But none of these things alter the fact that the house-dog, preferably a little one shut up in a closet, is the true palladium, if the plate is not to be swept off the sideboard into the sack of the nocturnal robber without a note of warning being sounded.

норру.

CHAPTER XII.



VO men, khaki-clad and bronzed, stood side by side in the African dawn upon the summit of a small, conical hill. Bareheaded, they systematically searched with powerful glasses every yard of the pleasant country

that, as the mists lifted, slowly unrolled itself at their feet in gently swelling, tree-studded undulations of green and park-like land.

'Nothing, as usual,' petulantly cried the smaller of the two as he returned his binoculars to their case. 'We have long since passed the country where we ought to have found some signs of them,

according to the paper, and I'm sick of it. We'll go north to-morrow, for there's no doubt in my mind that they have been completely wiped out

long ago.'

But the other, whose attention had been fixed on one point for the last few moments, slowly answered, 'I'm not so sure of that, Vare. Hold on a moment,' he exclaimed, as his companion placed an eager hand upon his shoulder; 'it's only one of the ordinary native villages that I have found, but I've spotted what looks remarkably like a proper flagstaff among the huts, which may mean news of our friends. Ah!' he ejaculated excitedly, 'I told

you so. There's a white man coming out of a hut, and—yes, there he goes, straight for the pole; and —wait a jiffy, can't you?—yes, by the Lord Harry, he's hoisting the tricolour!

'Let's look, Dick'—for such had Mr Smith become—cried Vare, as, not waiting to get out his
own glasses, he lifted those of his companion to his
eyes. 'Yes, you're right; and it can surely only
be some of the Escheaux lot. Take the compass
bearings—quick, my son—and we'll make a start
as soon as the porters have had their grub.'

Then the men, descending the hill to the camp below, gave the necessary orders, and within an hour of the discovery tents had been struck, loads distributed, and the black string of human ants, with their white leaders, had marched off with unwonted gaiety, for the word had gone round that the end of their long journey was in sight.

It was only some hours later, and after having taken several false routes, that they finally arrived in the immediate neighbourhood of their search; and when at last they suddenly came upon the village, they found that the news of their arrival had already preceded them. A curious sight met their gaze. The square was filled with natives; but around the flagstaff and on the side facing the travellers the ground was quite clear. Drawn up in the centre of this open space was a guard of honour consisting of one black soldier and one white, while in front stood another European, holding a drawn sword, which he solemnly brought to the salute as he advanced to meet the new-comers.

'It's Apner!' cried out Dick, rushing impulsively forward. But Vare halted the porters and held back. 'Apner, as I live, and alive and jolly as ever!'

'Dick—my dear Dick!' answered the man with the sword. 'I am glad to see you. Yes, it's I all right, but not very much alive, and very far from being jolly. I suppose that you have at last brought us orders to quit, eh? And they have not come too soon, I assure you. But there is Braun —you remember Braun the German? Not a bad sort of chap as Germans go.—Dismiss the guard, Braun,' he called out feebly, 'and come here.' And the white man addressed gravely dismissed the black, and came staggering towards the others.

'Yes, we're pretty bad, both of us,' he continued, as he saw the compassion in Dick's eyes. 'It's an awful place for fever this, though it doesn't look it. Braun and I and the guard,' he smiled sadly, 'are the only ones left. You see, the doctor went first of the officers, and then the quinine gave out—there never had been enough—and one by one all the whites died except us two. Then the black troops deserted and married; some are still in the village, but only the one you saw considers himself still a soldier. And so, you may imagine, I am nighty glad to see you. But who's the other fellow over there? Why doesn't he join us?'

'Oh, he thinks he'd better not interrupt the official reception, I expect,' laughed Dick. 'Silly

chap! why, it's Vare of your old regiment; and it's his show this, not the French Government's. He's come to find you quite on his own hook, and I'm out of the Legion too now.'

'Then you don't bring orders ?' cried Hoppy.

'No, not exactly orders; but that makes no real difference, surely? You're quite forgotten at headquarters, and naturally you'll come back now "along o' we."'

But Hoppy answered never a word, and stalked off towards Vare, leaving Dick gasping with amazement until recalled to himself by the warm greeting of Braun.

'How do you do, Vare? Welcome to the French post of Iwa, which I have the honour to command. I little expected to see you out here.'

'Ah, Apner, so it's you after all! You're a non-commissioned officer, I see. I congratulate you; but you don't look very fit;' and Vare, all his old hatred revived at sight of his rival, glanced contemptuously at the patched and faded uniform, the golden beard, the shrunk, emaciated frame.

'No, it's not a healthy place,' replied the other man, his haggard face flushing at the other's insulting tone. 'I shouldn't advise you to stay in it too long. And now, as representing the French Republic in this territory, which is under their protection, I must ask you to tell me what brings you here, so much off the track of—well, we won't quite go so far as to say Cook's tourists, but Cockney sportsmen would suit you better, perhaps?'

'I must again congratulate you on your most important command and rank,' sneered Vare; 'and if I may ask the representative of the French Republic for leave to camp in their sphere of influence for a day or two, I'll give you the information you want later.'

'Certainly. And perhaps you and Dick Smith will share my supper this evening?' coldly replied Hoppy, mastering with difficulty an intense desire to pull the little wasp's nose.

Dick can do as he likes. I prefer to stay with my men; and Vare turned on his heel with undisguised temper, and busied himself with giving orders as to his camp.

'But it's perfectly ridiculous, Apner!' excitedly exclaimed his friend Dick, as later on they discussed together a savoury mess of stewed kid. 'This fellow Vare-who, from what you tell me, must be a bit of a beast, but whom, I must confess, I have found a pleasant enough companion, and who has always behaved extremely well to mehas come out here at no end of fuss and bother, not to mention expense, to find you and restore youso he tells me-to the sorrowing arms of your "parient" and somebody else who shall be nameless. And now that he has most miraculously run you to earth, all alone, with the exception of poor Braun-who seems just about done for, I'm afraidand one nigger, you solemnly tell me that you won't come back because the last words of your chief as he lay dying in your arms were orders to

stay here in this God-forsaken place and keep that old parti-coloured rag there flying until further orders. I know what a stickler you are for duty—you always were in Algiers; but haven't I told you half a hundred times that you are clean forgotten, and that you would be looked upon as a man from the dead if you came back and reported the fate of the others and Escheaux? Besides,' he went on passionately as Hoppy shook his head, 'you won't live another six months here, and then what will become of your orders and flag and all the rest of the caboodle?'

Hoppy smiled faintly. 'Dear old Dicky,' he said gently, laying his hand affectionately on the other's shoulder, 'I quite appreciate all you say, and I wish I could come back with you. But you know perfectly well that if you were in my place you'd do the same as I, and - Well, I don't know if you ever heard of certain things that took place at Rhanibad five years ago, for you had joined the Legion then; but I once thought myself justified in disobeying orders to save-another man's life, and a nice peck of troubles it brought upon me. So, do you think that for the sake of saving my own skin I'm going to repeat the experiment? Answer me that, man; answer me that. As commanding here, I shall give Braun permission to go with you. No, I shall send him with my report, if he's well enough; but here I stick until I get orders to leave; and, after all, that won't be so dreadfully long, now that you can show them the road to Iwa. If you don't mind explaining all this to Vare it will save me an unpleasant job; and you'll take a couple of letters home for me, I

Dick got up and shook himself violently. 'If I were in your shoes I don't know what I should do, and can't tell till I am, which I hope will be never,' he grumbled. 'I can only now express my opinion that I think you are carrying your high-falutin ideas too far. But there is one thing I am quite certain about, and that is, that when once you have made up your silly old mind you are as obstinate and impossible as—as a donkey on Margate Sands, and so I give up the argument, and be blowed to you, dear old chap!'

'That's capital,' laughed Hoppy. 'And now let us have another look at Braun. I've given him the quinine you gave me; but I'm afraid that the little ceremony this afternoon, which he would persist in joining, was too much for him in his present state of weakness.'

He was right. Poor Braun had mounted his last guard; and though he lingered for three more days, nursed unremittingly by Dick and Hoppy, on the fourth he entered into the great secret, taking his own private one—most of the men of the Legion have them—with him.

They buried him beside the others, Vare and his men attending; and when the sad little ceremony was over, and the simple wooden cross with his name—real or assumed—roughly and indistinctly

cut upon it, had been set up at the head of the long mound of fresh red earth, Vare surreptitiously took a distant snapshot of it, to add to the other photographic records of his trip. He still maintained his attitude of haughty aloofness towards Hoppy, whose decision to remain he did not attempt to combat; and when he looked at his rival's weakened frame, and remembered the many months that must elapse ere he could be succoured, Vare smiled grimly as he said to himself, 'I think you'll be "her ladyship" yet, Mirabelle, for you'll never see Master Hoppy again, I fancy.'

One other photograph he took-surely the gods laughed -that of Hoppy himself, but all unknown to his subject. He had originally asked Dick to do it, and the latter, after much pressing, had reluctantly agreed. But when he attempted the feat Hoppy had vehemently protested, although he had no suspicion that his friend was acting for Vare. Glad at heart-for, harmless as the thing was, and understanding the Major's difficulty, owing to the strained state of the latter's relations with Hoppy, Dick nevertheless had a distinct feeling that he had not been perfectly straightforward-he had returned the baronet his camera; and the latter, laughing at what he termed the commander-in-chief's modesty, said the matter was of no importance. Nevertheless, the very next day, coming across Hoppy fast asleep under a tree, stretched out on his back on a woven mat, and dressed only in a cotton shirt and ragged pair of trousers, he took advantage of the opportunity thus offered, and hurriedly took a snapshot.

'By Jove!' he said to himself as he gazed at the stark figure, worn face, and emaciated limbs, 'really he might be dead already. I don't think that all the quinine in the country would keep him going now until they can fetch him;' and he retreated to his tent with soft and satisfied steps, more certain than ever of his bride.

A few days after Braun's death Vare and his party took their departure, Dick leaving his friend behind at his lonely post with many forebodings of evil. But quinine and other medicines were not now lacking, Vare having given a cold assent to Dick's demand for a supply to leave behind him; and so, with oft-repeated promises that the authorities should have the report, and certain people in England the letters which Hoppy had entrusted to him, the warm-hearted fellow tore himself away with a last, long, lingering hand-grip, and the two old comrades never set eyes on each other again.

Half-way back on their homeward march, the same insidious disease that had played such have with the French party, and which had declared itself in Dick soon after they left Iwa, became acute; and, in spite of all that the really distressed Vare could do for him, he slowly sank, and followed the same path as Braun through the gates of the great unknown. Who and what he really was he did not disclose—as is the way of the thoroughbreds who go under—before his death, and the lonely Vare, as he laid him in his narrow grave, wondered if

there were any anxious hearts in far-off England waiting for tidings of a well-loved lost one—tidings that would never come!

When Vare took possession of the dead man's few effects, the addresses of two sealed letters in Hoppy's handwriting caught his eye. He knew them both well; they were merged in one now, and his heart blazed with rage and fear as he realised what the delivery of the epistles might bring about.

Vare, his hatred of Hoppy apart, was not by any means a bad man; but as day by day he pursued his solitary march, brooding more and more over the possible chances of relief reaching his rival in time to save his life, he allowed certain ideas completely to dominate his sense of honour and to grip him in an unholy embrace. Dick was dead. The porters—not that they were of much account—had been twice changed in different tribal territories since he had buried him. There was nothing to show that he (Vare) had ever come across Hoppy, no reason to think that anybody at Bouc-al-Aran or

anywhere else in Africa would question him on the matter; for the real object of his expedition had been kept a secret, the authorities in Algeria believing it to be big game. Besides, he told himself, Hoppy was to all intents and purposes already as good as dead; for he felt sure that he would not survive many more months of Iwa. And, after all, would the Government thank him, a stranger, for worrying them about a solitary man of the Foreign Legion, whose return might bring up awkward questions about a useless and impolitic expedition long since comfortably consigned to oblivion? No; a thousand times no. And so, before he reached the outskirts of civilisation, he had made up his mind to keep silent; and one shameful night poor Hoppy's report and letters were carefully burned, and Sir Dethe Vare, Baronet, V.C., D.S.O., found himself irrevocably committed to the dreadful path with which the long days of lonely contemplation had familiarised him.

(To be continued.)

MY LORD'S PERQUISITES.

By Michael MacDonagh.



URING a ramble in Essex I came upon a pretty little village called St Osyth, close to Clacton-on-Sea. In the parish church I was informed that the altar-cloth and the cushions of the pulpit were made from the

counterpane and the velvet hangings of the bed in which George II. died. How that came to pass makes an interesting story of the soft things of official appointments. In the royal household there is an office called Groom of the Stole, filled by a peer if the reigning Sovereign is a king, and styled Mistress of the Robes and filled by a noblewoman if the Sovereign is a queen. The office was formerly a political one, its occupancy being changed with every new Government, and the appointment to it was made by the Prime Minister. Its duties are now entirely associated with the ceremonial or etiquette of Court life. There is a salary of five hundred pounds a year attached to the office, and the holder of it at the demise of the Sovereign receives as a perquisite the furniture of the bedchamber in which the king dies. The Groom of the Stole when George II. died was the Earl of Rochford, who had the furniture of the room in which the monarch passed away removed to his residence at St Osyth, and presented the rich trappings of the bed to the parish church.

The state drawing-room at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, holds the chairs in which William IV. and Queen Adelaide sat when crowned in Westminster Abbey. Coronation chairs are a perquisite of the Lord Great Chamberlain, and that office was filled at the beginning of the

reign of William IV. in 1831 by the sixth Duke of Devonshire. Formerly my lord enjoyed other perquisites. On the morning of the day on which a king is to be crowned, and before His Majesty rises, his wearing apparel is carried to his bedchamber by the Lord Great Chamberlain. For this simple service my lord became the possessor of the king's bed and all the furniture of the bedchamber. In 1831 the Duke of Devonshire was amusingly circumvented and deprived of this perquisite by William IV. By order of the King, the bed and valuable effects of his bedroom were replaced by a suite in plain deal. In recent times this perquisite has been abandoned. The Lord Great Chamberlain also receives forty ells of crimson velvet for the robes he wears at the Coronation. But his perquisites do not end even there. At the state banquet in the evening, after the Coronation, he serves the king with perfumed water with which to wash his royal hands both before and after the dinner. The basin and the towels go to the Lord Great Chamberlain as his fee.

In a few country houses are to be seen large, cumbersome, and unwieldy chairs with high, carved backs and seats in dark-green leather, which are always objects of curiosity to guests. From these chairs Speakers have guided the deliberations of the Commons in Parliament assembled. Formerly a new chair was supplied to the House of Commons on the meeting of each new Parliament, and the Speaker carried off the old chair as a perquisite. Lord Sidmouth, who, as Henry Addington, was for seven years Speaker of the House of Commons, at the end of the eighteenth century, had two of these seats of authority, one at each side of the fireplace in

the drawing-room of White Lodge, Richmond Park, a residence that was given to him by George III. in recognition of his personal devotion to the king. There are as many as five of these chairs at Clandon Park, Surrey, the seat of the Earl of Onslow, whose ancestor, Arthur Onslow, was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1727 to 1761. But if the Speaker has been deprived of this perquisite, he is still in the enjoyment of several valuable gifts over and above his salary of five thousand pounds a year, free of income-tax, his house, 'with coal and candle,' for nothing, and his retiring pension of four thousand pounds and a peerage. On his election to the Chair of the House of Commons he receives one thousand pounds equipment-money, as it is called, to fit himself out with the wig and robes of his office. He used to be presented also with two thousand ounces of silver plate to grace his sideboard; but in 1839, on the motion of that rigid economist Joseph Hume, the House of Commons decided that this service of plate, which had previously been the perquisite of the Speaker, should be attached to the office, and be permanently maintained in the diningroom of the Speaker's house. Past Speakers had also to thank a grateful country for allowing them one hundred pounds a year to pay their stationery bills, and an annual allowance of two hogsheads of claret. These also have ceased; but the carcasses of a plump doe in December and a fat buck in July from royal deer-parks are still delivered to Mr Speaker. Moreover, at Christmas he receives from the Clothworkers' Company of London a present of 'four and a half yards of the finest black cloth that the country can produce.' The original object of this very ancient custom, which has been in operation for six centuries, was to popularise the wearing of English broadcloth at a time the trade was languishing, by inducing the great personages of the land to wear it. The company spends two hundred and thirty pounds a year in providing such perquisites. The cloth costs thirty shillings a yard, and is specially manufactured by a West of England firm.

Even so exalted a dignitary as the Lord Chancellor does not affect to despise small perquisites, although, as head of the judicial system of the country and Speaker of the House of Lords, he is in receipt of the munificent salary of ten thousand pounds a year, and on appointment receives eighteen hundred and forty-three pounds thirteen shillings equipment-money, and on retiring gets a pension of five thousand pounds. Lord Chancellor Halsbury presided as Lord High Steward at the trial of Earl Russell by his peers for bigamy. The state chair, with its canopy and other trappings of rich silk, provided for such trials formerly fell to the Lord High Steward, but on this occasion the perquisite was denied to Lord Halsbury. The general cheers with which an announcement by the First Commissioner of Works to that effect, after the trial of Earl Russell, was received in the House of Commons

showed that the abolition of some of these quaint and curious but valuable perquisites which fall to high officials of the State, in addition to fat salaries,

would meet with popular approval.

The Lord Chancellor, however, remains in the enjoyment of the annual gift of broadcloth, as well as other perquisites of a more unique character. As Keeper of the Great Seal he retains always in his custody that symbol of sovereignty. It consists of two heavy silver discs, six and a half inches in diameter and close on one inch in depth, and each artistically engraved ith an effigy of the Sovereign, hinged together so as to form a sort of mould, from which is obtained in coloured wax the impression of the Great Seal, as large and as thick as a musin, which is attached by a plaited silken cord to all important State documents, such as treaties with foreign Powers, patents of nobility, and the credentials of ambassadors. A most beautiful purse, which is at once the receptacle and the outward sign of the Great Seal, is solemnly carried by an official in Court dress, called the Purse-bearer, before the Lord Chancellor as, with slow steps and dignified mien, he enters and leaves the House of Lords or the Court of Chancery. It is made of rich crimson velvet, on which the Royal Arms are exquisitely embroidered in gold. The purse is renewed every year, and the old one goes to the Lord Chancellor. The wives of Lord Chancellors have cunningly turned the purses to objects of household decoration. Hardwicke was Lord Chancellor for so many years-from 1737 to 1756-that Lady Hardwicke was able to provide the state bed in their house in Wimpole Street with several counterpanes and hangings from the purses which thus fell to her lord.

The Lord Chancellor has a more interesting perquisite still in connection with the Great Seal. When the mechanical parts of the seal become worn out and a fresh one is required, and when, at the accession of every Sovereign to the Throne, a different Great Seal with the effigy of the new ruler has necessarily to be provided, the old Great Seal becomes the property of the Lord Chancellor. An interesting contention arose over the right to the possession of the Great Seal of George IV. Lord Lyndhurst was Lord Chancellor on the death of that monarch; but before the new Great Seal of William IV. was completed a change of Government took place, and Lord Brougham was appointed Lord Chancellor. Each of them claimed the Great Seal of George IV. as his perquisite. William IV., to whom the dispute was referred for arbitration, decided to divide the die, which consists, as has been described, of two parts—one with the Sovereign enthroned forming the obverse of the seal, and the other with the Sovereign on horseback its reverse—and that a part should go to each of the contending claimants. But His Majesty's graciousness did not end here. He had the two silver discs set into silver salvers, and presented one to Brougham and the other to Lyndhurst.

The action of William IV. has become an established precedent. In 1860 a new Great Seal was ordered, as the one provided at the accession of Queen Victoria had become somewhat defaced. Lord Chelmsford was Lord Chancellor at the time; but before the new seal was completed he was succeeded, on a change of Government, by Lord Campbell. In the disposal of the old Great Seal, they decided to be bound, subject to the consent of Queen Victoria, by the decision of William IV. Her Majesty readily consented to follow the precedent of her uncle, and accordingly Chelmsford and Campbell received each a side of the Great Seal set in a silver salver. This precedent received an extended application in 1878, when it again became necessary to provide another Great Seal. The old seal fell to Lord Chancellor Cairns; and he, though under no obligation to do so, gave one of the sides to his predecessor on the Woolsack, the Earl of Selborne, who was Lord Chancellor in 1873. The Great Seal made in 1878 was discarded in 1898. It became the property of Lord Chancellor Halsbury, to whom also fell the last Great Seal of Queen Victoria. The cost of a Great Seal, I may add, is between four hundred and five hundred pounds.

The Speaker and the Lord Chancellor, who receive such handsome perquisites, make by custom similar gifts to others. The three clerks who sit at the table of the House of Lords taking minutes of the proceedings for the Journals of the House, enjoying salaries ranging from one thousand five hundred to two thousand five hundred pounds, and the three clerks who discharge similarly light and pleasant duties at the table in the House of Commons for equally generous emoluments, wear bob-wigs and flowing stuff gowns like barristersat law in our courts of justice. They shine resplendent in new wigs and gowns whenever there is a change in the occupant of the Woolsack or the Chair, for every new Lord Chancellor presents the clerks of the Lords, and every new Speaker the clerks of the Commons, with fresh sets of these

The Attorney-General, who receives a salary of seven thousand pounds, and the Solicitor-General, whose salary is six thousand pounds a year—both receiving in addition high fees for any cases they

may conduct on behalf of the Crown in the law courts—are, like the Lord Chief-Justice, the Baron of the Exchequer, and the Master of the Rolls, provided with more broadcloth than they need for the clothing of themselves through the benefactions of the Clothworkers' Company of London.

The Lord Mayor of London also receives as well as gives perquisites. In December of every year four does from Bushey Park are presented to him, and every July he receives four bucks from the same royal preserves. To each of the two Sheriffs of the City three does and three bucks are similarly delivered; while the Recorder, Chamberlain, Town Clerk, Common Serjeant, and Remembrancer receive one doe and one buck each. These animals are killed and delivered on the warrant of the First Commissioner of Works as gifts from the Sovereign. The custom is associated with royal grants and charters to the City of London of certain hunting privileges in the days of ancient civic hunts, of which there are records dating as far back as 1101.

The Foreign Secretary, with a salary of five thousand pounds, also gets his four and a half yards of broadcloth from the Clothworkers' Company. The Home Secretary, who has a salary of five thousand pounds, and his Parliamentary Under-Secretary, who has a salary of fifteen hundred pounds, receive gifts of venison from the royal preserves. Mr Henry Broadhurst, who was Under-Secretary of the Home Office in 1886, writes in his very interesting autobiography, From Stone-Mason's Bench to Treasury Bench: 'One curious experience that befell me during my short term of office was the discovery that I was entitled in virtue of my position to half a carcass of a buck from Windsor, or in lieu thereof one or two guineas-I forget the exact equivalent. I chose the half-buck, and in due course it arrived at the Home Office, when I had it transported to my home. It proved rather an alarming addition to my small larder; but it enabled me to fill a rôle which I have found the most grateful in life-that of the dispenser of favours. I was able to distribute among my friends joints of royal venison.'

A predilection for perquisites is indeed a common human weakness, from which, as we have seen, not even the highest and best-paid magnates of the State are free.

RUTH; OR, THE CLOTHES-PINS.

CHAPTER VI.



HE storm of the previous night had passed, and the refreshed earth and glistening leaves sent forth a grateful fragrance; my spirits rose as I walked forth into the mellow sunlight, and I felt indeed that

'the morn was cheery.'

But a sad change came over the spirit of my dream when the maid brought in my usual monthly

bill with the breakfast, and I discovered that a contingency had at length arrived which, though I had foreseen it, I had never cared to dwell on—in fact, that I was now actually reduced to my last shilling, and must at once bid adieu to the pretty spot where I had idled away so many pleasant hours, and nerve myself to begin the stern struggle for existence in earnest.

My father, like most men who have once been

wealthy, had managed to keep about him a certain air of luxury and refinement, even when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb; and, whatever his private troubles may have been, had never allowed me to feel the want of money, so that I was but ill

prepared for the struggle before me.

However, youth is the age of hope in earthly eventualities, as age is that of the purer hope in things eternal; and, as I set out to walk to the neighbouring town-for after settling my bill I had not even enough money left to pay for a carriage-I reflected philosophically that my pleasant sojourn in this quaint old village would always be a green spot to look back upon when the road before me was dark and dreary, and felt pleased to think that I had left my books and portmanteau in the care of my landlady, on the chance that some day in the far future I might be able to return.

'Now, however,' said I to myself, 'the nearest barrack-yard must be my destination, and in a few days I suppose I shall be wearing the tasteful livery of Tommy Atkins, and going through the graceful movements of the goose-step, to the admiration of my country and the terror of my foes, under the tuition of a red-faced drill-sergeant, who will tell me to keep my "helbows hin, 'old my 'ead hup, an' move my eyes to the right with a r-rattle." Well, the Queen's service is a fine career for any man, be he gentle or simple.

> Ben Battle was a soldier bold. And used to war's alarms; But a cannon-ball took off his legs, So he laid down his arms.

By the way, I wish Tom Hood would not put such unpleasant ideas into one's head. I wonder what will become of my atomic sympathies if such a fate befalls me?'

Thus idly communing, I trudged stoutly along, and had accomplished some four miles of my journey when my attention was attracted to a poor beggarwoman sitting by the roadside with a baby in her

'Buy a string of clothes-pins, your honour,' she said in a professional whine, holding them towards me.

'I am afraid I have no clothes to hang on them,

my good woman,' I answered.

'Oh, your honour won't refuse a trifle to a poor, lone widdy-woman with a child, that has not tasted a bit or sup this day .-- Have you, deary?' she said to the baby, who, catching its mother's meaning, held out its little hand and then pointed to its mouth.

'That is a very intelligent baby of yours,' I remarked; 'but if you can get no work, why do you not go to the overseer of Little Plumptre, whose duty it will be to pass you to the union at Chiselpoorborough, where you will get food and a night's lodging? No one need starve in England, you know.' I spoke as I had been told it was right to speak on such occasions by well-meaning county magnates who, however, had never been in want themselves.

'Yes, sir; and it's two weary miles to Little Plumptre, and six more to Chiselpoorborough, and the child to carry all the way in the hot sun; and when I get to the union they will keep me in till twelve the next day to do the labour, and what work can I get after that? I shall have to go on from work'us' to work'us' like a rolling stone, till it's weary I'll be in heart and body. Indeed it is,

She had given up the whine now; and as I looked at her worn shoes and the poor little, halfstarved, ill-clad infant, I really pitied her. 'Well,' I said, pulling out my uncle's shilling, the only coin I had, 'if this is any good to you, you are welcome to it; and you can keep your pegs, for I have no use for them.'

'No, no, sir; you will please to take the pins; they are only twopence the dozen,' said she, wrapping them in a piece of paper; 'and I know it's agen the laws to beg outright, so I won't ado it; but I thank you kindly, sir, and may Heaven reward you!'

She seemed so bent on my taking them that I thought it best to humour her, and carried the parcel mechanically for the next mile of the way.

Presently I sat down on a bank to rest, and, having nothing better to do, fell to reading the advertisements on the scrap of newspaper which enclosed my purchase. I had seen nothing but the Worcestershire Advertiser at my late quarters, and this was a bit of a London paper with the usual long list of moneylenders' artful notices, offering to advance sums to any amount without security. I was wondering what one of these harpies would say to me if I asked him for five hundred pounds on my own security of, say, a dozen clothes-pegs, when my attention was attracted by an advertisement at the top of the next column:

'NEXT OF KIN .- If Mr Aubrey Chesney, late of Heidelberg, will communicate with Messrs Close and Sebright, Lincoln's Inn Fields, he will hear of

something to his advantage.'

I looked at my watch. It was only five minutes past eleven; if I pushed on I should be in time to catch the eleven-fifty express from Evesham to London. And, happy thought, my watch would pay the fare.

CHAPTER VII.

BOUT half-past four that afternoon I presented my card at the offices of Messrs Close & Sebright, and was at once shown into the latter gentleman's private sanc-

tum, a comfortably furnished room, containing a bookshelf, a few portraits of eminent judges on the walls, and the usual row of black tin boxes in which lawyers keep their clients' private papers, and from the noble names stencilled on many of which I judged that the firm held a high professional

Indeed, it was easy to see that Mr Sebright was a man of very different calibre from my quondam friend Mr Tite.

Tall and gray-haired, with a frank, courteous manner, and shrewd, kindly eyes, he inspired you at once with a feeling that he combined large business capacity with a refined and upright mind. Added to this, his alight Scotch accent had an honest ring in it that was pleasant to hear; though why a Scotch accent should sound more honest than any other I have never been able to determine; I only state the impression it makes on me.

'I am glad to see you, Mr Chesney,' he said, motioning me to a chair; 'and I think, when you have heard what I have to say, you will be glad to see me. The facts of the case are simply these:

'Some time ago I chanced to read in the Illustrated London News that the will of Mr John Chesney of Pixley Hall, Worcester, had been proved, and I remembered that a gentleman of the same name and address had come to our office and made a will of a very different nature, at a date subsequent to that of the will described in the probate. I mentioned the matter to my partner, who remembered quite well that about two years ago your uncle, then a stranger to us, called one afternoon stating that he had just come from his physician, who had told him that he was suffering from acute disease of the heart, which might kill him at any moment, and that he wished, therefore, to make a will without delay, bequeathing the whole of his property to a nephew. He would not allow us to make a rough draft, but dictated the will then and there, had it duly attested, and carried it away in his pocket. Under these circumstances we thought it our duty to communicate with Messrs Tite & Mortmain, the executors, who, however, informed us that every search had been made among your uncle's papers, and that no such will was now in existence. As they act for some of the charities benefited by the former will, we thought it useless to try to get anything further out of them, but I felt so strongly on the matter that I took the responsibility of sending a clerk down to Pixley to make inquiries. Most of the furniture had been sold, but he succeeded in tracing your nacle's bureau, and had it taken to pieces, on the chance of there being a secret drawer. There was, however, nothing of the kind, and no will was forthcoming. Being a persevering fellow, he returned to the Hall and asked the housekeeper if she knew what luggage your uncle was in the habit of travelling with. She showed him a lumberroom full of bullock-trunks, old portmanteaus, &c.; and, after getting nearly choked with dust, he at last discovered a leather hat-box, with a label, the date of which corresponded with your uncle's visit to us. This was opened, and in the compartment for collars the will was found, with other miscellaneous papers.

I expect your uncle originally kept the box ander his bed, but that at some spring cleaning the

housemaid had removed it to the lumber-room without his knowledge. I have known such things happen before.'

Need I say that after this disclosure all thoughts of enlisting vanished from my mind; and, warmly thanking Mr Sebright for his kindness and promptitude, I entrusted him with full powers to recover my inheritance.

CHAPTER VIII.

OME months after the events related in the last chapter I found myself back again in my old comfortable quarters at 'The Barley Mow,' much to the delight of the

good landlady, while the painters and decorators

were busy at Pixley Hall.

I had gone out one afternoon to follow my favourite occupation of fishing, and had wandered farther up the stream than I had ever done before, when I noticed a rosy-faced old gentleman in a wideawake hat nodding and smiling at me from the opposite bank. His face seemed familiar, so I nodded and smiled back again.

'I trust, friend,' said he, 'that thou hast been successful, for verily the day is propitious.'

The words went through me like an electric shock, for they at once recalled to my mind my mysterious visitor at the inn.

'I beg your pardon,' I stammered; 'but I think I had the pleasure of meeting you one evening at "The Barley Mow" early in the summer."

'Nay, friend, that can hardly be,' he replied, 'for I have been absent from England for the last nine months; and now I am fain to confess that, though thy face is familiar, I cannot recall thy name.'

'My name is Chesney,' I said. 'My uncle used to live at Pixley.'

'That, then, accounts for my perplexity; verily, I must have seen the family likeness,' he returned, smiling. 'Thine uncle was an old and valued friend of mine, and if thou wilt cross by the footbridge higher up it will give me much pleasure if thou wilt afford me thy company as far as my house, which is not far from here. I need not tell thee that the nephew of my old friend will always be welcome at Dingley Manor.'

Curious to see the end of this adventure, I followed him, secretly wondering what would happen next, and we soon reached a fine old Elizabethan mansion, before which spread a broad lawn studded with noble trees.

'Ruth,' said my companion to a young lady who rose from her seat beneath an acacia to meet us, 'this is the nephew of my good old friend John Chesney of Pixley; thou must make him welcome.'

I noticed that she coloured slightly as, lifting her large, clear eyes to mine, she frankly extended her hand; while I stood gazing at her like one in a dream, for every graceful line of her slender figure, every delicate shade of expression that crossed her pure and lovely face, reflected to me as if in a mirror the image of my vision-love-

Ruth, the Puritan's daughter.

Somehow, after that I became a more ardent disciple of old Izaak Walton than I had ever been before; and there were few days that I did not find my way to Dingley Manor, and as each day passed my beautiful Ruth became more and more dear

One evening I was turning over some old music, when my eye caught the first lines of a song written in faded ink on a sheet of paper grown yellow with age:

Though years be flying, Love lives undying.

It was the song of my dream !

'Where did you get this, Miss Dingley?' I asked breathlessly of my fair companion, who was softly playing the last notes of an evening hymn, and looking to my enamoured eyes more like an angel of heaven than a creature of this earth, in the soft autumn twilight which lingered with loving tenderness on her fair hair and white, upturned forehead.

'That? Oh, there is a story about that,' she replied with a bright smile. 'One of my ancestresses, a Puritan maiden, my namesake, was beloved by a Cavalier gentleman in the time of the civil wars; she loved him too, but, being a good

and dutiful daughter, she could not disobey her father, who approved not the match. So there was a sore parting, and her lover had to fly the country; but before he went he sent her those verses to tell her that he would always be true to her, and she remained true to him till the king came back, when, her father yielding his consent, they were happily married, and lived in this house for many years. There is a portrait of her upstairs which I must show thee. People say I bear some resemblance to it; but it would be only vanity for me to think such a thing,' she concluded, with a demure little shake of her head which would have done credit to her Puritan ancestress.

What I replied does not immediately concern the reader.

Though I have often since thought over the events of that strange night at the inn, I have never been able to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of how my delusions-if delusions they wereare to be accounted for. My health was good, and I do not think, as some of my friends insinuate, that I fell asleep over the fire.

My father-in-law declares that when he first saw me he felt sure that he had met me somewhere; and as for Ruth, who is now sitting near me making tea, she cannot remember, she tells me, when my face was unknown to her.

THE END.

DAINTIES. YORKSHIRE



ANY articles of food are associated by origin or name with geographical localities; but, of all the counties which are associated with particular dainties, the largest county gives its name to the greatest number.

Some of the Yorkshire dainties have a world-wide fame, but others are never met with beyond the

borders of the county.

The most famous Yorkshire delicacy is the universally esteemed York ham, and the jambon d'York of the French menu tempts many unwary travellers into partaking of bacon and ham direct from Chicago. No one who has tasted a York ham could be imposed upon by the substitution of any other kind, for it has a delicacy and a peculiarity of flavour which no other ham possesses. The flavour is due to the particular mode of curing, although Mrs Glasse, the famous authority of olden times on the subject of cooking, attributes it to a specially fine kind of salt used throughout the county.

Yorkshire pudding is too well known to need more than a passing mention, as throughout England it is regarded as the orthodox accompaniment of roast-beef. In Yorkshire homes where the supply of meat is limited the pudding is served first, and, with a little gravy from the meat, takes

away the keenness of the appetite and tends to

economise the meat. Yorkshire pies are less well known, but in olden times they were often sent at Christmas-time to friends in London and other towns; and the ancient cookery-books give particular instructions to raise a thick crust or 'coffin,' so that the pie may go its long journey without being broken. The delicacy of the Yorkshire pies of olden days may be judged by the following recipe from an old-fashioned cookery-book: 'First make a good standing crust, let the wall and bottom be very thick; bone a turkey, a goose, a fowl, a partridge, and a pigeon; season them all very well; take half an ounce of mace, half an ounce of nutmegs, a quarter of an ounce of cloves, and half an ounce of black pepper, all beat fine together; two large spoonfuls of salt, and then mix them together. Open the fowls all down the back and bone themfirst the pigeon, then the partridge, cover them; then the fowl, then the goose, and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first, and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready cased, and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces—that is, joint it; season it, and lay it as close as you can on one side; on the other side woodcock, more game, and what sort of wildfowl you can get. Season them well, and lay them close; put at least four pounds of butter into the pie, then lay on your lid, which must be a very thick one, and let it be well baked. It must have a very hot oven, and will take at least four hours.' It is not surprising to find that a footnote adds that the crust requires a bushel of flour.

At the present time pies figure very largely on Yorkshire tables at Christmas-time; but they are generally filled with seasoned pork. There is another dainty specially associated with Christmas in Yorkshire homes, and that is a dish of frumenty. It is made by removing the outer husk of wheat by bruising it with a rolling-pin or wooden mallet. The inner part of the wheat is placed in a jur, covered with milk, and put into a slow oven to 'cree' for twelve hours, during which time it is stirred occasionally. When required for table use, sugar, spice, raisins, and milk are added to the 'cree,' and it is eaten either hot or cold.

Other seasons are associated with other special fare. Gunpowder Plot is celebrated by a feast of parkins. This is a special kind of gingerbread which is baked in round, flat cakes. It is generally considered very wholesome for children, as it has a slightly laxative action owing to the coarse catmeal and treacle in its composition.

Simnel-cake is associated with Mid-Lent or Mothering Sunday, on which day a holiday was granted to farm men and maids that they might visit their homes, when they took with them a cake, generally made specially for them by the farmer's wife. The derivation of the word 'simnel' (simella and semola being derivations from the Latin simila, 'fine wheat-flour') shows that it is a cake made of the finest wheat-flour, although a fanciful etymologist derives the word from Simon and Nelly, and relates an amusing story of a husband and wife who could not agree as to the method of cooking the Mothering Sunday cakes, the wife wishing to bake them and the husband desiring that they should be boiled. A compromise was effected, and the cakes were boiled first and baked afterwards, with such successful results that they were named 'Sim Nel' in honour of both husband and wife. Present-day simnel-cakes are of a particularly rich composition,

with a thick middle layer and a thick outer coating of almond-paste. Scarborough is specially the home of the simnel-cake, although other Yorkshire towns produce them, and Bury in Lancashire claims to have given them birth.

Carlins is a provincial name given to a special dish of peas which is always eaten on the fifth Sunday in Lent, or Carling Sunday, a name possibly derived from care—i.e. sorrow, the Passion. The pagans had a custom of eating beans as a sign of sorrow, and 'carlins' is a survival of the custom. The peas are hard and gray, and resemble those usually given to pigeons. They are soaked over night, and the next day boiled and then fried in butter.

Other dainties include tea-cakes, clap-bread, gingerbread, eccles cakes, apple pasties, and mint pasties, all of which figure on the tea-table, for a Yorkshire tea is of a substantial nature and forms an important meal.

Fruits and vegetables resemble those of other parts of the kingdom, although, owing to climatic conditions, the seasons are later than in the southern counties. One fruit deserves special mention, as it is found in full perfection on the Yorkshire moorlands, and that is the bilberry (well known in Scotland as blaeberries). This dark-purple berry, with its delicate coating of bloom, is sometimes eaten uncooked, but more often it is made into puddings, pies, jams, and syrups; but no matter in what form it is eaten, it is regarded as having special virtues in the prevention and cure of scrofula.

The sea that washes the Yorkshire coast offers only such fish as may be found elsewhere; but it offers them in abundance, so that herring and other fisheries support a fair proportion of the Yorkshire population. Whiting, too, abound, but they are so much appreciated by Yorkshire people that not many find their way into the London or Midlands fish-markets. Local fishmongers find constant occupation in skinning and curling whiting for the seven o'clock delivery in time for early breakfast. They are generally served fried with bacon, and the combination is worthy of note, as indeed are the other items which are deservedly classed under the name of Yorkshire dainties.

THE RED GERANIUM.

By Helen Porter.



AN BULGER sat up in bed and looked round the infirmary ward with a face of disgust. How weary he was of everything! How tired of the waxed boards, the rows of beds with their blue-checked quilts,

the tall clock ticking away the hours in the far corner! Nothing seemed altered in the eight years he had been there, bedridden; the only change was in the floating population who drifted in and out; and since old Patsey died, the week before, Dan found himself the oldest inmate.

Close at hand a sick man and a deformed boy were playing cards. 'Tis aisy some folks do be amused!' muttered Dan crossly, for the sight annoyed him. He felt so dissatisfied with his surroundings that he had long passed the stage of taking any pleasure in the amusements of his neighbours.

Then, as he painfully drew himself into an easier position, his glance fell on a flower-pot on the window-sill at the side of his bed, and his whole face brightened.

'Git me a sup av wather, Thady,' he called out to a more fortunate patient who was able to walk. 'The geranium is morthial dhry entoirely.'

Thady, as requested, went to the bathroom, and returned immediately carrying some water in a cracked mug.

cracked mug.

'Tis a grand little plant, Mr Bulger; sure,
'twud be a pity an it to die.' As Thady spoke
he winked at one of the card-players, for Dan and
his geranium were a standing joke.

Such a miserable specimen it was, too! Long and lank, with thick, distorted stalk, and a bunch of leaves at the top—poor, pale leaves pining for fresh air and for sunshine. Almost every condition necessary to plant-life was wanting except a loving care, without which it must have died years before.

Dan smiled. No girl at her first ball, no budding poet, was half as susceptible of flattery as this old man about his only possession. 'Tis doin' well,' he said; 'tis lookin' foine this summer. It has seven leaves more nor last year.'

'Does it ever flower, Mr Bulger?' asked Thady with an air of innocence.

'Is it flower? Why, 'tis a grand red flower! It does be covered wid flowers. Wait till ye see it; ye'll be surprised!' cried Dan hopefully.

'Well, indeed thin, Mr Bulger, ye have a consate av yer own about the plant!' cried a fellow-inmate from across the ward. 'I've been here goin' on three year now, an' divil the sign av a flower I ever saw on it! Ould rubbish it is. I do be wonderin' the matron doesn't sling it out. Sure, 'tis only to humour ye she laves it!'

'Ould rubbish! Ould rubbish is it?' stuttered Dan, shaking with rage. 'Maybe 'tis ould rubbish ye are yersel', Mr Moriarty! Maybe 'tis yersel' she'd be slingin' out in half a shake!' A defiant snort from the other here interrupted him, but he continued, ''Tis an ornyment to the ward, that's what it is! Look at the beautiful green av it. An' you an Oirishman, too, Mike Moriarty! I'm s'prised at ye! Barrin' the big branch ye can see out av the far window, 'tis the only bit av green I've sot eyes on for eight year. Green for the honour av Ould Oireland, sez I!' And after making this bid for popularity, Mr Bulger looked triumphantly round the ward.

'More power to ye, Dan!' 'Right ye are, Mr Bulger!' 'Sorra a bit av him desarves a better!' cried some of the audience, rejoicing, like patriotic Irishmen, in his sentiment, and also as Irishmen rejoicing in even the semblance of a fight.

'Well, I never saw sign av a flower on it, anyhow,' retorted Mr Moriarty, conscious that he had come off second best in the encounter.

'The air av the place don't seem to suit it,' said Dan, and there was a touch of wistfulness in his voice. 'It hasn't flowered this six year; though

that's not sayin' it never will, he added, looking sternly at his enemy. 'If I had a sup av new mould for it ye'd soon see!'

'Sure, it's too ould, it is, to be doin' any good at all, at all. Faith, 'tis loike yersel', it is, Dan Bulger—dyin' av ould age!' and Mr Moriarty laughed brutally as he turned over and drew the blankets about his head.

There is not always much consideration for one another's feelings in a workhouse.

'Dyin' av ould age, is it? Dyin' av ould age! Maybe 'tis better to be dyin' av ould age than av the complaint ye're troubled wid, Mr Moriarty! with a scornful inflection on the name. 'Me an' me geranium is wather-drinkers, which is more nor can be said for all here!' Again Dan looked round for public approval, feeling that he had routed his tormentor; but this sentiment was not so well received as the last; while Mike, resenting the allusion to his habits, which were unfortunately beyond a doubt, growled, 'Quit yer blethers, man, an' let me git to sleep.'

And, satisfied for the present with Mike's discomfiture, Dan turned his attention to his plant.

Suddenly something unusual, unexpected, caught his eye. Breathlessly he examined it. Yes; he was not mistaken. Deep in the heart of the leaves a tiny flower-bud was hidden, and, with quite wonderful strength of mind, he said nothing about it. What if it should never come to anything after all? Day after day he watched it swelling, admining its tender green, measuring every fraction of the slender stem on which it rested so proudly.

Happy in his secret, he was so unusually gentle that the matron began to wonder if he might not be unwell. It was so unlike Dan to lie there quietly with never a complaint or a peevish word.

His companions, too, did not understand this new attitude. It was something extraordinary to see the smile on his face, the look of placid content in the tired old eyes.

When Jim Blake whispered, 'Tis not long for this wurrld he is at all, at all; he'll be the next as 'll be tuk,' he only voiced public opinion.

The day when a thin line of red flushed the side of the bud Dan spoke of it, and from that moment till the geranium was in full flower he and his plant were the centre of interest in the ward. It was a mean enough blossom, goodness knows; but the rarest orchid could not have pleased the old man more as he lay and watched it with rapturous eyes.

Poor Dan! he had almost forgotten what a flower ought to be like in the eight years he had passed in this place. There was no view from his window, nothing but the gray stone wall of the next building; still, by throwing himself a little forward, he could catch a peep of the blue sky overhead. But now he only wanted to lie quiet, for his flower was satisfying enough; he did not need to strain his poor paralysed limbs even to see the

clouds above. Was not all his world there on the high window-sill? Silly? Perhaps. Unnatural? Perhaps. A great waste of feeling? Possibly. But to understand how Dan felt to that stunted geranium one would need to change places with him, not for a brief moment, but for the eight long years he had been, like the plant, starved of all that makes life glad.

As he lay there in that curious state, half-waking, half-sleeping, what dreams passed through his mind! One could not say whether he were in the land of dreams or in the land of realities, for his dreams were so real to him, and his thoughts roamed free in the past. He seemed to see the little cabin, with its mud-tramped floor, the dresser in the corner with its row of gaudy bowls, the peg on the wall where the rosary used to hang, the crude photo tacked to the shelf above—the photo of the boy who had died in 'Ameriky' half a lifetime ago. He could almost feel the peat-laden breeze as it blew softly through the casement, stirring the leaves of the geraniums which made the windowledge so bright; he could almost see the bent form of the 'missus' as she watered her favourites, and hear her voice, 'Troth, they do be great company the creatures. Some hold by cats, an' more by dogs; but give me geraniums, sez I.' And the start with which he came back to the present filled his eyes with sharp tears.

The door at the end of the room had opened, and a lady-visitor stood on the threshold. In her arms she held a magnificent crimson pelargonium; and as she explained that she brought it 'to brighten up the ward a bit,' the matron busied herself placing it on the centre table and wrapping a piece of crinkly paper round the pot. It made a rich splash of colour in the dingy room, and every eye was drawn to it. Every eye but Dan's, for after the first glance he turned away, his heart torn with jealousy.

'And this is our gardener,' said the matron presently, pointing to Dan. 'You see, Miss Moore, he has a plant of his own.'

The lady said a few words to the old man, which he received in sulky silence; and she, thinking he was merely shy, added kindly, 'I'm glad you like flowers too; you'll admire mine. You do admire it?' she asked.

'I admire some flowers, ma'am. I don't hould by all.'

'But you like my pelargonium, surely?'

'I'm not carin' for palgorums, ma'am, nor any but red geraniums;' and Dan stiffened his lip so that it might not quiver.

'Oh, then, if you are so fond of geraniums, I must get you a new one. This poor old thing is last blossoming; it is too old, you see.' Miss Moore spoke kindly, but drew back, startled at the tone of his reply:

'No, thank ye, ma'am. Sure, ye mane well; but my geranium is the very best. A prize wan it was, a quare deal better nor any of yer palgorums, or

sich-like trash.' He spoke firmly, raising his voice so that all the ward might hear; and, his protest and confession of faith over, he lay down and pretended to go to sleep.

'Never mind him, miss; he's not been himself of late,' the matron explained in a whisper as she

led her visitor away.

'Wan in the eye for you, Mr Bulger!' exulted Mike Moriarty as soon as the door closed. 'Tis aisy seein' the lady doesn't value yer ould cabbage, surely! She knows what's what. Bad scran to the ould weed! We can be seein' now what a geranium ought ter be.'

But Dan was too dispirited even to make a reply, though the taunt went home. Indeed, for the next few days his life was one long misery. None of his companions meant to be actively unkind, with the exception perhaps of his avowed foe, Mike; but it was great fun to take a rise out of the old fellow, and they never knew that to him their chaff meant real suffering.

At last he could bear it no longer, and resolved to make an end of it. With great secrecy and infinite care he managed to screw one of the heavy iron knobs off his bedstead, and after the lights were out he rose painfully in bed and hurled it at the offending pelargonium. The crash wakened every one, and it was some small satisfaction to Dan even in the midst of his disgrace to see by the faint light from the night-watcher's lamp that his enemy was shattered beyond hope of repair.

'Deed, then, an' I'll tell Miss Moore the next time she comes,' added the nurse after a severe scolding. 'You are a nasty, ungrateful old man. You might have killed some one with that heavy

weight, too.'

'I'd be sorry to hurt any, barrin' Mike Moriarty, miss,' was the stubborn answer; and, failing to get assisfaction from Dan, she closed the conversation by turning away and leaving the ward in darkness once more.

As the days went on Dan did not recover his spirits. The rival plant was dead, yet the memory of its glories still lingered and furnished a topic for those who wished to tease him; and in spite of himself a feeling of shame for his rash act disturbed the old man. He was conscious, too, that by betraying his jealousy he had made himself stidioulous

When next Miss Moore appeared he turned away, trying to avoid her notice. She came straight up to him, however, holding up a brown-paper bag. 'Some fresh earth for that plant of yours, Dan,' she explained, smiling at him.

'Thank ye kindly, miss.' Dan's voice was tone-

'Shall I repot it for you?'

'Don't be goin' for to touch it, miss.'

'Oh, I assure you I'll be very careful—I'm quite a skilled gardener myself. Why, where is the pelargonium I left here, by the way? Surely it is very soon over?' She looked round, and several voices broke in, eager to tell her the history of its premature death.

Dan pretended not to hear, and yet every word stabbed him; it sounded such a black episode as

related by Mike Moriarty.

Curiously the young girl studied the culprit, noting the flushed and averted face, and some impulse made her advance to speak to him again. 'Why, Dan, how had the poor plant annoyed you?'

The tone was gentle, and the old man looked up startled, for he expected reproof, and as he did so the girl saw that his eyes were misty and ashamed.

'No ways-no ways, miss-only-only'-

stammered. She sat down on the edge of the pallet, laying her soft, white hand on his old and twisted one.

'Tell me all about it, Dan.'

"Twas this way, miss. They did be makin' a laugh av me an' the wan wee flower on the plant, an' I c'u'dn't bear it; it made me mad like.'

'I'm sorry I brought it if that is so; but you could hardly expect yours to have flowers like mine, which comes from a conservatory and has every care;' and as she spoke she thought there was something a little pathetic in the professional jealousy of an old gardener, for such she supposed him to be.

'Ah, miss, don't be thinkin' that-leastwise'-He could not explain, but added, with a shake of the head, in a voice all broken and husky, 'Twasn't only that, miss; but she was powerful proud av the

And at last the girl understood.

'Your wife?' she asked gently.

'Yes, miss; an' she's gone to Glory this nine year, an' it hurts me to hear them raise the laugh on what she was so sot on once.'

It was quite a little time before any answer could come for the painful lump in her throat, and the girl turned and looked at the miserable plant with altered eyes-with eyes which, like Dan's, saw in it a reminder of happier days, of days which had not always lain in the narrow ward of a workhouse infirmary. The shabby, stunted geranium was the last link to be broken, for friends and home and love had gone, never to return.

'I think I understand;' and her voice required quite an effort to steady it. 'I think I can see what

a very precious plant it is.'

Dan had recovered his composure, and at her words a new light shone in his eyes.

'What did ye be sayin', honey? I'm a bit deaf the day.'

'I said I can see how precious the plant is,' she repeated louder.

Dan's glance flew round the ward to see that all were listening, and he answered with a ring in his voice, a new note of pride, 'Tis so, miss. I allers knew 'twas a grand plant.'

The girl smiled, and, seeing his little manœuvre, humoured it. In a loud, clear voice she said, 'You are quite right, Dan; it would be a beautiful plant

if it got half fairplay. But it cannot thrive in such a place. If you will let me have the timest cutting, I'll get my gardener to see to it. I shall be proud to have it in my greenhouse, and will bring it and show it to you next year.'

Her words, her kindly glance, seemed to infuse new life into the old man. He was radiant.

'Faith, thin, honey, ye'll have yer cuttin' an' welcome. I'm not wan to refudge anythin' to a lady. It's a prize plant it is, an' a greenhouse is its proper place, not a dirty hole like this.'

So the cutting was taken, and the old stump repotted in the fresh mould the girl had brought; and when presently she went away she left a happy,

contented Dan behind her.

Reinstated in the respect of his companions, his own conscience at rest-for the girl had freely forgiven him for destroying the pelargonium-his plant honoured and appreciated, no wonder he felt a different creature. It was a pleasure to see him, and as he launched a scathing taunt at Mike Moriarty even that irascible foe had not the heart to insult

'Tis little ye know about plants. 'Tis aisy seein' what a gomeral ye are, Mr Moriarty. The lady axed for a cuttin'-ay, an' was proud to have it! Put that in yer poipe an' smoke it, Mike Moriarty!'

THE MESSAGE OF NATURE.

In the wonderful glow of the sunset, The emerald green of the field, In the soft-whisp'ring lap of the waters, My message to thee is revealed.

Where the breezes waft over the river, And break up the water to gold, Which glows in the flame of the sunset, The thoughts of my loved one are told.

In the deepening gray of the evening, With voice soft and tender in tone, The sweet, mournful gusts of the breezes Bear tidings for thine ear alone.

On the soft wind which blows from the river, And speeds down the vale to the sea, The white flecks of cloud swiftly moving Are laden with memories of thee.

Oh, read in the wide arch of heaven, And soft touch of Nature's caress, The message of love for my dear one, Which my heart has no power to express!

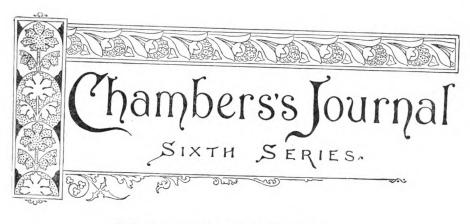
, TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice of otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them. written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, June 22.



OME from his tactful labours in the fields of the higher diplomacy, it is the pleasing and appreciated custom of the King in the time of the busy social season to lend his supreme

services to the close knitting of some of the elements of the social fabric. Apart from the interest that he exhibits almost every week in institutions of national, municipal, philanthropic, artistic, and other characters, to say nothing of the sport which has always been one of the chief loves of His Majesty's life, he devotes much of his time to the paying of more or less ceremonious visits upon those of his subjects who are favoured with his intimate friendship; and it is nothing in these days for the royal motor-car to run out from Buckingham Palace at noon in the direction of a mansion in Belgravia or Mayfair, where the King will pay the nearest thing to a surprise-visit for luncheon that is practicable in his case, for earlier in the day some warning has always been conveyed to the honoured host that he may not be unprepared—or absent. Yet at such times there is a conspicuous absence of some of the severer forms of etiquette, and so it comes about that, the great honour apart, His Majesty is in all respects the most welcome guest. The King has established a new code of rules for hosts which is well understood in the circle in which he moves. Does he wish to make a call on one of his friends, and a message to that effect is sent forward, it is then understood that when His Majesty arrives there shall be no other person present, however distinguished, except the host himself, and indeed that no other member of the family may be permitted to enter the apartment where the King may be unless specially inquired for by him. In the matter of dinner and houseparties attended by the monarch, custom has changed somewhat since the middle days of the reign of Queen Victoria. The late Sovereign used, of course, to scrutinise carefully the list of guests

whom a host proposed to invite to meet her; but head-gear, No. 500.—Vol. X [All Rights Reserved.]

it was seldom that she suggested an addition to the names unless there were some very important reason for making one, or unless it appeared that the name of some personage had been accidentally overlooked by the host or hostess. But nowadays the selection of guests to meet royalty is a more considered matter, and the chief guest constantly makes suggestions, a course of procedure which tends to the increase of the general pleasure and contentment. In the case of the week-end visit, which is a form of recreation in which the King most delights, it is an understood thing that His Majesty is generally invisible in the morning. He always breakfasts alone, of course, and does not generally leave his apartments at all during the morning hours, which are usually devoted to attendance to State and other matters incessantly claiming His Majesty's attention. In most country houses which the King honours with his visits, the royal apartments are in the nature of a self-contained flat, sometimes with an exit to a private garden, and in this way the necessities of the situation are best attended to. Occasionally His Majesty is still absent at luncheon, but he usually attends at afternoon tea. Dinner with the King is always a very short affair, usually consisting of but three or four courses, and being completed within the hour. This has been His Majesty's most sensible practice for many years past; but somehow his excellent example does not seem to have achieved complete popularity in society, for long, wearisome dinners are still in vogue.

If all the examples which are set by the Court in these days were as strictly followed as they ought to be, society would be a healthier and saner thing than it is, and a happier one no doubt; but in some few cases there is sometimes seen what amounts very nearly to open defiance of such example. For instance, for many seasons past the Queen has carried on a campaign against the slaughter of birds when the object is that of adding them to ladies' head-gear, and yet their use is almost as frequent as Reserved.

ever, and in some cases the offenders have had the effrontery to exhibit their offence before Her Majesty herself. Needless to say they are in no wise forgotten. In these days of the burden of tipping, many people are heard to bewail the fact that the King does not take a strong line against it, and by some vigorous denunciation and the establishment of a strict non-tipping practice on his own part give a powerful initiative to the removal of this evil. How far a bold hint from His Majesty in a matter like this may go was indicated in the case of his pronouncement two or three years ago to the effect that it was never to be regarded as any slight upon the Sovereign that his health was drunk in water by those who preferred to do so. Teetotal dining has become increasingly the fashion in recent times, and it is certain that this wise edict had no inconsiderable influence in this direction at the time and since. Once His Majesty did permit himself to make a denunciation against the tipping excesses of the times; but custom in this tyrannical business seems to be too much even for kings, for it is well known that he conforms to it to a very full extent. Some curious stories are told in this connection. The Duke of Fife has strong objection to any of his guests ever tipping one of his servants, regarding it as a slight upon his hospitality. The King knows this, but yet was unwilling when he had stayed with the Duke for deerstalking, and had been well pleased with any particular servant who had attended upon him, not to show his appreciation in some tangible manner. So once when shooting he placed a sovereign at the bottom of a tobaccopipe, and then filled it with tobacco and made show of lighting it. When it was found that there was something wrong, he handed it for inspection to the gillie or loader whom he specially favoured, who, like a wise man, understood when he examined it. At the same time the King, with a smile, accepted a cigar from his host, who a few days later came to hear of the little deception that had been practised. 'The King can do no wrong,' he said.

So the London season is now in its full whirl, and everybody that way inclined, with time and money to spare, is doing his or her best to live at the greatest pressure. The Americans are running about everywhere, and wonderful are the measures which have been taken to accommodate their desire to spend as much as possible before their return. The other day, when making a periodical examination of the contents of a favourite second-hand book-shop in the West End, I noticed that certain volumes I had seen there some time before were now priced some 30 or 40 per cent. higher than they were in the winter, and I asked the reason why. 'The Americans are coming,' said the shopkeeper, and it happened that these volumes were of the kind to appeal to Americans. But nothing is more noticeable in London now than the effects of the entente cordials in the large number of

French visitors who are among us. They are becoming quite 'a good second' to the Americans, and their enthusiasm as temporary Londoners is great, though the hotelkeepers and shopkeepers will tell you that there is much less to be made out of them. And here in London now we have the strange anomaly of the French people crowding out some of those few restaurants which make a speciality of purely English fare, while the Englishmen elsewhere are eating their way through a menu of the most advanced Parisian character. It is a curious thing about the English taste in the season in these days that it is always wanting something very new and novel, right up to the point of freakishness. A year or two back the freak-dinners, invented in New York, on which anything up to a few thousand pounds might be spent, and the object of which was to make the affair look as little like a dinner as possible, became popular in rich London, and there have been signs that the idea is not yet done with. And some of the West End purveyors will tell you strange stories of the current tastes of quite a large section of the community. Not long since what are called Chinese edible birds' nests were instituted as a special delicacy, and have achieved permanent popularity with some very rich gourmets, to the extent that they have even been displayed in shop-windows as articles of ordinary and regular sale. These nests are small gelatinous things said to be composed largely of the saliva of the Chinese crag swallow, and they cost fifteen shillings an ounce. They are made into soup, a consomme of chicken being first prepared and a whole nest added to each. A small plate of the completed soup, consisting of little more than a large spoonful, costs the diner from five shillings to seven and sixpence. Another fancy soup is made nowadays from 'visega,' which is the dried backbone of sturgeon, and costs about twelve and sixpence a pound. It is also said that the popularity of escargots, or French snails, at the idea of eating which we used to shudder, is so much on the increase that one dealer in Piccadilly sells more than a hundred thousand of them in the season; and you can buy frogs on skewers at two shillings a dozen, or the legs of frogs, in tins, at four shillings the tin. On the whole, our French friends are decidedly to be congratulated on their choice of dining-places when in

A newspaper correspondent said lately that there was an increasing tendency among Englishmen in town towards excessive attention to matters of dress—towards something akin to foppery. Nothing could be farther from the truth. To any one who has lived in London for ten years or more the simplification in male attire that has been in progress during the last three or four seasons has been most striking. One decade back a man dared hardly be seen in any public place in the daytime unless adorned with a silk hat and enveloped in the regulation frock-coat. Nowadays such things, unless

worn for some special reason, are positively regarded as foolish. On the Stock Exchange, in Parliament, in the clubs, everywhere, the silk hats and the long black clothes are comparative rarities. Tweed suits and bowler hats, and even caps of kinds, have taken their place, and it is no uncommon thing for men to be seen about at their business and their pleasure in attire designed specially for golfing or motoring. This is an advanced form of carelessness, but it is gaining in popularity. Ten or fifteen years ago all men had tastes in walking-sticks; now they do not walk out with sticks at all. Their fancy golden watch-chains have disappeared, and often enough the gold watches at the end of them as well. All this is not because they are any the poorer; it is because, as they will tell you, they are more sensible, and in this matter, if in no other, they are adopting the simple life in the most wholehearted manner. It is the new life of the open air that has become so popular that has done it all. Golf and the car are responsible. Every man goes in for one or the other now, and he has been taught the excellences of comfort and convenience, and has a feeling that he likes to be prepared for his favourite enjoyments at all hours. The process of his conversion to sartorial simplicity began by his keeping at his office reserve suits for motoring and golfing. This was an irksome arrangement, so now he lives more in the reserve suits. It cannot be said that the place generally looks the worse for the change. In many respects we are becoming a more practical people than we used to be.

* * *

They are shaping a stadium and raising tier upon tier of seats in the far West End of London for the purpose of holding Olympic Games there in the course of next season. This is but what has been done in other capitals, and it will not be any unique thing for athletes from all over the civilised globe to forgather thus in one spot and contest for supremacy. But to the complete and reflective sportsman it will look like a concrete emblem of the more or less general state of things that nowadays obtains in and about the Metropolis. It seems to him as if 'the whole world in arms' is constantly attacking us in our sport and attempting to lessen our general sporting superiority-in a friendly way, of course, but, as sport goes, attacking us all the same. Perhaps the average person has not reflected, like this complete sportsman, on the extent to which this internationalism in sport, as it may perhaps be called, has attained, so he may be reminded of some of the facts. In the springtime there come to us lacrosse players from Canada, showing us how ineffectual have been our attempts to acclimatise a game like this in Britain. At the same time there swoops down on the English courts a tennis-player from the United States, and takes away a championship that had seemed to have a permanent home in this country. While these ordeals of the real and sterner tennis are being undergone,

there is a lady-champion from America and menchampions from the colonies arriving and preparing themselves to battle for the championship of lawntennis. Teams of lawn-bowlers from Australia and New Zealand are at the same time practising here and there on our suburban greens, and simultaneously there is the news that cricketers from South Africa, stirred with ambition by the examples that have been often set to them by their kinsmen in Australia, have arrived at Southampton, and all the talk then is first of test-matches and next of county matches. Newspaper critics devote columns of space to speculating upon English teams that may or may not be set against them in defence of our English honour in cricket. More news of sporting invaders! A Frenchman wins one of the biggest of the early races of the season on the turf, and racing men's minds are turned to wondering how good or how bad is a Russian horse that is coming over in search of equine laurels. Horses from everywhere! How shall the British horse consider any more that he is so great among his kind? For in some stables just a few miles out of London there are a hundred thousand pounds' worth of trotting horses and coaches which were brought over from America in the bleak days of February, and here they have been in process of training, with a huge army of servants waiting upon them, that when the show came to be held at Olympia in the early days of summer they might be at their best. These are the famous Vanderbilt horses; and never, they say, were there other such horses of their kind, and never were any others tended with such care. Pass away from the horses, and on the athletic grounds there are men from America and from France trying again to win more British championships. Always championships. Away up the river let us go to peaceful British Henleythat purest of festivals of the English summer, pretty pageant of the sunshine and flowers and happiness, as it will be held again in a few days from now-and here again there are more foreigners trying to win more British championships. To some earnest minds it is the most melancholy thing of all that there are always foreigners at our Henley now. On the towpath there are strings of foreign sportsmen of all the different sorts, watching the efforts of other foreign sportsmen to 'lift' the Grand Challenge Cup, and for the first time in history they saw it done last year. Friends all to us are these foreigners, and it may seem to them sometimes that there is a touch of pathos in some of these things. England, with its big sporting heart, is against the world, and week by week she is defending her little household gods, never or hardly ever suffering herself to covet the possessions of pride that belong to others. There may be watching these Henley oarsmen the golfers who are over from America, having been competing for the golf championship at St Andrews. Two or three seasons back they also stung the amour propre of some British sportsmen by taking away with them

a championship cup that had never left these shores before, and which few of us thought would leave it while we remained alive. So there will be the procession of champions of all nations along our tracks and over our links and up our rivers and on our fields and courses everywhere through all the summer and autumn; and when at last the leaves fall and the sun grows cool, a new set of winter champions comes across the seas, this time from South Africa again or from New Zealand, and they humiliate the players of the great game of Rugby football that was born and bred in Britain. These are only a few of the invaders; there are many others of lesser renown coming and going by almost every steamboat.

* * *

There are two or three different ways of viewing all this extensive and increasing internationalism in athletics and sport, which has generally the despoiling of Britain for its object. By the more superficial observers it is held to be a fine thing that intimacy between colonies and nations should thus be strengthened. It is said that in this way we all get to know each other so much better, that we come to take a greater interest in each other, and that the bonds of friendship are tightened by rivalry on the playing-fields as they could be in scarcely any other manner. There may be something in this view; and, anyhow, it is certain that games are coming-have indeed come-to be no inconsiderable factor in diplomacy. Ministers of State are obliged to take some notice of these contests. They attend them; they make speeches; they award prizes. They have been known to intercede quietly when difficult questions have been raised. Long reports, coloured sometimes by natural national prejudices, are cabled to newspapers across the seas, and greater prominence is given in the printed sheets to these descriptions of games than to other affairs of national and imperial moment. What shall it matter if somewhere a kingdom is tottering or a statesman is brooding over a scheme for the disturbance of the world, if on some English field an American is coming near to winning a game of one kind or another? Certainly diplomats are obliged to take cognisance of this increasing internationalism in sport. They may look upon it as a factor in modern life that they dare not neglect, or they may regard it as a tool that may be used to suit their purposes. Anyhow, you may be sure that Downing Street in these days knows something about games; and there was a significant forward step made when it was announced that the New Zealand Government would pay something towards the home-going expenses of the footballers from the colony that were over here not so long ago. But all these intimacies and rivalries are ticklish things after all. It is only a sport, only a game, and it is generally a happy business; but the rivals are often treading on very thin ice, and the niceties of conduct that have to be observed are sometimes irritating, for in these matters angry feelings and unwarrantable suspicions are more quickly aroused than in the more matter-of-fact affairs of everyday life. Susceptibilities are too keen. A nation will be furious at the breach of a rule of a game, or a suggested infringement of the spirit of it, when three-parts of that nation would be indifferent to some clumsy or sinister handling by diplomats of a piece of national business of importance. One has only to think of some incidents that have taken place in connection with the yacht-races for the America Cup, of serious questions that have been raised at Henley, and even recently of the irritation that was generated when an English cricket-team was not sent out to Australia as was expected, to realise the truth of this. Countries and colonies that have not the advantage of our traditions of sport, who have only just taken up the games that we have played for centuries, do not always view things in the same light as we do-could not be expected to do so. Their standards of ethics are not the same, and though all mean well, the two views do not assimilate. Six years ago, when, after a year of training, a crew of Pennsylvanians was beaten by Leander at Henley in the final for the Grand Challenge Cup, Leander having only trained for a fortnight, they were bidden to the victors' feast of celebration, and in all innocence one of them, in answering to a toast, said they had been beaten fairly and squarely, and there had been no cheating, 'contrary to what they had been told' there would be. Of all sports British rowing is one of the purest, and Henley is the emblem of its purity. It was hard to hear these things, and to feel that they were thought abroad. It is certainly doubtful whether the dangers of internationalism in sport do not outweigh the advantages; and it is very questionable also whether the advantages at their best are as real as they are thought to be. Does not this internationalism give to games, mere relaxations after all, an enhanced importance to which they are in no way entitled? Britishers spend enough time on games as it is; the circumstances of the period tend to make them spend more. The old order of things-business first and pleasure afterwards-is to be reversed, or rather the pleasure becomes the business; for when there are international reputations at stake men must train for a year. Money must be spent upon them as on vast enterprises, as indeed these are vast enterprises. Hundreds of thousands of people must pay to see, or there will be ruin, for these expeditions cost Capitalists are needed for this many thousands. sport. Millionaires only are of any use in international yacht-racing; shrewd finance committees are needed for the management of intercolonial cricket and football; an American millionaire has just won the amateur tennis-championship, and another one brought his horses to Olympia. So this international sport becomes a matter of politics and money. Thoughtful people must come to realise that insularity is the best for British games and sports. But things have gone far, and can there now be any drawing back? It is on the eve

of Henley that year by year this question comes to be most thought over, for it is in connection with Henley that the problem is most seriously felt. Some time ago it was put boldly to the vote as to

whether Henley should go in for insularity, and there were nineteen votes to five against. The nineteen feared that we might be thought to be afraid. But the question is not yet done with.

HOPPY.

CHAPTER XIII.



HE rain fell in an unceasing drizzle; consequently the London streets were in that condition of greasy filth which is at once the disgust and amazement of foreign visitors

to the richest city in the world. The hour was that at which the toilers after pleasure return to their outwardly dingy but inwardly splendid abodes, to deck themselves out for the round of evening amusements, and Mirabelle Melgrove, bowling along in her snug little brougham, found herself somewhat short of time for that necessary, but to her distasteful, operation.

'Tell John to hurry,' she called out impatiently to the footman through the speaking-tube; and John the coachman, anxious to please a loved, if rather imperious, young mistress, let out his steeds to what was, under the weather conditions, a decidedly dangerous pace.

'Hi! hi! hi!' The horses, pulled almost to their haunches, slipped and slithered, and then the occupant of the carriage felt a sickening jolt, and almost immediately the brougham stopped.

'What is it?' she asked anxiously, sticking out her pretty head through the hastily opened window. 'I'm afraid as a gent'as run hunder the carriage, miss,' answered the footman, jumping down as he

spoke, and passing to the rear of the vehicle.

'Dear, dear,' cried Mirabelle, 'how dreadful! I hope he's not hurt;' and she hopped out and joined the small crowd which had instantly collected, to

see if she could help in anything.

'Now then, make way there,' gruffly ordered a policeman, pushing his burly form through the gathering press, and Mirabelle, following in his wake with the words, 'I am the owner of the carriage,' easily reached the side of the sufferer. He was a tall, strongly built man of military appearance, whose dress suggested the respectable artisan class, and he sat on the dirty street, pale and angry, hatless, and spattered with mud.

'Now then, keep hoff; give the gen'leman room to breathe,' shouted the man in blue; adding in a gentler tone, 'Are you much 'urt, my man, or d'you think you could stand hup with my 'elp?'

'Leg broken bad, p'liceman; case o' hambulance an' 'orspital,' shortly answered the victim of Mirabelle's impatience; and a raucous voice at the back of the crowd shouted, 'Yus, tike 'im ter 'orspital fer ter be dissected, bobby; 'e's honly a pore workin'-man; an' don't keep the rich lidy as 'arf-killed 'im a-waitin' hin the cold, cold rine.'

Mirabelle flushed crimson. 'No,' she exclaimed, so that all could hear her, 'the rich lady will not have him go to hospital, but to her own house.' Then turning to the policeman, she said authoritatively, 'I am Miss Melgrove, and I live with Sir Ralph Apner only a few doors down the square. Send for a stretcher, please, and let him be taken in at once, and I will see that he has every comfort and my own doctor.'

The policeman looked a little doubtful; but the person most interested settled the matter for himself. As he heard Sir Ralph's name a look of surprise came into his face, and eagerly saying, 'That will do me hall right, p'liceman; do has the young lady says,' he looked searchingly at Mirabelle, and seemed to find his scrutiny satisfactory.

Thus a short time afterwards a little procession carefully mounted the steps leading up to Sir Ralph's door; and as the latter closed upon it the same gin-sodden voice called out from the dispersing crowd, 'Three cheers for the ke-ind lidy!'

'And now that you are more comfortable,' said Mirabelle, when, the doctor having done his work, and the patient settled down for the night, she and Sir Ralph stood beside the bed of their unexpected guest, 'is there any one you would like us to send to and let them know of your accident?'

'There's honly my brother, miss, and thank you. 'E keeps a lodgin'.'ouse for gen'lemen;' and he gave the street and number. 'An' hif I may make so bold, sir,' he continued, addressing Sir Ralph, 'do I hunderstand that you are General Hapner?'

'Yes, my man, that's my name.'

'Father, maybe, sir, hof Lootenant Hapner, 'Underd an' Fust Sooties—that was ?'—regretfully.

The General stiffened at once.

'Perhaps you would like to speak to me privately,' he said.—'Mirabelle dear, you had better leave us.'

'That's the very name, sir,' cried the man. 'No, no,' he went on, seeing the girl's look of surprise and her evident intention of withdrawing, 'don't go, miss; it's naught private; only I was Mr 'Oppy's—I beg pardon, Mr Hapner's—servant in the rig'ment afore he went Heast, an' 'e 'ad to take a nigger man hinstead o' me, haccordin' to riglations. My name's Rex, sir—10,724, Private Sam Rex; two medals, four clasps, an' best shot o' the battalion two years runnin'. Served twenty-one years, five good-conduct badges, an' now hon pension hat ninepence a day. Mr Hapner was the best master has ever I 'ad, sir, hand I'd be glad to 'ave noos of 'im indeed.—Hand you'll hexcuse me,

miss,' the now rather excited man continued, 'but I recognised you dreckly I saw yer face has the lady 'e was goin' ter marry ; cause Mr 'Oppy-there I go again - 'ad it in a phortograph-case, an' yer pretty name I knowed again too, for many's the time I've 'card 'im a-mutterin' it, specially when 'e was took sick hafter 'is trouble.'

'God bless my soul! be calm, my man, be calm. This is most interesting,' cried the General. 'I'm sure we are most grateful to you for your inquiries after my son. Twenty years' service and ninepence a day pension! I do not remember the exact scale, but that appears singularly small. No wonder we do not obtain recruits in sufficient- But what am I talking about?' he exclaimed in some confusion. 'I'll send for your brother at once. Rex, you said? Dear me! Hoppy's old servant. Fancy that!' and the white-haired, red-faced old fellow stumped vigorously out of the room, with something suspiciously like a tear twinkling in the corner of his eye.

Mirabelle got a chair, and sat down beside the patient's bed.

'Yes, I remember your name now,' she said

gently; 'Mr Apner mentioned it to me once or twice. He always put down his escape at Rhanibad to your good shooting. I'm sorry to say that we have no news as to his actual whereabouts at present, though a friend-ah, you would know him of course: Major Vare—is now seeking for him in North Central Africa. I am engaged to'-

'What! Not 'im, miss?' broke in Rex in a sur-

prised and disgusted voice.

'To Mr Apner, I was going to say,' laughed Mirabelle; 'but why should it not have been to Major Vare, for that's whom you meant, I suppose?'

'I ain't exactly hat liberty to tell, hexcept that 'e could a-saved Mr 'Oppy afore the court-martial if he'd a-liked,' savagely replied the man. 'Don't you 'ave nothink to do wi' 'im, miss. Some day I'll be hable to tell you why.'

Could have saved Hoppy! What on earth did he mean?' pondered the girl. But as it was evident that the same reason compelled him to silence as had so effectually muzzled his master at the trialfor she had heard all about it—she respected his motives and forbore to question him further.

(To be continued.)

FIRES. FOREST

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY.



HEN the white settlers in America occupied only a few miles of territory running back from the coastline, and the Indians hunted, fought, and roamed from the hills of New England to the great forests of the

Pacific coast, it was an unwritten law that the use of the flint and steel in any part where flames might spread beyond control meant death to the warrior or squaw who 'struck a light,' for the action might result in turning villages into a desert, destroying crops and tepees, and driving the wild animals which formed the food-supply far beyond the reach of the arrow.

Even to-day the greatest dread of the lumberman, the hunter, and the farmer in the newly settled parts of America is from forest fires. Only the man who has fought them knows the rapidity with which they spread and the ruin they will cause in a few hours. As the weeks pass, and the sun rises and sets without a rain-cloud forming in the sky, nature becomes so dry that it seems as if the sap had evaporated from the grain-stalks and the treebranches. The furrows of earth turned up by the plough crumble into fine powder, for there is not enough moisture to hold the particles together, and the dust rises into the air in clouds as the feet of the horses sink deeply into it. Even in the shaded woodland the heated air absorbs the natural moisture. Bushes rooted deeply are so dry that their branches snap off like dead twigs when broken. Touch a lighted match to one and it

blazes up as if coated with petroleum. The bark of the trees loses its freshness and hangs in strips, exposing the white wood.

When a territory one hundred or five hundred miles in extent is deprived of rain for a month or more of summer this is its condition. From 15th July until near the middle of November in the year 1825 the people in the Miramichi Valley, in New Brunswick, saw no rain fall, and one afternoon in October a fire started in the upper Miramichi Valley, no one knows how, but it was supposed a woodsman did not extinguish the faggots on which he had cooked his dinner. The first man who discovered it found a space about one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide in flames. The fire was in a patch of bushes and young trees. He alarmed a camp of wood-choppers about two miles distant. On returning with them half-an-hour later, he found the fire had reached a thicket of pines, and the flames were running along their top branches It had spread so rapidly that a thousand men could not have arrested its progress. The choppers were obliged to run for their lives to escape not only the flames but the dense smoke. A small pond at the edge of the forest probably saved them, as by crossing it they reached the open country and a spot where half a mile of ploughed field kept the flames in check.

The flames would literally shoot up the outside of a pine-tree, and in ten minutes most of the branches would be ablaze. The wood of the trunk, filled with inflammable sap, was converted into a mass of fire almost as quickly. The heat from a single tree was so intense that objects thirty and forty feet from it caught fire immediately. As in other forests of this kind, the ground was covered with a mixture of dead leaves and other débris a foot or more in thickness. This burned like powder, and it was discovered afterwards that in many cases roots five feet deep in the earth had been reduced to ashes. When it is stated that a single tree two or three feet in thickness will burn to a skeleton in fifteen minutes, and ten thousand are on fire at the same time, a faint idea can be gained of the 'Miramichi fire,' as it is still called. Every condition favoured its spread. In addition to the draught created by the hot air meeting the cooler atmosphere about it, a strong breeze sprang up which blew directly toward the Gulf of St Lawrence. It forced the burning mass down the valley. At the Miramichi River the flames nearly leapt across the narrow channel, and thousands of burning embers ignited timber on the other side.

Along swept the great conflagration, turning everything to ashes in its path. Several settlements in the woods were abandoned just in time for the dwellers to escape, although the roar and crackling of the flames could be heard three miles distant. Animals and birds, confused and blinded by the noise, smoke, and heat, perished by thousands; though only carcasses of such beasts as deer and bears were found afterwards to show how deadly had been the fire. The limit was only reached where the forest ended at a stretch of open country skirted by a saltmarsh. Here was absolutely nothing inflammable, and the fire burned itself out. For a month it smouldered in the burned area, occasionally starting up here and there, then dying down for want of material to consume. It reached the limit ten hours after being discovered, and in that time had spread over a territory eighty miles long and twenty-five miles wide, travelling at the rate of eight miles an hour, or as fast as a horse goes at the usual road-gait.

In the south-eastern part of Minnesota lies the town of Hinckly. The buildings are all new, and most of the stores of brick. Its population is about seven hundred. Five years ago another town of Hinckly stood on this spot, but to-day not a house stands of the original village. For an hour before the train reaches it the passenger sees charred stumps of trees every few feet amid the growth of bushes which covers the ground. The first Hinckly was laid out in the middle of a tract of woodland nearly fifty miles square. It started as a lumbercamp, and was the centre of half-a-dozen hamlets located in places where the trees had been cut down in the same forest. A spark from a locomotive fell into a pile of dried leaves in the forest at a spot about ten miles from Hinckly. For four months not a drop of rain had fallen in this part of the state, yet when a track-labourer saw the leaves afire he passed on, thinking they would soon burn out. The pile was destroyed, and for two days the

ashes remained smouldering. The next morning a little breeze sprang up and spread some of the embers, still red, to other leaves. The flames shot up from the ground to the underbrush, then to the trees. A forest fire had started. What wind there was blew directly toward Hinckly, and in that direction the fire travelled, widening as it went and gradually forming an inverted semicircle, with the village opposite the centre. The ends of the circle were a mile beyond the town before the fire in the centre had reached it. Three miles away the people heard the roar of the flames as they shot a hundred feet above the tree-tops, while every moment a huge trunk, burned through, fell with a crash. The smoke came through the woods, filling the air with thick clouds. All seized what valuables they could secure in a moment and started to escape. Some, blinded by the smoke, went directly into the burning area, and never returned. Most of the people left by the wagon-roads, only to find they were going into a furnace. More than a hundred were burned to death or suffocated in trying to get away by the roads.

Half a mile distant, on the side opposite to the fire, was a half-dried pond with a sandy bottom. Some of the cooler heads, seeing the burning mass hemming them in on three sides, remembered this spot, and groping to it through the smoke, dug holes in the wet sand and covered themselves or lay immersed in the stagnant water up to their chins. Even here it was almost impossible to breathe without strangling. The village occupied a space about a mile square. The houses were separated by yards and streets, and were from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet apart. Many of the residents did not believe that the fire would reach any but the buildings in the outskirts, and took their families into the cellars, where they

perished.

As the flames reached the town and the nearest rows of dwellings were ignited, the whistle of a locomotive was heard. Through the opening which marked the cut for the railroad-track dashed a passenger train. The roofs of the cars were smoking from the heat, and every window was shut to keep the interiors from igniting. The engineer stood at the throttle, while the fireman drenched him with pails of water from the tank in the tender. The crowds of people running hither and thither in the streets rushed for the train, and every one who could get a foothold on the platforms was allowed to do so. Then the engineer reversed his lever and backed his train into the mass of burning trees and underbrush. Luckily none had fallen across the track. For six miles he worked the engine. Several times his clothing caught fire, but the water-bucket extinguished it. In places the flames literally swept under and up the sides of the coaches, while the metal-work on the outside of the engine was so hot that it could not be touched. At last the train reached a small clearing near a swamp, and the order was given to all to

leave the train and save themselves. Every one left but two Chinamen, who were burned to asles with the cars. The rails, made of steel weighing sixty pounds to the yard, were twisted by the heat into S-shaped figures, and in some places partly melted.

This fire swept over an area about twenty-five miles long and ten miles wide. The remains of one hundred and sixty persons were found in Hinckly, where not a house was left. Altogether four hundred and sixty persons were burned or suffocated, and fifteen million dollars in property destroyed.

Farther south, in the great grain-fields of Kansas, past experience has forced the farmers to be ever on their guard during the dry season, and they are familiar with every mode of fire-fighting.

Water is useless to extinguish forest or prairie fires. Earth and sand and tree-branches thick with green leaves were the weapons that conquered a fire which threatened to destroy the town of Pottawatomie, in Kansas. No one knows how it started, but when the people began to check it the flames were advancing in a line a mile long, urged by a strong wind. Men and women, and children old enough to be of service, hurried to the locality, while a dozen ploughs were loaded on wagons and hauled to a place on the prairie several miles from the line of burning vegetation. The ploughs were taken from the wagons, while the horses were unhitched and the animals fastened to the implements, four to each. As fast as it could be driven, each team dragged its plough through the ground, turning up the fresh soil and burying the dry stubble which afforded food for the flames. The furrows were dug about five feet apart, in ten parallel rows, each as long as it was calculated the fire-line would extend should it reach the spot. While the ploughmen were thus creating a sort of breastwork to resist the flames, the others were placed at intervals in front digging earth with hoe and shovel, and forming piles to be used for ammunition to be thrown on the flames or spread over the fields as a further obstacle. The children, supplied with branches, were stationed on the leeward side of the burning area to beat down any blaze which might spring up and prevent the fire from widening if possible.

Thus began a fight which continued from nine o'clock in the morning until midnight of the same day. The people knew that if the fire went over the rows of ploughed ground the houses, barns, and crops beyond would be turned into ashes, as it was harvest-time, and the corn and wheat already cut and stacked in piles had been dried in the sun, and, with the surface of the fields littered with leaves, formed a mass of combustible material which no effort could extinguish once it was ignited. So they resisted the fire foot by foot, working in the hot air until some dropped from exhaustion and had to be carried away by others to avoid being burned to death. As fast as the flames reached the vicinity of one of the earth-piles, shovelfuls were

thrown on the blaze. The boys and girls at the sides wore out their sticks and branches with persistent beating, and the smaller ones were sent for a fresh supply. As soon as the ploughmen had finished the 'cut-off' their horses were hitched to the wagons and taken for water to the nearest stream. The water was brought back in barrels, into which the fighters plunged their heads and shoulders to counteract the effects of the heat.

Although there were fully five hundred persons in this fire brigade, they were unable to keep back the progress of the fire until it had reached the ploughed area. The flames leaped over the first furrow, but the stubble and dried grass between it and the second one had been covered with earth, and only a part ignited. Realising the desperate situation, the people devoted all their efforts to extinguishing the flames at this spot. As many as could procure them obtained branches, while the others used their hoes and shovels, some literally running into the fire in their efforts to stamp it out. Its range was narrowed several hundred feet, although a part of the space between the next two furrows ignited. Encouraged by their progress, however, the fighters redoubled their efforts, and by midnight the long row of flames had been turned into a mass of smoking embers. But the fire, though conquered, was not wholly dead. Squads of men were left to prevent another outbreak, and the others scattered to their homes to snatch a few hours' rest until called to relieve those on watch, for prairie fires are treacherous and may smoulder for several days, only to break out with renewed energy. They must be entirely extinguished or watched closely until they die out.

While favourable breezes spread a fire, the intense heat of a burning area creates a draught, which in the case of a large forest fire forms almost a gale. The greater the fire the stronger the aircurrent, so that the flames feed themselves. This is especially noted when forests near the summits of mountains take fire. The air becoming cooler as the altitude increases, the difference in the temperature of the currents is much greater than on the lowlands, and as a result mountain fires burn more fiercely while they last. A curious instance of this occurred a few years ago in the anthracite coal-mining district of central Pennsylvania. A fire started on the side of a hill about a thousand feet from its base. A part of the trees had died on account of the scanty nourishment afforded by the rocky sides, and these increased the heat of the flames. As the timber was not valuable no attempt was made to extinguish the fire, which burned itself out. A month passed, and it was noticed that a reddish glow could be seen at night from several places which had been burned over. Several miners climbed to the burned area, and found that the heat of the fire had broken open rocks and ignited a vein of coal several feet in thickness. The accidental discovery resulted in the opening of a large colliery in this place.

AN EPISODE OF THE BUSH.

By SABINA LEWIS.



ILLOUGHBY the Mailman, leading a pack-horse, drew rein under a shady Leichhardt-tree, and gazed moodily for a minute or two at the wide stretch of glaring yellow sand, relieved by a chain of hot, shimmer-

ing water-holes that marked the course of the Etheridge River; then, with a muttered curse at the fierce noonday sun, which shone down upon him from a sky of brass, he dismounted, unsaddled his tired and sweating horses, and piled his belongings at the butt of the trees.

Throwing the reins of the two animals over his left arm, he took a plug of coarse tobacco from his pouch, filled his pipe, and then, leading the horses, walked slowly down the sloping sandy bank, fringed with a narrow line of verdant she-oaks, till he reached a shallow pool.

As the horses drank, Willoughby took his quart pot and scooped out a hole in the sand under the shady side of the bole of a great dead tree that lay upon the edge of the pool, where it had been stranded in the last flood that had swept down between the mile-wide banks of the Etheridge six months before.

Quickly the water, cooled by the shade of the tree, percolated through the coarse sand, and the man drank again and again. Then, going to the pool, he knelt down and bathed his dark, sun-tanned face and long, tawny beard, which were smothered with the fine powdery dust that had enveloped him in his weary fifteen miles' ride to the river across a patch of spinifex desert.

'Come, old fellows,' he said to his horses, as, after filling his quart pot with water, he took up the reins again, 'let us see what there is in the way of grass under the she-oaks. I think we might as well spell here until the morning, eh?'

Turning the animals loose to graze upon the coarse grass which protruded from beneath the crisp, matted bed of fallen needles from the she-oaks, he returned to the shade of the Leichhardt-tree, lit a fire, and put the pot on to boil for his noonday drink of tea; pulled up some armfuls of dry grass, spread it out under the tree; unstrapped his blanket from his saddle, threw it over the grass, and arranged the saddle for his pillow.

The water boiled. He dropped in some tea, and from his saddle-pouch took out a piece of cooked salt-meat and some damper, and ate and drank slowly, his eyes fixed mechanically upon the yellow sands and shining pools of the river-bed.

Suddenly, with a loud whir of wings, a flock of black duck swept overhead, then wheeled, and with a splash settled down on a pool on the farther bank of the river.

In an instant the man was on his feet, unbuckled the short Winchester carbine that was strapped to his saddle, stamped out the smoking embers of his fire, and lay down again on his blanket, with his face towards a belt of timber about a mile down the river, from which direction the ducks had come.

'Wonder what frightened those ducks?' he said to himself as, leaning his chin on his hand, he gazed at the timber belt. 'There ought not to be any niggers about the river at this time of the year. But ducks don't fly like that unless they have been scared, and who is to scare them on this Godforsaken river but niggers—or myself?' Then he saw something that made him spring to his feet with an exclamation of wonder: a woman was walking slowly along the high river-bank, leading her horse, which, he could see, was completely knocked up.

Leaning his Winchester against the tree, Willoughby stepped out into the open and gave a coo-e-e! The woman, whose head was bent, looked up, made a gesture with her right hand to show that she saw him, and then sank, almost fell, down at her horse's feet.

In less than five minutes Willoughby was bending over her, and saw that she was crying hysterically. She looked at him and tried to speak.

Gently disengaging the bridle from her left arm, he said in his quiet tones, 'Don't try to speak just now, young lady. Now, your horse will be all right here for a little while. I'll take you to my camp;' and, lifting her gently in his arms as if she were a child, he strode along the hot, sandy ground.

'Thank you,' she said faintly as he placed her in a sitting position against the tree, making a thick pad for her head and shoulders with his blanket. From her drawn, haggard expression he saw that she was not only exhausted but hungry.

'Could you eat a little beef and damper?' he asked.
'Oh yes, yes. I am almost starving. I have eaten nothing since yesterday morning. I—I am going to Port Denison.'

Cutting some slices of beef and damper, Willoughby placed them upon a piece of clean bark for a plate, and taking the pint cup, which fitted into the quart pot, filled it with tea. She took the latter with trembling hands, drank eagerly, and then began to eat.

'You will not be afraid to stay by yourself for a little while, will you?' said Willoughby as he unbuckled his revolver and laid it beside her. 'There are no myalls [wild blacks] about the river just now; but, anyway, I will leave my pistol with you. I am going now to bring your valise and saddle; then I can fix you up a place to lie down and sleep, for I can see that you are greatly in need of rest.' He paused a moment, and then said, 'My name is Willoughby. I run the mail between Bowen and Greytown.'

'Thank you, Mr Willoughby. You are very kind to me. I-I am Mrs Winniett. My husband is Captain Winniett, the Police Magistrate of Grey-

Now Willoughby knew that well enough, for he town.3 had often seen the lady; but he merely bowed, and then walked off to the horse. Returning with the saddle and valise, he gathered fresh grass, and piled it up neatly in the form of a couch; and then, gently withdrawing his blanket from the lady's back and head, he spread it neatly over the grass, and placed the side-saddle for a pillow.

'Now, please, lie down, Mrs Winniett, and sleep. I am taking your horse down the bank to where mine are feeding. He is quite knocked up. But before I go I will make some more tea, and leave it with the sugar-bag beside you. If you should be awake, and hear a shot or two, do not be alarmed. There are some duck down there in the river-bed, and I shall be able to give you something better to eat when you awake than tough salt-meat and stale damper. And I have fishing-lines in my packbags, and these water-holes are full of fish. You will not be afraid to be alone for an hour?'

'Oh no. I am too tired to be afraid of anything, and already I feel my eyelids heavy with sleep. But, please, may I have just a little more to eat?

Willoughby smiled gravely as he replenished her platter of bark and placed it beside her, with his clasp-knife.

'There, do not sit up, Mrs Winniett. Take all the rest you can.' He glanced up at the blazing sun. 'You will be shaded here for another two hours yet. The heat has been terrible to-day, and I am rather inclined to think that we shall have a thunderstorm at sunset. Heaven send it, for it will perhaps mean the breaking up of this awful drought. Now, I must see to our horses.

The woman smiled gratefully at him, though her beautiful but tired, sun-smitten eyes were half-closed, and then again she pillowed her head of thick, brown hair upon the saddle. Then Willoughby, taking a fishing-line and his Winchester, went off to the used-up horse, led him down to the river-bed to drink, and brought him back to where the others were feeding under the she-oaks. Five minutes after he had gone, Mrs Winniett was asleep so soundly that she heard nothing when Willoughby returned to the camp with a couple of black duck and a string of long silvery fish like grayling. Stepping very gently, he bent over her and looked at her tired face.

'Poor little woman!' he muttered, as he turned away and began to gather up firewood, making as little noise as possible. As he was about to make a larger fire at some distance from the tree he saw that a low line of black cloud was slowly rising up behind the grim granite ranges to the west. He stopped and watched it for a minute, shook his head, and talked to himself:

'I must awaken her presently, before it is too dark.'

Taking up the wood again, he carried it halfway down the bank, where there were some sandstone ledges. Choosing one which projected out many feet from the bank, and which would afford perfect shelter from the coming storm, he quickly lit a fire; then, returning to the camp, he brought down his saddle and pack bags, the ducks and fish, and placed them under another ledge near by.

Again ascending to the top of the bank, he gathered up more grass, and strewed it thickly over the soft, powdered sandstone under the larger ledge; and, as he looked at it with an air of satisfaction, a low growl of thunder came from the ranges, and a faint air stirred the silent she-oaks.

With a glance at the now brightly blazing and crackling fire, Willoughby sprang up the bank once more and touched the sleeping woman's hand.

She awoke with a strange cry-half-moan, half-'Mrs Winniett!' scream—and covered her face with her trembling hands. Willoughby drew back, frightened.

'I am sorry to disturb you; but a heavy storm is coming on, and I must take you to a more sheltered place. It is only a few yards distant.'

She sat up, trembling visibly. 'Oh, I was dream ing, I think. What did you say, Mr Willoughby? Oh yes, I will come. Surely I have slept a long time. How dark it grows!'

'Yes; in a few minutes it will be quite dark. Now, will you please let me lift you as you are, blanket and all, and you will find your new camp all ready? I'll come back again for your saddle and valise.'

With child-like confidence she obeyed, and in a few minutes found herself under the ledge, seated upon the soft grass, and gazing at the blazing fire in an apathetic yet happy contentedness.

Back to the former camp went the bearded man once more, returning with her side-saddle and valise, and he smiled reassuringly at her as a clap of thunder shook the ground beneath them.

'Do not be afraid, Mrs Winniett. It is only beginning, he said, as he arranged her couch of grass. 'You will be perfectly safe under this ledge from the rain, which will come in torrents presently. My camp is just there'—he pointed towards his saddle-bags-' but if you do not mind, I'll bring my bags here, as I want to get at my flour to make a damper for supper, and the fire gives a good light. And I have a couple of ducks to pluck. Could you eat the grilled breast of a duck?

'Oh, indeed I can. I am ashamed to say it, but I am hungry still. Oh, and you have fish too!

'Yes; we shall not starve to-night. Ha, listen! Here is the rain.'

As he spoke a strange, humming roar came from the north, and a dense white wall of rain swept down and blotted out everything from sight. With it came wind—wind that bent and swayed and lashed the slender she-oaks in its wild fury. Then the squall passed, and silence followed-for a few minutes. Again a mighty, cracking peal of thunder, so startlingly near that she put her hand to her throat in terror, and then down came the rain with deafening clamour, beating upon the parched and hungry earth and churning the water-holes in the river-bed into foam. Willoughby, standing in front of the cave with his hands on his hips, was looking out towards the river, when he heard Mrs Winniett's voice. He turned and went over to her, bending down so as to hear her.

'May I not pluck the birds for you?' she said.

He nodded and smiled his thanks, and then went for his 'tucker' bags, which he brought over to the fire, and as she plucked the birds he took a small tin basin and iron spoon, half-filled the basin with flour, mixed it with water, and made his damper. By the time he had raked away the burning wood from the fire, placed the damper in the glowing coals, and covered it up, the rain had decreased into a steady, noiseless downpour, and all around could be heard the sound of running water as it streamed down the banks and over the sand-stone ledges into the waiting river-bed.

Willoughby made a second fire on which to cook the ducks and fish, the woman watching him the while with a keen interest, for her fatigue was rapidly leaving her. As he moved to and fro his tall figure cast strange, giant-like, and ever-changing shadows upon the yellow walls of the cave and the

rain-soaked she-oaks around them.

Presently he took the tin dish, and, holding it under a stream of water that was pouring over a ledge of rock, washed it carefully, then filled it and

brought it to her gravely.

'Would you like to bathe your face, Mrs Winniett? I have a clean towel in my saddle-bag which I will bring you. It will refresh you.' And then, quickly turning away, he picked up one of the ducks, cut out the breast, and sitting down with his back turned to her, proceeded to grill it over the coals by impaling it on a stick suspended between two forked twigs. Then he made fresh tea, and after the duck was thoroughly cooked, laid some fish on the fire, tried his damper by thrusting his knife into it, took it out, brushed it with some grass, and stood it on end to cool.

'Will you have some supper now?' he asked, not venturing to turn to her as he spoke.

'Yes, thank you.'

On a wide, dry strip of clean, pink-hued inner bark stripped from a ti-tree, he placed beside her the breast of duck and two carefully grilled fish, together with salt, the tea, some coarse ration-sugar, some slices of damper, and his knife.

'It is a very rough supper, but please try and eat. I think you will like the fish. We bushmen call them Burdekin graylings. I did possess a fork once, but lost it at one of my camping-places, and never troubled about another. Now I think I will see if the horses are together.'

'Surely you will have some supper too,' she said quickly as he went to the fire to light his pipe.

'Oh yes, I will have something to eat when I come back;' and, taking a mackintosh from his pack-bag, he threw it over his shoulders and descended the bank.

In a quarter of an hour he was back, saw that she had eaten her supper, drank some tea, and placed the quart pot beside the fire to keep it hot.

'The horses are all right. They are too tired to stray. Now, let me grill you another fish.'

'No, indeed, Mr Willoughby. But I should like to see you eat something now. I watched how you did the fish, and thought I would do some for you; but after spoiling two I did not try again. But I have put the tea by the fire.'

'Thank you. I will soon make my supper. But now you must please lie down and rest. Try to sleep. I will make up the fire again, and will keep it going till daylight. I shall be quite near, and if you should want anything, please call me.'

'Oh yes, I will. But first I should like to sit up a little. I do not feel very sleepy now. And —and I wished to—to ask you something—about to-morrow.'

'Certainly, Mrs Winniett. But why not wait till to-morrow? You will pardon my saying so, but I know by your voice that you are very, very tired. It will be better for you to rest.'

Again she yielded to him. There was a quiet authoritativeness in his manner that she could not resist, and which was not displeasing to her. She laid her head on the pillow, and watched him, through her half-closed eyelids, cook and eat his

supper.

She had heard people speak of 'Willoughby the Mail Contractor' as 'one of the have-beens,' and now, as she looked at him by the glare of the fire, she remembered the tall, bearded man she had sometimes seen riding down the one hot and dusty street of Greytown, dressed in the usual bushman style—print shirt, white moleskin pants and leggings, and cabbage-tree hat. He had once owned a cattlestation in Victoria; but successive droughts had ruined him, and he had come north to the goldfields. But whilst hundreds of other men all around him had done well, Willoughby had never succeeded in striking anything rich. Then, in disgust, he turned from gold-digging, and took a contract to carry the horse-mail between Bowen (Port Denison) and the goldfields. He had no friends but one, and made no acquaintances; but the miners all liked him as being a 'straight' man. The one man with whom he was on friendly terms was Chester, the bank manager at Greytown, who was an old college companion, and true to the friendship of former days.

Willoughby, stretched out under the shelter of his ledge, was thinking of her, and wondering what had induced her to leave Greytown alone to ride to Port Denison, a distance of over three hundred miles, through country infested by savage and treacherous blacks. 'Perhaps she has bolted from

her husband,' he thought. For he remembered what Chester had told him one day: 'Winniett is a hopeless, drunken scamp and gambler. She's one of the sweetest and prettiest little women that ever breathed. Been married for three years to the fellow. She had money. He gambled it all away. He would have been fired out of his billet as Police Magistrate and Gold Commissioner long ago, only that he is a relative of the Minister for Mines. I think she must loathe him now. Some day she will make a bolt of it-if she doesn't die of a broken heart.'

All through the night Esther Winniett slept peacefully and dreamlessly, and when she awoke and looked at her watch she found it was eight o'clock. Willoughby had breakfast ready, and the three horses were standing by the fire ready to be saddled. The rain was still falling steadily, and the swollen Etheridge was now 'half-a-banker'a swirling, silent rush of yellow foam.

He raised his hat. 'Did you sleep well, Mrs

Winniett?' She held out her hand. 'I do not know when I have slept so well.'

They had breakfast together, and then the woman

took her courage in her hands. 'Mr Willoughby, will it delay you if you let me ride with you to Port Denison? I do not know the road.'

'No, it will not delay me. And even if it did, I would not let any woman ride alone through two hundred miles of country such as we shall have to traverse. But now that the river is up, we shall have to follow the telegraph-line along this bank till we get to a crossing thirty miles from here. It will take us a week to get to Port Denison. To-morrow we shall be at the telegraph-station, where I have fresh horses.'

'I am very grateful to you.' Then she went on bravely: 'I must not conceal anything from you at all. I have left my husband, and am going to my home in Sydney. I had my horse brought into the yard three days ago, and said I was going out for a ride in the afternoon. I took the track to the range, slept there that night, then crossed in the morning, and struck the main drayroad. How far have I come?'

'Nearly a hundred miles. You have done very well.'

Then he saddled up the three horses, and asked her if she was ready.

'Quite ready.' He lifted her into her saddle, and then, despite her protests, covered her with his mackintosh; and then, with the pack-horse trotting ahead, they set off through the steady rain.

At dusk they reached the lonely telegraphstation, where the operator gave Mrs Winniett his room for the night. After supper he took Willoughby aside.

'A wire came through two hours ago from the

sergeant of police at Greytown to the inspector at Port Denison. Captain Winniett is dead-died suddenly after a drunken spree. Ought I to tell her?'

'No, don't. She'll hear of it when we get to Port Denison.

Early in the morning young Connolly the operator asked Willoughby if he would come with him and look at what he thought was the outcrop of a payable reef in a gully a mile away. Taking a prospecting-dish with them, they set off. Connolly had no mining experience; but the moment Willoughby saw the outcrop of quartz his eyes lit

Crushing some of the quartz with a hammer, they tried three prospects from the reef; each showed coarse free gold. Then they went to the bottom of the gully, and Willoughby washed out three more dishes of sand and gravel, which yielded nearly an ounce of gold.

'You've struck it, Connolly. Peg out your prospecting area, and send in your resignation. You can chuck telegraphing now. Have you a

miner's right?'

Well, you can use mine for the present, and I'll 'No.' take one out in your name when I get to Port Denison, and bring it back with me. But cover up that outcrop with dead timber in the meantime. Some prospecting party might happen to come

along, and then a rush would follow.' Connolly nodded. 'Right. But look here, Willoughby, we go mates.'

'No; it is your find.' 'No, it is not. It is yours as much as mine. I won't put a peg in the ground if you say "No."

'Very well, Connolly. I'll sling my mail contract. I can just about raise a hundred pounds to pay the forfeit. And I'll be back here in a fortnight with all the mining gear we want."

They shook hands and returned to the house; and Mrs Winniett, when she joined them at breakfast, could not but notice that the young operator, although he was very respectful and sympathetic in his manner to her, seemed restless and excited. Willoughby was his usual quiet self.

The rain ceased for a few hours after they left the lonely telegraph-station; and as they rode along the narrow track through the endless vista of giant, gray-barked gum-trees, the woman's spirits rose, and she and Willoughby chatted together as if they had known each other for months instead of for less than two days. But never once did she allude to her life in Greytown, nor he to anything but his squatting and mining experiences and to two years' soldiering he had done in the Cape Mounted Police.

At night they would camp by some lagoon or water-hole, and at daylight resume their journey, camping at midday for some hours to spell the horses, and then saddling up again as the sun went westward. Game was plentiful, and Willoughly travelled but slowly, for he saw that each day his companion was improving in health, and the dark shadow under her eyes disappearing. Twice only did they sleep under a roof; and then on the evening of the sixth day they saw before them the lights of the bright little township of Bowen on the shores of Port Denison; and Esther Winniett felt a feeling of depression come over her when Willoughby, drawing rein, asked her to which of the two hotels she would go. Menzies's, he said was the quieter.

'Then I will stay there. I will find out to-night when the next steamer leaves.'

They walked their horses down a long, quiet, grass-grown street towards the hotel, neither of them speaking for some minutes.

'When do you go back to Greytown?' she asked.

'I am not going back there again, Mrs Winniett.
To-morrow I throw up my mail contract, and
Willoughby the Mailman again becomes Willoughby
the Digger.' And then he told her of his and
Connolly's discovery at the telegraph-station.

Her eyes filled with glad tears as she put out her hand to him.

'I am so very, very glad, Mr Willoughby. All my good wishes go with you. Will you write and tell me how the new reef turns out?'

The man's bronzed face flushed deeply, and his veins tingled as he answered her:

'Yes, I will write.'

At the hotel door he left her. Perhaps he held her hand a little longer than was absolutely necessary when he bade her good-night and asked if he might call and see her in the morning.

From her bedroom window she saw him trot

down the street, leading his pack-horse, to deliver his mail-bags at the post-office. Then, drawing the blind, she sat down to think.

She was in the hotel garden when he came in the morning. Her face was pale, but she was calm and self-possessed as she shook hands with him.

'My husband is dead, Mr Willoughby.'

'So I have heard, Mrs Winniett.'

She motioned him to a seat.

'There is a steamer leaving at noon to-day, and I have taken my passage by her.'

'Yes, the *Leichhardi*. May I see you on board? It is eleven o'clock now.'

'I am quite ready. Let us walk down to the jetty.'

The man looked at her for one instant, then said slowly, 'I am Willoughby the Mailman, Mrs Winniett.'

Her face flushed scarlet. 'Why do you say that? Do not misjudge me so cruelly.'

At the gangway of the steamer he held her hand once more.

'Good-bye. May I write within a month?'

'Sooner, if you will,' and then she fled below to her cabin to cry—why, she did not exactly know.

Twelve months had passed, and then one day Esther Winniett received a telegram:

'I am coming to Sydney. Am tired of working, and have sold out my interest to Connolly.

'LESTER WILLOUGHBY.'

When the reply came, he took it out into the bush to read over and over again:

'I am so glad.

ESTHER.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

RUBBER.



are dependent, in these days of modern progress, so much upon rubber, which is now used to a very large extent indeed in the arts, that any diminution in the supply

of it would be viewed with serious concern. It is of very great interest, therefore, to find from a report which has been received from southern Mexico that the discovery of a new rubber-producing plant has been recently made in that country. This plant, which is known by the name of guayale, is low and bushy, and grows very extensively at altitudes of five thousand feet in northern Mexico and Arizona. It is gathered, roots included, dried, and packed in bundles weighing about one hundred pounds each. Each bundle is worth about thirteen pounds at the factory. About 15 per cent. of the dried plant is rubber. Six large factories for treating the plant have been erected in the vicinity of San Luis Potosi, Saltillo, &c. The

first operation in the process of extracting the rubber is to cut the plants into very fine pieces. Solvents are then applied to the mass to extract the rubber. The solvents which are employed are highly volatile, and after the solution is filtered away the remaining solvent is evaporated and recovered by condensation. In one of the factories, however, the rubber is separated from the dried plants by mechanical means, the process consisting of the agglutination of the particles of rubber between revolving metal discs through which the finely cut plants are fed. One of the drawbacks of the industry, according to well-informed authorities, is that it will probably have but a short life, as the guayale is of very slow growth, as are most desert plants.

OTHER USES FOR THE GYROSCOPE.

It would be strange if the gyroscope, which for so many years has been little more than an interesting scientific toy, should come prominently into the world of commerce as a vital principle in many important matters. Certainly a number of uses have been found for it lately, some of which have already been mentioned in these columns. As reported last month, important experiments have been made in the use of the gyroscope to replace, or rather augment, the mariner's compass. It is successfully used as a means of keeping torpedoes steadily travelling in the direction in which they are originally started, it has been tried with what is reported to be great success as a means of steadying ships in heavy seas, and now it is seriously proposed to use it to keep a railway train upright on a single line of rails. This novel mono-rail system is the invention of Mr Lewis Brennan, C.B., the inventor of the torpedo which bears his name, and in the demonstration which he gave a short time ago before the members of the Royal Society he was able to prove beyond doubt that, in a working model at all events, the scheme is feasible enough. The single-line model railway ran all around the room over the heads of the audience, and on this single line an electrically driven train stopped, started, and ran at various speeds at the will of the operator without showing the slightest tendency to topple over. In this mono-rail system there is no attempt to keep the centre of gravity below the rail, but, on the contrary, the weight is distributed upon it, much as in an ordinary bicycle; but a bicycle, as such, of course can never run on a rail, because to maintain its balance it must always steer in the direction in which it tends to fall, and thus correct the tendency. In the Brennan mono-rail system the electrically driven carriages are provided with a comparatively small gyroscope, also driven electrically by an independent motor. This has the effect of keeping the carriages upright whether they are standing or running. The gyroscope is of such a nature that in the event of a breakdown of its motor it would still run for several hours by its own momentum with sufficient speed to keep the train erect. At the recent demonstration before the Royal Society the model train was run from one end of the room to the other on a tight rope, which, however, was slack enough to sway from side to side. Even in these trying circumstances the model train maintained a perfectly upright position and was evidently very stable and secure.

WOOD PRESERVATIVE.

The claims of Solignum, a preservative for wood, stone, and brick work, appear to deserve attention, especially in the first connection, for the reports which are coming in from various countries are of a highly favourable character. It is a protection against decay, fungus, dry-rot, and the ravages of insects; but it is more especially in relation to its power of protecting wood against the onslaught of the white ant that the reports are principally concerned. As is only too well known to those who have lived in countries where this terrible insect abounds, its ravages among woodwork of every

description are a very serious matter. In a report from Mr A. L. Butler, of the Soudan Government, a description is given of a comparative test made with stakes of wood treated with solignum and other similar stakes untreated. In a week or two the latter were riddled by white ants, and when withdrawn from the ground were found to be Into the same holes the practically consumed. solignum-treated stakes were then driven, and thirteen months later, when the report was made, the stakes were found to be absolutely as sound as on the day they were put in. Photographs of the treated pegs and the sections which remained of those which had not been treated form a convincing accompaniment to the report. In another report from Sydney, N.S.W, a wooden curbing is described as having been in position for five years, and remaining perfectly sound at the end of that time, while a temporary curbing of similar material untreated had previously been destroyed utterly in six months. Solignum is a preservative stain which is made in three or four different colours, and the makers are Messrs Major & Co., Limited, Hull.

THE TUNGSTEN LAMP.

There appears to be no end to the number of incandescent electric lamps which are being invented, put on the market, and praised to the skies one after the other. The old form of lamp with the carbon filament still appears to hold its own almost undisturbed, although the claims for some at least of these new lamps to a great extent can be substantiated. A good carbon filament lamp consumes about three and a half watts to the candle power; the tungsten lamp, which is among its latest rivals, is said to require less than one and a half watts per candle-power, while the life of the new tungsten lamp is approximately one thousand hours, about the same as that of the carbon filament lamp. This remarkable economy appears to be due to the extremely high fusing-point of the metal tungsten, about two thousand five hundred degrees centigrade. Therefore it can be raised to a very high degree of incandescence without deterioration. The ordinary lamp may be run quite as economically by supply ing it with current of a much higher voltage than that for which it is marked, but in these circumstances the carbon filament is rapidly destroyed and the life of the lamp reduced to a very short period. The price of the new tungsten lamp is not given in Ores and Metals, from which these particulars are gleaned; but that is an important point, for the original price of the lamp appears to be the determining factor as to whether one of these new inventions shall displace the lamps in common use. The other metallic filament lamps are all from five to ten times as expensive as the ordinary glowlamp, and though it may be proved that the first cost is more than compensated by the economy in current consumption, that first cost nevertheless seems to stand in the way of their universal adoption. Some of them have so very delicate a filament that their use is limited to places where there is little liability to fracture; but apparently the tungsten lamp does not suffer from this disability.

A NOVEL RAILROAD.

Some time ago we described a lift propelled by a screw engaging in a kind of screw-thread in the sides of the well in which the lift worked. Now, according to the Scientific American, it is proposed to apply a somewhat similar principle to the propulsion of railroad cars dealing with the traffic problem in large cities. Various more or less unusual schemes have been proposed from time to time in order to facilitate the movements of large numbers of people from place to place in a crowded city. Every one is familiar with the moving pavement scheme, in which a succession of platforms run side by side, each moving faster than its neighbour by a speed of about three miles an hour, so that a passenger by stepping from one to another may board the last swiftly moving one without the necessity of having it stopped. Another scheme provides for a continuously running train travelling at a high speed, which is boarded by the passengers from a huge circular platform whirling at such a rate that its edges correspond in speed to the train passing beside it. The platform is entered by a subway giving access to the centre, where the speed is of course slow; but it would seem that passengers would need some unusual skill to reach the edge of this whirling disc without being thrown off by centrifugal force or otherwise incommoded. The screw-driven train has several points of advantage over this scheme; it is a continuously propelled train, which moves very slowly at the stations and very rapidly between them. The train is composed of a number of short trucks, each capable of seating about half-a-dozen persons. At the stations these trucks are touching one another, as in an ordinary train, but directly the station is passed they separate out to some considerable distance, and travel rapidly to the next station. There are no engines or motors on the cars, but projections to one axle of each car engage with a continuously driven screw or worm running longitudinally with the track on either side. Without illustrations it is difficult to convey an idea of this ingenious contrivance; but the screw may be compared to a long, continuous tube, like a small sewer-pipe, revolving continuously close beside the rail. In the skin of this tubing a spiral channel is cut, forming a screw from end to end. At the stations the convolutions of the screw are close together; in other words, the screw is of low pitch at these points, but between the stations it is of very steep pitch. Consequently, at the stations a single revolution of the screw would mean a forward movement of a few inches only, while in other places one revolution would mean as many feet. The screws are kept continuously revolving by electric motors placed at intervals along the track and transmitting their power by mitred genr-wheels. It will be seen that the cars need no attendants,

either guards or conductors, and that collisions between the cars are impossible. Some of the disadvantages of the system may be found in the difficulties of negotiating curves and gradients, but it may have its uses in certain districts.

THE CINEMATOGRAPH IN EDUCATION.

An interesting plea for the State recognition of the living picture as a valuable means of education is set forth in a brochure by Mr C. Urban, F.Z.S. While the opening statement to the effect that every hospital, scientific laboratory, technical institute, and college is now as incomplete without its moving picture apparatus as it would be without its clinical instruments, its tubes, lathes, and globes or maps, may be regarded as, to put it mildly, a little premature, the general idea that animated photography should be something more than a mere amusement for idle moments is undoubtedly sound. The author is at pains to demonstrate the widely different uses to which photography can be, and ought to be, applied. Difficult and unusual surgical operations can only be witnessed by a limited number of students, and even then there is very little time for them thoroughly to grasp the intricacies of the work and the skilful surgeon's methods. The cinematograph camera takes in every detail with absolute faithfulness; it forgets nothing, and will at any time repeat as often as may be desired the whole operation from beginning to end. Exception has been taken to this statement by a newspaper writer, who opined that the shaky and jerky movements of a living photograph are absolutely valueless as a guide to the medical student studying an intricate surgical operation. But these jerky and unlife-like movements are by no means an inherent fault of the process, but are simply due to the carelessness of the man operating the projecting Probably that newspaper critic was machine. speaking merely upon the observation of some badly conducted entertainment, where no attention was paid to the proper speed of reproduction. In the book in question it is well urged that cinematographic records of all history-making events should be stored in national museums for the use of posterity, just as it has often been suggested that phonographic records of the world's greatest speakers and singers should be similarly preserved, that their voices may be heard again after the singers and speakers are dead. Possibly it is easier to be altruistic for the benefit of posterity when one has not one's self to provide the cost. In both cases, however, the expenditure of capital would not be very great, and it is to be hoped that the question will be certainly taken up.

TESTING FOOD-VALUES.

The United States Department of Agriculture has established a system of what is called nutrition investigations, which includes studies of food consumed by typical individuals, families, and persons in colleges and hospitals. At the University of

Illinois several laboratories of the Department of Chemistry are devoted to the study of meat, to discover differences in composition and nutritive value. Many experiments are made in cooking various pieces of meat before the result is set down. A standing rib-beef roast by analysis consists of 42 per cent. refuse or unedible material (bone and gristle), 24 per cent. water, 26 per cent. fat, 7 per cent. proteid or muscle-building substance, and 7 per cent. 'organic extractives.' When cooked in water it loses from 10 to 50 per cent. in weight; cooked by roasting, meat loses from 13 to 37 per cent. of its total weight, while only a small part of the organic extractives are lost. When it is cooked in water, more than three-fourths of these are dissolved into the broth. In roasting, the losses increase the more thoroughly the meat is cooked. A report made for the same department states that vegetable foods, including flour, bread, and other cereal products, furnish 55 per cent. of the total food, 39 per cent. of the protein, 8 per cent. of the fat, and 95 per cent. of the carbohydrates of the diet. There is nothing new in the above; only the example of the Illinois laboratories is one to carry into every department of food for human use, for use and wont does not always mean making the best of our food resources. It may be mentioned that the York Health and Housing Reform Association has published a table of food-values entitled How to Spend One Shilling on Food to the Best Advantage.

PETROL-AIR GAS.

Petrol as a source of motive-power is familiar to every one. The heat locked up in this volatile paraffin is the impelling force in these wonderfully powerful and wonderfully light engines used in a modern motor-car-engines which, owing to their high ratio of power to weight, will help and are helping aeronauts in the conquest of the air. But petrol as a source of light may be a novelty to some. The name petrol-air gas almost explains itself: petrolvapour with air admixed in the proportion of ninetyeight parts of air to two of petrol-vapour. Two systems of adapting petrol to purposes of illumination are in vogue. The first system requires petrol-vapour and air to be fed by ordinary gaspiping to burners; while by a second system liquid petrol is delivered by pipe to the specially designed burners. In both systems the gas is burned under mantles, thus heated to incandescence. A plant using the first system mentioned (the Delaitte) is being installed at Lord Wenlock's country-seat, Escrick Park, near York, and it would seem that plants such as this are well past the experimental stages. One gallon of petrol will produce five hundred cubic feet of petrol air gas, equal in heating power, if not superior, to coal-gas; and it is claimed for the compound that it is inexplosive. One very obvious advantage of a gas which in its composition contains the necessary oxygen for its combustion is that the air in a room lit by it is not drawn upon

as in the case of coal-gas. This last point in favour of petrol-air gas is made all the more striking if we recall the fact that an ordinary gas-jet uses nearly three times the quantity of air one adult person would in an equal time. In the installation at Escrick Park an existing set of gas-pipes formerly used for coal-gas are being utilised to carry the gas to the hall-kitchen, where it is burnt in cooking-stoves, and to the joiner's yard, where it is used for lighting purposes. A considerable future may safely be predicted for petrol in this novel use as an illuminant.

LANDMARKS OF RAILWAY PROGRESS.

Messrs M'Corquodale & Company have issued the sixteenth edition of The Railway and Commercial Gazetteer of England, Scotland, and Wales. This book contains a list, in alphabetical order, of every railway station, town, village, hamlet, parish, and place in Great Britain, and shows their distance from London, with population from the 1901 census. Where there are postal and telegraph offices, this fact is indicated. A reference to this book may save a world of time and worry to railwaymen as well as to private individuals. We learn that there are one hundred and eighty-five Newtons in fiftysix different counties, in addition to forty-nine Newtowns in twenty-nine different counties; also fifty-eight Uptons in twenty-six different counties. There is a New Holland and a New York in Lincoln-for which the station is Dogdyke, on the Great Northern Railway-as well as a New York in Northumberland and another in Yorkshire. The list of London stations occupies about six pages, while for obscure places boasting of names such as Llanfairpwllgwyngyll the list is 110 less valuable.

'BURFORD: A TOWN OF MANY MEMORIES.'

By an unfortunate misapprehension, this article in our June issue was attributed to Mr T. Fisher Unwin, the well-known publisher. Mr Unwin's share in the transaction consisted only in kindly sending the paper to the Editor on behalf of one of his clients.

NIGHT IN THE BUSH.

LEAGUES upon leagues of bush-there is no sound Save the shrill cricket's chirp, the curlew's cry. The sudden night has come. Within the sky A myriad stars burn bright, a peace profound Girdles the hills; down in the marshy ground The bull-frogs chorus unmelodiously; Like a great moth an owl goes slowly by-The sentinel of night on his fixed round. The sullen thunder mutters far away, Like blades of lapping steel swift flashes play Above the feathery tops of drowsy trees. Now the deep hush is broken by the beat Of the storm's wings; it comes with rush of feet, And hollow moaning as of restless seas. LAWRENCE B. JUPP.



MISS DENISON'S CHILDREN.

By Mrs J. H. Needell, Author of Stephen Ellicott's Daughter, Quentin Harcourt, Q.C., &c.

IN THREE CHAPTERS. - CHAPTER I.



HE dinner was over. The slips of fine damask had been withdrawn from the shining mahogany in which fruits, flowers, and wax candles were reflected as in a mirror, the high polish even giving back the glow of

the red and amber wines.

It had been a sumptuous and protracted repast, for the hostess belonged to the old school, and eschewed the frivolities of simple menus and threequarters of an hour at table. Besides, this was a special occasion; the function was to celebrate the return of her adopted son from his South African campaign, and there was also a rumour afloat that Miss Denison was to make some important announce-

The guests, who numbered about a dozen, were the crême de la crême of the locality, from the peer whose name was a household word in all the Cabinets of Europe to the middle-aged man of letters whose reputation in another sphere stood almost as high; the rest were senior members of county families and Miss Denison's contemporaries, with their sons and daughters, friends of the two adopted children of the house.

The setting of the scene in the old panelled dining-room, with its cradle roof and walls lined with family portraits, was sufficiently picturesque, if a trifle gloomy; the relief came from the glow and colour of the dinner-table, the toilets of the women, and the background of palms and flowering plants which filled up the huge window-space.

As soon as the servants had retreated Miss Denison rose in her place, and a thrill of expectation passed round the circle.

She was a tall, dignified woman of sixty, with clear-cut features framed in the silvery whiteness of her abundant hair, and brows above her fine dark eyes which retained the hazel colouring of her earlier years. The mouth was firm almost to

No. 501.-Vol. X.

severity, but her smile was one of enchanting sweetness. She stood silent for a space, and then turned, putting one hand on the shoulder of the young man who sat on her right hand, and the other on the head of the girl who was placed on

'These are my children, dear friends,' she said, 'as you all know; only, to-day I wished them to be specially recognised as such. The tie could not be closer had I borne them as their mother.'

She let her hands fall, and continued in a lighter tone: 'We are met here to-night to welcome home Captain Yorke, and to wish him joy of the honours he has won and the dangers he has escaped. You have all known him from a boy, and will agree that his record is clean. He has repaid me tenfold for whatever I may have done for him, for he has made that life worth living which at one time I was disposed to let slip wasted through my fingers. I stand here to-night as the last representative of my house; but I am unwilling that an honourable name like ours should be blotted out from the county rolls, and I propose, as I have the power, to graft a new stock on the old tree. In all respects, Everard Yorke is to assume the position of a son; he is not only to be my heir, but he is to adopt my name under whatever formalities the law directs, and it is in this character, my dear friends, as Everard Yorke Denison of Coombe Hall, that I wish you to receive him to-night.'

There was a murmur of acquiescence and approval; but Miss Denison arrested it by a gesture.

'I have not quite said my say,' she resumed, with her delightful smile. 'I think it right to mention before I sit down that there may be certain restrictions or conditions pertaining to these arrangements, but they are of such a natural and agreeable character as to need no further mention.'

As she sat down she glanced at her guest the [All Rights Reserved.] JULY 6, 1907.

Premier, who immediately rose to his feet to make himself the mouthpiece of the general company. He bore witness, in a few happy phrases, to the almost more than maternal devotion which Miss Denison had shown to her adopted son from the time she received him, a sickly infant, from his dying widowed mother to the present hour, when he appeared before them as the ideal of a young Englishman, cultured, courteous, and brave, paying back in character and conduct the debt he owed. They were all proud of him, and would welcome any arrangement that made him part and parcel of their county traditions. Personally, he could not be more one of themselves than he was already.

He stretched out his hand across the table, to be grasped gratefully, but with deference, by the young man himself.

By one consent the guests, who had cheered the Premier's speech, called upon the hero of the evening to return thanks. The situation was decidedly difficult, but Everard rose to his feet and faced it.

He was a gallant young fellow, holding his six feet of height with military erectness, and suggested with his broad brow and somewhat massive features the Roman rather than the Greek type of beauty. That Miss Denison leved him as the apple of her eye was evident to all as her gaze now rested upon him.

"What can I say?' he began. 'I have no command of words to express what I feel. Lord—spoke of me not as I am, but as I might well wish to be, and of paying back what I have received from my dear mother. But you must all feel with me that I can't do that; the debt goes beyond payment even of gratitude and love. I shall be her debtor till I die.' He stopped a moment, and added, 'It would make no difference should anything arise in the future to change our relations.'

There was a slight murmur of protest from Miss Denison, and it was observed by some that Yorke looked down upon her with an expression of wistful tenderness, and also that there had been a curious absence of recognition of the substantial favours she had announced.

As the young man sat down he lifted Miss Denison's hand and kissed it. It was an un-English act, but done with a graceful spontaneity learnt, no doubt, from his foreign training; for, after Eton, Paris and Heidelberg had been his training-schools instead of Oxford or Cambridge.

A feeling of expectancy had crept over the party, traceable probably to Everard Yorke's last words; but the only one entirely unaffected by them was Miss Denison herself, who regarded them as a mere façon de parler spoken to give point to what went before. She patted his hand affectionately and smiled upon him; then, again rising from her seat, she invited the attention of her guests to another statement she was anxious to make.

'I would wish you to understand,' she said, 'that I have not loved Everard Yorke one whit better than I have loved Winifred Leigh. My girl has always been as dear to me as my boy, and as much my comfort and satisfaction. We all love the bird we have taught to sing; and my birds-you will forgive my self-confidence-justify their training. I cannot give my name and estate twice over; but I wish all to know that at her marriage or my death, whichever happens first, Winifred's provision will be adequate to her bringing up, as nearly on an equality with my adopted son's as legal skill can make it. And now,' she added, 'I have delivered my message, and we will dismiss ceremony and dissolve the meeting. The new billiard-table awaits criticism from those who care to test it, and the rest of us shall go into the drawing-room, and, if agreeable, one of our birds shall sing to us, not in

a figurative sense.'

It was the man of letters who held the door open for the ladies' departure, and as Winifred passed him his look met hers with an expression of anxious inquiry. The girl's cheek flushed and she dropped her eyes; it seemed as though she had no answer to give

give.

Captain Yorke led the way to the billiard-room.

Breakfast at Coombe Hall was held by the young people to be the pleasantest meal of the day. The season was now early October, and a succession of golden days, soft and rainless, had followed each other. When autumn is at its best, English scenery and English weather present their loveliest aspect.

liest aspect.

On the morning after the dinner-party, Winifred Leigh and Everard Yorke came down to find the table set as they liked it, close to the open French windows. Below, the flower-beds cut in the velvet turf were still brilliant with happily blended dyes; while, beyond, the park rolled its verdant acres to the verge of the distant river, and all its majestic trees were glowing under the touch of nature's matchless alchemy.

The interior was equally full of charm. A good fire burned in the distant grate, giving the note of comfort to the room; and the combination of fine damask, china, and silver is perhaps never seen to pleasanter advantage than on a breakfast-table, while the savoury dishes that wait on appetite add to the satisfactory effect.

When Everard entered the breakfast-room he found Winifred had already taken her place before the tea-urn. She looked up with a smile of greeting.

'How like the dear old times to have you at home again! I wonder now how our mother and I existed without you. We shall be alone this morning. She is breakfasting in her room.'

'That is unusual;' and there was a note of anxiety in his voice. 'She is not ill?'

'Oh no; I think she had a notion that we should like to be alone.'

Everard had turned to the open window, and was gazing steadily at the prospect before him.

Winifred rose and went to his side. 'Has it gained in interest since—last night?' she asked archly. 'Accept my congratulations, dear Everard.'

He smiled. 'I think it has. It is an inheritance which any man might envy, but to which I have no claim outside her abundant goodness. I would have been better contented with less.'

She shook her head. 'It has always been your way to consider things too seriously. Take what the gods send you, and be thankful. Above all, don't hint at a misgiving when you see our mother this morning. I have a message from her to you. She told me to ask you not to go out after breakfast till she had seen you. She mentioned eleven o'clock, in the library. That means something serious, Everard. When we were children'-

'Dear, you are a child still.'

'So the years that have made a man of you have left me standing still? I am not a child any more. Sometimes I wish I were.'

She went back to the breakfast-table, and he followed her. Whatever his preoccupation-and such was evident enough-it did not interfere with his appetite; he enjoyed his breakfast as a young man should, and the two chatted pleasantly over last night's incidents with the affectionate familiarity of brother and sister, with just an indefinable something on the man's part-a touch of restraint, of courtesy-over and above the natural relationship.

Watching his prowess in connection with a gamepie, Winifred observed, 'How you must have missed all the comforts of life at Ladysmith! Did you not often long for nice things to eat, you who were gentlemen?'

He laughed. 'We longed for something more to eat often enough, but I don't think our fancies often ran on dainties. I never heard any man grumble about our hard fare; personally, I never felt it a hardship. We did as our chief did. But I confess, Winifred, that I sometimes dreamed of savoury and well-cooked food, such as one was used to at home, and that I devoured it greedily. I always felt ashamed of myself when I awoke.

She nodded comprehendingly, and silence fell for a time between them. When the meal was over Winifred rose to go to Miss Denison's room, as she had been desired; but she paused at the open doorway and looked hesitatingly at Everard.

'I want to say one word, but am afraid lest it should not be the right one. I know nothing, Everard; but I have a foreboding of trouble. You will remember how our mother loves you, and you will not cross her wishes?'

'Yes,' he said gravely, 'I shall remember how she loves me to the last hour of my life. Thanks, dear

'How pleasant it is to have my boy at home again!' said Miss Denison as the young man

entered the room. 'Sit down, Everard, and let us have a good, square talk over things in general."

She spoke briskly, and her eyes shone with affectionate content as she looked at him.

'I am so happy,' she said softly-'so happy! Many a better woman than I is breaking her heart to-day for the gallant son who fought and fell beside you. You have been spared, dear, to make my last days my best days.'

'I am not sure,' he answered, smiling a little to soften his words, 'that those who fell were not to be envied.'

She smiled. 'A young soldier's heresy! Life is better than death, for it gives the chance of honourable living and of making the world better and happier than we found it. I am an optimist, Everard-it is only the young who can afford to be otherwise—and the future I see before me is full of hope and sunshine. Shall I tell you what I

'Do! It is what I want to hear.'

'Well, you will allow that I have not been a selfish mother, thrusting my birds under my wings when their instinct was to fly. I have let you, as a schoolboy and a student, see more of the world than most lads; and when you demanded leave to go and fight in our country's quarrel I did not say you nay, though anxiety kept me sore and restless all those weary months. And now that I have got you home again safe and sound, and with a fair record of duty done, I am in hopes-in hopes'-she paused and looked at him somewhat wistfullythat you will be content to settle down at Coombe Hall as a married man.'

'Ah, that is what I feared!'

'Feared! Is a bachelor's freedom so dear to you?'

'Scarcely that. My fear is that you have found the wife for me.'

Miss Denison's face flushed and her fine brows contracted. Then she spoke emphatically.

'For twenty-five years I have ordered my life in subordination to that of the children of my adoption; their good was my good, and out of their happiness I got my own. I don't choose to boast of sacrifice; but it is undeniable that during all those years I denied myself many of the indulgences of my age and position. But it was not sacrifice, Everard, considering the love I bore you both and the reward that I promised myself. I had lost, as you know, the lover of my youth; but I said to myself, "These children shall be to me as my own; they shall inherit my name and my fortune, so that when I go down to the grave I shall not be blotted out of remembrance." Winifred is the most charming girl in all Dorset; and, to my delight, after two seasons in London, she has brought back her heart to the home-nest. She has a fine intellect and a heart of gold. I offer you, Everard Yorke, a pearlof great price.'

She paused, frowning, for he sat silent, with bent brows and eyes on the ground.

'It is all so true,' he said at length, lifting up his head and meeting her gaze; 'and never until now did I feel the debt I owe you a burden. I paid back love with love, and your benefits with a gratitude free as your own generosity. But since yesterday everything is altered. In making me your heir and representative you have made me'—he hesitated—'in a way your bondman.'

'That is distinctly disappointing'—and she laughed a little bitterly—'and it is also unworthy; but it has its compensations. I may at least understand that you feel bound to carry out my wishes?'

- 'I am not worthy,' was his answer. 'I have neither a fine intellect nor a heart of gold. I am not Winifred's equal. She would not take me for her husband.'
- 'Ask her—ask her, Everard! I am content to wait for her answer.'
 - 'But she knows your wishes.'
- 'I have never expressed them; but as a woman I can read a girl's heart, and I should not have spoken to you as I have done unless I had known that you would not plead in vain.'

'Plead!' he repeated, but it was to his own fighting spirit, not audibly to her.

Miss Denison rose and put her hand on his shoulder. 'My dear,' she said, 'you have had your fling of adventure and of danger; with others you have fought a good fight, and my advice now is that you should rest on your laurels and take the goods the gods offer you. If you have not thought of this thing before, think of it now. I repeat that

to know that you and Winifred will reign after me at the old Hall, and your children's voices ring through its rooms and passages, is the dream of my life. I don't want to hurry you, still less to threaten you, Everard; though I own it was this condition I had in my mind when I spoke last night. Take heart of grace, and bring me the good news I want as soon as you can. I love my own way, as you know, and on this way I am steadfastly bent.'

He took the kind hand that patted his shoulder and pressed it between his own. 'It is true that I am your bondman,' he said, with the smile that all his world agreed was delightful; 'and it is a bondman's duty to obey.'

'I would rather you were Love's bondman,' she retorted; 'but that will come. Of course you love her, have always loved her; the heat and glow are latent. You will make me the happiest of women—all I have gathered up in the hands I love. I shall chant my "Nunc Dimittis." She nodded, smiled, and quitted the room.

The young man, who had risen as she rose, stood for a few moments, as the door closed upon her, lost in thought. It was thought that contracted his smooth brows and hardened the corners of his mobile lips.

'What would she think of me?' was the question that stung him to self-contempt. 'A brave man under fire! But none the less a craven in spirit, a coward, and a traitor!'

(To be continued.)

THE SACKING OF THE COTTAGES.

By HENRY LEACH.



HERE are not so many of those quaint old dressers in the kitchens of the cottages of Wales as there used to be—not by thousands. Spinning-wheels are becoming scarce. In the most rural districts of England

those little cottage-chairs which had so evidently been handed down through at least two or three generations of farm-servants have ceased to be passed on as family property under strict entail and inviolable as the most sacred possessions. They have 3one. Ugly, rickety cane-bottomed things which cannot be depended on for more than a decade have taken their place. The old grandfather's clock has disappeared from the corner, and the time is taken from a diminutive piece of American machinery on the mantelpiece. Tin candlesticks have taken the place of brass. Where are they all-those old familiar things? Some of them are in Belgravia and Mayfair, many in the dining-rooms of the country seats of the rich, not a few are in the lavish homes of the meat-packers and trust-mongers of America, and the few that remain against the many that have been taken away from their old abiding-places are on view for a very short time at certain select business depôts in London, marked variously f/e and tk/l; which, being reduced from terms of secrecy to those of ordinary commerce, mean fifteen pounds or sixty

pounds, or something like that.

The plain fact is that the tasteful well-to-do, in their modern craze for the simplest articles of plain, old cottage furniture, have made up their minds that they will have all that the rustics possess in this line. They want all the dressers and the clocks and the chairs that they can find; and, the cost being no consideration, they are determined that they will have them, and that the sentiments of their owners must be sacrificed. A rich man's home is incomplete without a Welsh dresser, and there is a stigma attaching to the lady of the house until she has a spinning-wheel in some odd corner. For a time after the beginning of this fancy as a definitely constituted cult the rustic folks held fast. They were faithful to the family feeling, and when Mrs Moneybags in person submitted her blandishments with a strong pecuniary flavour they were proof against them-

This lady was often lacking in determination and tact, and, retaining from the old days of impecuniosity some of that strong feminine prejudice against paying very many more times for a thing than what it is intrinsically worth, she was apt to stop the increase in her offers a few pounds too soon, and, having read the cottager a lecture on his folly and delicately hinted at the possibility of his future starvation, she went her way. But thereafter the same cottager's mind was uneasy. There were family consultations round the kitchen fire, and it was suggested and agreed upon that old grandfather Bill, who had made the dresser, was in many respects not the good soul that generous memory had been making him out to be. Likewise, holes of a large size were picked in the character of other ancient worthies of the family. And it was undeniable that times were bad.

Simultaneously, at the other end of the social scale, the demand for the old, simple things in the cottagers' homes was established as a definite fashion, a craze. A lead was given in the highest circles, and the thing was done. The rush began, and it was determined that the cottages must be sacked. Society, through its own direct individual agency, was unequal to the task; but every mania brings forth its commercial specialiser, and a new profession was created at once to grapple with the emergency. The managers of warehouses of the antique in the western parts of London determined that they would sack the cottages, and that they would satisfy the appetites of their customers with dressers and grandfathers' clocks, and make much profit. In order to make the more of it they would send into the fastnesses of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, particularly Wales, certain shrewd men who were specially fitted to the business in hand, which was to find out all the cottages possessed of the things that Belgravia wanted for its country adjunct, to overcome all family scruples by the most artful coaxing, and to buy the things at the very cheapest price. No ordinary commercial traveller was equal to such a task. A combination was needed in the one man of the virtues of a Scotland Yard detective, a Bond Street salesman, a City stockbroker, a village parson, and the mother of six. But the resources of humanity are equal to almost any demand, and no sooner were the lines of this new profession sketched out than its first members were getting into the north and west bound carriages at Euston and Paddington. They were the pioneers of furniture-spying, and they were bluntly called furniture-spies. They have done very well since then. They are in the employ both of firms of dealers and private individuals whose demands are so extensive, whose appetite for cottage curiosities is so voracious, and whose means are so unlimited that they deem it best in their own interest to have their own special pickers-up of these old-time goods. It has been stated that, besides various minor peers, a duke has had one

such agent—after all, that word 'spy' has a disagreeable sound—in his private service for many years; that one of the most celebrated of American millionaires, who has achieved some reputation for the merciless manner in which he has been denuding Europe of her art treasures and storing them in New York, with a most beautiful indifference to import duties, has three of them; and that in all these cases these men make from three hundred to six hundred pounds a year each.

The cottage curio-hunter is really a clever man, and is worthy of his hire. He knows a genuinely old-fashioned thing when he sees it, and he has the fine taste of the connoisseur which informs him what its value will be in the collection of his patron or what it will very probably be sold for by the dealer in whose interests he is acting. Moreover, he knows where to hunt for these things, and in what obscure corners of the country they are to be discovered in the greatest abundance and at the most moderate price. Again, he has a fine sense of the intricacies of lowly human nature which enables him to make a good bargain with the simple cottager and take a rich prize home to London or to the hall of his master. Such a man may earn his wage by a single good bargain in a week; or at least he used to be able to do so, for the humble cottager has of recent years become well educated to his own interests. The agent is given a roving commission to go practically where he likes and do what he likes, provided that he sends a fair number of curios to headquarters at fairly regular intervals. He concentrates himself on the most out-of-the-way places that are to be discovered on the map. Regularly he starts for Wales; occasionally, when the spirit moves him, he will go down into Cornwall; sometimes he will cross the Border and make his depredations in Scotland. He may take a month to 'work' halfa-dozen little villages in the same district. He will make it appear that he is merely on holiday, and will become on the most friendly terms with as many of the humble individuals as he possibly can, so that at length he will be permitted to drop into their cottages for a nice little chat and a pleasant cup of tea. Then he will cast a curious glance over the various little odds and ends that there are in this small abode, and he will pay a tactful compliment to something or other that strikes his fancy. He hears the history of it, and takes occasion to drop a word on the exaggeration of sentiment that is sometimes sustained in such matters. A day or two later he calls again, and says he has been thinking about it, and he makes an offer, which is refused. But eventually he buys what he wants, and he sends it away.

Sometimes, however, the agent will flit from village to village with great rapidity, and a case has been spoken of in which one of the profession worked fifteen English and Welsh villages in six days, and as the result of his labours for that

period he sent to London four dressers, three sets of cottage chairs, three grandfathers' clocks, five warning-pans, three spinning-wheels, twelve old brass candlesticks, and a small quantity of oddments including snuffers, bits of old china, and the like. For the whole of this collection he paid out a total sum of fifteen pounds. On their arrival in London a matter of ten pounds had to be spent upon them in small repairs, and in generally doing them up so that they were ready for their grand new homes. Then they were all sold within a fortnight, and among them they realised one hundred and twentyeight pounds ten shillings, which represented a very fair margin of profit. The dressers yielded sixty pounds, the chairs twenty-five pounds, the clocks twenty pounds, the warming-pans eight pounds, and so on. This was in the comparatively early days of the craze, when the rustic was not quite so experienced in such matters as he is at present. He would probably want fifty or sixty pounds for this lot if he had them now-which he has not. When the agent is doing a kind of flying tour on these lines he has not the time to conduct operations on the confidence-trick lines as already explained. Other expedients have to be adopted for getting inside the cottages and ingratiating himself with the inhabitants in a very short time. This has frequently been done by selling to these poor people articles of food or clothing, of such as they are in need, at absurdly low prices, such as make the hearts of the buyers warm towards the kind fairy traveller instantaneously. Here, indeed, there is no deception. Good tea has been sold to these folks at sixpence a pound, and cheese at twopence, and they have been sincerely informed at the time that they will never get such a chance again. It is good business to lose a shilling on a pound of tea in order to gain five or ten pounds on a piece of old oak.

The thorough agent, whose object in life is to get the better of his opponents and never to miss a chance—for the competition between such agents is very keen-takes care to inform himself in every way possible of the history and circumstances of all such families as he knows to be in possession of goods that conform to his requirements. There was once an old and well-to-do family named Chidioke, residing at Haddon Manor in Wiltshire, and for over four hundred years they had in their possession one of the most beautiful old oak cabinets that could delight the heart of the collector. About the middle of last century the family died out, and the greater part of the furniture belonging to it was sold, among it this cabinet, whose value did not seem to be properly appreciated. At that time the profession of which we have been speaking had not been established, and such breakings-up of family homes as this were not attended to, so that the cabinet was bought by a farmer living on the estate, who had married one of the former servants at the house, the wife being desirous of obtaining it as a memento, with little or no knowledge of the

value attaching to it then or such as would attach to it in the future. But the farmer died and left his wife in very poor circumstances, and by that time the mania for the collection of these old things had set in in full force. One of the agents heard by chance of the history of this old cabinet, and knew that it must be a prize well worth his capture. After much diligent investigation he discovered that it was stored in a stable-loft, and presumed, therefore, that but a very small value was being placed upon it by its then owner. In due course he made his overtures, and with very little difficulty he succeeded in purchasing it for the modest sum of fifteen shillings. Very shortly afterwards it was sold to a wealthy connoisseur for no less than five hundred pounds, and it is said that it would take very much more than that to buy it again if it were ever placed upon the market.

Here is another little story of a successful coup by a smart agent. Living in a little stone-and-peat house, at Llangollen, going by the name of Bryn Cottage, was a family named Carthew, and in this dwelling there had been for some three hundred years an old-fashioned dresser which was a model of its kind, a 'perfect specimen,' as it would be called, which for all this time had been put to the mean and common uses of the kitchen work of such a humble abode—as why should it not have been? Several agents at length came to know of the treasure in the cottage, and made their advances to the Carthew family who lived in it, first of all offering a modest sovereign for the dresser, and then bit by bit increasing their tenders until they stood still at fifteen pounds. When the harvests were poor and the times specially bad the agents called again; but though the Carthews treated their dresser as of little value from the point of view of its rarity, they cherished the family sentiments that attached to it, and they would not give it up. But at last the chief of the Carthews died, and there was a sale, and at that sale the agent of a well-known firm bought the dresser for twenty pounds. It was carried to London, 'done up,' exhibited somewhat, and then in due course it was bought by an agent of the King for seventy pounds.

There is a pretty story about one of the very choicest old spinning-wheels that are to be found anywhere, which is at present in the Ingestre collection, and is likely to remain there for a very long time to come. It took ten years for the agents to capture it from an obstinate lady, the wife of a miner working in the Crosby coal-pits. An agent discovered it as he was making one of his rounds. He saw it through the window. He noticed its early pattern, its beautiful points, its bits of oystershell inlaid in the framework, and his heart began to beat. He knocked at the door and presented his compliments to Mrs Simmons, the wife of the miner, and in due course he broached the subject of the wheel. But she would not listen to any proposal for its purchase, and the man saw that he

must defer his overtures to another day. Then the secret got out among the other agents, and they all called, so that the lady became much incensed, and it was told along the country-side that on one occasion she drove them away from her door with a flat-iron held menacingly in her hand. But it is the favourite proverb of the agents that everything comes to him who waits-waits at the doors of these humble cottages, where sooner or later the pressure of hard times is likely to be felt. The roof of the cottage fell in, and the vulture agents swooped down upon it then, thinking surely that the Simmonses must yield. But they tided over this difficulty, and snapped their fingers in the faces of the fine gentlemen from London. Then there was a strike at the pits where Simmons was employed, and he was out of work on a very meagre allowance of strike-pay. The agents condoled, and renewed their offers, but they were rebuffed again. But a woman's love for finery, and her unselfish desire to have a 'fine wedding' for her daughter, were not proof against the sacrifice which was not to be made when there was no shelter in the home, and when the unpleasantnesses of privation were being experienced. There was a Miss Simmons, and she had a sweetheart, who in good time came to claim her for his wife. Dear old Mrs Simmons emptied the family stocking, but still there was not enough for her to achieve her objects of pride and ambition in the matter of a wedding that would do justice to her bonny daughter; and so she beckoned to the men from London to come, and she sold the wheel-for twenty pounds. Before it went to its present collection it was sold again for forty-five pounds an exceedingly high price for a spinning-wheel, for a good one can be obtained for a five-pound

Talk to one of these agents, and he will tell you many curious things about his work, and many quaint anecdotes of his experiences and of the hustling times that he has in competition with his rivals. He says that a few years ago there was certainly ten million pounds worth of curioson the valuation of the period—in the workmen's cottages in the country; but, thanks to the depredations which have been made, there are not so many now. In the heyday of the fashion some ten thousand pounds' worth was captured every week and sent up to London. In these times huge profits were made by the dealers, and the agents made fine commissions that now and then enabled them to set up country cottages of their own and put in them one or two trifles gathered in their wanderings. But by-and-by the workman-cottager became better educated to the value of his things, and he put it to himself very sensibly that if the grand folk in London wanted his poor sticks, no doubt they would be willing to give a good price for them, fools as he thought they must be. A simple farm-labourer had in his cottage a very old oak wardrobe. It had been his grandfather's, and that was the earliest that he knew of it; but it must have dated much farther back than the days of this old gentleman. An agent saw it, and he thought that a couple of pounds might very likely buy it, and so he offered them. What amazement was his when the labourer winked and smiled, and calmly stated that a cheque for a hundred would make the wardrobe his, but not a penny less! It turned out that there had been other agents there before, and that they had already raised their offers to some seventy or eighty pounds. Very likely the farm-hand got his hundred soon afterwards, or perhaps more.

Here is an example of the times when the mere antique furniture agent feels the fierce joy of lifethe thrills. Late one night one of the members of the profession heard that a specimen of extreme rarity and high value had been suddenly discovered in a little village in the north of England. There was no time to be lost; he knew that two or three of his competitors were already hot upon the trail. So he took the first train available to the village, and opened negotiations with the owner of the gem; but this man was exorbitant, and the process of doing business was slow. The agent thought that he might wait a little while; but one night, when all the occupants of the little inn where he was housed had gone to rest, including himself, there was a knock at the outer door, a stranger was admitted, and from his bedroom the agent recognised the voice and name of one of his keenest rivals, who had evidently driven over from the junction some miles distant, where a night mail had set him down. This man was one who had the reputation of 'plunging' when he had set his mind on getting possession of any article that was open to be bought, and it was difficult for competitors to hold the field against him. So the other knew that the time for decisive action had come. He must act before morning.

He waited until the new-comer had retired and all was quiet again, and then he put on his clothes, crept stealthily downstairs, unbolted the door, and went out. He had a couple of miles to walk through the rain to the cottage containing When he reached it he the coveted article. roused the inmates, and bartered with them in their night-clothes. Unusually wise for their kind, these simple folk argued with themselves that there must surely be some special and very important reason why this man should come out thus and bargain with them in the small hours of the morning. The inference was that their curio had increased in value, and thereupon they put up the price. A few hours before they had told this man they would sell it for twenty pounds; now they asked fifty for it. The agent said that, for private reasons, he could not wait until the morning. 'Then pay the price to-night,' was the simple rejoinder. Eventually the bargain was completed at forty-five pounds at a quarter to two in the morning. Tired, but satisfied, the agent walked back to his inn, and

he must needs give some early intimation to his rival of how he had outwitted him. So as he crept back to his room for a long sleep he sought out that of the new man, and on the door he pinned a copy of the receipt for the money that he had paid, with a note attached to the effect that the original could be seen on application to No. 5 not earlier than eleven o'clock in the morning.

норру.

By Captain CECIL NORTH, Author of The Moorish Treasure, The Hermit of the Irati, &c. CHAPTER XIV.



EX'S brother came to see him early next morning, and frequently afterwards during the first stages of his recovery, and he always showed himself as grateful to Sir Ralph and Mirabelle as Private Rex himself.

The two men passed many a pleasant hour together in the invalid's comfortable room, smoking and talking the talk of barracks.

Then one day a queer thing occurred. Mirabelle had, early in the afternoon, taken up several newspapers for Rex's amusement, amongst which was the Army and Navy Gazette; and Sir Ralph, going into the room half-an-hour later, found the man evidently labouring under the influence of some

strong excitement.

'General,' he called as soon as he caught sight of his visitor, 'there's somethink I want to tell ye. There's a Colonel Morrison died lars' week, an' I see by this 'ere Gazette that hit's the same as was colonel at Rhanibad. I 'eard 'im give Mr 'Oppy leave to go hout after that Vare, only 'e made 'im promise that if trouble came Mr 'Oppy wasn't to say anythink about it. I told Mr 'Oppy that I'd 'eard too, an' then 'e made me promise 'im that I 'd keep mum, an' I kep' to it as long as the colonel was livin'. But that's 'im w'at's dead, certain, an' so I carn't do no 'arm in tellin' ye now.-Ah, miss,' he exclaimed as Mirabelle came in, 'I'm just tellin' the General somethink as'll hinterest ye;' and he repeated his story with more detail to the astonished girl. 'But w'at's wus,' he added, 'that there Vare, as was lyin' hinsensible beside 'im-as we thought-when the colonel spoke to Mr 'Oppy the second time an' reminded 'im of 'is promise, was honly shammin', an' 'eard it hall, though neither of the orficers fancied such a thing. But 'e 'eard right enough, for I saw 'im start an' hopen 'is heyes fur a second, to see who it was a-talkin'; an' w'en afterwards, jest to make sure, I made bold to say to 'im the mornin' o' the court-martial, "You remember w'at you 'eard that bad day, sir, 'urt though you was? Couldn't you say the word to save Mr 'Oppy that 'e carn't say 'isself, seein' as you ain't made no promise?" the look 'e gave me an' the queer colour 'e turned as 'e said, "I don't know w'at you're halludin' to, Rex; you must be still hunder the influence of yer larst secret drunk. Be hoff wi' you," showed as 'is conscience was a bad un, an' that 'e wouldn't hact right.'

The General was much agitated at this extraordinary story. 'Do you know, Rex, that you are saying a very serious thing, and making a villainous accusation against your late officer and my personal

'Iss, sir; but it's gorspel truth; an' it's not friend ?' honly me that knows things of Major Vare. Hall the rig'ment saw as 'e'd a down on Mr 'Oppy. 'E'd pull 'im hup on p'rade-'e was hadjutant then-an' talk to 'im as made the men wonder the lootenent could stick it. An' heven w'en 'e was 'ome on sick-furlough, lodgin' hat my brother's, w'en the sentence on Mr 'Oppy was printed in the noospapers, 'e cut it hout—to put in 'is pocket-book, I suppose, to look hat w'en 'e wanted cheerin' hup.'

Well, this is a most extraordinary story to be sprung upon one,' said the General after a moment's reflection, 'and I cannot yet clearly see my way; but until we have some news of Major Vare and learn if he has been successful'-his voice shook slightly-' we must leave this matter alone and have patience. If it please God to let me have my boy back, then, as this Colonel Morrison -I don't want to be unkind, but I really cannot refrain from saying this unworthy colonel—is dead, we may be able to arrive at the solution of what is now a deep mystery to me; but my wish is that until that time the matter should not again be referred to.'

That evening Mirabelle said a few words in private to Rex, and elicited from him that his brother still possessed the newspaper from which Vare had made the cutting. He promised to tell him to bring it when he next came to see Rex, and then Mirabelle could have it to do with it as she liked. And thus did the nets of Fate draw closer and closer round the unconscious baronet, who little thought, as he that very evening sent a telegram, from Bouc-al-Aran, that the seed of distrust had already been sown, and would blossom, when he least expected it, to the complete undoing of his plans.

'Umph!' grunted Sir Ralph as he read the long-looked-for message, which was delivered late next day: "Partially successful. With you soon." Doesn't sound very promising, and deuced vague into the bargain. Why can't the fellow speak plainly? I'm not a child, afraid to hear the truth.

But Mirabelle slipped out of the room, and a few minutes later Rex had sent a letter to his brother. She did not appear at the subsequent interview between the two men; but next morning she received by post an ordinary newspaper, yellow and ancient as to date. This antiquated Daily Telephone she did not think it necessary to show to the General; but a brief examination of it in her own room satisfied her that it was a conclusive piece of evidence about a little private matter which had hitherto always puzzled her, and of which Sir Ralph was ignorant.

'I think, dear dad'-she always called him dad now-'that we must give Sir Dethe a patient hearing, and learn all that he has to tell us before we hint at any such thing as an explanation of this charge Rex brings against him. I know how distasteful this will be to your strict notions of honour and friendship,' she went on coaxingly, 'and I would never have suggested such a course if I had not suddenly discovered ample proofs of the truth of Rex's allegations about Major Vare's treachery and dislike of Hoppy. Will you, then, like a darling, go away for a while-Aunt Alice, of course, remaining-and let me see Sir Dethe at first alone? If he is an innocent man I shall soon find out, and there will be no harm done; but if not-which I am convinced is the case—then I must pit my woman's wits against his cunning, and try to get to the bottom of the mystery. But if you were here, you know, you could not, after what you have heard, prevent him from seeing that we have cause to doubt his honour, and then we might not-nay, I am convinced that we never shouldget at the true story of this "partially successful"

'I don't like it—don't like it a bit,' grumbled Sir Ralph; 'but I have perfect trust in my girlie, and I am sure that she won't do or say anything that is not strictly right and above-board. So you shall have your way, and I'll trot off in good time—he can't be here for some days yet—and leave you to the care of your aunt Alice, and—and the good God.'

For answer Mirabelle lifted up her sweet face as she whispered, 'Something tells me that we are doing right, dad.'

And the grizzled old warrior bent down and kissed her, with all the love shining in his eyes that he would have lavished on his own daughter had the Fates willed that he should have had one.

'Mirabelle!'

'Well?'

It was the same greeting that had met him once before on an almost similar occasion, yet he fancied that this time he detected something almost menacing in the silvery tones.

'Have you nothing better than that to welcome a man who has penetrated into unknown Africa for your sake?'

'Oh yes, presently; but think of my anxiety. Your telegrams told us nothing. And, please, I am Miss Melgrove, Sir Dethe.'

Vare's face hardened.

'Certainly. Where is Sir Ralph?' he asked.

'My story is fitter for his ears than yours, Miss Melgrove.'

'The General has gone away. I persuaded him. I did not think that at his age he should be submitted to any strain. You need not be alarmed. You must tell ne all, and I know that you will not hurt my feelings unnecessarily. Is Hoppy married?'

'Oh no.'

'What, then, did you mean by "partial success"? Quick, tell me.'

'Since you force my hand like this, I will tell you, and at once,' sharply replied Vare; 'but it will not be pleasant hearing. I partially succeeded in my search, inasmuch as I found Hoppy alive, but ill, one of the two remaining white members of a French exploring expedition sent out three years ago, as I told you before. I stayed with him for many days, and when I left him'—the scoundrel shied for a second at the awful lie—'I left him beside his comrades. I buried him!'

Mirabelle covered her face with her hands and strove to master her emotions. But it was some minutes ere she was able to bravely say, 'Go on, please, now. Tell me every detail of your journey.'

Then, in a soft and sympathetic voice, Vare described to her his long wanderings with Dick, the many obstacles met with and overcome, the many disappointments suffered. Truthfully, and withal modestly, he told of the first part of his expedition, eulogised Hoppy's devotion to duty, his refusal to leave his lonely post, to disobey his orders, even when amply justified in doing so if ever a man was. Then when he came to Braun's death he dealt with an astonishing wealth of detail; but it was to Hoppy he assigned the rôle of him that was taken, and to the German that of him that was left. Then he described with real feeling the death of his companion Dick; but he forgot to mention the two letters that he had found amongst the poor fellow's kit. And then he carried the story homewards, finishing it with his present arrival.

Mirabelle, with a set, pale face, listened without interruption; and when at last the painful tale was ended, she rose and slowly paced the room with bent brows, a prey to bitter and conflicting thoughts. Suddenly she stopped short in front of Vare, who was watching her somewhat uneasily, and abruptly asked, 'You bring me no message, no letter, nothing? Surely he did not leave you without something for us?'

'You forget. I told you that, for some unexplained reason, poor Hoppy chose to regard me with suspicion—almost as an enemy, in fact. No, he gave nothing to me whatever; but I am not so sure about Dick. I asked the poor fellow, a short time before he died, if there was anything I could do for him here at home, any message I could deliver; but he said no, nothing on his own account, and that whatever he might have for others he was charged to deliver with his own hands or not at all. Of

course, after such a snub-by Hoppy's orders, I suppose-I had nothing more to say; and as he wished to conceal his identity to the last, even from me, I buried all his belongings with him, just as they were, without any examination.'

'One more question,' said Mirabelle, 'and then I will ask you to leave me. Have you nothing to show me, no absolute proof of Mr Apner's death, something that will dispel this dreadful feeling of doubt that haunts me?'

Vare rose from his seat with dignity.

'I do not think, Miss Melgrove, that I quite deserve this treatment at your hands, he said; 'but since you choose to torture me in this way, with, to me, inexplicable doubts of my veracity, I must take the only means I have of justifying myself in your eyes. Here in this envelope are two photographs I took, not with any idea of using them in the way you compel me to do, I assure you, but simply as private and sad souvenirs of my journey. One, you will presently see, is that of a row of graves and crosses, the last, the newly made one, being my late brother-officer's. The other photo is more painful still; it is one of the poor fellow himself, taken a few hours after his death. It is not good, as you will perceive, but sufficiently clear, I think, for you to recognise Apner in spite of his beard and changed appearance. Now, I will go. I regret that you have forced me to give you this additional pain; but perhaps you will be relieved to hear that I shall be leaving England again almost immediately. I knew what reception usually awaits the bearer of bad news, and so I have made arrangements with a man I met in Algiers to go on a year's shoot to the Rockies. At the end of that time I shall return; and, believe me, the most cherished thing I shall carry with me on this new expedition will be the permission you gave me before starting on the last one, that in the event of certain things happening I might hope. I sha'n't see either you or the General again before I leave, so I'll say good-bye; no, not good-bye-au revoir, Mirabelle; au revoir!' And with well-feigned emotion he flung out of the room with the air of an innocent man suffering under an unjust accusation.

It was not before she heard the front door bang behind her visitor, who had not waited for the usual attentions from the footman, that the stunned girl, her fingers trembling, dared to open the envelope. Slowly she drew forth a photograph. It was that of the row of graves; and she noted, as she gazed upon it with burning eyes, the unmistakably fresh appearance of the last one. Mechanically she counted the crosses—there were eleven and she shuddered at the thought of the lonely German faithfully watching the flag, who would not find any one to place him in line with his comrades when the fatal fever claimed him.

Then she remembered that, of course, Vare would have informed the French at Bouc-al-Aran, and that probably a relief-party was even now on its way to the rescue; and she wondered how it was that he

had not mentioned it when he so circumstantially related his adventures, and she felt glad that the brave Braun would stand a chance yet of getting out of that deadly Iwa alive. Then she braced herself to look upon the other picture.

Blurred, ill-developed, and indistinct as it was, no second glance was needed to establish the identity of the long white figure, and poor Mirabelle, burying her head in the sofa cushions, sobbed as if her very heart would crack. And there her aunt found her, and at once sent off a messenger for Sir Ralph, who was close at hand; and presently she was soothed and comforted by the old man's presence, and able to tell him everything exactly as she had heard it from Vare.

After the first shock, the General was inclined to see the man himself and thrash out the Morrison question before he left for America; but, as Mirabelle said, 'What earthly good can it do anybody now?' adding to herself, 'And I shall know what to say to Sir Dethe a year hence, when he comes back and dares to broach a certain subject to me.'

It was not for some days that she could bring herself to show the photographs to Rex and give him an account of their history; and when at last she did do so, the worthy fellow glared upon them as he listened to his fair visitor's story with something as nearly approaching a scowl upon his features as the girl had ever seen.

Suddenly he said, 'Ave you such a thing as a magnifier, miss?' And on Mirabelle bringing him a reading-glass of Sir Ralph's, he proceeded minutely to examine the picture of the body of

his old master. Mirabelle watched him with curiosity. She had a strong belief, from many conversations, in his acuteness and great experience of the underside of men and things; but she was certainly startled when he exclaimed, 'Ah, I thought my heyes, champion shot o' the battalion, 'adn't lost their power. Take the glars, miss, an' look at them little specks in the phortograph, in the distance behind Mr 'Oppy's body, an' tell me w'at they are.'

Mirabelle did as directed.

'Why, they are the graves, Rex,' she cried wonderingly. 'I never noticed them before. How clever of you to see them without the glass! But what about them?'

'Count 'em, miss.'

'One, two, three, four-un-um-um-eleven.' 'Well, miss, carn't you see? 'Ow can there be eleven with Mr 'Oppy a-lyin' there, an' eleven accordin' to the Major's pretty little story an' the hother picture?'

'Yes, I think I see, Rex,' she slowly answered Eleven graves, including Mr Apner's, in one photograph, and yet eleven when Mr Apner lies unburied under the tree! Oh, Rex, Rex, what does it all mean?'

'Mean, miss? Why, it means as there's some

'umbug a-goin' on, an' that I don't b'lieve Mr 'Oppy's dead at all. I never could abide that Vare,' he cried viciously. 'E'd rob a church if 'e thought 'e wouldn't get cotched.'

'Hush, Rex!' cried Mirabelle, 'you mustn't say these things; but tell me, how are we to get to the bottom of this awful mystery?'

'Only one way, miss,' promptly answered the old soldier. 'Ye know w'ere this place is now; it's writ on the back o' the photor—"Hapner's grave, Iwa"—latichude an' londichude hall complete. Ye've plenty o' money, miss. Send hout a hexpedition an' clear it hup.'

'Oh Rex, do you think it possible?'

'Course I do, miss; an' if ye'll wait till my leg's mended, I'll go along of it myself an' see there ain't hany 'anky-panky this time.'

'Rex, you are a perfect old treasure!' cried Mirabelle, and the delighted girl, stooping suddenly, planted an impetuous kiss on the cropped bullethead.

'Well, I'm blowed!' cried the invalid in astonishment.

But Mirabelle bolted from the room.

'If Rex can go, I can go; and, by the Lord Harry! I will, too,' declared the General that night when he had taken in Mirabelle's marvellous story.

'Well, then, I am not going to be left alone behind,' laughed the girl; 'and so I'll have to go as well. Joking apart, dad,' she continued earnestly,

'we can easily engage a professional explorer or African hunter-one of those men who shoot elephants and write books about it—and go comfortably with a big caravan and donkeys and tents and things. Money can do anything, and there is no lack of that; and we're both strong, and as we can afford to do it, there is no earthly reason why I shouldn't go as well as you. Something tells me that Hoppy is there, well and alive, and we'll find him and bring him back, with proper leave from the French. We can say that we have an idea where he is, and that if we can find him we mean to bring him quietly home. Oh yes, dad, I'm coming too; and so the sooner you begin to hunt about for a man to organise the thing the better it will be for everybody.'

And so it came about that four months after Rex's discovery, at about the period when the newspapers announced the departure for an extended trip in Egypt of Sir Ralph Apner and the Honourable Mirabelle Melgrove, a splendidly equipped expedition, furnished with full powers from the gallant and courteous General at Algiers—who knew nothing of any report from Vare—set out from Bouc-al-Aran on the long march to Iwa. And Vare, hunting wapiti on the Little Big Horn, in blissful ignorance of the storm preparing for him, congratulated himself on his clever tactics in absenting himself from England while Mirabelle got over her grief.

(To be continued.)

BURN-FISHING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By WARD MUIR.



STRANGE and singularly stubborn misapprehension exists in the minds of many of those unfortunates who do not fish to the effect that fishing demands extreme patience. I can

dimly perceive that the origin of this absurd notion is traceable to the spectacle of sphinxlike and semi-somnolent mackintoshed figures sitting on stools in a punt, and for interminable hours focussing their attention on floats which move not and rods which do not bend. The innocent tripper's hired hand-line dangling from the barnacled and chilly pier of some seaside resort doubtless adds its quota of evidence—false evidence, as I hold—to the case for the patience theorists. And an unhappy day's trolling for pike in a wind-swept reservoir which contains, as a matter of fact, neither pike nor even a few hidden snags to perform the kindly office of occasionally creating the illusion of a nibble, apparently completes the chain of evidence. Were the sport of fishing limited to these depressing exercises, the accusation of patience—and an inhuman degree of patience is usually implied in the accusation—might be somewhat difficult to refute, on the face of it. But as long as angling for salmon,

sea-trout, and yellow trout comes under the comprehensive heading of 'fishing,' just so long will the statement that 'fishing needs patience' be a total misrepresentation of the fundamental truth.

Your successful fisher is persistent; but he cannot necessarily be called patient, which is a very different adjective. Indeed, his success probably depends on impatience rather than on patience. Precisely in so far as he is impatient is he likely to be successful. After an hour's failure to catch anything, the typically patient man would sigh heavily - 'patiently,' to be sure-pack up his gear, and wander-'patiently,' in a word-home to his hearthside. His characteristic impatience would prevent the true fisher from doing anything of the sort. Long before the unfruitful hour was up he would have 'impatiently' tried half-a-dozen different models of flies in an 'impatient' endeavour to hit on the exact one which the fish were favouring; he would have hastened from pool to pool, from meadow to wood, from wood to moorland, possibly even from one stream to another; not because he was patient, but because he was impatient-impatient of his failure and impatient to ferret out its reason and rectify it. By the time the nominally patient man had reached

home and settled himself to a novel, his impatient comrade would have ascertained, by experiment, the right flies and the right kind of water, and be catching a creelful of what Cotton quaintly calls 'the scaly people.' Or, even if he had not made these discoveries by the end of the day, he would at least have tried to make them, and thus earned the honourable title of an impatient, and therefore resourceful, fisherman.

In no branch of the sport is this persistent impatience more necessary than in angling for trout, and particularly for burn-trout. Burn-fishing is a sport the pursuit of which elicits a very frequent mental readjustment to the problems of the perpetually changing circumstances. It might almost be compared to golf in this respect. Rarely, if ever, are two casts in burn-fishing exactly alike; as rarely, if ever, are two strokes in a game of golf exactly alike. The burn-fisher scrambles on up his glen, meeting a fresh type of runnel or pool at every turn of the way, and approaching each with a different mode of attack, hastily invented on the spur of the moment. The pools of the average Highland burn are, as a rule, so small that three or four casts cover them thoroughly, and five minutes or so is enough time to devote to each before pushing on to another. A brisker and more diversified recreation could, therefore, hardly be imagined than burn-fishing, with its constant shifting, its constant novelty of scene, its constant alteration of action.

For there is all the difference in the world between burn-fishing, as I write of it, and fishing for salmon or sea-trout in some large river such as the Spev, say in its lower reaches near Grantown, where the fisher must arm himself with an eighteen-foot, twohanded rod, a landing-net, and perhaps a gaff, and wade up to his middle in treacherous, often ice-cold, water, in order to throw his minnow or the bright bundle of feathers called by courtesy a fly to the central depths where his prey is presumed to be lying. There is something grandiose in this aspect of the sport, something supremely dignified -a dignity which, it must be acknowledged, certain other forms of fishing do not exhibit. But peculiar disadvantages are attached to it. It is emphatically a sport for the rich; even more emphatically a sport for the muscular and healthful. Burn-fishing, on the contrary, is a sport for all. From Tweed to John o' Groat's, thinly spread over the land, there is a vast army of burn-fishers of every class, who are not any the less accomplished sportsmen because they have not caught a brace of salmon in their lives, and have never aspired to possess a pair of wading-breeches. No one who has ever traversed any of the rural districts of Scotland between the months of May and October can be unaware of the existence of this army, and can have failed to hear tales of the historic performances of its scattered skirmishers. The burn-trout is one of Scotland's assets. Its value, moreover, has been realised, and precautions are now being taken to render that value permanent and increasing.

Given a good burn, clear of weed, as all good Highland burns are, and not too difficult to fish by reason of marginal vegetation, no village need now-adays fear for a constant supply of summer visitors, both from far-away England and from Glasgow and Edinburgh. A salmon-river attracts rich men in ones and twos—rich men who can, as it were, buy an entire section of the river, lock, stock, and barrel; but a burn fairly full of yellow trout will act as a magnet for a less rich but still money-spending fraternity, not in ones or twos but in dozens.

Many pleasant memories of fishing are connected in the writer's mind with an excellent though comparatively little-known burn, the Dulnan, on the borders of Inverness-shire and Elgin. Strictly speaking, the Dulnan is a river, not a burn; but, as it empties itself into the mighty Spey, the word 'burn' is more applicable to it locally. It is a burn, too, inasmuch as little or no wading is required for reaching any part of it, even at the widest pools; and it is essentially a burn in the characteristics of its fishing water, of which every conceivable sample is to be found within any given mile-a profound relief after the monotonous magnificence of the lower Spey's tremendous reaches. The Dulnan leaps and rushes, sometimes foamily white between jagged boulders, sometimes stilly swirling in coffeecoloured depths, sometimes singing over pebbles. Here it is bordered by oat and hay fields, there by red-barked pine-woods, outposts of the ancient Abernethy forest; in another place it carves a tortuous channel through peaty moors hummocked with purple heather and speckled by patches of fluttering cotton-grass. A day's fishing slowly leads the sportsman through all these, beguiling him with a thousand pleasurable impressions quite apart from, and to the appreciative eye not less fascinating than, the varieties of his actual pastime. The burn-fisher of a stream such as the Dulnan, cheerily tramping homeward with a score of plump little yellow trout—though none of these, maybe, turns the scale at more than a quarter of a poundneed scarcely envy his brother who has spent the hours whipping the surface of the humdrum Spey, and who has perchance one fine salmon to show for his fatigue.

At the risk of raising a chorus of protest from 'dry fly' brethren of the South, it should be added that the art of burn-fishing is not confined even to the humble wet fly, but may be practised legitimately with the worm. The fly's the thing, of course; but no burn-fisher of any experience will deny that in certain conditions he might as well not fish at all as fish with the fly alone; and, given one of these occasions, the use of a worm-bait is far from being as crude and facile an alternative as it may sound to the uninitiated. Worm-fishing in a 'spate' is no very subtle affair, it must be admitted; but worm-fishing in dry weather, when the water is low and transparent, demands genuine dexterity and science. Thanks, I suppose, to superior farming and the better drainage of the land, spates are now

of shorter duration in most of the burns of Scotland than they used to be. The water rises quickly to a discoloured torrent in which worm-fishing is hardly better than mechanical; but it falls again with equal suddenness; and for the burn to be 'doon' is now far more normal, in most districts, than for it to be 'drumly.' It is when the water is at its clearest, and therefore in its least promising phase, that the really great worm-fisher shows what he can do as a last resource. The employment of tiny hooks, infinitesimally thin-drawn gut, small pink worms, and an approach to the stream's brink which resembles, in caution, the legendary crawlings of the Fenimore Cooper Indian stalking his prey-these are the tactics wherewith the worm-fisher circumvents adverse fate, and, to the amazement of the helpless fly-fisher, fills his basket with trout unquestionably caught by the exercise of sheer mother-wit. The Sassenach who went to Scotland and was so rash as to give vent to the opinion—an opinion quite common in parts of England—that worm-fishing is only fit for boys would be laughed at, and rightly laughed at, as an ignoramus. The Scots burn-fisher cherishes a proud affection for the fly; but, nevertheless, he rarely sallies forth without a bagful of worms, not because he is incompetent to make the most of the daintier artificial lure, but because the latter may at any moment happen to become useless; whereupon he will, regretfully enough, fall back upon the

manipulation of the live bait in circumstances which, as a matter of fact, call for a fineness of touch, a nicety of casting, an instinctive cunningness in concealment, which are really almost less requisite with the fly than with the worm.

Burn-fishing may not be a great sport, but it is a very charming one. Monotony of any sort-except the monotony of either catching a great many fish or of catching none at all-is impossible. There are occasional cessations in the wielding of the rod, while the fisher climbs over rocks and bushy banks from a worked-out pool to a new and untouched one, which alone would make burn-fishing a preferable sport for the restless genus of mortals to loch-fishing from a boat. There are halts-alas that one must not forget the probability of their occurrence !-- when gut-casts must be mended and flies or hooks replaced after one of those inevitable accidents with an overhanging branch or a sunken root; and there are pleasant pauses, of course, due to the circumstance that even an angler must of necessity minister to the inner man with sandwiches. These are the times when the burn-fisher has an opportunity to 'lift up his eyes unto the hills,' and bless the kindly chance, whatever it was, which first turned his thoughts to this particular branch of sport, and introduced him to the Highland landscape, incomparable in its richly tinted, ever-modulating beauty.

A SEQUEL TO THE ARMADA.



S soon as Medina Sidonia had hurried his stricken command out of reach of the English cannon, he, of all people in the fleet, condemned two of his captains to be hanged for cowardice.

There were no braver men than the Spaniards of that day, and never had their courage been more sorely tested than in the tremendous action off Gravelines. They had been harassed for a week by an enemy with ships of greater speed and guns of heavier metal, who could choose their own distance, and hit as hard as they liked without being hit back; no sleep, no respite, scanty rations, ten thousand of their number down dead or wounded, blood streaming from their ships' scuppers, the wind driving them to destruction on the banks, and the enemy closing on them and pouring in heavy shot like musketry. And not a ship struck! The waves closed over them amidst a last volley of small arms and a chorus of curses and gibes at the victors for their cowardice in not daring to close.

If any one's neck needed stretching it was the Duke's, and this would have been hard justice. He had protested his incapacity when appointed to the command of the English enterprise, and continued consistently to prove it up to the hilt till

relieved. Still, he should have been the last man in the fleet to condemn others for cowardice.

One captain, Cristobal de Avila, suffered; and, with the brutality characteristic of weak natures, by order of the runaway commander his body was suspended to the yardarm of a pinnace and sent swinging round the fleet. Next was to have come the turn of Captain Cuellar.

Now, Cuellar had fought his ship gallantly from the first engagement off the Mew Stone to the final disaster off Gravelines, and the only reason he was not fast by the sacred standard at the end of that terrible day was that his ship had been so hammered that it had become unmanageable, and drifted out of action. That such a man should be hanged for cowardice was too much. Still, the 'fiery' Duke was bent on emphasising his own incapacity; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Francisco de Bobadilla succeeded in saving Cuellar's life. As it was, the disgraced captain was deprived of his command and placed on board another ship, under charge of Don Martin de Aranda, to experience as strange a series of adventures as any recorded in history.

We next hear of him on a lee-shore off the wild west coast of Ireland. Sligo Bay in a westerly gale is a perilous place. A strong steamer embayed there would have to fight; for the Spanish vessels,

with their crippled spars and famished crews, there was no chance. The destruction was appalling. The wreckage of the timber in itself would have sufficed to build a respectable fleet; and the wreckage was an indication of other things. On one beach, five miles long, eleven hundred bodies were counted. A few figures may help us here. One mile equals one thousand seven hundred and sixty yards, which multiplied by five equals eight thousand eight hundred yards. Eight thousand eight hundred divided by eleven hundred equals eight. That is to say, that to every eight yards of that beach there was a corpse; and the like was to be seen in other places.

Into such a hideous death-trap Don Martin de Aranda's storm-beaten crew were driven. They were in evil case. It was not alone the trampling surf on the rocks and the hard sea-sand they had to fear. Beyond, more merciless, scoured the Irish, armed with club, axe, and knife, dragging the half-drowned wretches from the grip of the waves, stripping them of clothes, gold, and jewels, and—silencing them.

Like tragedies were enacted under Cuellar's very eyes. De Aranda's ship was dashed ashore and broke her back. The after-part was instantly swept away, and all the 'fraughting souls' within it. The bow held together a while longer. To it Cuellar and another gentleman clung desperately. All around, on sea and land, was ruthless destruction. Close at hand the Conde da Villafranca's great vessel was a hopeless wreck. The Count himself was not the last man to leave his ship, as is the practice with us. He and Diego Enriquez betook themselves to the ship's tender, and, battening down the hatches to keep out the seas, suffered themselves to be rolled ashore. The tender turned turtle, and Cuellar thinks the two were smothered. It was of little moment to them, poor wretches! No sooner had the craft touched the sands than the Irish were on it with their axes. In a few minutes the bottom was broken, and the two Spanish noblemen were dragged out and left naked on the beach for the wolves and ravens.

Courageous, vigorous men face death unflinchingly, but they love life. From the hell on sea to the hell on land Cuellar fought his way, clinging to a hen-coop. His companion had provided himself with another kind of life-buoy by stuffing his belt with gold, and was naturally drowned out of hand. Cuellar was more fortunate. Blinded and buffeted by the surf, bruised and wounded by the tangle of the wreckage, he won the shore.

Happily for himself he was the last piece of jetsam just there, and none were awaiting his coming; there was metal more attractive farther down the beach. He crawled for concealment to a hollow in the sands. It was already tenanted by two Spaniards, stark naked, but with their lives. For a while they lay there shivering, and then the end seemed at hand. Two Irishmen, axe in hand, came upon them.

And now comes a curious incident. Instead of using their axes to brain the unfortunate castaways, these two savages cut down some bushes and threw them over the Spaniards for protection from the weather or for concealment. It may be that they had something of the milk of human kindness in them. It is significant, however, that soon afterwards a troop of English horse came galloping by.

Ireland then, more than now, was a semi-active volcano, always smouldering, constantly bursting into eruption. The ashes of the Desmond outburst were not yet cold. Into this crater of sedition there were constantly drafting inflammatory fragments: Spaniards, the best soldiers in the world, with arms and gold; in bad case indeed, but still with arms and gold, and a hatred for England. Elizabeth's garrisons were few and scattered, and small in garrisons were few and scattered, and small in numbers. They knew nothing of the overthrow of the Armada. All they knew was what they saw passing under their eyes: that the most vindictive enemies of their country were landing in thousands. The order went out to slay, and ten thousand of these poor wretches were put to the sword and the rope.

The moment the Irish found that the English were killing the Spaniards they left off doing so themselves, and protected them.

At dusk Cuellar and his companions stole from their cache. Their first care was the pious duty of burying the poor, battered corpses of Villafranca and Enriquez. The wolves were clustering thick to the carnival. Then they sought shelter for themselves. On a hill near the shore was a monastery. It was deserted, save for twelve Spaniards hanging from the rafters; and so they passed on.

passed on.

With a very few alterations of the text, Cuellar might have written verses 25, 26, and 27 of chapter xiof the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. Twice at least was he beaten, once was he knifed, twice he suffered shipwreck, in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen (for 'heathen' read 'heretics,' the English and Dutch, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.

nakedness.

The first 'hospitality' he encountered was at a cottage. The inmates were an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Irishman, and a girl. The Englishman received him with a knife, wounding him The Frenchman was a more generous foe. He had been beaten in action by the Spaniards in the past, but the sting of defeat did not prevent him from interfering on behalf of the wretched castaway. His interference did not amount to much. Was ill-treated, and stripped to his shirt. His shirt would have gone too but for the girl, who protested on the ground of Christianity, 'though she was no more a Christian than Mohammed.' The Frenchman then took further heart of grace, and dressed, as

well as he could, his wounds, and gave him some food.

Somewhat refreshed, Cuellar staggered on—whither? The Frenchman told him that the O'Rourke would protect him; but the O'Rourke lived over the hills and far away, many a weary mile 'o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,' beset with roving bands of English.

Soon he came to another cottage. This time his chance was happier. Its sole occupant was a boy, too young to be formidable, and, as it appears, of a class superior to the savages round him. He had some education—he could speak a little Latin, well enough to converse with Cuellar—and some feeling. He offered the castaway what he most needed, rest and refreshment. Later on the owners came in, father and son, large, fierce men, laden with the spoils of the beach. Presumably they had seen the English at work, for they not only did not molest him, but even showed him some kindness.

That, however, was no abiding-place for him, though flight was only a degree less dangerous. Troops of English soldiers were scouring the country, and a meeting with them meant 'a short shrift and a lang tow' for Cuellar. In the morning he was afoot again on his way to the mountains, with the boy as his guide. One party of English they avoided, but they were caught at last. The weary journey seemed to have reached its end; probably Cuellar was too spent to care much. But the boy, by some ingenious means which he could not comprehend, saved his life—his life, but not his skin. His captors stripped him of his last garment, robbed him of a gold chain which he had concealed beneath it, and beat him severely.

It is, of course, impossible to follow Cuellar's itinerary, either at this portion or during the greater part of his wanderings. He was a stranger in a strange land, amongst a people whose language he did not understand, and was, with rare intervals of rest and safety, hunted for his blood like a wolf from cover to cover. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that his topography is somewhat vague, or even that the whole narrative may appear somewhat disconnected.

In weariness and painfulness, in cold and nakedness, Cuellar struggled gamely on. After a while he came to a stretch of bracken, and, doubtless bethinking himself of his first ancestor, made himself an apron therewith. At his next restingplace he met some of his countrymen who were either less deeply versed in the Scriptures or possessed less gumption. In this shelter was a tempting heap of ferns inviting his weary form to repose. Just as he was about to respond it started into life, and up sprang three naked figures. They turned out to be a Spanish officer and two soldiers, jetsam like Cuellar. With these companions he reached the O'Rourke's castle, where he found others of his countrymen.

The O'Rourke was away enjoying himself, which is Erse for fighting. From the Spanish captain's

account, that part of Ireland seems to have been one universal Donnybrook. The sole industry of the population was to protect their own cattle and lift their neighbours'. Occasionally some successful 'financier' would attract the notice of the bloodyminded Saxon, who thereupon came down in force and drove him to the hills, whereupon a sort of jubilee redistribution presumably took place. Another injustice to Ireland!

In her husband's absence the O'Rourke's wife did the honours, and provided her guests with shelter, food, and clothing-of sorts. By-and-by the chief returned, and made things more comfortable. Then followed a short period of comparative comfort and safety, till the news came that the English were about to pay the castle a visit with the intention of relieving the Irish chief of his guests. The O'Rourke rather welcomed the prospect, but Cuellar refused to expose his host to danger on his account. At about this time news came that a Spanish vessel which had escaped the general destruction was on the coast refitting. Cuellar hurried down to intercept it. Too late! Ere he reached the shore a gale came on, and the ship went the way of her ill-fated consorts.

The Spanish captain's position was now one of extreme peril. There were hawks abroad, English soldiers hanging and shooting. The chivalry which had dictated his departure from the O'Rourke's castle forbade his return. Of other efficient shelter there was none; the Irish kerne might conceal but could not protect him. Moreover, few men are content to put their necks within reach of the halter for a stranger and an alien. One such was found, an Irish priest. He helped Cuellar all he could, and found him odd jobs. One was as assistant to a blacksmith, 'whose wife was a brute,' a pithy sentence which seems to contain a whole volume of misery and degradation. At length the priest found him comfortable quarters at the castle of an Irish gentleman.

Here Cuellar passed some happy days. He was treated by his host with the courtesy that became his class. For the first time for many a weary week he was fed and clothed like a respectable man. He had, moreover, the delight of once more associating with his own countrymen, to several of whom this 'fine ould Irish gintilman, one of the olden [and present] time' had extended his hospitality. But, after a while, surgit amari; which might almost be translated 'he got up to be loved.'

Cuellar was attractive and agreeable. There are no prettier women than the Irish. They are also impulsive. The fugitive soon found himself the centre of embarrassing attention. At first he tried to repay the consideration of the ladies by music, song, and story. Then he took to telling fortunes by palmistry. When a handsome man is holding the hand of a pretty girl who is interested in him, when he and she are sitting close together, with their heads close together as palmistry demands, complications are likely to arise. At

length, medio de fonte leporum, rose Cuellar, and in the character of an undefended male appealed to his host for protection.

More serious trouble was at hand. News of the guests at the castle had come to the ears of the English, and it soon became abundantly clear that the place would in a few days become too hot to hold either Spaniards or Irish. The castellan was obliged to tell Cuellar that he was not strong enough to resist, and that flight was imperative. The Spaniards preferred fight to flight. There were amongst them hidalgos, 'sons of somebody,' the chivalry of Spain. They asked their host as a personal favour to lend them muskets and ammunition and provisions for some weeks. To this he readily assented.

Thus equipped, the Spaniards took up their position on a small fort which stood at the end of a headland projecting into a lake. Cuellar gives the name of the place as Manglana, which appears to have been one of the nesses that run out into Loch Erne. Here they were attacked by the English in force. For a fortnight the siege and defence were maintained with vigour, and then the stars in their courses came and fought against the big battalions. The weather appears to have been dreadful, and it is small wonder that the besiegers broke up their camp. To live in a swamp, with a deluge overhead all day and all night, with periodical marches over a narrow spit, a straight path in which a thousand might well be stopped by three; to be picked off en route by the practised muskets of desperate men fighting for their lives behind a strong stone wall; to have to retreat pursued by the same musketry, and with no meed of honour and glory in the event of success, was enough to dishearten the bravest. And there were no finer fighters than the Spaniards behind a wall. Witness Saragossa, more than two hundred years later, at a time when, in the open field, Spanish valour was not conspicuous, as also Albuera and a score of other battles.

From Loch Erne the Spaniards felt their way across to the north-west coast. There Cuellar found shelter in contrasted quarters—amongst the women of course, and with the clergy, who, being Roman Catholics, have no dealings with the gentler sex. His companions were also accommodated in various hiding-places. At length a vessel was found to convey them across to Scotland.

Here, then, seemed the end of their troubles. They were in a kingdom at constant enmity and strife with England, governed by a monarch whose mother had been beheaded by the English Queen. In the light of history, Scotland at that time was scarcely the place a Spanish refugee would have selected as an asylum. The year of the Spanish Armada was also the birth-year of the National Covenant in defence of religion, the afterwards famous Covenant. James himself had levied a force to resist the landing of Spanish troops, and had suppressed Maxwell's movement in favour of Rome

with a high hand. The unfortunate fugitives, though not molested, soon found they were not

wanted.

News of their distress came to the Prince of Parma, who forthwith made arrangements to have them brought across to Holland. Unfortunately for them, he did not command the whole Dutch coast. Since the taking of Brille by the Sea Beggars, the shores of Holland had hardly provided healthy watering-places for Spaniards. The port of landing had to be selected with circumspection.

No doubt the skipper of the boat was well aware of this; but fate, in the shape of a Dutch privateer, intervened, and drove him ashore with an accompaniment of cannon-shot. Most of the Spaniards escaped the chance of battle, and the chance of drowning on the Dutch coast is negligible. If a ship of shallow draught strikes there, all the crew have to do is to step overboard and wade ashore. But the noise of cannon had attracted the notice of the residents, who happened to be Hollanders and Zealanders. The result was that the fugitives were wiped out almost to a man. Only Cuellar and two companions escaped.

This was his last adventure. At nightfall he won his way across to safety. It is probable that the sweetest music Cuellar ever heard in his life was the challenge of the Spanish sentry.

NIGELLA.

LOVE-IN-A-MIST in a garden grew, A cloud of green with a heart of blue.

When soft winds swept it, it shimmered free Like drifts of light on a summer sea.

Many a blossom was gleaming there, Sweetly fragrant and far more fair.

The rose was worshipped, the daisy kissed; But no one cared for Love-in-a-mist

Till, over the grass like velvet shorn, There came a little maid forlorn.

And when she saw it, she bent and cried, 'Oh, Love-in-a-mist! can love misguide?'

She knelt and held it against her face, So cold, so pure, like a nun's embrace.

'Green's grief-stricken, and that am I! Blue is faithful until I die!

Life is fleeting, and love is long!
Oh, Love-in-a-mist! What's right? What's wrong!

She sank till her fair head lowly lay, With pillow of green on bed of clay.

The sun went down, and the moon rose high, And great pale moths went flitting by.

And there they found her, her pale cheek kissed By tendrils green of Love-in-a-mist. M. W. M. FALCONER.



SOME OUT-OF-THE-WAY KINGS.

By Poultney Bigelow.

Sepius ventis agitatur ingens Pinus, et celsæ graviore casu Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos Fuluina montes.



O sang the most genial of heathens, a prince amongst philosophers, the friend of emperors and Prime Ministers, a Roman country gentleman, a simple farmer in outward life, a man of the world for all time—the poet

Horace. And for the benefit of those whose love of the classics has been stifled by a college education, let me mention that a free translation might mean: 'It's well for presidents and other potentates to rise cautiously, because the higher they soar, the sorer it feels when they come down.'

And this reminds me of King Ja Ja from the West Coast of Africa, who never heard of Horace; and indeed Ja Ja himself was but a hazy name to me when I paddled abreast of his palace in the island of St Vincent, one of the most beautiful of the British West Indies. Here is perpetual summer, a soft breeze at all times tempering the heat of the sun's rays, grand volcanic mountains clothed with luxuriant tropical vegetation rising from the sea to altitudes almost alpine. Here grow sugar, cocoa, oranges, bananas; here life is easy and man surrounded by everything calculated to make a king forget any throne!

But King Ja Ja was not happy. At home he commanded twenty-five thousand warriors—the finest army in the world, said he; but then that was before the Rough Riders conquered Cuba—or was it Spain?—it's all so long ago, and my note-book is not handy! At that time the standing army of the United States was exactly the same as that of King Ja Ja, and this induced his Majesty to a comparison of forces in which he demonstrated to his own satisfaction that his African empire, being equal in fighting forces, must necessarily correspond in other respects. I was not there to correct royalty; it is dangerous enough to correct a president.

No. 502.-Vol. X.

Ja Ja was a real king. He wore a gauze undershirt and white linen trousers, had bare feet, and very gorgeous oriental slippers. His Chief Lord High Chamberlain was a bright-eyed, woolly-headed black boy, who showed me to the reception-room with as much ceremony as though it were into the presence of a reigning sovereign of the Old World.

King Ja Ja had turned his army against that of Queen Victoria, and at the end of the war, instead of putting him into a prison with irons on his hands and feet, as we treated Jefferson Davis, the British Queen made him a present of a palace in this West Indian Paradise, gave him plenty of pocket-money, sent him his wife, and in addition allowed him all the personal liberty compatible with permanent residence in St Vincent. He introduced me to his wife, a handsome African damsel dressed in a lownecked white stuff, which made me think of a lambchop with a cuff round the handle. She offered me whisky in a pewter mug. When I declined it he was offended, until I told him that my medicineman forbade me such things. This surprised him. He said that I was the first white man he had ever met who didn't ask for whisky. Then he offered me some sort of fruit-syrup and water, which of course I accepted, in order to prove to him that I had no objection to colour. Then the king made me treasonable overtures. He expanded upon his power, upon the value of his alliance; he urged me to bring down an American man-of-war and carry him away, and then found the Empire of Ja Ja in Africa. Queen Ja Ja, if I am a judge of features, did not encourage the Empire of Ja Ja scheme. In St Vincent she was important as a wife; in Ja Ja she might become again one of a hundred or so.

Ja Ja was a fine negro in his way, and maybe I was wrong in not quoting this conversation earlier, and thus anticipating by a few years the founding of our great Colonial Empire. However, Ja Ja might have been disappointed had the Stars and Stripes ever waved over his African capital. We might have deceived him. He might have become merely another Aguinaldo! Besides, I discovered

JULY 13, 1907.

[All Rights Reserved.]

that his opinion of the United States Navy was tinctured by his belief that I had sailed down from New York in my canoe, and that my trusty Rob Roy was a species of torpedo-boat. This legend served me in good stead, although I heard of it only long afterwards.

Opposite the palace of King Ja Ja lay the famous little ketch in which my British friend E. F. Knight had sailed from England all the way to the Plata River. All lovers of the sea have read The Cruise of the Falcon. King Ja Ja had seen me clambering in and out of the Falcon, and had conceived the notion that I might fit it out once more and carry him away to the United States-the land where his claims to empire would be satisfied. I did not tell him that he would probably find it hard to gain admission into any New York hotel, and I paddled away with Kings are quaint mixed feelings about Ja Ja. beings in their combination of craft and kindergarten. The moment I talked with Ja Ja I knew him for a king. Only a king could have thought his kind of courtly thoughts; only a writer of comic opera could treat seriously the lofty themes discussed that day in our Tropical Paradise.

On the other hand, King Masupa of Basutoland was different-in degree but not in kind. offered me no whisky, because whisky is contraband in Basutoland; and, besides, he had drunk

up the last of the bottle.

Masupa succeeded the illustrious Moshesh-a corruption of Moses—and this old Moshesh was a grand old scoundrel who divided his time between raiding Boer cattle and professing Christianity to British missionaries. He organised the Basutos into a nation of fighters, mainly by raiding upon his neighbours, putting the men to death, sparing the best women for the purpose of rearing children, and bringing up young boys only in case they proved available recruits for his army. But in time even the missionaries looked askance at Moshesh, and the British Government wearied of his ambiguities.

King Masupa buried his illustrious ancestor with rites half-Christian and half-African, and then ascended the throne of Taba Basio with a promise henceforth to follow the advice of the British $\hat{\mathbf{R}}$ esident Commissioner, who at the time of my visit (1896) was the eminent Godfrey Lagden, since knighted.

Masupa's throne was a sailor's chest, on which he sat with African dignity, telling me that he was thirsting to lead his armies against the Boers and win back the soil of his ancestors. While he was thus orating I prepared to photograph him, for he was picturesque in his royal cups. His right hand was extended in dramatic gesticulation, he wore a coloured shirt of European make, his legs were bare, and in his left hand he swung a knobkerrie, or warclub. He was every inch a king-in Africa; and I wanted him thus on my plate. But the moment he penetrated my purpose, up he sprang with a yell and rushed into his royal palace. Here was not a tithe of the comfort surrounding Ja Ja in St Vincent; but here were other things dear to savage

royalty-an abundance of wives and many courtiers. Masupa shouted and his Court conveyed. They dragged a box from under his bed, and from it they pulled out several bits of royal apparel, which they submitted for approval. King Masupa finally selected a paper collar, a checked shirt, and a spiketail coat with gold lace and buttons, which had once been a consular uniform; then from an assortment of old hats he selected a high silk one. And then he struck an attitude.

His courtiers stood about admiringly. I have thought of this picture at times when, for instance, a great war-lord issues on to the parade-ground in the flashing uniform of the Royal Bodyguard! Masupa was no less serious. He too ruled by divine right; he too commanded the loyalty of a people and the unbounded admiration of many courtiers. What odds if the one lives in a Kaffir kraal and the other in a Versailles, Holburg, or mammoth Schloss? Royalty is not a thing merely of dress; it is of the spirit, knowing naught of outward limitations.

Masupa treated me with effusive cordiality, and gave me his royal hand at parting—the hand of a black sovereign, the man who is to his people in Africa what Booker Washington is to Africans in Massachusetts to-day. He is the great leader of his people, the second Moses -more than a Moses, for he rules by divine right of succession.

The last words of such a man to me at parting cannot be of trifling import, however oracular or obscure to my finite senses.

'I have not enough royal insignia!' quoth the king of the Basutos. 'I want another insignia!'

I bent my ear to catch his words.

'Can I help your Majesty?' said I eagerly.

'You may,' quoth his Majesty.

What is lacking in your royal insignia?' said I. 'A red jacket.'

And I heard no more.

In Borneo I had the honour of audience with the mightiest monarch of the Far East. I put it thus, for he thus put it to me. This was none other than the Child of the Sun and Moon, the Sultan of Brunei, whose commands were issued from the largest island in the world, and ranged so far in all directions that they included not merely the Philippines to the north and the Java archipelago to the south, but covered much of the Chinese mainland on the west and whatever of Australia was worth noticing. This kindly old gentleman died but a few months ago, mourned by all of his Court, for each member of the Court owned a share in the pirate craft of which his Sultan was titular commander. Brunei is a Venice on stilts. All the houses of this famous Malay capital are cocked up on slim piles so neatly arranged that canoes paddle through the subway of the city; leastways, you paddle your canoe by compass straight under the flooring of the houses which lie in your water-path. A more beautiful capital than Brunei, floating on tropical waters with a background of forest-clad hills rising close behind the shores, it would be hard to imagine. We once had a Consul at Brunei. That was some forty years ago. He swindled all the natives that trusted him, secured some concessions, sold out, and then disappeared. To-day you may still see the jungle which is pointed out as the residence of the American Consul in Brunei—vox et prateres nihil!

The venerable Sultan received me kindly-at least he meant it so. My seat was at the mouth of a cannon, and there crouched around the butt-end of this gun a cluster of Malay warriors ready to fire at the imperial command. This was merely Court etiquette, I was told afterwards; but at the time it took away my appetite, and so I declined a cup of coffee when it was passed to me. This nearly precipitated the catastrophe I dreaded, for the British Commissioner kicked me under the table and told me to drink the coffee unless I was looking for trouble. And, indeed, trouble seemed in the air on that memorable day. For the Sultan was dressed in a skirt which I mistook for a janitor's apron, he wore on his head a velvet skull-cap such as is still the fashion with the historic concierge of Paris, beneath his apron peeped the bottoms of pyjamas, on his feet were carpet-slippers, and altogether his appearance induced me to mistake him for one of the domestics, and to whisper loudly into the ear of the British Commissioner, 'When is the Sultan coming?' Nothing had prepared me for a real Sultan-save an accidental surprise-party which landed me on the wrong side of a Turkish bath in Northern Africa; but that has nothing to do with

The Sultan of Brunei is the mightiest monarch of all, so far as divine right is concerned; but his divinity has been sadly perforated of late years by Rajah Brooke on the one side, the North Borneo Company on the other, to say nothing of British dominion at Labuan and American usurpation in the Philippines.

It was a grand thing to hear this venerable potentate protest in Heaven's name against American interference with his sovereignty. He claimed all the islands of the Mohammedan faith, and asked me to urge this matter upon the attention of my paramount lord at home. I told him that our sovereign was at that moment building a canal which would only occupy him half a century or so, and that the moment that was done I would ask him to hand over to his Imperial Majesty whatever there was then worth giving up.

The dear old gentleman has since joined his ancestors in the Mohammedan heaven, and let me cuddle the thought that my simple words helped to smooth his last moments. His was a gentle nature—as kings and cattle-lifters go. He professed the

noblest sentiments and rendered justice according to verses in the Koran. There was nothing he hated so much as being called unorthodox; and for this reason he criticised Sultan Muley Aziz of Morocco much as William of Germany dilutes his approval of Edward VII. During my stay at Brunei this illustrious ruler was taken to task by the British Commissioner for having stolen some water-buffalo from neighbouring territory. The old gentleman summoned witnesses, thumbed the Koran, gave judgment in his own favour, and then sent a handsome present to the people whose cattle he had stolen. Thus was divine majesty fortified, thus were the diplomatic forms maintained, thus were his victims rendered happy, and thus was the Koran once more justified as the finest flower of human reason—east of Suez.

Britain is wise in that she humours—nay, pays honour to—the failings of faded royalty. Throughout her vast Colonial Empire she moves like a patient nurse in many wards, ministering to the varying needs of many sufferers, dealing with each according to individual need. This wise nurse dominates her patient by gentle personal contact, sympathetic listening to real or imaginary ailments. It is hers to act the sympathetic part, to have her own way while apparently yielding.

The Sultan of Brunei is dead, and in his place rules another descendant of the Prophet. But a British adviser is at his elbow, although the casual stranger sees him not, and even his own subjects know it not. Germany is not so successful as Britain in the colonial world, for the barrack-yard is not adapted to the cultivation of diplomatic flowers. When Germany deposes an inconvenient kingwhether it be the late King of Hanover (who protests still in the person of his son, the Duke of Brunswick) or a West African sovereign, twinbrother to Ja Ja-she acts after barrack-yard ethics and with academic, not to say brutal, consistency. The squad of soldiers appear; the palace is cleared; the king is taken out kicking and scuffling. The methods differ but slightly from those employed in the arrest and deportation of a Berlin pickpocket or an untamed editor. Enough to say that Germany's unthroned kings are a menace to the success of monarchy by 'right divine.' King Edward sleeps serenely in the midst of a dozen deposed sovereigns. Why? Because he has left to those sovereigns the most important part of their attributes—the 'divinity;' in other words, the throne, the robes, the crown, the sceptre, the palace, the flunkeys, the flags, the heraldry. King Edward knows their worth. He is satisfied with a voice in the administration, and this voice is never heard except in a gentle whisper. Imagine a Prussian lieutenant issuing orders in a whisper!

норр Ү.

CHAPTER XV.



E should be getting near the end of our journey, sir,' said a big, brownfaced, brown-bearded man, who, at the head of a large and motley caravan, trudged beside a couple of strong donkeys ridden respectively

by a white-haired old gentleman and a beautiful girl, and who gazed with evident admiration at the latter's radiant face and neat figure, so strangely out of place in such a party. 'I have a man in the last lot of porters who tells me that he formed one of the native escort of the French expedition whose traces we are looking for. He appears to have stayed on at this place, Iwa, until all but two of the whites had died of fever, and then married a woman of these parts and beat his sword into a ploughshare. As far as I can gather, when he left there was only one black man actually doing duty, the rest of the escort having either died or married and betaken themselves to the ways of peace. He also talks of another caravan, with two whites, coming afterwards, and staying at Iwa until one of the two Foreign Legion men died, and then going back north again, leaving the other poor chap still on guard over the nonsense flag-pole which represented their "comic-opera" occupation. He says, too, that one of this second lot died on the way back, and that he knows where the man is buried; and as this agrees with what you have told me, I fancy that we can believe him, though he is a deserter.'

'Good-good! Yes, that completely bears out our previous information; doesn't it, eh, Mirabelle?' cried the old man addressed, turning to his charm-

ing companion.

'Yes, dad dear. Indeed, I never doubted that part of Major Vare's story. The only thing that tortures me is the question: which of the two men died, Hoppy or the German?' answered the girl, with a quiver in her low voice.

'Well, let us see this man, and ask him; he would surely remember his white non-commissioned

officers?'

'No, no, dad; he might only give us false hopes. Let us wait until we can see for ourselves.'

'You're right, Miss Melgrove; you'll know for certain some time to-morrow, I reckon,' broke in the brown man. 'If all my calculations are correctand this nigger's story seems to point that way-we should sight Iwa at sun-up.'

Mirabelle's face flushed and her hands trembled, but she said nothing; and the little party wended their way over the rolling land in silence, at the head of their long following of porters and servants, guards and baggage-animals.

Late that night the large camp was pitched practically on the same spot that had previously been

occupied by Vare, and at dawn next morning the brown man, the leader of the expedition, stood using his glasses in the same sweeping search from the top of the same conical hill. And once again did history repeat itself, and once more, as the rising sun caused the flagstaff of Iwa to gleam white against the dark background of trees and huts, did a man come out of one of the latter and hoist to the breeze the worn and faded flag of France. Everything was repeated as it had occurred many months before, with one notable exception: the faithful guardian of the Tricolore was a black man and not a white!

'Umph! that looks bad. But I don't know, after all,' muttered the observer as he turned to descend the hill. 'I never yet knew a nigger who would carry on without a white man to drive him, so I expect the other chap's sick, that's all. If he'd followed the rest there would be no flag hoistednot likely; but I'll keep it to myself in case-Blow it all! I hope that sweet, plucky girl isn't

going to get a bad knock.

'Mirabelle, my dear,' said the General, with some hesitation, a few hours later, 'Mr Tealus tells me that we shall certainly come upon Iwa directly we top that rising ground ahead. He also says that he sighted the place at dawn this morning from the hill above our camp, and that the French flag is still flying. This is excellent news; but still, perhaps he had better ride on alone with Rex and a few men, and we will wait here, eh? He can then ascertain exactly how matters stand, and can bring us back a report immediately.

'What! Oh daddy, I didn't think you would be such a coward! Stay here? Indeed, no; let us all three go on together. Surely, after all these years, you can bear to know the worst that may await us!' exclaimed Mirabelle with rising voice.

'Hush, my dear girl, and don't give way to excitement. I was only thinking of you, child. I'-and the old man's voice grew cold-'I have faced bitterness—ay, and death—far too often to think of my own feelings. Come; and beckoning to Tealus, who had fallen back amongst the men, the old soldier sat more erect than ever upon his humble steed and proudly rode forward, followed by his ashamed and penitent companion.

'Ah!' broke simultaneously from three pairs of lips-for Rex was with them-as the long expected village, with its oft-pictured square and

flagstaff, burst upon the travellers' sight.

'Yes, Sir Ralph, there you are at last, and the niggers have spotted us already. See! they are swarming out like bees,' cried Tealus, anxious to turn the current of the girl's thoughts from gloomy things. 'Come along; down we go. They're friendly—I know the signs; and there's the first of the French native soldiers turning out, gun and all, ready to give us a salute; and leading the way, closely followed by Sir Ralph and Mirabelle—who had now dismounted—and a native interpreter, he made quickly towards the village, leaving the caravan under the command of Rex, as previously arranged, waiting on the high ground.

As they approached the square the crowd of natives opened out, and disclosed, standing at the base of the flagstaff, clothed in a motley garb, half-uniform, half-rags, but with a well-kept rifle and bayonet, which he held at the 'charge,' the pathetic figure of the solitary remaining black soldier of the expedition, true to the honour of his salt.

'Alt! ici français,' he shouted in queer broken French; but the interpreter replying in the dialect of the country, an animated colloquy ensued.

'Well?' shouted Tealus impatiently, breaking in upon the apparently never-ending palaver.

'He say he sentry; white man much sick in de hut ober dar. Me know which he mean, sar. He not leave 'im post. You go see white man.'

'All right. Tell him to put up his gun and stay there as long as he likes, and that we come from the French General at Algiers, with orders for his officer,' cried Tealus. 'Now, you, show us which hut he means.—Come along, Sir Ralph.'

And away they went, almost running in their eagerness, in the wake of their fleet-footed guide. They were accompanied by a chattering, noisy crowd, and as they neared a neat hut, which, with its surrounding patch of garden and generally clean appearance, betrayed the nationality of its owner, the latter, flinging open the door, staggered out, steadying himself by clutching at the jamb with one hand, while with the other he nervously fingered a revolver.

Gaunt, haggard, and wild-eyed as he was, Mirabelle knew him instantly, and with a cry of 'Hoppy! O Hoppy! it is you after all!' she rushed forward, and, flinging her arms round the poor wreck that swayed and tottered in bewildered unbelief, she just succeeded in holding him up until the others came to her aid.

'No, no, my boy, it's all right; it's your old dad in the flesh, and no ghost. We've come to fetch you—Mirabelle and I; so keep quiet now, like a sensible fellow. Fancy fighting your old father!'

Slowly the meaning of the words bored into the fever-ridden brain; the wild look in the eyes disappeared; and presently the poor fellow, obedient to his father's orders, swallowed the contents of a small bottle which Tealus had produced from his pocket.

'I was a doctor, as you know, in the old days,' said the latter, 'and this is an opiate which I thought might be useful. It's just what he wants now, and he'll be right as a trivet by-and-by.'

Then they took Hoppy into the hut and laid him down on the little bed from which the clamour of the natives had drawn him; and Tealus and the interpreter having driven the crowd off with assurances that their good white friend was in no danger from them, peace and quiet once again reigned, and the patient fell into a deep sleep, the very semblance of death itself. When he awoke many hours after, his brain was clear; and, lying in delicious languor, he listened to the extraordinary story which his father slowly related to him.

Little by little Vare's terrible treachery became beyond doubt, and Hoppy swore a great and solemn oath that when they met the reckoning should be paid in full.

'And so poor Dick died, and that scoundrel never brought you my letters or gave my report to the people at Bouc-al-Aran!' said Hoppy at last.

'No, dear,' answered Mirabelle; 'and he told me that although Dick may have had something, the latter hinted that you had ordered him to stick to it at any cost, and so he buried all his possessions without examination.'

'Well, we shall pass the grave. You said one of your porters—I dare say I know the man—told Tealus he knew where it was. I shall take upon myself to see that the poor fellow was properly buried, and at the same time recover my letters—if they are there,' he added grimly.

And this he did on their return journey, finding that, as far as the body was concerned, Vare had done all that was possible. But although the dry earth had kept Dick's clothes and few possessions intact, there was not a trace among his papers of Hoppy's letters or report.

Their homeward march was safely accomplished, Hoppy and his faithful black soldier meeting with a warm welcome at Bouc-al-Aran. His subsequent entry into Algiers was almost in the nature of a triumphal procession, for, greatly to his disgust, his story had-much exaggerated-become the property of the ubiquitous reporter, and he found himself, although a foreigner, almost a national hero. However, after many delays and endless formalities, he was at last enabled to get his discharge from the Foreign Legion; and with the ribbon of the other Legion in his button-hole, and in his portmanteau the old flag that he had kept flying so well-by special permission-he eventually embarked with his friends and two servants-for Rex had at once assumed his old position, and the authorities had allowed his master to take the black soldier with him-and in due time, reaching Marseilles, took train thence for England.

When he arrived at Dover, his heart still full of bitterness against the treacherous Vare, the very first paragraph that caught his eye as he opened the newspaper told him that his enemy was out of his reach for ever, a higher power having taken the matter in hand and settled it in its own fashion.

'Tragic Death of a Baroner,' it ran.—'A telegram has been received from Stinking Water, the hot sulphur-springs on the Great Fork, that Sir Dethe Vare of Comstead Hall, Testshire, who was on a hunting-trip on the Little Big Horn, slipped down a snow-slide while in pursuit of a wounded wapiti,

and was precipitated over a precipice many hundred feet deep. The body of the unfortunate baronet was subsequently recovered, battered out of all recognition.'

Silently Hoppy handed over the paper to Mirabelle, who in her turn passed it on to Sir Ralph.

'There's but one regret,' said the latter as he finished reading; 'I cannot now tell the truth about Morrison. The man by dying in this ridiculous manner has stopped our tongues for ever.'

But here it may be said that, at a certain interview which subsequently took place between the General and a personage in Whitehall, the whole disgraceful story was told, in confidence, and that somehow or other in the course of a few days the members of the service clubs were suddenly quite cordial again in their manner towards Hoppy, some of them even going so far as to say, 'By Jove, old man! awfully glad, ye know; we know what we know, don't-cher-know?' which cryptic phrase was a very serious emotional departure indeed from the rigid rules of their caste.

Hoppy, however, had learned much since he left the Sooties, and these wondrous expressions of goodwill caused him nothing but secret amusement.

He married the girl of his heart after all; and though she did not get a V.C. for a husband, she got a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, which was certainly somewhat of a novelty since the days of the Crimean war.

Rex makes an excellent butler at Idsworth Castle, where his master now lives, and spends his spare moments on the private rifle-range attempting, with an indifferent measure of success, to teach black Hanan to shoot more or less effectively.

The old General is still hale and hearty, and none the worse for his African experiences; and Tealus sends him from time to time weird-looking horns and heads of strange and fearsome beasties.

There is also a little 'flea' to be seen hopping around the castle; and if you ask him, 'What should a soldier do?' he will solemnly lisp, 'Obey orwers.'

THE END.

THE EARLY HOSTILITY TO TROUSERS.

By WILLIAM ANDREWS.



HE silk hat is quietly but most assuredly passing out of fashion, after being the popular headgear for about a century. One wonders if, when the hat has gone, the

trousers will next be discarded, and breeches once more return into favour with the masses and the classes. The world of fashion is fickle; the eccentric costume of to-day is often the favourite of to-morrow.

The modern custom of wearing trousers was taken from the military dress introduced into the army by the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsular war. In early days these were known as 'Wellington trousers,' after the Duke.

When they were coming into general use at the commencement of the nineteenth century the religious world and the fashionable were most determined in their opposition. A clause in the original trust-deed, dated 1820, of a Sheffield Nonconformist chapel provided that 'under no circumstances whatever shall any preacher be allowed to occupy the pulpit who wears trousers.' Some doubts were expressed in many quarters concerning the question whether a man could be religious and appear in trousers. One of the founders of the Primitive Methodist body remarked to a colleague in the ministry 'that trousers-wearing, beer-drinking So-and-so will never get to heaven. Father Reece, a famous Methodist minister, twice President of the Conference (born in 1765, died in 1850), could not be induced to adopt trousers, and among the Methodists was the last to follow popular fashion in this respect. He was minister | of Waltham Street Chapel, Hull, from 1837 to 1840, and was a notable figure in the town; but he did not, like the Rev. John Wesley, wear silk stockings and shoe-buckles.

Clergymen were very slow to adopt the new fashion, and it was a long time before trousers replaced breeches of grave colour. The Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, M.A., observes that parsons donned trousers about the same time that bishops doffed their wigs, to their great comfort in each case. Much rebellion against the tyranny occurred, and Bishop Blomfield is credited with being the first to give up the episcopal wig early in the reign of George IV.; but as late as 1858 Archbishop Sumner appeared in a wig at the marriage of the Princess Royal of England. Writing in 1879, and recalling the past, Mr Ellacombe said the modern costume of some of the clergy showed a great want of reverence for externals. It was far different in his younger days. Then, he says, no clergyman thought of officiating in any but the recognised costume. He adds: 'I remember a clerical friend from a distance happened to call upon me just when a funeral was announced. Being busily engaged with a clothing club, I desired him to take it, but he declined; he had trousers on.'

It is stated in Cooper's Annals of Cambridge that 'in October 1812 orders were made at Cambridge, by Trinity and St John's College, that students appearing in hall or chapel in pantaloons or trousers should be considered absent.' At Oxford the offence of appearing in trousers was more serious than at Cambridge. At Oxford a college tutor had to submit to severe censure for ven-

turing to wear trousers. This was the Rev. Joseph Burrows, a somewhat able scholar, who died in 1862 at the age of seventy-nine years. He had been in succession Hulmeian Exhibitioner, Fellow, Tutor, and Bursar of Brasenose College, Oxford. Mr Burrows ventured to adopt the new fashion, and was taken to task by the principal of the college, Dr Frodsham Hodson, who said that trousers were far from proper wear for undergraduates; but for a tutor and Hebrew lecturer to appear so attired in the presence of young gentlemen in statu pupillari argued an unbecoming disregard for discipline. In 1810 Mr Riquad was the proctor at Oxford, and being a man of broad views, he overlooked the offence of students whom he met on his rounds wearing trousers. His laxity in the matter gave great offence, and is said to have resulted in his resignation.

Gentlemen early in the nineteenth century were not permitted to enter dancing-rooms if they wore trousers. In 1814, we read, the ladies' committee of Almack's—the pink of fashion—decreed that no gentleman should attend balls given by the club at Willis's if they wore trousers. On one occasion the Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, presented himself in trousers, but a young official courteously intimated that he could not enter so attired. The Duke went away. He who had defeated the great Napoleon was not equal to fighting against fashion. Similar regulations were in force in other parts of the country.

The introduction of trousers was much earlier among the people in America than in England. Lord Carlisle, writing to his wife in 1778 from a boat on the river Delaware, remarked that 'the gnats in this part of the river are as large as sparrows. I have armed myself against them by wearing trousers, which is the constant dress of the country.'

The rich as well as the poor made fun of trousers when these were coming into fashion. We learn from an informing volume, entitled Sheffield in the Eighteenth Century, by Mr R. E. Leader, B.A., that Mr Marriott, the founder of a well-known Sheffield firm, introduced them into that town. After a visit to London he startled his fellow-townsmen by appearing in trousers. He was greeted with the exclamation, 'Whol, lad, thou's gotten breeches wi' chimbley-pipes on 'em! Wherever didst get 'em?' The ridicule was so merciless that Mr Marriott thought it prudent to put them away in a drawer until more enlightened times dawned. But one day, when he was at work, some frolicsome friends went to his wife, and, by professing they had 'the master's' authority, gained possession of the 'breeches with chimney-pipes,' and pawned them. So when he wanted them for his next visit to London he had perforce to go in more ancient costume.

We cannot fully realise the opposition displayed in former times to the introduction of numerous articles of attire now in use. He was a brave man who ventured in the public streets as the leader of a new fashion.

MISS DENISON'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER II.



the remote end of the village which was dominated by Coombe Hall stood a substantial red-brick cottage. It had been at one time the residence of the steward of the estate; but as his family increased

Miss Denison appropriated to his use a larger and more commodious house, which had the additional advantage of being nearer her own. The cottage was known as The Retreat, and had been occupied for many years by a Mr Waring, his wife, and daughter.

The habits of the tenants conformed to the name of their abode, for Mr Waring, though a man of good family and an ex-professor of the London University, persistently declined all neighbourly advances on the plea that his wife was a confirmed invalid, himself devoted to abstruse literary work, and his daughter too young for society. Mrs Waring had died the year before Everard Yorke went to South Africa, and he had formed perhaps the only exception to the rule of exclusiveness, some slight service that he had been able to render to the poor lady having led to his introduction to the family. From that time he had been a fre-

quent visitor, Mr Waring having no objection to a guest who asked nothing from himself, and was willing to relieve the tedium of his wife's illness by loans of books and friendly intercourse.

It had not occurred to the one parent, selfishly absorbed in her own sufferings, or to the other, who scarcely realised his daughter in any other capacity than as his pupil and amanuensis, that it was Agatha Waring that drew Everard Yorke to their home. Neither of them perceived that the girl was beautiful, or that her nature was full of depth and nobility. The mother had been a pretty blonde in her day, and she disparaged Agatha's opposite charm; and both father and mother accepted her patience and intelligence as a matter of course, to be received as the sunshine and the dew.

But Everard saw with open eyes. Bred in luxury that tended to foster self-indulgence, he had, as not infrequently happens, a latent seathetic appreciation of the sterner virtues, and he watched with an admiration that quickened into love the sweetness and dignity with which she accepted her hard lot. With taste refined to ideality, the slim, tall figure, and pale oval face lighted by dark eyes finely set in their orbits, and shaded by a wealth of

soft black hair, appealed to his perceptions beyond the charm of brilliancy. That, under her father's teaching, she had been made an accomplished scholar added reverence to love, while the touch of her skilled fingers on the piano and the quality of her singing voice quickened reverence to passion. It was the one ordinary accomplishment that had been sedulously cultivated, for Mrs Waring was herself a musician, and found it a solace in her hours of pain.

No love-passages had passed between the pair until after Mrs Waring's death, which occurred some time before Everard had volunteered for South Africa; then, under the stimulus of Agatha's grief and his own projected departure, he had pledged heart and honour and life to her service, and had received in return the assurance that she loved him. It was an assurance as full and adequate as even his exigence could desire, and given with the tender dignity that was one of her most winning characteristics; but it was qualified by the belief that their love was hopeless on the grounds that her father would never release her from his service, and that Miss Denison, who was even ignorant that intimacy existed between them, would oppose their engagement.

What does a young lover say to such objections? That they can be brushed aside as gossamer, and that his own fidelity is proof against the opposition of heaven and earth. It was vain to lay the matter before his benefactress until his return from South Africa. He might never return; but should he survive and come home, his first action would be to announce his engagement and take the consequences—an assurance he had found the opportunity to repeat in the short interval between his return and the dinner given in honour of it.

A few hours after his interview with Miss Denison the young man made his way to The Retreat. There was always a harassing doubt whether his mistress might not be shut up in Mr Waring's study, and invisible; but circumstances favoured him. The old family servant who admitted him, and who was secretly favourable to his suit, told him that her lady was in the sitting-room 'busy writing.'

'When is she not "busy writing"?' he cried

impatiently. 'May I go in?'

'Ay, ay, sir; it will rest her pretty eyes a little.' As he entered the room he saw how intently she was occupied in copying from a pile of manuscript by her side, a task made formidable by the cramped hieroglyphics of the scholar's handwriting, and to which her bent brows bore witness. He made a step forward.

'My dear, my dear,' he cried, 'I cannot bear it!'

'Oh, it is you!' she said, with a smile of exquisite welcome. 'It seems incredible that I did not hear you.'

For reply he pushed away her papers, and taking both her hands, drew her within his arms with a tenderness full of poignancy.

'How long is this cruel drudgery to last?

Let us end it, Agatha; give me the right to take you away from a tyranny that is killing you, and teach you what happiness is, and ease, and leisure.'

His voice fell a little. On what financial foundation was this structure to be reared? But he had come resolved to recover his lost self-respect.

She did not release herself from his embrace, but suffered him to hold her with his arms about her waist, her eyes looking into his with an expression full of a tender mockery.

'You mean as your wife, Everard, without consent

from my father or Miss Denison?

'As my wife, dearest. I ask nothing better than the right to work for you, if you will have me on such terms. It is you I love, not Winifred Leigh, and I shall be perfectly happy to see all that might have been mine transferred to her. I have kept a cowardly silence to-day, Agatha; but it was less from sordid self-interest than from love to the kindest and most generous of women. Forgive me, dear; I will not fail you in the future.'

'Ah,' she said, 'all that is a dream where the awakening would be very rough. I love you with heart and soul and strength; but honour is stronger still. I could not do so base a thing as to abandon my father or suffer you to break all ties of duty to her who has been more than mother. Where would be our right to happiness in such a case, and what chance of ease or leisure when you—or rather we—were engaged in the struggle for our daily bread?'

'I have faced hardship, Agatha, and not been

found wanting.'

'Yes, under the stimulus of numbers—heroes and fellow-sufferers both—with an end in view that fired the spirit and braced every nerve to endurance. It would be another story if the inducement were nothing but the support of a wife who had forgotten duty to marry you, and suffered you to beggar yourself for her sake. Love would not bear the strain of such incredible selfishness.'

She released herself from his relaxed grasp and sat down; she was a little exhausted by the energy of her protest, and anxious lest she had gone too far. Besides, she could scarcely shut the golden door of hope against herself without a pang.

Everard stood for several moments without speaking, and his face showed signs of both pain and anger; then it softened as he suffered his eyes

to rest upon her.

'Am I to understand that you mean all that you have just now said—that you have no belief in my courage or my constancy, and that you think my love so poor a thing that it would not bear the strain which other men bear joyfully for the sake of the woman who has trusted them?'

She was silent.

He knelt down beside her so as to bring his face on a level with hers.

'Disowned by Miss Denison, you will not take me for your husband, Agatha? You are afraid?'

'I will not,' in a low but firm voice. 'Yes, I am afraid, if you will have it so.'

'And your advice is'—his lips were against her cheek—'that in order to keep Coombe Hall I should lie against my conscience to sweet Winifred Leigh, when every beat of my heart, every pulse in my body, is for you?'

'No, no; that does not follow. Miss Denison would be incapable of forcing a marriage; but since she—the other—is so sweet, and loves you, Everard, all that is noblest in you will learn to love her

sooner or later.'

He rose from his knees. 'I see,' he said; 'you judge me unstable and unworthy at all points; and I have deserved it. I should have spoken openly long since, and claimed you against all opposition, even your own. But I am still yours, Agatha—yours for all time. If you will not be my wife I will be no other woman's husband, and Miss Denison shall know this at all costs.'

'You mean,' she asked with intense anxiety, 'that you will do this thing at once?'

'Since it is the only honest thing to do, why not at once?'

She hesitated. 'But if I ask you for my sake to wait a little—a week, ten days—before you take this step, will you refuse me, Everard?'

Her hand was on his arm; her eyes besought him

in passionate appeal.

Before he could answer, a door on the upper landing opened—the door of Mr Waring's study—and his voice was heard in irritable complaint: 'Whom have you with you, Agatha? Work is out of the question with this hum of voices below. Dismiss your friend;' and the door closed again.

The lovers looked at each other and smiled; but there was a bitter-sweetness in Everard's smile.

'I will go,' he whispered. He stooped and kissed her. 'Go, Agatha, to return.'

'But—you will do as I ask; you will wait?'
'Till I see you again,' was his answer.

As Miss Denison was crossing the passage from the library after her interview with Everard, a servant met her to say that Mr Anstruther was waiting to see her in the drawing-room.

Mr Anstruther was the man of letters who had been one of the guests on the previous evening, and she concluded that the visit was one of formal courtesy. Miss Denison's feeling towards him was one of distant respect rather than intimacy; she was not a student, or even a great reader, and Mr Anstruther's philosophical essays and critical appreciations went beyond the sphere of her interest. But to know him was held to be a distinction, and she was content to accept it as such.

She was always gracious as a hostess, and her greeting as they met was so pleasant and cordial as to relieve her visitor of a certain anxiety.

'I was afraid,' he said, smiling, 'that you might object to my calling upon you at uncanonical hours; but it was done with a purpose. I was bent upon finding you alone.'

'Ah, you are going to intercede for some protégé,

and any such request is granted in advance. I can trust your judgment implicitly, and it is such a satisfaction to have merit pointed out to one.'

'No,' he said gravely, 'it is not that; nor am I come, as perhaps would be the proper thing, to pay you compliments on the perfect success of last night's banquet, and to congratulate you on Everard Yorke's safe return. What a charming young fellow he is !'

Her face glowed with pleasure. 'I think so, but it is music to my ears to hear him praised by others. And is not Winifred charming also? I should like to ask you if my meaning last night was generally understood. From the time that I brought the two pretty children under my roof my intention was that they should marry each other. In this way, you see, I am able to make them share and share alike. It was this arrangement that I hinted at.'

The man of letters made a sudden gesture. 'No,' he said, 'I did not take that as your meaning, whatever others may have done. Had I done so I should not have ventured to come to-day on what seems likely to be a fool's errand.'

He turned a little on one side as if to avoid Miss Denison's questioning eyes, as well as to hide the shock of her careless words. The lady remained silent and expectant; it was for him to explain his meaning. He did not keep her long in suspense.

'You have dealt me a blow in all ignorance,' he said gravely. 'My object in coming here to-day was to ask your consent to my trying to win your adopted daughter for my wife. With any other girl I should have pleaded my cause direct; but she has been so specially your possession—your rights in her, as in him, are so absolute—that I hesitated to infringe them. I had meant to say, "Will you give her to me if she is willing to come?"

Miss Denison sat confounded; if she had inflicted a blow, she had also received one. She appreciated the distinction of the offer as a testimony to Winifred's charm and value; but under any circumstances the union would have appeared to her incongruous. Nearly twenty years divided them; the girl was in the lovely freshness of her undimmed youth; the man had fought a hard fight with life; and, allowing that he had conquered, the warfare had set its seal on character and aspect. But this was a secondary consideration. The primary one was her fixed desire to unite youth to youth, and so to establish, as she had said, her dear adopted children in social equality; still more influential was her conviction that Winifred's affection followed her own wishes.

The silence had become embarrassing; she raised her eyes and looked at her companion. It is curious how impressions vary under differing moods of mind, and Miss Denison perceived as she had never done before that neither the face nor figure of the man of letters was deficient in masculine beauty.

'It was good of you not to speak to Winifred

first,' she said, a little lamely.

'I am glad I did not, as it would have given her pain to know how much her refusal cost me. And yet there would have been a certain satisfaction in getting my dismissal from her own lips. You will pardon a disappointed man's persistence, I hope, if I venture to ask if the young people are engaged to each other, and if it is beyond a doubt that they accept your arrangement not from duty but because they love each other?'

Miss Denison flushed a little; she began to feel irritated at this unexpected obstacle in her scheme.

'My dear Mr Anstruther,' she said a little stiffly, Winifred has loved Everard from the time she was old enough to know her own heart. Her anxiety during this cruel African campaign almost broke down her health; she has become radiant since we knew of his safety and could count on his return; and, to speak in confidence, I came to you direct from a consultation with Everard Yorke about their marriage.'

Mr Anstruther bowed in submission, as it seemed; but he was a strong man and an observant one, and he had come to the conclusion that Miss Denison's assurances lacked conviction, and was mentally resolved not to forgo his chance of a great happiness on the dictum of a third person. What she desired she believed.

After the interview was over, and he was retracing his steps across the park glades, he set his mind to evolve some plan for obtaining an interview with Winifred, so that he might convince himself whether his suit were hopeless or not. Almost disallowed by himself, there was a flickering spark of hope in his inner consciousness. It would need but a blush, a glance, an inflection of the dear voice, to tell him if Miss Denison had read the girlish heart aright, and in that case he would wish her joy of her gallant young lover, and brace up his own spirit for a lonely pilgrimage till death.

The sudden rush of a friendly collie known to him as a member of the household abruptly scattered his thoughts. Was Fate going to be so unusually kind to him? The dog was Winifred's favourite outdoor companion; probably the mistress was not far off.

Anstruther, who had stooped to caress and restrain the animal, straightened himself and looked eagerly around. Winifred was approaching from a side alley, but evidently she had slackened her steps as she recognised him.

Strange as it may appear, this obvious reluctance to meet him brought an added glow of courage to his mind; he soon lessened the distance between them and held out his hand.

'I am so glad of this happy opportunity of speaking to you alone !' he began, hope rising higher as he felt the fluttering of the little hand that seemed so anxious to escape from his grasp, and observed that the girl's sweet composure was at fault. 'You give me leave to speak to you?'

He had dropped her hand, and even retreated a step or two, for her obvious embarrassment was an appeal to his chivalry.

'Why not?' she returned, forcing a smile. 'But

will you not come to the house? Miss Denison would not forgive me if she knew that you were so near, and I did not bring you in to luncheon."

'I have just had the pleasure of seeing Miss Denison,' he said dryly, 'and she did not ask me to luncheon. I fear I am not in favour with Miss Denison.' He saw that she changed colour, and he went on boldly. 'I have another far more serious fear, Miss Leigh-that I am not in favour with you. You would not look at me last night or give me the chance of a word. How have I been so unhappy as to offend you?'

Winifred had rallied her courage. There must be no self-betrayal on her part because of the great man's pleasant humour; so she raised the eyes that had been cast down, and looked at him steadily. Anstruther returned the gaze with a quickened 'Truth and honour sit on her brow,' he said to pulse.

himself; 'and what sweetness and humour too lurk in the curves of that lovely mouth! What is she going to say to me?' What she said was this: 'Do you mean that it is

in the power of a girl like me to make you unhappy, Mr Austruther? If it were so I should be

more unhappy than you.'

'Not if it were equally in your power-and in your power alone—to console me, dear,' he said. 'Do not let us beat about the bush. A woman's instinct is unerring, and you must know that I love you. I have waited on your pleasure month after month, watched and waited for any little sign of favour, and thanked God devoutly when I have received it, not daring to speak because of the difference between us. Then, of late, I have thought-fancied —that you were moved by sympathy towards me, and that I had a chance of quickening it to love. Is it so? Have I a chance?' He stopped, breathless, for her answer.

Young love was feeble as compared with his virile intensity, and Winifred answered, not by words at first, but her face lighted up with a radiance that seemed to him adorable. As he drew nearer slie retreated a step or two, clasping her hands behind

'Wait!' she said. 'I do not quite believe it. "Because of the difference between us!" It has been the dream of my ambition that you should love me, but I thought it was only a dream, and I was ashamed to neet your eyes lest I should betray myself. Can it be true that I can make you happy?'

He caught her in his arms and kissed her

'My darling! My matchless darling!' he re reverently. peated, with the immortal fatuity of the happy lover, 'you have opened heaven to me, or, better still, you have given me a new earth to dwell in.

And then they fell into reminiscence: he recalling the circumstances of their first meeting, their first talk together, and subsequent discussions along the wide horizons of thought and literature; and she in her turn telling him of the influence of his writings upon her mind and imagination, stimulating her desire to live a wider, nobler, more unselfish life.

It was not till this divine emotion had subsided a little that Anstruther remembered his recent interview with Miss Denison. They were now walking, hand clasped in hand, in the remote recesses of the heavily timbered park. He stood still and looked at his companion humorously.

'Oh, I had forgotten! What of Everard Yorke?'
'Nothing will please him better. He honours
and admires you, as all do who know you. He
has even ventured to tease me about you; only, I
could not bear it.'

'Then is Miss Denison utterly deceived? I for-

got I have not yet told you of my reception this morning.'

Winifred listened anxiously, and sighed.

'It is such an infinite pity that she feels like that. I have always known that she would have been better pleased if we had wished to marry, because in her generosity she liked the idea of my being the mistress of Coombe Hall. Of course I love Everard, and he loves me, but not'—— She hesitated.

'Not as we love each other,' he amended. 'Then,' asserted the man of letters with conviction, 'it is only a question of time and demonstration. We shall all three unite to bring Miss Denison to a better mind.'

(To be continued.)

WITH THE NUBIAN TRIBES OF NORTH AFRICA.

By Captain T. C. S. SPEEDY.

PART I.



HE nomad tribes of Africa who inhabit the vast plains stretching between the Red Sea on the north and the Blue Nile on the south are generally, though somewhat erroneously, called

Arabs. They are in reality Nubians, this term being the natural outcome of the word 'Nuba,' which signified 'the land of gold,' and which was given to the country in very ancient times. Subsequently these races were included by the Greeks under the general term Ethiopians, owing to the darkness of their hue; the Greek words aitho and ops meaning 'burnt faces.'

I travelled and lived among these tribes for some years, and became intimately acquainted both with their manners and customs and their modes of sport. The following are a few of the reminiscences of my life among them.

The Nubian tribes, though nominally at peace with each other, think it by no means derogatory to their honour to raid each other's camps in order to carry off the cattle. In fact, like our Highland clans in the Middle Ages, a foray of such a kind is regarded as a gallant exploit; and although, as a rule, each combatant avoids, if possible, taking life, the motive that restrains them is undoubtedly not so much one of humanity as the wish to avoid the serious consequences of a never-ending blood-feud. Although these forays occasionally take place by day, they are generally perpetrated on fine moonlight nights, which naturally increase the chance of success. When a raid is considered desirable a council of all the young men of the tribe is convened, and those most renowned for pluck and cunning, and also those who possess the best-trained and most reliable dromedaries—that is, riding camels—have the honour of being selected for the work.

When the evening arrives, all preparations having

been carefully made, the well-mounted party will start for some distant camp, perhaps a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles away. Travelling at the rate of about sixty miles a night, and always resting by day, they will on the morning of the fourth day be within a few miles of their destination. They will then halt and rest for the next twelve hours, so that both they and their dromedaries may be perfectly fresh for the coming raid.

Two of the party will then proceed as noiselessly as possible to the vicinity of the grazing-ground to spy out the land. These grazing-grounds are generally some ten miles or so distant from the village of the tribe (where the grass has already become eaten down), and are consequently guarded by but a small number of herdsmen, and the cattle are only taken home every other day to be watered. At night they are all driven together and made to lie down in one spot, huddled up as closely as possible to each other for the better protection from all danger, whether of robbers or wild beasts, while not infrequently, to scare away the latter, large fires are lighted at short intervals.

Having ascertained the exact locality and the best ways of ingress and egress, the marauders will, when the time comes, rush the camp, and with loud shouts and gesticulations cause a stampede, driving off the cattle adroitly in the direction they wish them to go. The herdsmen rush in and endeavour to rescue their animals, and a desperate struggle ensues; but the attacking party, being the greater in number and having the advantage of being mounted, generally proves victorious, and while half the number are repelling the owners, the other half would be driving the cattle at the top of their speed farther and farther away.

Great skill and judgment are required to conduct the flying herd for the first four or five hours; but as soon as the danger of immediate pursuit is over a halt is called, and at a convenient spot the cattle are rested and, if possible, watered. When the drive is again continued, a dozen of the raiders will remain behind in ambush to receive the owners, who, having reported the raid at their village and had their numbers reinforced, will hurry off in pursuit. If successful in arresting and driving back these, the rearguard of cattle-lifters, on joining the main body in advance, will report 'all clear,' and the herd will then be driven at less speed than before.

In due time the stolen cattle will be safely landed within the marauders' zareba, when the women will rush out, and, with their peculiar shrill zaghareet (or cry of victory), congratulate the men on their daring prowess. The assistance that the camels give their owners on these and many other occasions shows how wonderfully sagacious these animals are, and how they can be educated in many ways quite foreign to their nature. It may perhaps be as well to explain here a fact which I have often found to be unknown-that is, that the camels of Nubia are of two kinds: the ordinary rough-paced baggagecamel and the hadjeen, or dromedary, which is used for riding only. Both of these have but one hump. It is a mistake to imagine that the dromedary is a two-humped camel. That variety is an isolated species called the Bactrian camel, which is found only in Tartary, and is utterly unknown

It is scarcely necessary to allude to the courage and dauntless spirit of the Nubians after all that we know of the daring manner in which, with merely the simple weapons of sword and lance, they threw themselves against our well-armed and well-trained troops during the Mahdi's rebellion; but I will relate an instance of the self-sacrifice and heroism of a chief, which is not a solitary example of the devoted love they bear their tribes. Mohamed Okrub-that is, Mohamed the Elephantso named on account of his unusual strength and stature—a former chief of the Beni Amer, was the most renowned swordsman of his day. While out hunting he received the unwelcome tidings that one of his camps was threatened by an attack from the Hadendoas, their hereditary foes. He at once set off for a narrow defile at the foot of some mountains not far from the imperilled camp, and despatched the messenger who had brought the bad news to bid his people to come with all speed to the spot he was making for. On their arrival at the defile he ordered them to continue their flight to the mountains, assuring them that he could hold the pass single-handed until their retreat was secured. Scarcely had they disappeared within the gorge when the enemy approached; but as night had now fallen, they recognised him only by his war-cry, and imagining that his followers were with him, feared to advance, but kept aloof, hurling their lances in his direction.

His shield was soon rendered useless by the number of these missiles that transfixed it, and in a luckless moment, as he was drawing them

out, one of them pierced his side and inflicted a mortal wound. With consummate coolness he took two of the lances, and driving the blades into the ground, placed the butt-ends under his arms to prop himself up in an erect position, in order that he might appear to the enemy by the dim starlight to be still living even after death Two hours subshould have overtaken him. sequently the moon rose, and a breeze springing up, his body was blown down, when the Hadendoas, rushing up, discovered, to their extreme chagrin, that for a considerable time they had been kept at bay by a lifeless man. Thus by his magnanimous chivalry this brave chief had saved his tribe.

The two following instances of the power of enduring pain which these nomads possess were related to me regarding chiefs of the Beni Amer

and Hadendoa tribes respectively.

Hamid Ajir, the late head of the Beni Amers, with whom I was personally acquainted, and whom I much esteemed, was, on one of his hunting expeditions, thrown from his horse, and sustained a compound fracture of the right thigh. He was so far from home that it took three days to carry him back in a litter. On the arrival of a Greek surgeon, who had been summoned from Kassala, the leg was terribly swollen and in a high state of inflammation, the pieces of broken bone having lacerated the flesh. The surgeon, before examining him, asked Hamid where the pain was; but the chief, unwilling to own before his men to even a sensation of suffering, replied with a smile, 'What do I know of pain? Surely it is the art of the physician to discover that.'

On another occasion, at the commencement of the rains, a party of Hadendoas, taking advantage of the season, had managed by the stealthy stratagem which is so marked a characteristic of their tribe, to carry off in broad daylight a herd of cattle belonging to the Beni Amers. The Beni Amer herdsmen, after a desperate struggle, found themselves overpowered; but one of them in breathless haste sped from the scene of the foray, some twenty miles away, to acquaint his chief with news of the calamity. Hamid Ajir, with an armed force, at once set off in pursuit, but, alas! only arrived at the Khor el Gash-that is, the dry bed of the river Gash—in time to see his enemies on the farther side mockingly pointing to the rushing torrent, at least ten feet deep, that had suddenly come down and was sweeping rapidly through the khor, rendering further pursuit impossible. Hamid, seeing that it was impossible to recover the cattle, shouted to Musa, the chief of the Hadendoas, who was on the point of galloping away at the head of his men with the stolen prize, 'Stop! Give me my revenge. Stand, if you are a man, and let me have a chance of spearing you.' 'As you will, replied Musa; and, wheeling round his horse, he stood stock-still at a distance of fifty odd yards. Hamid, wishing to punish but not to kill the chief, hurled his lance with terrific force at Musa's leg, and so precise was the aim that the weapon, penetrating flesh and muscles, pinned the thigh to the saddle. The Hadendoa, not deigning to notice the wound, gave his foe a parting salaam, and without withdrawing the lance, rode off at a gallop.

The generally received opinion that of all animals the lion is the most courageous is said by the Nubians to be a complete fallacy. They declare him to be by nature a coward, and assert that even when wounded he almost always retreats, never springing on his foe unless brought to bay. This theory, of which I was at first sceptical, was in some measure confirmed by a circumstance which occurred one night when I was travelling from Bogos to Massowah in the early part of the year 1885. Being anxious to catch an English steamer that was then in the harbour of Masssowah, I was pressed for time, and should have marched all night had not the darkness prevented. I had but one man with me (my guide), and only my riding-camel. We encamped at midnight in the midst of a thick jungle, and waited for the moon to rise. As soon as we halted I desired that a fire should be lighted and coffee boiled, wishing to partake of such supper as I might before I slept.

To my amazement, my guide would not hear of having a fire, giving two reasons for objecting: one being that the light would attract marauders, should there be any in the neighbourhood; and the other that the lions—who were, he said, swarming in the place, and who in any case would be sure to scent us out—would know by our having a fire that we were afraid of them. If we had no fire they would believe us to be dangerous foes, as they have found by experience that cattle-lifters, who always remain in the dark, are not to be attacked with impunity, many a lion having come off the worse for an encounter with their lances. Accordingly no fire was lighted.

The strange and, to me, novel reasoning of my guide but little reassured me, and I cannot but own that I did not altogether relish the situation, especially as the night was so dark that it would have been impossible to take aim at any animal that might attack us. Putting on a bold front, however, I munched some biscuits, took a pull at my flask the contents of which I found more consolatory than the philosophy of my companion - rolled myself up in my blanket, and pretending to be perfectly indifferent to the condition of things, said that I was going to sleep. My guide, in truth indifferent, hobbled the dromedary, lay down, drew his sheet over him, and was soon snoring. went on, but I was as wide awake as ever. All was perfectly still save for the occasional falling of a leaf or the cracking of a distant branch, when suddenly a terrible roar rent the air close to the spot where we were. I started up and awoke my guide, telling him what had happened. 'In the name of Allah!' he exclaimed, 'what else did you

expect, sir? Please don't listen to the lions; let us sleep;' and, turning over, he was again oblivious to everything in less than a minute. That serenade was not the only one I was treated to that night during my solitary watch. Lions roared round us at intervals for the next three hours; but, as the guide had predicted, we were not attacked. I cannot express, however, with what pleasure I roused my man as soon as the moon rose, when we proceeded on our way.

I had on one occasion a remarkable proof of the reasoning power of these animals, and of the cunning devices they have recourse to in order to obtain their food. While on a shooting-trip in the Ainsaba district, in north-western Abyssinia, we camped, as usual, on the sand of a dry torrent-bed. Vegetation was scarce; but a few tamarisk-bushes were growing here and there, and to these our various animalschiefly camels, ponies, and goats-were tethered. We were lucky in finding an encampment of the Habab tribe in our vicinity, for, in the hospitable spirit of many of these people, they brought us as much milk as was required for our whole party, including not only myself and my friend, but servants, hunters, gun-bearers, and the general retinue of the camp. Payment was declined, as a superstition exists that were money taken for milk the cows would become dry; but it was characteristic of the Nubian good-heartedness that the milk was not refused, although it was the hot season, as with but little green food in the country the supply was at any time likely to run short. A few needles, a couple of red cotton handkerchiefs, and a small pocket looking-glass were considered ample compensation for the liberal gift. The herdsmen cautioned us to keep a good watch during the night, as lions abounded in the neighbourhood; and as sportsmen were then almost unknown in that part of the country, they had not learnt to dread firearms. Being thus warned, our servants redoubled their care in hobbling and tethering our animals, arranging our camp in the form of a square, into the centre of which they were brought; baggage and tents were placed on either side, while large fires were lighted at the four corners, and men were told off, two at a time, to keep them alight until the morning. About 8 P.M. my friend and I made an excellent supper from the result of our day's sport, and after smoking our post-prandial pipes, retired early to our couches in order to be ready for the next day's march.

A couple of hours passed in peaceful oblivion, when we were suddenly awakened by a terrific roar, which seemed to shake the very side of our tent as if with a blow. Sitting up, I called out to my chum, whom, owing to the perfect darkness, I could not see, 'What do you think of that for a roar?' He replied that the beast could not be far off, and he hoped that the fires were being well kept up. The watchers, who probably till then had dozed at their posts, immediately flung on fresh firewood; and although fierce flames at once shot up, they

seemed but to intensify the blackness of the night. I drew my 'express' out of its case, and going to the door of the tent, cocked the hammers and waited for a possible glimpse by firelight of his

feline majesty.

My head hunter, Idris by name, had, however, heard the clicks, and coming quickly to the tent, begged me on no account to fire. He whispered that it would be next to impossible to get an aim, and that merely to inflict a wound might bring most disastrous consequences. The creature, if infuriated by pain, would despise the shot, and in his thirst for revenge would make a desperate leap, and landing in the centre of the camp, might create irrevocable havoc. He assured me we had nothing to fear, as the roaring was only a ruse to endeavour to stampede our animals, which were all too securely tied up to be able to get away. He told me that lions usually hunted in couples, generally lion and lioness together. They planned their campaign in the following manner: one waited to leeward of the camp, while the other went to windward, prowling and roaring in the hope that the tethered animals, scenting him, would in their terror rush forth, and, in flying from him, fall into the clutches of the watcher on the other side.

In replying to Idris I had at first used his word haiwan-that is, animal; but, chancing to say assad that is, lion-he quickly begged me not to use that word again, as it brought misfortune to mention 'his majesty's' name! The only safe way was to speak of him by an attribute, such as 'The Powerful One, 'The Mighty Roarer,' 'The Great Hunter,' alluding to qualities that would be flattering to him. Again, after a very short interval, we were treated to another roar, longer and more terrible than the first. It was, in fact, a deep and prolonged rumbling, and seemed to shake the very earth, being followed by a series of short, choking gasps. Then silence ensued, and as the awe-inspiring odour gradually vanished, camels, horses, and all the animals seemed to lose their terror, and gathering courage, ceased to strain at their tethers. The dogs, who had crept to the farthest corners of the tent, cowering under our bedsteads, came out, and wagging their tails in a pathetic, confidential manner, lay down, as before, near the entrance to the tent.

But the reign of terror was not yet over. Suddenly, from the opposite side of the camp, a loud, sharp, and very peculiar short, strident cough came forth, and I wondered what was now about to occur. 'Ah!' said Idris, 'that is her ladyship. His lordship has gone back, and being angry at finding nothing beneath her paws, has shown his teeth and made as though he would bite her as a punishment for the fact that, after all his efforts, no supper has been provided for him. That cough-roar is her reply; and she, knowing his intention, has sprung at him, intimating that she will stand no bullying, as it was not her fault that nothing had come out.' 'But,' said I, 'is it possible that these savage

creatures converse with each other in this fashion ?' 'Ay,' replied the hunter; 'we do not understand all they say, but we know that they convey their ideas to each other as clearly as we do.' Just then fresh roars arose, coming, as before, from the windward side, and again our poor beasts tugged and struggled for freedom, and again the dogs ran back and hid themselves. But on this occasion the tactics appeared to have undergone a change. Each successive roar was somewhat suppressed, and sounded more and more distant, as though the animals were retreating and all attempts at an attack had been abandoned. 'Ah!' exclaimed Idris, 'her majesty has been taking the part of her lord. She has walked round the camp, and at first tried the effect of her voice, while he remained in her place to pounce on anything that might have escaped. Finding that her roar caused no stampede, she shammed a retreat, lowering her tone to cause the effect of being at a distance and as if she were farther and farther away at every fresh sound, hoping that, if fear were removed, our animals might saunter forth, and in that manner fall a prey to either herself or the lion.' Feeling very sceptical as to these statements, and scarcely able to believe that wild beasts could plan and pursue a course of reasoning with such precision, I told Idris that at present, at any rate, I would go back to bed, as there seemed no chance of my getting a shot, and I was too sleepy to stay up any longer.

Next morning, just as we were leaving, Idris approached me, and begged, as I had appeared to doubt what he had told me during the night, to come and see the tracks the lions had left, as in them, he thought, lay sufficient proof of what he had asserted. 'I may fabricate,' he said, 'but the spoor cannot.' Going to the west, or windward, he pointed out the large footmarks of the lion, showing how he had crept round the camp till he stood still when he gave his first stentorian cry. Following the tracks, we came upon the place where he had suddenly pulled himself up and emitted the second and more prolonged roar, on each occasion planting his feet firmly in the sand to increase the power of his lungs. Still continuing our quest, we came to the spot where he had returned to the lioness and threatened her; and there, facing his footmarks, was the disorder in the sand where she had sprung at him and given her short, coughing bark of defiance. Idris then begged us to follow the tracks of the lioness; and, as distinctly as he had traced those of the lion, he pointed out how she also had gone round the camp and stood still and roared, and again gone on with lighter footsteps, treading daintily, as if reluctant to be heard while she ventriloquised her tones to produce the idea of distance. This reasoning seemed so thoroughly borne out by the marks on the sand, and the circumstantial evidence appeared to be so convincing, that we could but accept the testimony of our guide, who spoke not by the light of a newly conceived idea, but from the experience of an old hunter.

HOME-BUILT VESSELS SHIPPED ABROAD.



HERE is an industry little heard of, yet one which has an important part in the work of the Empire. It is the building of vessels that are never launched—at least, in the waters around the British Isles.

Every year many craft, some of curious design, and nearly all of a type unfamiliar to the home-eye, are shipped abroad in plates and bars, or in sections. In packages for handy conveyance, these vessels arrive piecemeal at some inland lake or waterway hundreds of miles from the seaboard. When put together, these steamers do invaluable work in fostering trade in Africa, South and Central America, India, China; in fact, there is scarcely a navigable channel where Scottish-built boats are not to be seen, though ofttimes manned by a motley crew.

This constructing of craft for shipment is a special trade. The length of the largest boat that can be carried bodily on the deck of a foreign-going liner is fifty feet. How, then, could the Brahma have been sent out to the Indian rivers unless in plates and bars? She is a paddle-steamer of light make for smooth water, two hundred and sixty-seven feet long and fifty-one feet broad. Her birthplace was at Polmadie, Glasgow, her builders Messrs Alley and M'Lellan; and this graceful steamer is now carrying two thousand passengers each journey on an Eastern river, and her four boilers and two sets of engines drive her along at nearly seventeen and a half miles an hour.

A very queer-looking craft is the three-bowed suction-pump dredger Foyers, specially built for the Indian Government by William Simons & Company, Limited, Renfrew, of entirely new design. This vessel was built to improve the Indian canals, and can dredge a bottom twenty feet wide in one journey.

In many cases a feature is light draught. To navigate shallow rivers the ordinary make would not do; therefore stern-wheelers are a constant order. A boat of a pretty model is now on the river Zambesi. It is the Chipands. The hull was galvanised and built in riveted sections arranged for bolting together in the river. This is sometimes done because the ground on both sides belongs to foreign owners, or is not suitable for putting up a temporary building-yard. The Chipande was divided into sections of handy size. At the junctions were heavy double frames, jointed with rubber. The floor-plate of the frame next to the junction was carried up watertight to a depth greater than the light draught, so that any water which might get through the bolt-holes in the bulkhead could not get into the main part of the hold. The method of completing the boat was as follows: The india-rubber was fastened by means of cement to one of each pair of the heavy frames, and holes made in it for the bolts. Two

adjacent sections were then lowered into the water, brought together, and the top butt-straps bolted up. Another one was then lowered down and bolted on to them, and so on until all the sections were united, when the weight of the end-pieces brought the bottoms of the frames together so that they could be easily connected. The water was then pumped out of the compartments next the bulkheads, and the hull was ready for fitting.

This is a very easy way of building a ship, and any one who can screw a bolt can fasten the sections together. The *Chipande* is a small vessel ninety-one and a half feet in length, with sixteen feet beam. Yet she is very roomy, and has a dining-saloon and a bathroom, besides sleeping accommodation for fourteen passengers, the captain, and two engineers. The draught, when she is loaded, is only one and a half feet, so that the vessel can sail in nineteen inches of water. A locomotive boiler is fitted into these stern-wheelers, with compound jet-condensing engines.

Quick building was done in the case of a water-boat for a harbour in the Far East. She carries four thousand five hundred gallons of fresh-water to ships lying outside, and steams five miles an hour. She is equipped, also, with a powerful centrifugal pump. Only ten hours were occupied in launching the sections, fitting them together, and putting in the engines ready for working.

A stern-wheeler sent from the Clyde to the Nile in connection with the irrigation service, which is to have her headquarters at Khartoum, will have a length of one hundred and fourteen feet and twenty-two feet beam. The engines are compound surface-condensing, with two hundred and eighty-five I.H.P., giving a speed of twelve miles an hour, and the boiler is of locomotive type. In this case the woodwork is to be supplied in Egypt, and the value of the steamer before being shipped abroad was two thousand nine hundred pounds.

But the value is ofttimes doubled by the cost of transport. To convey the mission steamer Chauncy Maples to Lake Nyassa and the putting her together by plates and bars cost fully seven thousand five hundred pounds, and the price of the steamer in Glasgow was about nine thousand pounds. The Chauncy Maples is a powerful vessel one hundred and twenty-six feet six inches in length, and has students' quarters, chapel, printing-room, four first-class cabins, and other passenger accommodation. The decks and houses are of teak. So that the ship might be transported to inland Africa, she was divided up into three thousand four hundred and eighty-one packages, many being about half a hundredweight. The remainder were each under five hundredweight, with the exception of the cylinders, engine bedplate, boats, and steel masts. Of course the boiler could not be

subdivided. It weighed nine and a half tons, and was brought up the Zambesi and Shiré rivers on a barge. Part of the long journey to the lake had to be done overland, and four hundred and fifty natives were harnessed to the boiler-which was mounted on traction wheels-and pulled it safely home.

The question of transport is, indeed, one beset with difficulties. Every possible method has been tried-men, horses, ponies, bullocks, barges, canoes; and in the northern latitudes a capital conveyance has been found in sledges. Too often it happens in the course of a weary progress through tropical forests and swamps that packages have gone amissing or that white ants have been making a pleasing meal of hardwood boxes. And when the destination is reached after months of toil, the death of the expert in charge may leave the building-up a more or less haphazard performance. As natives are employed for the labouring work, and as they have never probably even seen a steel or iron ship before, the work is slow and tedious. Where sections are not adopted, the launching has often caused much trouble; and in Russia it is not unusual to construct the steamers on the ice, and leave them to find their way into the water as the ice thaws in the summer-time.

Needless to say, special care has to be taken by the builders at home that nothing is missing when the shipments are made. When the craft has to go in plates and bars, all the various parts to make up the vessel are shaped and put together in the yard; but no rivets are used, only bolts and nuts to hold temporarily the framework together. To the unskilled eye the steamer has all the appearance of being ready for launching, except that the hull is distigured by large letters and numbers painted on it; and, to make matters worse, the two sides of the ship are painted in different colours. It is by the colour of the paint that the fitter-up in Peru or China knows where to allot the struts and plates, and the numbers and letters tell him the exact position.

There was put on board a steamer at Leith for Shanghai some time ago a miscellaneous collection of steel girders, plates, bars, braces, and machinery. All these will be dumped down on the quay when they come to hand. Soon, however, there will be evolved a patent slip on which ships of nearly three thousand tons can be hauled up by electric-power engines in order to have their hulls repaired.

A curious-looking object was temporarily erected in a Glasgow yard, and then taken to pieces and sent to Rio de Janeiro. It was a steel caisson weighing one hundred and eighty tons, and having a boiler and duplex pump for emptying and filling the different compartments, and cost three thousand pounds. Much is heard in shipping circles about water-tight compartments; but it is a more difficult task to secure oil-tight compartments. One of Messrs Alley & M'Lellan's orders was for the building of an oil-carrying barge for India. It carries one thousand and fifty tons of oil, and floats in five feet one inch of water. Long and flat (two hundred and

fifty-five feet by forty-four feet beam), the barge is divided up into fifteen oil-tight holds, and cost in this country four thousand four hundred pounds.

Very many hopper-steamers are forwarded to foreign buyers. These are expensive vessels, and a steel barge for sand-dredging to carry four hundred tons will cost four thousand pounds. Floating piers, pontoons, horse-ferries, are constructed for rivercrossing purposes. A powerful salvage-boat for the River Plate was shipped to Buenos Ayres. In this case there was an extra amount of machinery to put together-pumps, steam winch, engines, circular saw, smith's hearth, and so on. But the specialists in supplying light-draught steamers take in hand specifications for any kind of craft. Even the dahabeeahs which we read about as peculiar to the Nile are now sent out from this country in packages all in readiness to put together, including the singular whip-like yard for the great sail, and the quaint deck-fittings and beautiful cabin furnishings.

Motor-boats are now finding a market abroad. For mission work in Africa one has been despatched from Dumbarton; and these handy craft are certain to be desired for inland waters. There is, all over, abundance of work in hand this year for foreign and colonial buyers. Where formerly the trader was content to get his merchandise conveyed on the lakes and streams by the most primitive native craft, he now must have steel steamers with the best machinery and all appliances for loading and discharging. Passengers, too, cannot now tolerate the old-time leisurely progress, and besides speed they want comfort. On board all passenger steamers economy of space is a first consideration; but with these small river and lake craft the utilising of every corner is a science. And the ingenuity displayed in the making of cabin furniture and appliances is marvellous. Undoubtedly the Scottish designers and engineers can hold their own in this branch of the shipbuilding trade.

STARLAND.

Our own little Earth, with its oceans and mountains, Its forests, its vales, and its clear-flowing fountains!

They tell me that planets more mighty than this is Are rolling through depths of these midnight abysses,

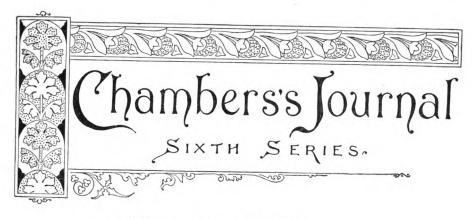
Whose citizens look upon scenes that are rarer, Suns that are larger and moons that are fairer;

They hint me a hope that, when vanished from here, Perchance I may dwell in such loftier sphere.

Ah, well! let the others roll on as they say, Give me our own orb at the springing of May,

Its sweet-scented airs and its songs in the grove, Its trees and its flowers and the beings I love.

I ask nothing better than only to see The Earth with its daisies, my dear one, and thee. T. P. JUHRSTON.



HOLIDAY SWINDLES.

By T. C. BRIDGES.



75 N.

> ALF a century ago the average middleclass family rarely left home, and even a week at the seaside was by no means an annual event. The ever-increasing facilities of modern

travel have changed all that, and nowadays people think no more of running down to Brighton or Bournemouth for a week-end than they once did of an afternoon's tramp in the country. One result has been the creation of a class of swindlers who prey upon the holidaymaker. Their tricks are many and various, and some account of a few may be found useful as a warning to possible victims.

The scene was a southern coast watering-place, and one of those fussy little excursion steamers was just starting from the pier. Having scrambled aboard at the last moment, a tall young man passed along the deck, looking for a seat, and finding an empty chair, appropriated it. He was in the act of lighting his pipe when a deck-hand came bustling up. 'I say, sir, do you know you've been and sat in some paint? My, what a mess! Your coat's all over it! It must have been on the chair. But never mind. I'll run and get some benzine. That'll take it off.' The sailor was turning, when a long arm shot out and seized him by the collar. Next instant the tall young man was standing up, the sailor was perched in the painty chair, and with a crash a bottle of benzine burst on his head, and the ill-smelling liquid poured down his neck. For a moment the attacked one was too surprised to speak; when he found voice he began a furious protest. 'You'd better dry up,' remarked the tall young man coolly. 'You know jolly well you painted the chair yourself. Say any more and I'll take you to the captain.' The fellow shut up like a knife. The fact was that the tourist had been 'had' before, and what made him certain of the deck-hand's guilt was the sight of a benzine bottle sticking out of his coat-pocket. Swindles of this kind are known as 'sea-draughts,' and comprise many moves similar to the one described,

No. 503. - Vol. X.

whereby the wily players (the crew) reap fat harvests in the shape of tips from the passengers.

At the seaside one's hands are always in one's The visitor is everybody's victim. A guileless little scheme is that of the longshoremen who work a small seine between a boat and the sands. Naturally, a knot of interested spectators collect to watch operations. To them the man in charge of the net suggests that perhaps one of them would like to make a blind bid for the haul. 'What do you say, sir? Half-a-crown! Oh no; there'll be more than that. Look at the sag of the net. Five bob, sir. Any advance on five bob?' There is none, and the net is hauled. In its inmost recesses are four small dabs and two bass of about half a pound each, the whole lot worth, even at retail price, not more than eighteenpence.

Then there is the man with the puppies, veritable little mongrels, but washed and combed and brushed until, as an American girl said of them, they looked sweet enough to eat. Nine people out of ten, even if they do know a spaniel from a setter, have not the faintest idea of judging a puppy, and the seller has the most marvellous pedigrees at his finger-ends. He usually succeeds in getting ten shillings apiece for miscellaneous little curs which a kindly dog-fancier would have drowned before their eyes were open.

The prices in the daintily arranged shops are simply appalling. Bond Street has nothing to compare with them. That the fancy traders and jewellers should try to reap a harvest during the season is not perhaps surprising, but at many a seaside-resort every shopkeeper is an extortioner. A visitor has only to enter a shop to be at once victimised. Soles at half-a-crown a pound, cream at three-and-six a quart, cauliflowers at sixpence apiece, miserable little mock ices at a shilling each, sixpence for a bunch of violets, and five-and-six for a straw hat which anywhere else can be purchased for three-and-six: these are but samples of a thousand other ridiculous charges.

The seaside landlady has always been a valuable [All Rights Reserved.] JULY 20, 1907.

asset to the comic paper. Though slightly more civilised and less tyrannical than of yore, the lodging-house shark still exists and battens upon her victims in the good old-fashioned style. While the 'cat' that always used to finish up the strawberries as well as the poultry is no longer so much in evidence, that item known as 'extras' is at least equally annoying to the lodger and profitable to the landlady. Fifteen shillings apiece a week for two rooms, cooking, and attendance does not sound an exorbitant charge; but wait till the bill comes. Coal at eightpence a box, baths at sixpence apiece, lamps at sixpence each a week, hot water a shilling a week, boot-cleaning a penny a pair, clean towels a penny apiece, together with charges for soap, bedroom attendance, cruet, and goodness knows what all besides, will very nearly double the Some of these women exercise conreckoning. siderable ingenuity in extorting money from their victims. In one case cheap china ornaments were actually balanced on an insecure shelf where a mere touch brought them all down; and not only were the broken articles charged for at quite five times their value, but an item was also inserted in the bill for putting up the shelf afresh, which this time was done with heavy brackets, though previously a couple of nails had been considered sufficient.

It is worth mention that the worst of these extortionists invariably hire touts who hang around the station entrance and pick their victims with unerring sagacity. The tout gets a commission upon each visitor whom he lures into the clutches of the harpy who employs him. Hotels, too, frequently employ indirect methods of obtaining visitors. A new hotel, unless it is a very large one belonging to a company that can afford a splash and big advertisements, often has much difficulty in procuring patronage. A not uncommon method of groundbaiting is to approach some impecunious young bachelor of title, and offer him free quarters for the use of his name. The principle is exactly the same as that on which company promoters act when they secure titled guinea-pigs to figure upon their Board. A titled bachelor, even an 'honourable,' is worth very much more than his keep to the hotel which invites him, for wealthy nobodies with plain-faced daughters invariably keep a keen eye upon the visitors' lists, and a title draws them like a magnet. When such a useful lure cannot be obtained the hotel-keeper is sometimes driven to inventing one. A certain Russian nobleman who has lately come to England to live was motoring in Devonshire last summer, when the car broke down near a small seaside place. He left it to the chauffeur and strolled into the village, where he lunched at a small hotel. While he was idly turning over the pages of the visitors' book, imagine his amazement at finding that he had stayed there himself three summers previously! At least, the book contained his name, and by cautious inquiry he found that some oneapparently a harmless individual enough - had

actually personated him for the time, and evidently at the instigation of the hotel-keeper. He himself had been travelling in the Far East at the date mentioned. Clergymen and retired naval officers are always considered good drawing cards by the proprietors of small hotels and the owners of large boarding-houses or pensions.

The motor-car press has recently been full of correspondence about the exorbitant charges made at country inns and the villainous accommodation provided. It is quite true that the hotels in many of our small towns are the worst managed and dearest in the world. The cooking is primitive, the attendance bad, the bedrooms musty and unaired, sitting-rooms conspicuous by their absence, while the charges are from three to four times those of the delightful little inns which one finds in almost every village in France.

The better type of hotel at a fashionable wateringplace is often the haunt of sharpers of a very dangerous type. These are men of good address and smartly attired, who live well and tip well. Their bribes enable them to find out a great deal about the visitors, their position, and their means, and they then set deliberately about choosing a victim and fleecing him. In such cases two men work in collusion. In public the pair appear to be complete strangers; but their plans are well worked out beforehand, and their ingenuity in devising new tricks when old ones have been blown upon is endless. One of the latest is briefly as follows: Swindler No. 1 casually mentions to his chosen victim a good thing which he has heard of, and adds how annoying it is that he must miss such a chance of making money, as he is overdrawn at his banker's. Ten to one the visitor asks for particulars. No. 1 tells him of a wealthy African mining company which has worked up to its boundary. The next concession is held by a needy company, and the wealthy company is desirous of buying up the other's shares, but is working quietly for fear lest the news leaks out and prices be rushed up. What he (the speaker) has discovered is that a man staying in the hotel owns five thousand of these shares, which, naturally, he would sell cheap, as he knows nothing of the plans of the rich company. No doubt a three months' option could be had for a hundred pounds. Cunningly No. 1 works upon the cupidity of his victim until the latter suggests finding the money. Of course it is Swindler No. 2 who is the supposititious owner of the five thousand shares. When approached he seems suspicious, and declares that he must first wire to his brokers and find the latest price before granting the option. By this time the would-be buyer is on the tiptoe of expectation. Need one continue? No. 2 sends his wire, gets his reply, and agrees to grant the option; the money is paid over, and before the purchaser can learn how he has been swindled the other two have departed without leaving any address.

While foreign hotels are, as a rule, cheaper and better than British, it need not be imagined that

the tourist who travels abroad never loses his money or property by tricks. Over and over again visitors have been warned against the gangs of well-dressed thieves who work on the French railways, and especially on the Riviera. Their happy huntingground is the line between Mentone and Nice, and their pet prize the breast pocket-book, the idea being that it contains notes for play at Monte Carlo. The passenger is hustled while entering or leaving the train, and in an instant his coat is unbuttoned and the book gone. At one time as many as seven or eight empty pocket-books were picked up daily in a tunnel between Mentone and Monte Carlo.

We hear a good deal of luggage-stealing at English stations, but Italy is undoubtedly the paradise of the luggage-thief. In this country the integrity of the railway officials themselves is seldom, if ever, questioned. In Italy luggage registered through from one place to another is frequently opened en route and all valuables extracted, the trunk being then reclosed and strapped. Only a few months ago an unfortunate traveller wrote to the daily papers describing how his luggage deposited in the custom-house at Naples had been opened and ransacked! One of the smartest luggage-thefts on record occurred some years ago at Bale. When the express train from Paris arrived at Bâle the passengers found outside the station a well-appointed omnibus bearing the name of a large and wellknown local hotel. Obviously it was waiting to convey passengers and luggage to the hotel. After the usual delay for passing the douane, a quantity of baggage was taken out and piled upon the vehicle, which thereupon, without waiting for passengers, drove off; and that was the last seen or heard of it. One unfortunate man, a diamond merchant, lost nearly a thousand pounds' worth of samples, and the value of the whole haul was estimated at fully three times that sum. A 'pirate bus,' with a vengeance !

Travelling abroad with invalids, the tourist should be extremely careful as to what hotels he puts up at. At certain fashionable resorts hotelkeepers practise a most cruel swindle in case of a death occurring in their hotel. A notable case happened a year or two ago at Nice. A visitor, who had spent more than three hundred pounds during

his stay at a hotel, died, whereupon the proprietor made a claim for a hundred pounds as compensation. As the deceased's executors refused to pay this exorbitant sum, the proprietor impounded the dead man's luggage. This is by no means the only recent case of the kind. A similar claim was made last year against a visitor at a Swiss hotel where her only son had died quite suddenly. The poor lady, distracted with grief and by no means well off, found her troubles doubled by this insolent demand for heavy compensation.

There are also certain Belgian hotels-one near Ostend in particular-where one's bills should be very carefully scanned before payment is made. The management have a peculiar habit of inserting wines, &c., which the visitor has not ordered or enjoyed; while, in order to make the swindle pass unnoticed, the bill is not presented until the very last moment, the idea of course being that the visitor will rather pay than miss his train. A wellknown London doctor staying at another Belgian hotel found his daily bottle of claret, which had been marked two francs fifty centimes in the winelist, charged on his bill at three francs fifty centimes. He demanded to see the wine-list, and found that in the hour which had elapsed since his last meal every wine-list in the hotel had been carefully altered, the two being scratched out and three inserted in its place.

A favourite theme for the old-fashioned melodrama was the lonely inn where travellers were done to death in their sleep by some diabolical contrivance, and their bodies hidden in a cellar or flung over some adjacent precipice. In August 1906 a Swiss deputy, M. Braunschweig, mysteriously disappeared, and detectives set upon his track made discoveries gruesome as any of those evolved by the brains of the most sensational playwright. The body of the missing deputy was unearthed near a little mountain inn not very far from Botzen; and in course of the search the decomposed corpse of another tourist was also found. During the past six years four other tourists have disappeared at or about the same spot, and two others have never returned from climbing a mountain above the place. It is almost beyond doubt that the Tyrolese family who used to keep the place are responsible for a long series of brutal and sordid murders.

MISS DENISON'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER III.



was a question of diplomacy how best to bring about the desired result; but events at this time seemed to tread on the heels of one another.

Mr Anstruther had decided with Winifred to postpone his interview

with Miss Denison till the following day, as to go to her immediately after her confident rejection in order to confront her with her own mistakes almost touched on offence. Besides, it would give Winifred the opportunity of conferring with Everard and the laying of mutual plans.

Luncheon at Coombe Hall that morning was an unusually silent one; every one, more or less, was in a disturbed state of mind, The lady chatelaine had been considerably discomposed (more than she

would acknowledge to herself) by Mr Anstruther's proposal. She knew that both his social and financial position was assured, and his distinction in literature was of a kind to make it an honour for any woman to be sought by him. As a matter of justice, when felt bound to inform Winifred what had happened, and at the same time was very much averse to doing so.

Everard had also returned from a pregnant and agitating interview, and his mind and conscience were in a whirl of conflict. His sense of gratitude to his benefactress was acute, and he loved her with truly filial ardour. If Winifred loved him-and on this point he could reach no conclusion-did duty prompt, as Agatha declared, to submission? It must be remembered that he had been absent from home for two years under circumstances calculated to develop tenderness, and had scarcely had time for observation since his return. He recalled his passionate asseveration to Agatha; but to reconsider and revoke the most deliberate utterances is no uncommon humiliation for poor humanity. He never wavered in his intention to tell Miss Denison all the story of his relations with Mr Waring's daughter, but the disclosure must be postponed at her own urgent request. Enough of anxiety remained to make the curried chicken tasteless and to rob the generally approved Sauterne of its delicate

On one point he felt not the slightest hesitation: once convinced that Winifred's affection for him was only that of a sister, and he was prepared to follow the bent of his passion, overcoming Agatha's scruples at all costs—even to the cost of his inheritance.

Undoubtedly Winifred Leigh was the least harassed of the three; indeed, a sense of assured bliss lay at the root of her being; but she too had her anxieties; therefore it was not surprising that conversation lagged and stretches of silence prevailed.

Miss Denison watched her young people narrowly. Everard's moody abstraction made her very uneasy, but might be explained by the importance of the crisis; while Winifred's gaiety of manner and radiance of look convinced her that in dismissing the man of letters her penetration had not been at fault. Still, under all circumstances, it would be better to try to bring matters to some conclusion, and to throw the two into close personal intercourse would help the end desired.

Everard, after luncheon, had strolled with a cigar into the conservatory opening out from the drawing-room. Winifred had kept her seat at the table, hesitating whether she should follow him. Perhaps it would be premature, or Miss Denison might put a wrong construction on the action.

That lady, however, unexpectedly helped her to decision. 'My dear,' she said, 'I have an appointment with my steward this afternoon, and shall be very busy for an hour or two. Oblige me by

joining Everard and asking him to turn the smoke of his cigar upon my precious hoyia; it shows a tendency to blight?

tendency to blight.'

Everard was not smoking when Winifred entered the conservatory; he was sitting in one of the comfortable chairs provided to enhance the pleasure of this charming retreat, leaning forward with his cigar between his fingers in an attitude of deep cigar between his fingers in an attitude of deep and despondent thought. He looked up hastily at the sound of her light footsteps, and his face flushed.

'This is the most comfortable seat,' he said, rising; 'will you take it?'

Her face had flushed also, his reluctance and embarrassment were so obvious to eyes that had seen the light of love so recently; but there was a touch of light comedy in the situation which appealed to her sense of humour.

'Miss Denison has sent me with a message,' she said demurely; and she gave it, adding, 'I do not think it was the hoyia that she was most anxious

No, he said; 'she thinks naturally that we can have no greater pleasure after our long separation than to be together. You know what is the desire of her heart—what she implied last night in her after-dinner speech. I have a question that I dare

not ask, and a confession that I dare not make.'

'Then I will help you.' She had difficulty in preventing her lips breaking into smiles, but controlled herself out of respect to his knitted brows and set expression. 'The question our dear mother wishes you to ask should take something of this form, Everard; if you wished to please her, you should say to me, "You and I have loved each other all our lives; do you love me enough to be willing that we should pass the rest of our life together?"

together?"'

Now he caught the sparkle in her eyes and the twitching of her lips, and a rapture of relief came to him as though a burden had fallen from his shoulders

shoulders.
'Winifred!'—he caught her hand—'I understand

'I mean,' she replied seriously, 'that if you had -you mean'asked me such a question in deference to our dear mother's wishes, my answer would have been no uncertain negative; consideration for my feelings need be no stumbling-block in your path of honour. For the rest, dear boy-dear brother-I know your secret, but you don't know mine. Happily for both of us, the care of my future happiness is to be undertaken by some one else than you, and not in the character of a self-sacrificing martyr. Everard, I am the proudest girl in all England! Sit down here beside me'—she tapped the couch with friendly insistence—and let me tell you what has happened to-day. It will be necessary for us to consult together.'

Miss Denison had indulged the hope that either Winifred or Everard would have had some com-

munication to make to her before the day was over. She knew in some unexplained, occult way of the long scance in the conservatory, and it encouraged her greatly. She denied herself any attempt to elicit the truth either directly or indirectly as being a premature intrusion into the sanctity of young love; but she gathered the most favourable auspices from the undeniable fact that both were unusually cheerful, and that there was certainly a mutual understanding between them.

The announcement on the following morning that the man of letters was again in the house, and requesting an interview with her, surprised and annoyed her considerably; but at least it would give her the opportunity, were he come to renew his suit, of telling him that matters were already ripening to the desired consummation. She was naturally not aware that both Everard and Winifred had had speech with Mr Anstruther before she saw him.

Therefore, taking into account the favourable aspect of affairs, she greeted him with a cordiality that was touched with sympathy. When we get what another has desired our goodwill flows freely.

'I am in hopes,' said Miss Denison, with her delightful smile, 'that I owe the honour of this unexpected visit to some other motive than yesterday's.'

Then Anstruther, falling back anxiously upon his mastery of words, and with a gentle deference of manner that almost amounted to tenderness, told the story he had come to tell, and besought the lady to receive it favourably.

Miss Denison stiffened with displeasure and incredulity.

'It is inexplicable,' she said haughtily; 'you must be under some curious delusion—have mistaken Winifred's meaning utterly, as well as Captain Yorke's intentions. I have every reason to believe that the young couple came to a perfect understanding yesterday. Love blinds even a philosopher, Mr Anstruther. I am very sorry for your disappointment—more so to-day than I was yesterday.'

'I am grateful for your sympathy,' he said, and was going on to speak, when she interrupted him.

'Pardon me if I venture to say that your action in speaking to Miss Leigh after I had taken you into my confidence seems hardly consistent with a nice sense of honour.'

He interrupted in his turn. 'When the matter at stake is lifelong gain or loss a trivial scruple has no weight.'

She made a little gesture of dissent.

'Then,' she continued, 'I can quite understand, knowing Winifred's reluctance to give pain, that you mistook her meaning—her sweet consideration and sympathy—for a warmer feeling. I think, dear Mr Anstruther, you will have to disabuse your mind of—a mistaken impression.'

'I must indeed have abused it,' he replied, and turned towards the window; it looked out on the tennis-lawn, and he stood silent, surveying the scene as a cloak to his discomfiture—so, at least, Miss Denison thought, and respected his attitude.

After the pause of a few moments she saw his expression quicken, and the next he had turned again towards her in full possession of his self-command.

'Bear with me, Miss Denison,' he said, 'if I say that I still find it impossible to accept your view of the situation. If I have so flagrantly deceived myself as you suggest, you can scarcely object to my seeing Miss Leigh and hearing from her own lips that I was led astray by her indulgence. I see both her and Captain Yorke walking towards the tennis-lawn, racquet in hand. May I open the window and call them in?' He smiled. 'They cannot fail to convict one of us of error.'

Miss Denison hesitated. The proposal seemed to her crude and undignified. But Mr Anstruther had not waited for permission; he threw up the window and made a signal of invitation.

A few moments later and the three conspirators stood together in the room.

Miss Denison preserved a haughty neutrality, leaving the awkwardness of explanation to him who provoked it. But the man of letters did not seem aware of any awkwardness in the situation; his face was alight with animation. He went up to Winifred and took her hand—with deference, Miss Denison allowed.

'Dear,' he said, and there was an inflection in his voice that made the girl's heart leap, 'will you own me before your adopted mother as the man of your choice, your accepted lover, however unworthy? I do not wonder that she hesitates to accept my testimony.'

Winifred blushed divinely, but as she met the stern expression of Miss Denison's face a feeling approaching compunction dimmed the radiance of her own.

'It is true,' she said simply, 'that Mr Anstruther loves me, though no wonder you find it difficult to believe; and it has made me happier than I ever thought to be. Be kind to us, dear mother, and forgive us.'

She went up to her and tried to take her hand and kiss the averted cheek, but she was gently but firmly repulsed.

'I am to believe,' said Miss Denison, drawing to its full height her stately figure, 'that you love a man who is old enough to be your father, and who has lived his life before you, child, were born, in preference to'— she indicated Everard Yorke by an expressive gesture which seemed to say, 'Look upon this picture and on that;' but her feelings choked her eloquence, and she contented herself with laying an affectionate hand on the young man's shoulder. 'It is inexplicable,' she added.

'But, dearest,' expostulated Winifred, 'Everard will explain. It was good and generous of you to wish me to be his wife; but he did not want me. Are you not glad that I am not breaking my heart for him?'

'It seems to me,' was the answer, 'that I am in the land of topsy-turvy, and I must have time to adjust myself to it. You have deceived me, Winifred, I will not say with intention; or it is possible that I have deceived myself. As for Everardbut perhaps he has some startling disclosure to make?

'He has, but not now. I prefer to speak to my mother alone.' He spoke in a low tone, and there was a tender deprecation in his manner that somewhat soothed Miss Denison's hurt feelings. Besides, is not a woman's heart apt to be softer for

the son than the daughter?

'We will waive further revelations,' she said, 'and close the interview. You will allow me time, Mr Anstruther, to reconsider the situation before I commit myself to any definite opinion or settlement; and if I have been discourteous, forgive me. You will allow that it is hard for a woman to have the hopes and plans of a lifetime upset.' She bowed with dignity and quitted the room.

Everard turned to follow her, but before doing so he grasped the hand of the man of letters.

'I seem to have cut a poor figure,' he said; 'but my ordeal is to come. I am so happy to be able to wish you and Winifred joy; but my joy stands so far off that I fear I shall never overtake it.'

'It will come to you unexpectedly-soon, as my blessedness came to me, was the answer. 'Miss

Denison has a heart of gold.

It was to this heart of gold that Everard a few days later made his appeal. In that interval the man of letters had succeeded in winning his way to Miss Denison's favour. She perceived that his love for Winifred was no reasoned preference, but an ardent and exalted passion; and being herself a genuine sentimentalist - though she would have scorned the imputation-it won her approval, and consequently reduced her opposition. light of love in Winifred's sweet eyes was not to be withstood; her loveliness had taken on a higher charm, obvious to the world at large as well as to her adoring lover.

'We must let them be happy in their own way,' she said to Everard, 'though it is not my way, especially since you also are a rebel. Mr Anstruther shall have no occasion to complain of my darling's dowry, the more so as I am glad to see he has proper views as to settlements. And now, sir, I am ready

to receive your confession.'

'My confession is that I pledged my honour where I had given my heart, before I went to South Africa, to a girl whom you scarcely know, and who, I believe, has never been under this roof; and I am prepared to accept all the conse-

quences. I cannot justify my concealment,' he added; 'if straightforward dealing is due from son to mother, it was doubly due to you. No motherhood could have been more periect or generous than yours.'

'You will understand,' was her answer, 'that when I planned to make you my heir and to carry on my name to the next generation it was under the impression that she who was to share the inheritance was the girl whom I brought up as a daughter, and whose most intimate feelings I imagined that I knew. That arrangement does not hold good in respect to any daughter of Heth on whom you may have set your vagrant

affections.' 'That is all right,' he said with a grave smile, 'and I have always understood your intentions in that way. Still, you will allow that, however blamable I may be towards you, I am not responsible for Winifred's defection. Whatever my feelings had been towards her, she would not have accepted me as her husband at any price.'

Miss Denison shrugged her shoulders. 'Being a girl of discernment, she detected your indifference, and her slighted affections settled elsewhere. Shall we come to the point? Whom do you wish to marry?'

One who refuses to marry me. Will you be

good enough to read this letter?'

He offered a letter he had received that same morning from Agatha Waring, who was obviously ignorant of the turn events had taken at Coombe Hall.

The burden of her letter was a strenuous repetition of her entreaty that he would relinquish finally the idea of a possible union between them. She was bound to her father's service-in a recent and very painful interview he had made her duty clear to her; and Everard was bound, if possible by closer ties, to accept Miss Denison's wishes. Moreover, if such a noble girl as Winifred Leigh loved him, such obedience was an irresistible challenge to his chivalry, and would bring its own reward. 'Our intercourse has been very sweet, she added; 'and as the only sunshine of a shaded life I would plead that you will not cease to be my friend because you were once my lover.'

Miss Denison folded the letter accurately and returned it to its owner.

'It is the letter of a good and high-minded woman,' she remarked; 'and you will obey her, of course.

'No,' he said hotly; 'I am incapable of the intercourse of a friend with Agatha Waring The chief barrier between us is broken down, and I will wait till we are able to break down her father's selfishness; but I will be her lover until death.'

'A celibate till gray hairs for her sake, and that without reference to me?'

'It may be so, but at least I will be no other

woman's husband now that the shred of obligation to you and Winifred is brushed away. Perhaps we may win your favour in the long-run; but however that may be will make no difference. Neither will it make any difference, dearest, to the love and gratitude I owe you. Do not refuse to be my mother to the end, whatever else you take from me.'

He stooped to take her hand, with eyes full of tender appeal, and she did not refuse it. A smile on her lips gave him fresh courage.

'If you knew her you would love her,' he pleaded almost in a whisper. 'She is so sweet, and her life so hard.'

'I know more of Miss Waring and her way of life than you imagine, and it is her own fault that I have not known her better. Her people, when they came to the cottage, declined my civilities. The family is a good one, though the man is a fanatic. Shall I call upon your sweetheart, Everard?'

For answer, he pressed the hand he still held to his lips in a spasm of gratitude. Words would not come at his call.

Miss Denison twinkled a tear from her eye.

'And did you all suppose,' she asked, 'that when I had spent the flower of my life in bringing up my children to manhood and maidenhood, making them the equal sharers of my wealth, and teaching them to regard the future with perfect security, I should go back on such a past and coerce their inclinations to gain my own way? I repeat, it was the cherished dream of my heart that you and Winifred, as husband and wife, should reign at Coombe Hall when my sands were run out, but it was always under the belief that you cared for

each other. To threaten you with the loss of your inheritance against your inclinations would have been impossible to me.'

'I take shame to myself that I even thought it,' he said. 'Your nobleness humbles me. I can say nothing.'

'Well, I think I am behaving nicely,' and she smiled her illuminating smile; 'the more especially as it is aggravating to discover that I have been made a fool of all round. I honestly believed that the witch Winifred was head and ears in love with you. Of you I was less sure, but I meant it all to come right in the end.'

She rose a little impatiently, a tall and stately figure, and shook out reflectively the folds of her sweeping gown. Then she touched the young man sharply on the shoulder.

'How soon is it desired that the wedding-bells should ring?'

His face glowed, then fell a little.

'Ah,' he answered, 'it is plain sailing with Winifred and Anstruther; but with us it is different. Even you, my dear mother, will not be able to persuade Agatha to leave her father.'

She laughed ironically. 'When Miss Denison of Coombe Hall pays a visit to Mr Waring of The Retreat she flatters herself she will make all smooth at the first intention. Do you think he is too great a scholar and too big a fool to see what makes for his daughter's advantage? For the rest, we shall engage our man of letters to find for him an amanuensis who shall meet his most unreasonable requirements, and your wife, my dear Everard, shall pay his handsome salary out of her pin-money.'

THE END.

GAMBLING IN DEATH.

By T. W. WILKINSON.



HE success which has recently attended the efforts of those who aim at suppressing some forms of gambling inspires the hope that the legislature will soon check the least-known but

most repugnant and most pernicious of all—speculating in policies on human lives. Recognising the special evils of the practice, it long since expressly forbade it. No life insurance shall be made, the statute provides, unless the insurer has an insurable—that is, a pecuniary—risk; and it is further enacted that 'every insurance effected contrary to the true intent and meaning hereof shall be null and void to all intents and purposes whatever.' But wagering or speculative insurance is nevertheless carried on wholesale, especially in certain parts of the country—Swanses, Belfast, Blackburn, Glasgow, and a number of other towns having a large industrial population. Places such as these are full of what is known as

'speculative business,' thousands of people holding policies on lives in which they have no insurable interest.

Some working-class people are paying as much as twenty shillings or twenty-five shillings per week in premiums, while there are plungers who 'put' hundreds of pounds every year on 'good subjecta,' of whom, unfortunately, there is no lack in industrial centres. These are mostly shopkeepers in squalid neighbourhoods; and, knowing as they do practically everybody within a radius of a quarter of a mile, they are able to select their lives so that they run absolutely no risk, provided the insurance companies do not repudiate their agreements. Indeed, men of this class have made fortunes out of life offices which have gambled with them knowingly or unawares.

Many a shopkeeper also takes over policies from his neighbours, paying the premiums through the nominal insurers, and receiving through them

the benefits at death, and in addition purchases 'free' policies, which are granted by companies as consideration for the surrender of policies on which the holders are no longer able or willing to pay premiums. Perhaps an old man or woman has outlived all of his or her children and relatives, is alone in the world, and wretchedly poor to boot. Why, then-such is the argument-trouble any further about the 'funeral money'? So the policy is exchanged for a 'free' or paid-up one for, say, three or five pounds. Now, this is a good security, since it is transferable and indisputable; but a capitalist who deals in such things will give for it only about a sovereign, at which price, of course, it must return a very handsome profit.

As a rule, gamblers in mortality 'futures' are initiated into the arts of their despicable form of speculation by rascally agents who stick at nothing to get business. They badger people to insure anybody they know, preferably somebody with an obscure disease or a 'churchyard cough;' they themselves fill up the proposal forms with a callous disregard of truth unmatched by any class except witnesses in the Divorce Court; and, if need be, they find a disreputable, broken-down doctor to make the medical examinations. At their instigation and with their aid, persons disposed to gamble in death begin by insuring their friends and neighbours, and, when these are exhausted, perhaps fall back on old paupers whose shakiness warrants a prognosis favourable to their cupidity. Such denizens of life's backwaters are, indeed, favourite subjects in some towns, most of them being insured, generally without their knowledge, by one or more gamblers.

A common method of arranging a part of the preliminaries of an insurance on a female pauper is to get an old friend to invite her to tea the next time she is out. When she arrives she finds that her hostess already has visitors, one of whom is a man of much affability and with an inexhaustible stock of conversational small change. He is introduced to her as an old friend. So he may be; but he is there in a business capacity, having come to see her for insurance purposes. She, however, is not allowed to know that she is being 'seen' or to divine that in about a week she will be booked. That is a secret.

As a result of this and other tricks, about thirty or forty pounds is frequently paid to gamblers on the death of a pauper, while now and again they have a much greater haul. A case in point they have a much greater haul. A case in point they have a much greater haul. A case in point altogether one thousand pounds on wagering policies on the life of one man. Many instances are discovered by workhouse masters, who report them to the guardians, and thereupon an effort is usually made to induce the body-birds to defray the funeral expenses. In this the poor-law authorities are sometimes successful, not so much, perhaps, because gamblers care how a 'subject' is buried

—though a certain big operator, a woman, invariably paid for the funeral of the people she insured—as because they are either ignorant that such a claim cannot be legally enforced or fear that unpleasant disclosures may be made at a guardians' meeting. But gamblers who benefit by a pauper's death commonly refuse even to contribute to the cost of the funeral. Those who divided one thousand pounds among them displayed such meanness.

When traffickers in policies become more expert in their disgraceful trade they sometimes fly at higher game, and have thousands of pounds at stake on a few lives in which they have no insurable interest. It is not very easy to back Death for so large a sum when he is certain to win, with the assistance that his supporters can lend him, in a short time; but that the thing has often been done is unquestionable, and, what is more, there is every reason to believe that it is often done now. Some of the subjects for big insurances are technically styled 'professionals'-that is, men who for sixpence or a shilling will let anybody insure them. Pay their fee, and they will sign proposal forms all day. In real life they are mostly loafers, casual workers, or unskilled labourers; in the books of insurance companies they figure as persons of some substance.

A certain office once discovered that it had no less than twenty thousand pounds at stake on the lives of a number of these dummies. Hearing that it had accepted a lot of highly speculative business in a northern town, it made special investigations, which resulted in its unearthing a lot of such men. A so-called poultry salesman, who was insured for about nine thousand pounds in the aggregate, proved to be a market loafer; a pipe manufacturer, on whose life were policies to the amount of three thousand three hundred and eighty pounds, was in fact a vendor of clay-pipes - when not in the workhouse; a coal-dealer worth one thousand nine hundred pounds dead was virtually a pauper alive, the only justification for his description being that he had sometimes hawked coals in bags; and an undertaker and coach proprietor resolved himself into a cab-washer and stableassistant, though he was insured for four thousand pounds.

Altogether, there were more than thirty of such cases, in one of which the insured had recently died in a common lodging-house partly or wholly in consequence of excessive drinking. The scoundrels interested in his death had plied him with liquor as long as he could swallow it, pouring it down his throat till the pitiful end came—the catastrophe of a drama of drink full of Zolaesque horrors. But for the timely raising of the curtain there is not the slightest doubt that some of his fellow 'subjects' would have shared his fate, since they had all been well supplied with drink. One was given ten shillings, and sometimes more, at a time for this purpose; while another was found helplessly drunk

en a couch, from which he had not stirred for two days.

And yet these poor tools, being ignorant of the part they were playing-for, though they knew they were insured, they thought that the policies on their lives were for small sums-looked upon the conspirators as their benefactors! As it was, however, they were saved. Most of the policies were cancelled, and the others were dealt with in various ways. The gamblers, therefore, were hard hit; though, all things considered, they got off very lightly. There were some curious sequels to this remarkable episode. In some cases, for instance, the money paid in premiums was given back, not to the actual insurers—the gamblers—but to the insured, who thus received very welcome windfalls!

Another method of 'working' a big gambling insurance is sometimes adopted. Ostensibly to liquidate a debt, a shopkeeper suggests to one of his creditors - a man who could not truthfully be described as of sober habits — that he shall be insured, without mentioning the amount. The victim assents under the impression that the policy will be for only a small sum; but actually it is for a large one, perhaps five hundred pounds or more. Indeed, two or three large policies may be taken out in different offices, and some thousands of pounds be at stake on the life of the unsuspecting dupe.

Cases of this kind have also been discovered. In one the nominal policy-holder, described as an electrician, a brilliant Swivellerism for a labourer at a generating-station, was found recovering from a debauch, the cost of which had been generously defrayed by the actual insurer, who was a neighbouring shopkeeper. Though the man was supposed to hold a policy for five hundred pounds on his own life, he did not know the name of the office in which he was insured, and when he was told the value of that policy he was amazed. 'Why,' he gasped, 'I thought there was only twenty pound on me!'

That gamblers in death, whenever they play for big stakes, whether with the aid of a customer or a professional, have to encounter some difficulties is obvious. For it is one thing to take out a small speculative policy in the industrial branch, and another to make a wagering insurance for hundreds or thousands of pounds. How is the medical examination passed? What about the referees? These are questions which will occur to everybody, and answers to them seem hard to find, though they are not so. The doctor has been gulled in various ways; personation is not unknown, while more than one subject who has actually gone before him has been elaborately got up for the occasion, having been resplendent in a good suit, a silk hat, a watch and chain, and everything necessary to enable him to sustain the rôle he has been playing -that of a man in a position to insure his life for a good round sum. Gamblers in death lend their tools the clothes, &c., required to dress the part.

As for the referees, it has happened that one has been the speculator himself and the other the agent working hand in hand with him!

To what extent insurance companies are responsible for the prevalence of gambling in death is a very nice point. As a whole, they are certainly not blameless; for, while most offices not only decline to lend themselves to the practice, but do all in their power to suppress it, there are some which will take part in it, only they will fall back upon the law as may be convenient, as the keeper of a bucket-shop pleads the Gaming Act when sued. Lack of insurable interest is one of the reasons commonly assigned for the lapsing of young policies -a trick by which certain of such offices benefit very largely. Making a raid on a particular district, their canvassers take any kind of business, however bad; and after premiums have been paid on it for a few months, the most worthless is sorted out and dropped. Sometimes a policy-holder pays three pounds or four pounds before he is cut off. and yet he gets nothing whatever in return. If he makes a noise he is told he has no insurable interest, or quietened in some other way. Remedy then he has none, because the canvassers, being paid wholly by commission, are in law the agents of the insurers, not of the company, which is not, therefore, responsible for the statements they make in order to secure business.

The same plea-no insurable interest-is often raised if a wagering policy matures in time to show, on the face of things, a profit to a gambler, and the money is not paid, nor are the premiums returned. So the whole operation is glorified 'welshing,' or, as a magistrate once called it, a 'swindle on the public.' Small companies have been formed mainly for the purpose of exploiting gamblers in death, and have, for a time, prospered exceedingly.

Offices which issue wagering policies, however,

are not always prone to outbreaks of virtue at opportune moments. When they stand to win on a transaction they are the first to attempt to override the law. There was an amusing instance much to the point not long since. A woman effected several gambling insurances, and paid premiums in respect of them for a long period without obtaining a farthing in return, her subjects obstinately refusing to die. It seemed likely, indeed, that the premiums would ultimately exceed the gross amount payable on the policies. In the end she brought an action for the return of her money, on the ground, according to her evidence, that she had recently been told that the company would not pay on the policies, as she had no insurable interest.

the business of some companies was of a speculative character! Clearly, therefore, the present law affecting wagering policies on human life is ineffective, and

Defendants stated that though the policies were

wagering policies, they had all along been, and

were then, prepared to honour them, and that half

affords scope for much trickery on the part of insurers and insurance companies alike. It permits of the worst kind of gambling-gambling which leads to many evils and to moral murder of the same degree as that which Plimsoll so boldly denounced and so persistently worked to abolish.

For this reason the legislature should at least impose a penalty for 'every insurance effected contrary to the true intent and meaning' of the Act. Speculative insurances on infants are now practically unknown, and it is not impossible to make those on adults equally rare.

WITH THE NUBIAN TRIBES OF NORTH AFRICA.

PART IL.



N one occasion, while on a hunting expedition, I pitched my camp a day's march beyond Om Hajjir, on the Settit, which river was known in ancient times to the Greeks as the Astaboras, and is called by the

Abyssinians at the present day the Takazze. The country absolutely teemed with game-elephant, rhinoceros, giraffe, hartebeest, nellat, and koodoo (or, as the latter are called by the Nubians, tetal), besides a dozen varieties of other antelope; and of the feathered tribe, ostrich, bustard, and guineafowl were in abundance. No sooner was it known that a European had arrived with the intent of getting big game than parties of the Hamran Arabs, who occupy the land all along the Settit, kept continually arriving and pitching their tents of palm-leaf matting in the vicinity of mine. These people always, if they can, follow a hunter, especially in the dry season, when pasture is scanty and the milk of their flocks and herds is likely to run short. They come in the hope of being allowed to carry off such parts of an animal as are not needed or valued by the hunters and servants of the sportsman, and in this way are often able to procure a good supply of food.

During the dry season, when elephants resort to the few deep pools left at intervals in the dry bed of the river to drink and bathe, it is usual to erect a leafy screen near a pool, some three feet high, behind which the hunter sits on moonlight nights; and should a herd appear he has the chance of picking out the fiercest tusker at his leisure, and firing at a range of not more than fifty yards. In this manner I had shot an elephant on the night of my arrival; but as I was in need of food-the coarse flesh of the elephant, which is so acceptable to the natives, being utterly distasteful to myself-I sallied forth the next morning with one tracker only, my hunters being engaged in cutting out the tusks and dividing the flesh and hide of the elephant I had got the night before. I soon came across a herd of the spiral-horned nellat (the koodoo of South Africa), and on firing the thud of the bullet was distinctly audible. The animal fell, but recovered itself immediately, and following its herd, disappeared into the forest. My tracker took up the spoor, but after we had followed it for a couple of hours I thought it advisable to give up the chase, especially as every step was taking us farther and

farther into the Baza country—a dangerous land to venture into, as the natives are at enmity with the Arabs on one side and the Abyssinians on the other. They are, indeed, a hostile and inimical tribe, who wish to keep entirely to themselves, and their rule is to spare no one, either white or coloured, who

ventures within their borders. On reaching the banks of the Settit we descended to the bed of the river, which consisted at this season chiefly of sand and pebbles, with here and there flowing water. On reaching a pool we took a long and refreshing draught, and then refilled our water-skins. Just as we were about to set forth again for the camp my guide suddenly descried a large elephant feeding under the river-bank at a distance from us of about a quarter of a mile. Crawling quietly back towards the bank on hands and knees, in order to make ourselves as invisible as possible, my 450 Henry express slung round my neck, we quickly clambered to the top, and made our way towards a large tamarind-tree which we had noticed as being only about a hundred yards this side of the unsuspecting game. We proceeded as noiselessly as possible; but before we had reached the tree my guide looked over the bank and made a sign to me that the elephant had come rather nearer to where we then were, though he was at that moment standing perfectly still. I advanced a little nearer to the edge and followed the direction of the man's glance. There stood the magnificent beast lazily flapping his huge back and sides with a branch of a tree, from the leaves of which he had doubtless been making his breakfast.

Waiting until I had regained my breath and my pulses had quieted down—for I was anxious not to miss-I took a steady aim at his ear, and fired my right barrel, following it up immediately by level. ling the left barrel at his temple. Both shots were effectual; the grand creature sank without a sound, and rolled over on his side, 'tremendous still in death.'

Swiftly descending from the bank, we ran up to him, and I measured the tusks. I found that in all probability they would be about four feet in length, the ivory that protruded beyond the lips being twenty-five inches in length, and as a rule the same length is found inside the head.

This prize, at whatever risk, had to be secured The tusks were mine, and the flesh of the animal, when dried, would supply not only my own people but the camp-followers with food for a month. My guide at once volunteered to run back to the camp, which he could do in much less time than if I went with him, and bring men and camels to cut up and carry away hide, meat, and tusks.

'I will make a cosy nook up in the tamarindtree for the kkawajah [master],' said the man, 'where he can rest till I return. But,' he added, 'it would be best for master net to fire again, as the sound might bring a party of Baza to the spot—if, indeed, they have not heard the first two shots, and are not already on their way hither.'

The prospect of being attacked single-handed by a party of these unfriendly people was not reassuring; but the situation had to be faced : and reascending the bank, I climbed into the tree, and took up my position on an impromptu seat about twenty feet from the ground, which my tracker had ingeniously formed by twisting some small branches which he had lopped off in and out among the many larger ones that spread out in every direction. Planting my feet on a lower fork and placing my rifle securely in a niche beside me, I settled down, watched my guide depart, and awaited results. My man was quickly out of sight, for I observed that instead of following the winding khor, he took a bee-line across the open plain to the camp, and I was soon alone with my quarry and my meditations.

The scene below me was by no means unattractive, and peaceful in the extreme. To my right, in the dry, sandy bed of the river, which was nearly half a furlong in width, was a deep pool about an acre in extent, in which a family of hippos were enjoying their morning bath-swimming, diving, splashing, turning their large bodies over in the cool water, and bringing their noses ever and anon to the surface for a breath of air. Another smaller pool to the left had a margin of smooth sand on one side, on which half-a-dozen young crocodiles lay basking in the broiling sunshine. The intervening space between this pool and the next, a distance of eighty yards or so, was principally sand, with a strip of rounded flint pebbles in the middle. The water was flowing through the pebbles, but out of sight, there not being sufficient depth, as it ran, to cover them. Some isolated granite rocks formed an island just in front of me in the midst of the dry river-bed. The stillness was intense; nothing of life moved, and for some time there was not a sound of any kind to be heard. I was almost entirely hidden from view by the foliage surrounding me; but suddenly my attention was arrested by something that I had never heard before. Coming down from far above, a most peculiar loud rustling noise like shooooey, shooooosy? was audible, and peering through the branches overhead, I discerned an enormous vulture swooping through the air and alighting near the elephant. Again and again this sound was repeated, until another and another and another of these huge birds of prey were on the ground.

Though there had not been a vulture within sight, probably not within two thousand feet of the earth, at the moment the elephant fell, these scavengers had somehow ascertained the fact, and were now coming down in scores, dropping rapidly as if from the sky. It is almost incredible that at the great height to which these creatures soar they could have seen the elephant, keen as their sight is known to be. The probability is that they had been attracted by the kites, who from a lower level had seen the crows, who had evidently been the first to discover the prize; for, on watching carefully from my retreat, I observed that the carcass was already surrounded by these smaller birds, as well as by marabon storks, who had followed the general lead.

My attention now became riveted on what was passing below, the like of which I had never until then witnessed; and as the accounts of such scenes are rare, I venture to sketch it, at the risk of bringing an unwelcome vision-one which may, indeed, perhaps be termed revolting-before my readers. But a few minutes elapsed after the arrival of the birds ere a couple of wolves, half-a-dozen hyænas, and some jackals crept stealthily from the edge of the jungle, and warily casting cautious glances right and left, made their way towards the anticipated feast. The hyænas, evidently the pluckiest of the lot, were the first to commence the orgy. Pushing in with a snarling sound, they made for the legs and under part of the thighs where the skin was thinnest, and savagely tore pieces of flesh away, which they dragged off and devoured. The jackals and wolves quickly followed suit, attacking chiefly the parts below the ribs; and a scene of carnage ensued too horrible to depict. Half-a-dozen vultures had alighted on and near the head, and were fighting among themselves for the eyes, nostrils, lips, and all the succulent tit-bits they could procure.

Presently the fine head of a big lion protruded from the sedgy fringe of the island I have mentioned, and after reconnoitring for a moment or two, he emerged, followed by a lioness and two cubs. As the king of the forest approached it was marvellous to note how every other beast and bird of prey cautiously but quickly retired to a distance of several yards, where they waited in a sort of semicircle, leaving his feline majesty in sole possession. The lion sprang upon the carcass, and in one moment had ripped up a huge opening, into which, incredible as it may seem, he instantly plunged, being almost hidden from view inside the body. Soon, however, he reappeared, dragging with him the enormous heart and liver. These he commenced ravenously to devour, and on the approach of the lioness and her cubs he drove them away with angry and ominous growls. Repulsed but undaunted, they made their way to the head, where they quickly possessed themselves of the remaining portions that the vultures had left.

Shortly, however, quitting this feast, the lion

made a second dive into the carcass, and this time he actually disappeared wholly within it. Observing this, the lioness immediately darted upon the liver he had left, doubtless the recherché part, and dragging it some yards away, divided it between her young ones, occasionally bolting a lump herself.

Several times while the lion was below me I had raised my rifle to my shoulder and levelled it upon him, but, remembering the warning of

my guide, had refrained from firing.

The sun was now well past the meridian, and more than two hours had gone by since I had shot the elephant, when the lion, who was again in sight, began to show signs of apprehension and uneasiness, and at last, emitting a low growl, looked down the *khor* and moved slowly off. It struck me at once that his quick ears had heard in the far distance the trotting of the camels coming with my men from the camp; and as I knew that on their arrival I should have but little to fear from the Baza, and unable longer to resist the temptation, I threw my rifle up to my shoulder, and aiming at the back of his majesty's bushy head, fired.

The bullet had found its billet, penetrating the brain, and the fine beast fell motionless on the strip of pebbles which he had reached on his way to the island from which he had come. The lioness and her cubs, who were also making off, stopped for an instant, and going up to their fallen relative, sniffed round his dead body in a pathetically forlorn and nervous manner, and then, evidently understanding what had occurred, and filled with apprehension for themselves, bolted rapidly towards the island, where they disappeared.

No sooner did the whole audience of scavengers who were waiting hard by perceive that their great and dread enemy was no more, than they one and all hurled themselves on to the carcass, bent on completing the devastation they had com-It was undoubtedly clear that these creatures had never been shot at, for instead of rushing off at the sound of my rifle, they had not evidently even associated it with the fall of the lion, and had neither retreated nor hidden them-But a very short time, however, was allowed them for their work, for my surmise that the noise which had alarmed the lion was caused by the approach of my camels proved correct, and very soon I distinctly heard the soft pit-pat of the dromedaries on the loose sand. In a few moments more my hunters and guide were on the spot, and every quadruped at once slunk away; while the birds all flew up to the trees on the margin of the bank, eagerly watching for an opportunity to return.

My hunters—good fellows!—remembering that I had fasted since the early morning, had brought lunch for me, which they immediately spread out at the foot of the tree; and having descended from my somewhat cramped position, I was soon in the enjoyment of cold roast guinea-fowl, biscuits, and black coffee. My appetite appeased, I related the account of my solitary vigil, which they were all eagerness to hear. They warmly congratulated me on having bagged so fine a lion, and each one taking hold of a huge paw, they drew the body into the shade.

Meanwhile more men and camels from the numerous little camps of Hamran Arabs that had been pitched near to mine had arrived, and the work of cutting up the elephant commenced. The skin was removed in quadrangular pieces three feet square, the thicker part to be made into shields, and the thinner into sandals and sword-sheaths. The flesh was taken off in strips two or three feet in length, and laid on bushes cut down for the purpose, to prevent it from touching the sand, being ultimately tied in bundles for transport on the camels. The mode of procedure was in all particulars the same as in similar cases when an elephant has been secured. When the camp was reached the bundles were untied, and the strips of meat were thrown on to the thorny bushes of the zareba, where they were left till they dried. Before cooking, this jerked meat was pounded to make it tender, and the greater portion was then boiled down into a thick, nutritious soup, which was either taken by itself or as an adjunct to the porridge called lugma, which is made from durra. Nothing of the carcass was lost. The fat, of which there was a large quantity, was carefully collected and boiled down to be used as a substitute for butter, and the bones were used as fuel, burning fiercely to a white ash.

Everything was done with the utmost order and in a business-like manner; and when all was completed the camels were drawn up in line and lader with the spoil, one camel carrying the tusks (which weighed nearly one hundred pounds) and some of the heavier pieces of hide. Before setting out again for the camp the men asked permission to adjourn to the biggest pool for a bath, and in two minutes were in the water, splashing, swimming, and diving as the hippos had previously done, appreciating the luxury of cleanliness as fully as any European would, and far more than many do!

The return journey was accomplished in little over an hour; and as we neared the camp the women came out to welcome us with the zagharit, or cry of triumph (the el-elta of the Abyssinians), with which they often greet those who return successfully from

battle, foray, or chase.

WITHOUT DECLARATION OF WAR.

Le Plan est parfaitement résolu, concerté, mûri. - P. Fontin.



HE sentry yawned. It was exceedingly hot, and gate-duty was very monotonous. It wasn't like being 'on the gate' in barracks, where all sorts of people came to ask questions and go in or out, and there was an

occasional chance of parley with a pretty girl. For his own part, he couldn't see what use there was in being there at all, except that there was a fort inside those high spiky railings. There wasn't anything particular to look at—just the wind blowing and the grass growing; the sandhills were supremely uninteresting and monotonous, and looking at the sand rippled by the hot breeze and the grass nodding only made one feel the more thirsty. Besides, sand reflects the sun with peculiar efficacy.

Inside the railing the battery, a grassy mound, a sort of dumpling culminating in a couple of long guns—at close quarters heavy monsters, a little way off looking merely like long, thin, dirty things. They stuck over the top, pointing in a kind of helpless way towards the sea—a sea dotted here and there with boats, between which an occasional 'ditcher' flumped its smoky way. In the distance the confused mass of Falport, and some battleships lying at anchor both equally gray and ugly.

The 'dumpling,' like most such, was hollow. Indeed, though it might seem a mere mound of earth, it enclosed quite a fair-sized parade-ground; and ranged round with military neatness and symmetry were the casemates destined in war to become barracks, now sparsely tenanted by picks and shovels and barbed wire and spiders—especially spiders. Between the guns, sunk in the ground, the magazines and the machinery for bringing up shot and cartridges. Neat and desolate.

The sentry continued his reflections. Relief would not be due for another hour. Occasionally a murmur reached him from the guard-room. The detachment were playing 'house.' There were only eight of them altogether, including the corporal in charge, and it just made a good game, besides having the fascination of being a bit of a gamble. But even 'house' palled after a while. One thing to be thankful for was that the detachment would be relieved at the end of the month. Falport was certainly quite a different story. Falport, as T. Atkins put it, was good business after Barker's Point. A big garrison and dockyard town like Falport is the place to see the British soldier at his best, particularly while the fleet is away. Tommy would have called Barker's Point triste if he had known what it meant; but, having no French, he did not find any great difficulty in describing it with a rather limited English vocabulary. 'Ontont cordial,' which was his limit in the direction of French, called up misty recollections of a time when organised 'tamashas' took place by day, and

the evening was apt to dissolve itself into one long and glorious orgy.

They all seemed to have gone asleep inside the guard-room, and the sentry was feeling rather bored himself.

And yet it was but a little way to where Yo Harna was giving final instructions to his men. Yo Harna was nothing if not methodical; that was the reason why he had risen to the top of his peculiar profession. Perhaps his greatest personal advantage was that of being quite undistinguished in appearance; in fact, in this particular case he had been up till recently filling the position of a waiter at the Southcombe Hotel, and when you think it over you see that a waiter has quite peculiar opportunities, if he keeps his eye open and his ears alert, for seeing and hearing about many useful things. Waiters often travel a long way abroad too, sometimes to learn languages, sometimes to earn money, sometimes to get away from their own country. Yo Harna had been quite a good deal in South America—quite professionally and generally busy; he had also been in the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines, all in the way of business; but he didn't talk about these things to customers. Customers sometimes did remark that the headwaiter seemed rather a superior man, and quicker than most of these foreigners; but it usually ended with that. Actually, so far as I have been able to ascertain, he had not originally come over on business at all. But he always had an inquiring mind, and Falport had interested him-so had the position of Barker's Point. In fact, his walks round Falport had led him to study maps and even charts a good deal-in these seaside places every one takes some interest in sailing-but that was before he became a waiter. Finally, he had taken a ticket to the Continent. Yo Harna was one of those rare men who never seem to find any difficulty about getting access to the people they want to see, and this time it was quite an exalted person whom he went to see. Mind you, I don't know what passed; but there is no doubt that his project was received with approval. There is much in reading the political horoscope aright and appearing at the psychological moment. Guy Fawkes might have been a great man if he had not let himself be caught.

So it happened that one fine day, a few days before the events I am relating, a telegram came, and our friend gave up his situation.

There were his men—not a very striking-looking crew; indeed, a first glance might have led one to think them a party of harmless excursionists or one of those strange brotherhoods, like the Amalgamated Beetles or Independent Rovers, who permeate the country and leave a slight but well-defined track of empty beer bottles along the route

of their summer outings. They had, indeed, tin cases and haversacks that might have held provisions; but they were no peaceful excursionists. They had been together many times and on many strange errands, and this time it was perhaps a little more desperate than usual. The leader folded up the plan he had been explaining as he gave his final orders, and looked at his watch. Now!' he said.

It is quite easy to overpower and gag a sentry when you know how and have had a little practice. From a study of parliamentary debates one may ascertain that a surprise is not considered the orthodox way of commencing war; but I suppose surprising a sentry would be such a small thing as hardly to count. The sentry was gagged and disposed of. So far good. Yo Harna had made his first move.

Yo Harna had, in fact, taken in hand a difficult, one might almost call it a delicate, job, except that it seems almost absurd talking of delicacy when it is a matter of handling big guns and of starting war, and England has such a constitutional dislike

of anything to do with war!

Once inside the battery there were still the guard to be tackled. I must confess I am not very clear how that was done without any shooting. There seems to have been a bit of a mêlée and a certain amount of bludgeon-work; but experience is everything, and there was no contretemps except that one man succeeded in getting to the telephone before he could be stopped. That cry of 'Help!' and the gurgle following it, must have puzzled the man at the exchange a bit; but he heard no more: the new-comers took good care to disconnect the instrument.

One of the best ways to keep obstreperous men quiet is to peg them out; it is not exactly enjoyable for the patients, but it makes them quite safe. At the foot of the grass slope behind the guns there was plenty of room, and there was no risk of any noise they might make giving any trouble.

It had all been thought out beforehand; the men distributed themselves to their several duties. And sooner than you would think all was ready for what was to be a surprise, and a big one, to the British nation.

Major Percy was walking along 'the front.' He had just left his office, where he had spent what he called an 'ink-sling' morning elaborating an argument to prove by logical calculation that the number of men allotted to the garrison was insufficient for the work pending mobilisation. 'All very fine,' he murmured to himself; 'but no argument will convince a Government that has set its heart on economy. They'll only say that one must make the men do double duty, or some-

thing really practical like that!' A dapper little man this Percy; no butterfly for all that, but one of the soldiers of the new

school, who are neither plain fighting-men nor mere theorists, a man who has begun to see what a complicated thing modern war is. He was Staff-Officer for Defences, and the trusted deputy of the General, who had great faith in him, and often said, 'I'd never be able to go on when the day of Armageddon comes without a man like Percy. Why, he carries all the defence scheme in his head, like a portmanteau; and, indeed, if the gallant Major's head did not outwardly resemble a portmanteau, it was certainly well furnished.

Percy, however, having left his office, was wondering whether it would be safe to go home now and let things slide for the afternoon. 'These fussy Generals have a way of springing things on one, he thought; 'but I'll risk it.' There would be no one in the headquarter-office that afternoon, certainly; but the head-clerk could send him any wires that might come in, and the General had said something about being busy-which meant, sagaciously opined Percy, that the General intended going to a certain garden-party. Staff-officers often get to know a good deal about their Generals, and General Tarkington did like to shine in society now and then. After all, a General does give tone to what might otherwise be a mere seaport!

The Major passed on to the Esplanade. It was fine and sunny. If he went home he would be rather early for lunch; indeed, he might meet his wife on the way. But, on the other hand, a stroll on the Esplanade might mean meeting other people. There was no hurry. There on the sands were children digging ditches and throwing up sandcastles—surely the fortification instinct is strong in man; in mid-distance the glittering sea dotted with boats and a steady stream of shipping going out with the tide; farther off, half-distinct in the

haze, was the other side of the bay. In his mind he was running over his calculations. The spread of the defences from where he stood to the forts over there was a longish way. And even as his eye wandered idly across the bay a dull sound assailed his ear, and another. Firing somewhere! That was the sound of guns. He did not remember any orders about practice to-day. No doubt it was some old programme unfinished; and yet-he looked at his watch: one o'clockthere was something curious about it.

'Ah, Major Percy, how is it that you of all people are idle? I thought you were always busy. Come, you must join me, and tell me all about it.

Resistance was no good. Mrs Pennington was not to be gainsaid, and it was but a weak excuse to say that the sea-wall was a good place to think out

things, as indeed it is.

'No, it's no good your pretending, Major. You know quite well that those defence schemes you are so mysterious about are just a waste of time. Now, I myself could tell you lots of things happen ing in this garrison you know nothing about Not quite in your line, you say! You don't take me in that way. Why, you men are the greatest scandal-mongers of the whole place.'

Mrs Pennington was very nice, but her conversation really didn't mean anything at all; it could be safely allowed to go in at one ear and out at the other.

'I'll bet you a pair of gloves I know as well as you do who are firing those guns this morning. It's too bad of them, too, just when I want to wear my best frock this afternoon. They're sure to bring down the rain.'

Percy started a little. 'No, Mrs Pennington; I confess'—— he was beginning, when another voice intruded. It was a hoarse and business-like one, and proceeded from a red-faced orderly who had ridden up on a bicycle. 'Message for you, sir,' it said.

'Telephone message has just come up from the dockyard that shell, apparently from the direction of Barker's Point, has fallen in the erecting-shop. Have informed O.C. Southborough, and am asking for further information.'

'Go back and tell the Sergeant-Major I have got the message, and will give instructions. I'll telephone from the fort. Tell him to send a message to the General at once.'

The Major, as he spoke, was walking rapidly towards the fort. He brushed past the man at the gate, who pursued him with a book to be signed, and made straight for the telephone-room.

Telephones are proverbially irritating machines, and military telephones are rather worse than others; but this time—perhaps it was the tone in which the exchange was addressed—Southborough was got into connection with commendable promptness. Then a further delay while search was being made for the Colonel, who—good, easy man—had gone to lunch. Percy did not fume over the delay. He was speculating a little and making up his mind; but that didn't take long. He had been accustomed to making up other people's minds for them, and a little practice at that makes your own decisions fairly rapid.

At last Colonel Swiper was at the instrument. 'You have had a message from the office already, Colonel.'

'Yes; only got the wire this instant. I don't understand what it means, except that they've had an explosion at the dockyard, or something. What have I got to do with any affair like that?'

'You don't seem to have got the message right. I make out that some one's been firing shell into the dockyard from Barker's Point. I don't know what it means; either they've gone mad or some-body that oughtn't to be there has got possession of that battery. We can't stop to argue. Anyhow, the battery's in your war-command, and if anything's gone wrong there it must be stopped at once. I can't get at the General this moment; but I should say you were justified in sending a strong armed force to investigate.—Good heavens! here's

another message to say that more shells are falling in the dockyard. Can you hear the firing?

'Yes; we thought it was some extra practice. I tried to telephone and ask, but couldn't get through. How many men shall I send?'

'I think you'd better march off a company as quick as you can get them served out with ballammunition; and send an experienced officer.'

'I'll go myself,' said the Colonel.

'Prothero, you will go in front with the advance-guard,' said the Colonel. 'I'm afraid something is very wrong at the fort yonder. I don't know what to think; but either the men there have gone mad, or there has been some treacherous business. There, did you hear that shot? Push on as fast as you can, find out what's happening, and send back and report as soon as possible. We're taking the Maxims with us.'

'Oh, that's all right, Colonel; you know we can see right into the place from above where the road comes out of the plantation.'

Lieutenant Prothero pushed off his little party smartly. It was but ten men and a sergeant. One man was left a bit behind to form a connecting-link with the main body. The guard proceeded rapidly down the road. For one thing, the country was too close to spread out, and for another there were so many cottages and so forth about here that any strangers would surely have been noticed; but Barker's Point was more isolated among the sand-hills.

The young officer reflected as he walked along with his men. He had only a dim idea what the game was. It might, after all, be merely one of those sham schemes the General was so fond of, of which he was wont to make so much in his reports, 'laying it on thick,' as his subordinates used to remark, 'about the keenness and intelligence displayed by the soldier.' Prothero wondered how long this excursion would take. It was particularly annoying when he had been reckoning to bicycle off and see some one rather particularly, who, he believed, was looking forward to his coming. Indeed, it wasn't until this turned up to prevent him from going that he realised what a disappointment it was. He hoped she would believe he had done his best to come. Still, there was more in it than an ordinary 'surprise party;' it was carrying things a bit far to take out ball-ammunition if it were only some manœuvre they were playing.

Something of the same sort of speculation was passing through the minds of the men. Thomas Atkins, having got over the annoyance caused by a sudden parade without a decent interval after dinner, was indulging in inquiries as to how long it would last.

'Tell you what, Bill, this 'ere's going to culminate in a Grand Display of Fireworks and Illuminations on a Scale never before Attempted'—he was quoting from a recent advertisement. 'S'pose it means we shall find ourselves on the ranges at the

end of it, just to see what sort of field-firing we can make after 'avin' marched in the dust in full kit directly after dinner.'

'Garn, ye cuckoo! this 'ere don't lead anywhere near the ranges. I guess we're goin' to fire at a floatin' target just to show if we can't beat the navy at their own game. It's a dry old game, my boys, too. There ain't no beer promisc'us-like in this country.'

The country began to open out a bit, and an extension of the front put an end to the murmured conversation. Prothero called the Sergeant to him and gave some instructions. They were to halt just inside the plantation above Barker's Point Battery.

The firing was going on steadily, if slowly; almost at regular intervals came the bang of a gun firing, and one could mentally follow the buzz

of the shot as it whirled away in the air. The men were halted now, just in the halfshadow of the edge of the plantation. The Lieutenant crept forward quietly through the thick bracken, and emerging, saw below him the neat slopes of the battery among the sandhills, a sort of oval mound, hollow in the middle, with its two big black guns pointing away from him. It looked so close that he might almost throw a stone into it. There were the men clustering round the guns, silhouetted against the glitter of the sea, loading, aiming, traversing, and the group-commander walking up and down the parapet between, looking through his glasses now and then. It was all much as he had often seen them at practice.

They were training the guns at something; he couldn't see the target. Surely they were traversing very far over to the left. They couldn't mean to

fire that way.

Boom! From where he stood behind the battery he could follow the shot's progress. There was no doubt about it. The firing was aimed at Falport! It was an enemy!

Of course it was sheer madness. It was running into the lion's jaws; but I think we can understand it. Forgetting how far he had pushed on beyond his men, young Prothero dashed forward with a sort of war-whoop.

'Now, my boys, let's scupper these foreign devils!

But there was a long piece of open slope to cover before even reaching the gorge fence.

Yo Harna had seen rushes before-rushes by fierce savages who believed that to die fighting was to gain Paradise, rushes by desperate men who would cheat the gallows if they could; this single-handed dash amused him a little, for he had learned to handle a 'gun' in the West. and there it doesn't do to miss. Besides, every minute gained might mean so much more of his work done.

Prothero fell at the second shot—a limp bundle of khaki, just a young life ebbing out on the dusty grass; the first casualty of the day. It was ill to

interfere with this silent man, unless you were a long way too strong for him.

The foreigners had had it all to themselves so far. An hour or so uninterrupted in the battery had enabled them to loose off quite a number of shots and secure a pretty good percentage of hits, better even than they had reckoned perhaps, for a dockyard is a good big target to shoot at, and ships under construction or there for repair are helpless enough. Moreover, in war anything which delays the preparation or repair of ships may just make that difference in keeping a fleet on the sea which counts for so much—which counted for so much.

But retribution was to come quickly. If the leader of the advance-guard was to lose his life through undue haste, there were others more wary in his wake. Long-range fire to which you cannot reply is very demoralising to gunners, and Yo Harna knew it. He saw that the time had come to try and steal away as quickly as he could. Their task was done. It now rested with others to follow up on sea the initial blow dealt on land. But it was too late. Sell their lives dearly as they would, there was no passing unscathed through that gate by which they had so cunningly got in. The fence all round was everywhere equally effective an obstacle to egress as to ingress, the main body was closing up on the advance-guard, and a steady fire from unseen men in the bracken was directed on anything that showed. A lucky shot winged their leader. The troops, under the direction of the Colonel, were drawing near by degrees, one portion keeping up the fire while the other advanced.

But why tell again in detail the story of that day, obscured though it has been among greater matters, or recount again how the raiders were cornered like rats in a trap, and rats which bit till the last? War is war.

Yo Harna's name is forgotten perhaps. Just so has been the name of many a man who has laid the match to a mine, and gone up with it himself; but the day has not been forgotten on which the guns of Barker's Point were directed across the anchorage they were placed to guard.

COUNTERFEIT.

SHE seemed a thing of witchery and grace, Her sweet eyes smiled upon me day by day; If I was sad, she sighed; and was I gay, Her laugh brought lurking dimples to her face. If I would go, her soft voice bade me stay; And harmony so sweet betwixt us seemed That, on a day of which I long had dreamed, I told her, trembling, all my heart would say. Ye gods! can falsehood look enchantingly, Can lips so lovely utter such deceit, And Beauty stoop to play so poor a part ! Beware, ye fair ones, in your vanity! For I have learnt the art of counterfeit, And bear no pity in my wounded heart. V. CRAIGIR HALKETT.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, July 20th. | what



LK everywhere at this season of the year seems to turn quite naturally and easily to the subject of holidays, and where and how to spend them. One point that is suggested to the listener to much of this talk is that

the seaside is going out of fashion to some extent. Ten and twenty years ago no holiday was complete without the sea; but since then what we might almost call the excess of civilisation from which we are suffering has, as by a revulsion of feeling, turned the minds of many people, and particularly those who have to work for their bread, towards the desire for simplicity—towards simple Nature. All those whose business or whose pleasure gives them the opportunity of coming to a sure knowledge of such matters will tell you that not the students but the ordinary workaday people take far more interest in simple nature-matters—the fields, plants, animais, and birds-than they used to do. You do not hear so much of the seaside bungalow now as of the country cottage. The coast everywhere has been made too 'towny' and too artificial. Holidaymakers who go to the seaside go from one town to another that may be bigger, and that is almost certainly more 'up-to-date.' There are electric trams and motor omnibuses, gigantic towers, great wheels, the latest devices from America for manufacturing queer mental sensations, and so forth ad nauseam. What people need in these days more than anything else is nerve-rest, and they do not get it at the seaside towns that boast of spending two thousand pounds a year in picture-poster advertisements. So they are going to all the quietest little country places that they can find, and the agents will tell you that never has there been such a great demand for country cottages to be let furnished for a month or two, rooms in farmhouses in the home counties and in far-away Devonshire, as this year, while at the same time there are grumblings from the hotel and lodging-house keepers at the seaside places that things are quite bad, and that they don't know No. 504. - Vol. X.

what British people are coming to. This craving for quietness and for the sweet simplicity of Nature for just a few short weeks at the sunny time of the year may not be so pronounced among the people who live in provincial parts; but it is strong in the Londoner, who seems for the last year or two to have been living in a place which has become more and more in the nature of an inferno almost every week. I know many men who, two or three years ago, used to say that they were too wedded to London ever to think of leaving it. Give them the intellectual and social joy of the town, the life, the movement, so that they could breathe and expand! To-day they are no longer in London, but in places thirty or forty miles away. Those that remain are looking forward to the time when they will go also, and in the meantime they are doing their best to preserve their lives as they cross from one side of the street to the other, undertaking much the same risks as they would undertake if they attempted to cross the network of railway lines outside a London terminus, with express trains rushing to and fro in all directions, while they breathe through their mouths to keep from their nostrils the offensive stench of petrol that fills the air all through London. The danger, the noise, the stinks, the hurry: London is not what it was. The police, it is said, are worrying the motoromnibus proprietors and causing them much loss through rejecting newly made cars wholesale because they make too much noise and too much smell. Most people think that they do not reject enough; and if you took a plebiscite of the whole of London at the present time, I have some confidence that a majority would be found who would be willing to go back to the simple, slow horseomnibus, despite all the speed and the convenience of the motor. The motor-bus seems to have arrived at the limit of endurance of the Londoner. He says, 'Enough!' He wants no more science and machinery that make his life intolerable. If he would avoid the pandemonium of the streets, his only alternative is to dive beneath them, and travel JULY 27, 1907. [All Rights Reserved.]

from point to point in London through little pipes into which the carriage holding him fits like the carrier in a pneumatic letter-tube. The air is oppressive, and the electric lights are burning, though a few hundred feet above the sun is shining gloriously on mechanical, petrolised London. It is a terribly wearing life; it is far more so than it was ten years ago, and little wonder that the man of this great city who is thus suffering from over-civilisation is pining now for the green fields and the song of birds and the fresh foods that come to him from the garden and the dairy. He is a mere collection of nerves that tremble at the touch like the wires of a piano. If we continue with the motor-omnibuses and the petrol, and go further in this civilisation, one shudders to think of what the race of Londoners of the future will be like.

Some time since I held some conversation with one of the most distinguished physicians, a man who holds a high place as a Court doctor, and he spoke wisely of the need for the conservation of energy by people who live at the rate that they do in London now; not merely the people who move in high society and for four months of the year make the recognised round of gaiety, but the humbler folk who work all the time. Said this great doctor and keen student of human methods and manners: 'A man works for forty-nine weeks in the year in the City, and works hard, and then he spends his three weeks' holiday in Switzerland, roaming about from place to place, and keeping both mind and body continually at work. He prattles about the benefits accruing from change of scene, and so forth. Thousands of Englishmen do that in the belief that they are doing themselves good. It is a terrible mistake. Holiday-time in the case of such people should be made a special period for the conservation of energy, and the Switzerland excursions have the very opposite effect. How, then, should such people make holiday? Lie in bed all the time! That is the best thing for them to do, and would tend to the prolongation of their lives. Of course they won't do that; then they should holiday as near to that principle of perfect rest as they can.' I believe that there are a few places in the West End of London fitted up specially for the enjoyment of the rest-cure in the most absolute form. The person who is adopting this cure informs his friends that he is going abroad for a fortnight on business; and, having made the necessary arrangements, he simply takes a cab and drives to the rest-establishment, goes straight to bed, and gets up as little as possible during the entire fortnight. He lies in bed all day and all night, eats and drinks, and reads new novels. Courage and endurance of a kind are necessary for a rest of this sort; but its effects are said to be excellent, although at the end of his term the person undergoing the cure may feel the necessity of a week of strong air such as is to be found at Margate, just to put a polish

on his health. Some time since there was a kind of craze among City clerks for spending their holidays as farm-labourers. It is not so well known that some persons who could have afforded to buy fifty of such farms as these did the same thing, with their doctors' approval, working in the fields from morning until night for a wage of fifteen shillings a week. Four years ago an eminent doctor, who was himself suffering severely from nervous exhaustion, derived much benefit from being towed up the river from Staines to Oxford, and forthwith he advised patients similarly afflicted to take the 'towing cure.' Other men have been known to go in for what is called the 'lighterman cure.' For a very small sum one may obtain the privilege of being allowed to work a lighter from Wapping to Lambeth, and it is said that the advantages of this cure are that periods of tugging on the long, heavy sweeps, when every muscle in the body is at work, come in turn with periods of such perfect repose that there is absolutely nothing to think about as the tide swings the hulk along. Such are some of the possible holidays for jaded, careworn townspeople that have been indulged in by the more original among them. We are too artificial and conventional in our holidays, and, save for this present tendency towards the country life, there is an indication that we are becoming more so. The possibilities are dangerous. I heard not long ago, on the most excellent authority, of a French scientist of some note, a member of the French Academy of Sciences, who gets his seaside in Paris, so to speak. He does it in this way: In ten volumes of oxygenated water, containing a hundredth-part of ether charged with ozone, he dissolves two and a half hundredth-parts of sea-salt He distributes this liquid all over the room by means of a vaporiser at the rate of one hundred and twenty grammes per hour. The atmosphere of his apartment is said to become saturated with the scent of the sea, and a draught through the rooms thus permeated produces 'exactly the sensation of a briny breeze.' The scientist whiffs it as he is seated in an arm-chair with his eyes closed, and listens to the lapping of the waves, while he breathes their odour, achieving this end by holding to his ear one of those shells from the shore in which can be heard the faint echo of the sea. This savant has been known to observe that it would be absurd for him now to go to the trouble and expense of spending the summer at such a place as Trouville, when he can enjoy the seaside at home in his Paris flat!

There is one section of the community who will not enjoy their holidays as much as they have done aforetime—or who would not do so if they always took things as seriously as other people, and this they are not credited with doing—and that is the

section whose life centres round the Stock Exchange There seems to be no ending to the financial de-

pression that has prevailed for so long. First-class securities are amazingly low, and are going lower; those who hold them are smitten with a great fear, and are being led to sell and to cast them lower for other people; nobody is buying anything to speak of, and the middle-class speculator who has been one of the chief bulwarks of the Stock Exchange is almost extinct. Everybody is suspicious. There is felt to be enormous risk in the present position, and nobody is inclined to add to the risk to the extent of buying a hundred pounds' worth of shares. So there is little work for the jobbers and the brokers. Some of them fail and are 'hammered;' others try to kill care away from the City on their golf-links or in their motor-cars -for it is one of the mysteries connected with the Stock Exchange man that when things are at their worst with his business his outward appearances of prosperity are little, if anything, below their best. The life he leads trains him to an enduring optimism. A few years ago he was able to thrive on his commissions from clients' dealings in African and other mines. Now the man who would touch a gold-mine share is regarded as being either mad or engaged in some devious kind of trick with which other people would prefer not to be associated. Not merely the failure of South Africa from the point of view of a mining boom, and the general depression, are responsible for this state of things which hits the Stock Exchange man so hard and makes him fear the settling-days. Another reason, equally as potent, is that the general public feel that, to use a colloquialism, they have been 'had' times innumerable by those financial leaders who are generally referred to as 'the big houses,' that markets have been rigged for the purpose of deceiving the small speculator, and that these small speculators have been cheated over and over again, and have paid their differences too often into the pockets of organised gangs of riggers, whose smallness of moral sense is held to be equalled only by their sublime but ignorant belief in the permanent gullibility of the people. But all this apart, it is the prevailing impression among the most intelligent financiers that the fear that is almost universal of impending and sweeping changes in legislation in the direction of Socialism is at the root of the depression, which affects not only the Stock Exchange and the people who have direct dealings with it, but to some extent almost everybody who is engaged in any kind of trade or business. Go into any of the shops in London and become engaged in intimate talk with their heads, and you will be told that they yearn for the time when things will be better on the Stock Exchange, and in a simple process of reasoning as to cause and effect, these people come to the conclusion that the Socialists and those who support them are greater enemies to the welfare of the community than they have hitherto been considered to be, and a feeling is strengthening against them which will need to be taken seriously into consideration by

politicians and Ministers in the future-more seriously than it has been. The more or less passive attitude of the man in the street towards the Socialist is being cast aside. Faith in the most solid institutions is coming to be shaken. Consols will not rise, and it is said that the shrinkage of capital on first-class securities during the last ten years ranges from 20 to as much as 40 per cent. It is the same everywhere. The French Rentier, fearing the income-tax it is said, is selling out, some in London, and reinvesting his money through his brokers in Geneva or Lausanne or in Holland, preferring to endure the inconveniences of collecting his dividends across the frontier rather than endure the new impost. Socialism hangs like a black cloud over the whole world of commerce and finance. Strong and brave men are needed who not only realise the danger, but are prepared with energy and means to combat it.

* * *

Somehow, the South Pole does not seem to count for so much in interest with the general public as the North Pole. Most people have a knowledge of what has been done and what is projected in the way of attack upon the latter, and they regard these attacks as a kind of high sport, as indeed to some extent they are. Great authorities upon polar exploration have said that so far as advantageous knowledge is concerned we really need not trouble any more about the Arctic, as we know all that is worth knowing about it, or nearly. Thus Sir Clements Markham has observed that the geography of the Arctic regions can now be studied and understood, after gallant and persevering attempts to obtain the information which have occupied three centuries. Sverdrup placed the last stone on the last pinnacle of the edifice of Arctic knowledge. It is, said Sir Clements, in this completion of the work that the great importance of Sverdrup's discoveries consisted. He forged the last link. There are interesting bits of work to be finished in places, 'but the work of centuries is finished; and we may now turn to the other and still unknown polar region, with the glorious cry of Southward Ho!' In such circumstances it is for some reasons a little unfortunate that the public, having been trained to affection for the North Pole, and being steeped in the romance of the pursuit of it, particularly by such tragedies as that of the balloonist André, fail to be properly attracted by that cry, for there is undoubtedly work of great scientific value to be done in the Antarctic-work which, if well accomplished, may result in substantial commercial advantage. I was closely interested, unofficially, in the British National Antarctic Expedition that went out a few years since under the command of Captain Robert Scott in the Discovery, and which, under enormous difficulties, accomplished splendid results; while, as a mere tale of daring, endurance, and adventure, there is nothing in the whole of the literature of

exploration that is more deeply interesting than the commander's record of that enterprise. This was more or less in the nature of a pioneer expedition. Others had been made before, but none in recent times organised in any very thorough manner, such as this one was. Captain Scott penetrated farthest south, but he had to cease his onward movement when still some hundreds of miles from the Pole, though the going, so to speak, was not by any means so bad as might have been expected, consisting largely of level plains of frozen snow. So far as could be seen there was an open road to the Pole; but it was not part of the original programme actually to reach it, and the means of traction that were available were insufficient. These means consisted entirely of dogs, which gave out rather badly towards the finish of their work. When I had had an opportunity of studying the official reports of the circumstances under which the sledge-journeys were made I could not help thinking that motortraction might be of immense service in undertakings of this kind, and the suggestion was made to Sir Clements Markham, who was the father of this expedition, while I published an article embodying it in a leading London journal. No doubt the same idea must have occurred to Captain Scott when he was engaged in his southern progress. With all the advantage of the experience gained on this

expedition, a new one is going out this autumn under the command of one of the chief officers of the other, this being Lieutenant E. H. Shackleton; and it is particularly interesting to hear that it has been definitely decided to employ a specially constructed motor-car, with the object of reaching a much higher latitude than was or could be attained by the use of dogs and sledges. The experiment, in which Mr Shackleton has great confidence, is a deeply interesting one, and I believe that the commander of the new expedition is not unhopeful that, if no worse conditions are encountered than those with which they had to contend on the last expedition, he may even reach the Pole itself. In the matter of general public interest to which I have referred, the last expedition was considerably hampered by want of funds, or rather, one should say, would have been if it had not been for the strenuous efforts made by Sir Clements Markham while it was in the middle of its work. The expenses of the new expedition, it is understood, are being guaranteed by friends of Mr Shackleton. Other nations will at the same time be directing efforts towards further Antarctic exploration, and thus there is some international competition in the matter, and all the more for this reason the progress of Mr Shackleton should attract the close attention of all at home.

THE HEIGHT OF THE OCCASION.

By SAMUEL GORDON.

CHAPTER I.



ETROV PETROVITCH had been married for over three years, but that did not prevent him from being still very fond of his wife; and therefore he noticed with great and

growing disapproval that she smiled rather significantly at the red-whiskered gendarme, and that the red-whiskered gendarme smiled still more significantly back at her. Petrov had little faith in his own powers of argument, and knew it was useless to attempt to make his wife see reason; and therefore he felt convinced that his only chance of restoring his domestic equanimity was to approach the gendarme. For some time he pondered how that could be done most expediently, until he bethought himself of the rusty old musket which lay stowed away in his lumber-room. The musket had been in his family for nearly a hundred years, having been left behind with them by one of Napoleon's soldiers on that murderous march from Moscow. Petrov polished it up, oiled the lock, and found that the weapon was still in perfect working order. That was how he would argue with the gendarme. In these troubled days of alarms and excursions, with the whole district practically under martial law, anything might happen. A gendarme more or less would make no difference. So, one very dark night, Petrov took his musket, ambushed himself in the very dark doorway of an empty house near the end of the town, where he knew the gendarme had to pass, and waited to see what would happen.

In contrast to the blind windows of the empty house, those in the first story of the large tenementdwelling farther up the street showed brilliantly illuminated. And there was every good reason for that; for on this same night Tania, the only daughter of Leib Gutmann, was being betrothed to Shaya Sheratz, and there had been no such great event in the town ever since the new rabbi had been installed. Much had been expected of Leib Gutmann on the occasion, but his efforts surpassed all expectations. The rejoicings had started at four in the afternoon, and now at ten o'clock the enthusiasm of the guests showed no abatement, and the store of good things seemed unending. No; something was running short, and that was the musk-brandy, of which Shaya's father was so very fond. Tania, demure, blushing, quivering from head to foot with the excess of her happiness, noticed it with one of the rare sidelong glances she darted at her enraptured lover. What a misfortune her Shaya's father to go without his favourite beverage! That must be remedied at once. But

how? Easily enough. Why, of course, there was Gimpel. She looked round for him. There he was, right in the thick of the guests, bubbling over with mad merriment, abandoning himself in a very transport of exultant joy. The dear, faithful fellow! Tania's eyes filled with tears. What a red-letter day this must be for him, to know his master's child entrusted safely into the hands of the man of her heart! Presently she caught his eye—it was not difficult, for it was rarely that she did not find him peeping at her—and beckoned him. With a bound or two he was at her side.

'Quick, Gimpel, some more musk-brandy. Run to Granny Gittele's and get another bottle.'

Gimpel's face fell.

'Granny Gittele's? But that's right across the common, and it's so dark!'

'Yes, yes, I know you don't like going out in the dark; but—but you're not going to refuse me anything to-night, are you? Or, if you do'—and she raised her forefinger in smiling menace—'if you do, I won't let you dance with me at my wedding.'

'Oh, I'll go, I'll go; I'll go anywhere,' cried

Gimpel engerly.

'And don't drop the bottle for fright,' Shaya

called after him with a happy laugh.

Half-way down the staircase Gimpel came to a stop. It was not to consider that, being, for all his thirty-three years, nothing but the errand-boy to Leib Gutmann's household, it was only what he should expect, to be sent away from the feast to go and fetch whatever was required. Nor was it to reflect that he was once more, in addition to other innumerable occasions, laying himself open to ridicule for the physical cowardice which, great hulking fellow though he was, he had never been able to control. He stopped because he was halfchoking with the spasm of pain that racked his heart. It was all very well up there among the fierce whirl of the merrymakers, whose contagious gaiety had made him forget himself for a few moments; but now he was alone, and need wear no mask as he stood facing his own misery. Oh, God in heaven! was it really true? Tania, his little Tania, now belonged to some one else. He could claim no further share in her. All that was left to him of her were those happy memories of the past, the delightful little secrets they had held in common, the childish pranks she had played on him, the help and consolation she had allowed him to bestow on her in her petty troubles. He might even remember the dumb, half-unconscious adoration with which he had watched her expand into gracious womanhood. But the future promised him nothing. All that her future would contain she would give ungrudgingly to her husband. Not only that, but not even the mere sight of her dear face, the sound of her happy laugh, was to be vouchsafed to him. For Shaya was taking her away to a distant town-Shaya the robber, the interloper.

With a stifled sob, Gimpel stumbled forward on his way. Shaya or no Shaya, he must not disobey

her behest, or else she might really not dance with him at her wedding. And suppose she did not? Then his heart would break, and he would die at once, and that would perhaps be much the best. Ugh, how dark it was, and how lonely the street! No; there was some one coming along. Gimpel recognised the clank of spurs and of a sabre, and his heart sank. He would have to pass the redwhiskered gendarme, who would call on him to stand by, and would clout him. Gimpel seldom escaped the gendarme without a clout. With chattering teeth he crept along towards the oncomer. Now but a yard or two separated them. Gimpel got ready a protective hand, when suddenly a crash and a flash, almost in front of his very eyes, a deep, gurgling 'Dog's blood!' from the collapsing gendarme, and then some one scurried past Gimpel, tumbling him headlong to the ground.

For a few seconds he lay still, for he thought he was dead, and he knew that it behoved dead people to keep very quiet. But presently a sudden stab of horror goaded him to his feet, and with a broken scream he bounded madly away, he did not know whither, but only away, away from the inert mass which huddled so hideously, face downwards, just where it fell.

CHAPTER II.

OR two days and nights Gimpel skulked in the outskirts of the neighbouring forest, feeding on roots and berries, but in reality kept alive and alert by his panic fear and the haunting recollection of the dreadful thing that had happened. What he had to fear he did not exactly know. What he did know was that Petrov Petrovitch-it had not been so dark but that he recognised Petrov-had shot the red gendarme, and he had been there to see him do it. Such a thing could not possibly remain without consequences of its own. Once or twice he had attempted to creep back into the town to find out how matters stood, but after a little way his courage had failed him. But then it was absurd to speak of courage in connection with Gimpel, and Gimpel knew it. On the third morning, however, he saw, to his joy, Mendel Elterkind, the timber-dealer, with his spavined horse and rickety cart, making straight for the forest. Eagerly he ran forth to meet him.

'What news, Mendel?' he quavered.

'News?' groaned Mendel. 'Such news may my enemies hear every day of their lives. A ruin, a black ruin, has come over the congregation. Every one of us that has only a hand and a foot has been arrested for shooting the red pig of a gendarme.'

'Every one arrested!' echoed Gimpel, pale as death.

'They started with all the guests at Leib

Gutmann's party, because it was almost outside his house that the murder happened. Then they took the rest of the street, and finally they laid hands on the whole town. But yesterday again they let most of us go—or else I shouldn't be here, should I?—and only kept a dozen of the young men behind.

'And have they kept Shaya?' broke from

Gimpel.

- 'May Abraham our father intercede for him!' said Mendel mournfully. 'Shaya is worse off than all the rest. There is a black mark against him.'
 - 'A black mark?'
- 'Once, when he was on a journey, his passport was a day overdue. Oh, woe, woe! A cholera has come on us!'

'And what's going to happen now, Mendel?'

- 'Anything may happen. They say at the police station that unless we deliver up the murderer out of our midst all the prisoners will be court-martialled.'
 - 'Mendel, what's a court-martial?'
- 'What! don't you know, you fool? A court-martial is a court-martial—what else should it be?'
- 'I see,' said Gimpel. 'And perhaps they will send Shaya to Siberia.'
- 'If they don't send him farther. May God have pity on him! And now, don't keep me here chattering. A man must make a living, even if everybody else has to die.'

Across Gimpel's dazed brain one thought flashed clear and bright. Shaya was out of the way. They would exile or even hang him. Tania was all his own again. He could now go back to

But when he eventually saw her, it was difficult for him to believe that this was the Tania he knew. All the pretty roses had gone out of her cheeks. Her face was white and hard and strained, and it was in a hard, strained voice that she spoke to him:

'So you've come back. Quite right; why shouldn't you run away and leave us to our fate? What are you to us, or we to you?'

He gazed at her tongue-tied, stiffening in every limb.

'Only, as you did not do your errand,' she continued, 'I must keep my word, and not dance with you at my wedding.'

'T-Tania!' he stammered.

'Because, Gimpel—oh! because I shall have no wedding.'

From Tania's words, and more so from the sudden gush of hot tears which at last thawed her hard, icy look, two things were apparent to Gimpel: first, how much she despised him as a coward; and, secondly, how much her heart was breaking for her Shaya. That must never be. What use to him was a Tania with a broken heart? Tania without her rippling laughter was

no Tania at all. Incontinently and absolutely something must be done to bring the roses back to her cheeks and the laughter back to her lips. The real murderer must come forth, or else Shaya, Tania's Shaya, would be hanged. Of course, the most obvious thing was to go and denounce Petrov Petrovitch to the police. But what use would that be? Was it possible that the word of an infidel Jew would be taken against that of an orthodox Russian? Besides, Petrov could enlist bureaucratic influence on his behalf. A brother of his was a ticket-collector on the railway. No, no, Petrov must be made to serve his purpose in a more diplomatic way.

Gimpel went to his money-box and took from it the eleven silver roubles he had saved. It was safer to keep one's fortune in silver, especially when there were such alarming rumours of national bankruptcy in the air. With the eleven roubles he went to Petrov Petrovitch.

'Petrov, can you keep a secret?' he asked. He knew, of course, that Petrov had shown his capacity for keeping at least one secret; but it was just as well to ask.

Petrov looked at him cunningly through the spyglass with which he was examining the interior of a watch that had just been brought him for repair.

'That depends,' he at last answered ponderously.
'Well, I want to ask if you haven't a shot-gun
of some sort you could sell me.'

What for?' asked Petrov, shrinking back suspiciously.

'Oh, you know, in these days, Petrov, one never knows what may happen, and it's best to be prepared. You also know that we Jews may not buy any weapon from the gunsmith without an order from the police. So we must do it quietly. Come, I'll give you five roubles.'

Petrov's avarice got the better of his prudence, ousting all considerations of detection that might attend the sale of the weapon. Five roubles for something that wouldn't fetch fifty copecks as scrap-iron! Three minutes later the gun and the roubles had changed hands. But Gimpel was not finished yet.

'And now, Petrov, I'll give you another six roubles if you will swear to take oath, should you be asked, that the gun was stolen from you a week

An uncanny feeling came over Petrov. The fellow was mad; there could be no doubt of it. But his money was sane enough. So out came the tarnished old crucifix, and Petrov kissed it, apologising to it profusely under his vodka-reeking breath for disturbing its repose over this transaction with a heathen, and promising it a new coat of gilt varnish for compensation.

Joyously Gimpel went away with his purchase, which he had carefully wrapped up to conceal it from the attention of passers-by, and by devious ways he hurried back to the forest. When he had got there he set himself to dig a hole in the ground

near a crooked elm standing away from the other trees, and in that hole he deposited his musket and stamped the earth down tightly upon it. Then, more leisurely, for he still had to think out several things, he proceeded back to the town, making no halt till he had come to the police station. He drew one deep breath, and then he entered briskly.

'What do you want?' the clerk-orderly accosted

'To give some important information concerning the murder of the gendarme, your Excellency.

'I should advise you not to trifle with the law,

'I'm not trifling. I know who murdered him.'

'Well, who?'

'I did, your Excellency.'

CHAPTER III.

HE next day Gimpel, heavily laden with irons, stood in court before the commissioner of police and the colonel of

the district garrison. The latter was reading in a nasal, monotonous tone from a dossier in front of him, and the gist of what he read was that Gimpel Gimpelovitch had confessed to the murder of the gendarme Stalubin. The prisoner had told his story with an amount of circumstantial detail which left no doubt of his guilt. He had pointed out the spot where he had hidden the gun with which he had shot the gendarme, and had described the weapon minutely. He had accounted for the possession of it by admitting that he had stolen it from Petrov Petrovitch, and Petrovitch had stated in his evidence that he had missed the gun for a week. He had not given notice of the theft to the police because the musket was so old that he did not think any mischief could be done with it.

At this point Gimpel almost laughed with pleasure. So Petrov had kept his word. Although in the place to which Gimpel knew he was going roubles were not current coin, it was a great satisfaction to him to know that he had had his money's worth for them.

'There is only one point I wish to put to the prisoner,' continued the colonel. 'What reason had

he for killing the gendarme?'

Gimpel was taken aback. He had not thought of that question. What should he say: that the gendarme had boxed his ears? That sounded so paltry! Perhaps they would not accept it as a motive, and get suspicious of the truth of his statements, despite all his other precautions and manœuvrings.

'Will the prisoner say what reason he had for shooting the gendarme?' the officer repeated im-

patiently.

'Well, your Excellency, does one need a reason for shooting a gendarme?' Gimpel blurted out.

The colonel nodded, drew to himself a document, and signed it.

'That man shot the gendarme no more than you or I did,' he said in an undertone to the police commissioner.

'And yet you signed-that,' replied the other, pointing to the document.

The colonel shrugged his epauletted shoulders.

'Que voulez-vous, mon cher? The rabble must have a victim. "Blood for blood" is the dictum both of law and lawlessness.' He paused and gave a short laugh. 'That's how these Jews always get the better of us. Their resourcefulness is unlimited. Whatever the crisis or occasion, they usually manage to rise to the full height of it. Look, here they are in a bit of a mess, and at once one of them comes forward and drags them out of it by the rope round his neck. Upon my word, I am beginning to admire them. I certainly admire that fellow over there. He's a brave man if ever there was.'

"Well, couldn't we show him a little mercy?" said the commissioner thoughtfully.

'No; but we'll show him all the honour we can.—Remove the prisoner's chains,' he continued aloud.

Gimpel heard the words, terrified. They had found him out; they were going to set him free. They would keep Shaya after all. He took a convulsive step forward.

'But it was I who shot the gendarme. I swear

'I have not the faintest doubt of it,' replied the colonel calmly. 'And therefore you will be shot at three this afternoon-shot instead of hanged. The execution will be public.'

And surely enough, at a quarter to three, Gimpel was on his way to the common, the common he had so dreaded, and to which he was now going on a journey still more dread. But this time he did not feel afraid. Why should he? Was he not escorted by a detachment with bare sabres and loaded rifles to watch and take care of him, just as though he were a person of real importance? So he held his head up and kept a sharp lookout. Yes, certainly, just as he expected, there at the window stood Tania, her head on Shaya's shoulder.

'You were quite right, Tania; I sha'n't dance at your wedding after all,' he shouted, waving both his free hands at her.

A few weeks later the Imperial Gazette announced that the colonel of the district garrison and the police commissioner had both been decorated for the promptness and cleverness with which they had nipped in the bud a formidable conspiracy by apprehending and executing the ringleader, a notoriously dangerous agitator. Petrov Petrovitch read the announcement, reprinted in the local paper, and chuckled at the absurd roundaboutness of things. He wondered if the colonel and the commissioner would ever know that they would never have got that decoration if his wife had not been a coquette.

THE WONDERFUL 'SIXPENNY.'

By JAMES MILNE, Editor of The Book Monthly.



E may call the modern sixpenny reprint the Universal Provider of Literature. It is countless in number, like the waves of the sea, and—like them also—its vogue goes round the world and back again. It is

the small coin of the realm of books, and hence is it so much in use. Go where you will, you will find a sixpenny edition of some sort to buy or to borrow, even if there is no book bound in cloth within a hundred miles. The 'sixpenny' is as triumphant as it is wonderful, an institution now as fixed as Parliament itself.

What was the origin of this 'sixpenny'? It is very hard to trace a stream to its source, because when you get near there you probably find several trickles of water coming together, almost in a casual way, to give birth to the subsequent river. So it is when you inquire into the origin of the 'sixpenny,' for, as in the instance of Topsy of Uncle Tom's Cabin, it 'grow'd' rather than sprang fully equipped into the book-world. No doubt two influences gave it birth: the cry of people for good reading at a low cost, and the desire of popular authors to be widely read. It was the business of the publisher to bring these two desires into touch, to gratify both by providing an inexpensive vehicle of literature.

There were papers, such as the old London Journal, which had big circulations because they provided fiction of a sort-mostly the sensational sort-'all a-blowin',' as a cockney would say-for a copper or two. Partly that fact may have pointed the way to the paper-covered reprint-great ends being often reached by devious paths-just as the 'shilling shocker,' which is now almost out of fashion, was something of a half-way house on the road. The 'shilling shocker' was a new book as, let us recall, The Mystery of a Hansom Cab. which had a tremendous sale twenty years ago or so; the 'sixpenny' an old one in a new dress. Old lamps for new, a reversion of the phrase! And the flood of magazines was a great influence in the change of things, first by helping to shove out the 'shocker' and the 'yellow-back' novel, then by causing, in turn, a revulsion in favour of the complete book as presented in the 'sixpenny.' You cannot march to a throne without slaughter, and the 'sixpenny' has strewn its triumphant progress with some wreckage. But it took a good long while to win its victory, unless, indeed, this slowness is interpreted as the method of conquering which makes every step of the road sure and secure.

At first, of course, the 'sixpenny' was a reprint of some masterpiece of literature which had been long out of copyright, a story at the disposal of

any enterprising publisher who could put it on the market for a song and still make a little profit. In the early sixties John Camden Hotten published a series of the Waverley Novels at sixpence in a form not very far removed from that in which we know the popular reprint to-day. The venture did well, but still the 'sixpenny' did not take root with the firmness of a later crop. Its second advent in the eighties was in a different form, as a quarto -that is, a paper-bound volume about the size of a copy-book. Folk who have not the disadvantage of extreme youth will remember Lady Brassey's Voyage of the Sunbeam and other popular books which appeared in this quarto form. There was quantity for the money, and there were customers for the reprints; but they faded out of fashion, never, one judges, to be revived, because their size was unhandy. Even the American pirate, who invented the quarto reprint for the reason that it could be most cheaply produced, has long given it up and turned his genius to other ways of pirating. It was a small, a tardy piece of vengeance on him that a few of our publishers should have made a little money here by adapting his idea of the copy-book reprint; or was it merely that the means for providing very cheap books offered no other plan in those days? Perhaps!

Meanwhile the art of printing had, as the phrase is, been advancing by leaps and bounds. New and improved machinery had come in which made it possible to produce popular books at a cost that would have been impossible and would have seemed laughable twenty years ago. Further, the public for cheap books had grown by similar leaps and bounds, thanks to the creation of the English School Boards-Scotland had always had her own excellent system of education-which made millions of potential buyers and readers. It is those circumstances -the extreme economy with which paper-covered books can be manufactured and the constant growth in the army of readers—that have really enthroned the 'sixpenny' on its high seat of the mighty. Its position in literature may be likened to that of the halfpenny paper in journalism, and, in fact, the comparison, if it were worked out in detail, would be found to be very marked.

'Who,' it will be asked, 'reads sixpenny reprints?' One replies, in the Scottish habit—if it be the Scottish habit, which is doubtful—by asking who does not? They are bought by everybody, high and low, read by everybody, and then most readers and buyers throw them away. If you happen to be in a compartment of a long-distance train, just notice how your fellow-passengers are armed with reading for the journey. You will find that the daily newspapers, sixpenny reprints, magazines, and popular journals almost evenly divide their favours. If two

passengers out of six have bought 'sixpennies' at the bookstall, you can see what an enormous sale this means for such literature. It does not matter whether our typical passengers are travelling first, or second, or third class; the 'sixpenny' holds its place from one end of the train to the other. Why, if the guard were not a man vastly occupied otherwise, he would probably be found to have a 'sixpenny' stowed away in that bag where he carries his signal-flags and other chattels.

When people are on a journey they read to make time pass quickly, for entertainment, and this applies generally to all readers of the 'sixpenny.' They get it to be amused, to be diverted, for relaxation; only, there is ever the smaller crowd who read for information, and there the 'sixpenny' has also been equal to the occasion. Many books classical in literature, famous in religious thought, high-placed in the scientific progress of the time, have been printed as 'sixpennies' and have sold widely. Those which have religion, in some form, for their subjects have come next in popularity to stories pure and simple. We live in an age when humanity is curious about the eternities as well as about itself, when men and women are keen for information; and when they can buy, really for fourpence-halfpenny, some work which appeals to this instinct they do it. Probably that work is not thrown under the railway seat, but is taken home and read and again read.

Allowing for that, it is the novel which is the backbone of the commerce in the sixpenny reprint, and there we come to its latest and largest development. In other words, novels which make a great success are now issued at sixpence within a short period of their first appearance. There can scarcely be a popular novel of the past ten years which you cannot buy at sixpence, or, at all events, they are few and far between; the vital point being that a royalty has to be paid by the publisher of such a 'sixpenny' to its author, whereas if it were a case of Waverley or Oliver Twist, or any other master romance of the past, there would not be that extra expenditure to contend with in producing the 'sixpenny.' It is, then, a test of how cheaply the papercovered volume can be put into the hands of the reader that it can bear this charge and still be profitable. The living author who has a popular story issued in sixpenny form could not get less than a farthing a copy of royalty. If he be a big man or woman, whose reputation justifies an edition of, say, a hundred thousand copies, he or she will probably get a halfpenny. Count up a hundred thousand halfpennies and you have a sum which would represent a year's salary to many a hardworking professional man. No book can very well be issued at sixpence unless it is sure to have a sale of fifty thousand copies, and some publishers fix the minimum for a 'sixpenny' at a hundred thousand copies.

It is not difficult to estimate what book will sell as a sixpenny reprint, because there is fairly

precise evidence to go upon. First, you assume an author who has the ear of the reading public; secondly, that the particular book which you propose to publish at sixpence has had a popular success at a more expensive price-has been hallmarked, as it were, by public approval; and, thirdly, you satisfy yourself that the elements of the story are of a kind which will directly appeal to the 'sixpenny reader.' The standing of your author and the previous hall-marking of his book give you a 'jumping-off place,' as was said about the Jameson Raid; but if the 'sixpenny' is to be a huge success its contents must be mixed in the right proportion. And what should these contents be? Well, you must have a story of the elemental human qualities, one that appeals directly to the heart, if need be, rather than to the mind of the reader. You must, in a sentence, have human drama or you will not win the suffrages and the sixpences of the multitude, which does not look for literary style, for fine phrases, for the language of a master of style. It seeks to be touched, to be made to feel, to be given a book which has the throb of living and of life.

The workaday world is ordinary and drab, and folk who live in it want, when they read, to be taken into another world, a different world; only it must always seem human and real. Nobody, not even the nursery-maid, wants gorgeous guardsmen and beautiful duchesses portrayed as if they were paper patterns. Everybody wants real people, the real romance of life; but, if it must be said, they prefer these decked out in a little sensation. Mrs Henry Wood's East Lynne, Wilkie Collins's Woman in White, and Charles Reade's Cloister and the Hearth are three novels typical of the qualities which make a triumphant 'sixpenny.' Or in the region of romance and adventure, take Mr Blackmore's Lorna Doone, which has sold successive big editions at sixpence, and which will go on selling others so long as print and paper can bring the doings of John Ridd into the mean streets of London and Glasgow and our other great cities.

There is scarcely any department of literature which has not been honoured by the patronage of the 'sixpenny.' It has even dallied with poetry, though there the frank confession must be made that it has scarcely achieved a large success. The truth is that the elect, the choice minority, who care for poetry desire to have it in a form which is permanent. The 'sixpenny' in its latest state is not to be despised for its print or for its paper, but the trouble is that you can scarcely hope to keep it in a decent state of preservation. It readily gets torn, and it gets dirty still more readily, and after a little you come upon it in this state and you incontinently fling it away. Good! the maker of 'sixpennies' will say, the salvation of the business, because it is clearing a path for other 'sixpennies; and that is just what happens. You might have a 'sixpenny' put into a cloth binding, and there is one man of our acquaintance who has almost collected a library of modern fiction in this manner.

He admits, however, that he might more wisely have spent the money, such an amount as it has been, in buying the dainty pocket editions, bound in all the which so terms one in the book shore.

in cloth, which so tempt one in the book-shops. Moreover, quite the most recent revolution in reprints is the 'sevenpenny'-'Scotland for ever!'admirably bound in cloth in pocket size, a revelation of the value that can be given for the money. We shall now have to speak of the 'sevenpenny' as well as the 'sixpenny;' but there is a clear-cut distinction between the two classes of book. What you buy for fourpence-halfpenny you buy to put under the railway seat when you have finished with it-the average man does that; what you buy for sevenpence you keep after you have read it, and very well worth keeping it is. The 'sixpenny' is a movable feast, something to be strapped into your portmanteau, while by tradition we place a certain material value on any volume that is bound in cloth, however little we may have paid for it. The position, then, of the 'sixpenny' is pretty secure against all comers, if only because you get back a penny-halfpenny out of sixpence when you buy it -three halfpennies, which will secure as many newspapers. At cheap sales most of the bargains are marked two shillings and elevenpence three-farthings or three shillings and elevenpence three-farthings, and so on, a charming trick which seems to reduce the price in an enticing way-especially to women. So with the 'sixpenny'-the change does it; and for that reason the woman-reader will always have a particular thought for the 'sixpenny.' Ask your nearest bookseller and he will tell you how a trifle of discount appeals to a woman. She may be so far removed from the majority of her sisters as to love books for themselves, and to be willing to sacrifice a little of her pocket-money on them instead of on lace for a pneumonia-blouse. But she remains a woman, and she likes to make a bargain, or, what is scarcely the same, to think she has

made it. The summer is the great season for the 'sixpenny,' although it now threatens to annex the whole year; and why not? It is when the sun shines, however, that it sells most thousands-nay, its millions. A simple explanation of this is that people are travelling more in summer, are going about more, and that they lay in a stock of 'sixpennies' to read when they go on their holidays. In this respect the 'sixpenny' has scarcely been a friend to the little subscription libraries which one finds in seaside watering-places; but then everything is not for the good of everybody even in this best of worlds. The 'sixpenny' was at first resented by the small librarian, and the bookseller was not enthusiastic over it, because he had to handle many copies to make a small profit. To-day the local librarian sells the 'sixpenny' to those visitors who have not provided themselves with it already, while most booksellers sell it by the score, and some issue lists of the books available at the magic figure.

A strange thing about the 'sixpenny' is that it

has, almost as a matter of course, to be printed in double columns, the result perhaps of nothing better than established fashion. It began its reign in double columns, did the 'sixpenny,' and people have grown so accustomed to a divided page that they take unkindly to one printed straight across. This is an instance of the surface prejudices of human nature even in regard to such inoffensive things as books. Do a thing for years on end in one manner and you revolt when somebody does it in another manner, even if the latter plan be better. But there is a second and a practical reason why the double column is all-prevalent in the 'sixpenny,' and that is the question which has cropped up so often of cost. The type of most 'sixpennies' is now set not type by type as in the case of a book, but by the linotype or one of the other time-saving inventions which have come into printing-offices during recent years. Machine-setting, as it is called, is more expeditious and therefore cheaper than hand-setting, and the man who buys his sixpenny for fourpencehalfpenny is deeply indebted to the science of modern mechanics. He has also reason to bless the advances made in processes for illustrating books, for these provide him in many cases with illustrated 'sixpennies.' The pictures may not always be things of beauty and a joy for ever, but at least they are pictures, and not at all bad pictures either, if it comes to that.

Certainly it is the Wonderful 'Sixpenny'wonderful in a hundred ways-and yet you meet people who shake their heads over it, and say it is bringing literature to the dogs; surely a very selfish view. It is better that books should be read in sixpenny form than that they should not be read at all, better that the mass of the people should have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of our masters of literature even in paper covers than that they should never know what those great masters have written. Once on a time the 'man in the street' -inevitable person-only knew the name of our great novelists as echoes, dimly and from afar; while at the beginning of the twentieth century he may buy their books for the equivalent of a tram-fare. Can it be doubted that he often does so even if, as a result, he may have to walk home after his day's work? The Scottish saying about the pursuit of literature on a little oatmeal meant the acquisition of books by a process of saving the pennies until enough had been got together to buy fairly expensive volumes. The sixpenny reprint is a new application of that famous saying, a new pursuit of literature on a little oatmeal. Thanks to it, you can walk in the golden fields of literature even if you be as poor as the proverbial Scotch student of the oatmeal legend. If you can afford to buy well-bound books, do so and thank God; but if you can only afford six pennies' you still have reason to be grateful. They are stepping-stones to higher things; and there we strike a serious note of the 'sixpenny,' as almost a department of the popular education of the country. True, as has been made perfectly clear, the average sixpenny reader is in quest of 'thrills' and recreation; but there is the other reader who, while not indifferent to amusement, is in search of knowledge bound in paper covers at sixpence, less a penny-halfpenny discount.

What, one asks fearfully, becomes of all the 'six-pennies' which are sold in the course of a year in these blest isles of ours? Many go out to the Colonies to brighten homes in the bush and on the prairie and in the far islands of the Pacific. Many more go into the homes of our own rural population, yet more are sold casually in large cities, and the greatest proportion, as has been seen, is consumed by the traveller on land and sea. And what is the end of

all the 'sixpennies' so distributed over the face of the globe, tons and tons and tons of paper and print? It is a weird thought.

One thinks of that sea of darksome fable to which all the wrecks of all the oceans are supposed to be drawn, and in which they sail, ghastly relics of their former selves, until they gradually drop one by one to the bottom—a dead man's sea. Is there such a place, somewhere on the face of the earth, to which the 'sixpennies' go, a Sahara where they are as numerous as its sands, and as lifeless? Or is it merely, and plainly, that they wear out, as clothes or boots do, and so disappear in dust and particles, which the four winds scatter?

RECENT DIGGINGS INTO THE RUBBISH-MOUNDS OF THE LONG PAST.

By SARAH WILSON.



OTHER EARTH has always quietly covered with a green growth the various unsightly accumulations left in rubbish-heaps by her children in the course of ages; and now antiquaries never tire of removing this

beautifying covering and bringing to light from depths below the various articles that were considered worthless and thrown away or abandoned hundreds and thousands of years ago. This is a pastime or pursuit common to the learned of most nations, for we hear of Danish scholars probing and sifting old prehistoric middens, of French antiquaries taking count of bones in caves in France, of archæologists of other nationalities dredging lakes for items from old dwellings upon piles in them, and exploring tombs in Egypt and sites in Jerusalem; and at the present day we are minutely and diligently examining rubbish-mounds in Sparta and in Oxyrhynchus. These last-mentioned tasks may not be crowned with the satisfaction of finding the sandal Jason lost as he went down to Iolcos or those Athene gave to Perseus, or castaway strings from the lyre of Orpheus, or tangled lengths of the clue of thread Ariadne gave Theseus, or other items from the old familiar stories; but the investigations yield actual belongings of the real people we always associate with the old Greek heroes and their gods and goddesses on high Olympus-the people who lived immediately before and after the commencement of the Christian era.

For some years wise and wide explorations have been made by the British School in Athens; and quite recently ancient Sparta has been laid bare, so to say, with the spade, and other excavations have been made in Boeotia and Palaikastro. The visit of the King and Queen to the scene of some of these operations last summer, combined with the world-wide attraction of the revival of the Olympian Games, has brought the interest of this

old-world quest home to us. Professor R. C. Bosanquet gave an account of the work of the past year to members of the School at their recent annual meeting in London, and mentioned the various investigations of the more experienced scholars in different directions. One student has taken two journeys of exploration in Asia Minor, in the course of which he came upon a well-preserved Roman bridge across the river Aesepus. Two others have journeyed through the Greek and Turkish islands, and collected manuscripts, and also took notice of a particular carnival in Thrace that seemed to have in it a survival of the cult of Dionysus. A fourth collected information concerning the development of Greek embroidery, which yielded fresh light upon that branch of art. A fifth has studied the arrangement of Greek drapery. The sculpture of Damophon has occupied the attention of another student, with the result that he has been invited by the Greek Government to help in the re-erection of that sculptor's colossal group at Lycosura. Another inquirer has looked into the circumstances of miraculous cures in pagan and early Christian churches. Many drawings of excavations have been made, plans of buildings made out, and the topography of the battle of Delion ascertained.

With regard to Sparta, it is shown that the modern town is not on the site of the ancient one, which is now covered with a light soil and laid out in gardens and fields, and has a mill-stream running through it, cut from the river Eurotes. When the Romans arrived on the scene after the place had been sacked by the Goths they must have found it without fortifications, for they built a wall round the Acropolis hill out of the materials ready to hand, as the inscriptions on it certify. Portions of this wall indicate its former height and the position of some of its gates. The explorers have been rewarded by finding evidence of an early temple in connection with a building that has

hitherto been considered simply a Roman theatre. Further, some boys playing about the stream mentioned found several small leaden figures, and when this clue was followed up a large deposit of similar items was found about eight feet below the surface. The mill-stream was diverted and about an acre and a half explored. There proved to be two layers of deposits. The upper or later one, to quote Professor Bosanquet, teemed with lead, gold, bronze, and ivory figures, and there was a large quantity of very curious terra-cotta masks; the lower yielded geometric pottery and exquisitely carved ivories, considered to be the work of the seventh century B.C. Some of these ivories had 'affinities' to those found at Ephesus. The little lead figures, from ten to fifteen thousand in number, represent various objects, such as a double axe, a chariot, a hunter, a rider, goddesses, and Pan. The masks are chiefly grotesque, some life-size and some so small as to have been only of use for offerings, and all chiefly remarkable for their large hooked noses, as probably indicating a characteristic in these features of the old Spartans. It is thought likely they were used in mystery-plays in the temple.

Of equal interest are the accounts given by Dr B. P. Grenfell and Dr A. S. Hunt of the explorations at Oxyrhynchus. For five seasons workmen, lately a hundred in number, have systematically opened mounds on this site and brought to light an enormous quantity of papyri, chiefly letters, accounts, contracts, and official documents; till at

last, one evening just at sunset, they came upon a whole basketful of writings of a literary character that had apparently been thrown away out of a scholar's library two thousand years ago. Most of them had been torn up, but there were a couple of scores of rolls containing entire columns identified as belonging to the second or third century. Two of these manuscripts are stated to be works of Pindar and Euripides. A portion of a second classical library was found a few days afterwards, larger in quantity, but more broken up, some of the fragments having but a few letters upon them. This collection includes lines of the works of Sappho, among other poets. The same mound in another part, twenty-five feet deep, yielded first and second century documents, interspersed with literary pieces all too much affected by damp to be continuously deciphered before they are cleaned. Our authorities mention, moreover, the recovery of pages from fourth to sixth century books of papyrus or vellum from a Byzantine mound, among which is a vellum leaf with lines on it from a manuscript of a lost gospel. The fragment relates particulars of a visit of Jesus to the Temple of Jerusalem, when a Pharisee reproached Him and His disciples for not performing the ceremony of purification on entering it, as he had done; and Jesus replies with an explanation of the superiority of inward to outward purity. Some hundreds of boxes of the fragments found in the mounds opened have been sent to London, and more excavations are intended.

SCIENCE AND ARTS. MONTH: THE

EXPLOSIONS UNDER ROADWAYS.



HE newspapers make frequent reference to somewhat mysterious explosions which occur without any warning in the underground connection-boxes of electric-light and power systems. It is usually ex-

plained that an accumulation of coal-gas due to leakage from adjacent gas-mains has been accidentally fired by a spark from the electric conduits. Thus the electric light companies shift at least half the responsibility upon their special enemies the gas companies, and the explosions continue to occur, to the great discomfort and even danger of the innocent wayfarer. However, if a recent discovery is to be credited, the electric companies must bear all the blame themselves for these mysterious accidents. Dr Bassett, speaking before the Society of Chemical Industry, placed on record a case of the production of metallic potassium and sodium by the electrical leakage from a subterranean cable of which the insulation had become faulty. The leakage occurred at a point where the negative cable had been joined, and, according to Dr Bassett, the

electrolysis of the surrounding water containing potassium and sodium salts had resulted in the production of a liquid alloy of the two metals. As everybody knows, either of these two metals will burst into flame if brought into contact with water; and as it is evident that during the electrolytic process considerable quantities of hydrogen must have been formed at the same time, all the materials for an explosion were ready to hand. The inference is that the coal-gas mains are innocent in connection with many of these underground explosions. Electrical leakage through moisture must result in the electrolytic decomposition of the water, and the product must be oxygen and hydrogen gases mixed in the most explosive proportions Given a connection-box or other fitting in which the explosive mixture can accumulate, the smallest spark would precipitate an explosion, and even the spark would be unnecessary if either sodium or potassium in the metallic form had also been produced by electrolysis in even the smallest quantities.

A LEAD-EATING INSECT.

Apropos of the leakage from electric wires supposed to be thoroughly insulated, a discovery is

reported to have been made in Chicago which throws a suggestive light upon the subject. According to a recent number of Popular Mechanics, an innocent-looking little insect has developed an appetite for lead. It is suggested that its ultimate goal is the india-rubber insulation inside the lead; but this implies either an intimate knowledge by the beetle of electrical engineering methods or an eyesight keener even than that which Sam Weller disowned on a historic occasion. However that may be, the beetle is reported to have been discovered in the act of gnawing its way through the lead covering of some telephone wires in a Chicago stockyard; and as it is hardly likely that it would discriminate between telephone wires and those conveying a current of higher potential, it seems probable that this beetle-if, in truth, it really exists-might easily be the cause of fires by destroying the insulation of electric-light wires. Aluminium has been suggested as a substitute for lead in order to resist the ravages of this beetle; but perhaps it would be as well to know something more of the insect and to have its credentials very thoroughly examined before giving way to panic in the matter of insulated cables.

OZONE.

This peculiar gas, whose health-giving properties are vaguely believed in by everybody, bids fair to come into the active service of mankind in hundreds of ways hitherto undreamed of. It is described by chemists as an allotropic form of oxygen. While a molecule of oxygen is said to consist of two atoms, one of ozone consists of three, and this extra atom endows the gas with special and valuable properties. Ozone is willing to cast off its extra atom, as it were, and to revert into ordinary oxygen on very slight provocation. It is thus an exceedingly powerful oxidising agent, whose value is only gradually becoming recognised in a great number of industries. Now that ozone can be produced in very large quantities and at small cost by the action of the silent discharge of electricity upon ordinary air, it may be expected to take a prominent position in numerous arts and industries and in hygiene. An exceedingly interesting and complete paper upon ozone, its properties, production, and various uses, was read before the Franklin Institute in March last by Mr James Howard Bridge; and those who desire further knowledge of this valuable gas are referred to the published reports of the lecture.

ANOTHER USE FOR CONCRETE.

Concrete is one of those things for which new and unexpected applications are constantly being found. The latest application hails from America, where concrete has been successfully used in repairing the breaks in the hull of a sunken steamer, so that the vessel might be salved. The George W. Elder was sunk in the Columbia River, and remained under water for many months. It had struck on a sunken rock and torn several holes in

its iron hull, one hole being thirty-five feet across. The rock projected into the hold through this hole nearly eleven feet, and neither it nor the vessel could be moved. In salving the vessel, the divers built a bulkhead forward of this break and another aft. They then placed heavy canvas over the rock which projected into the ship, and daubed concrete over the canvas until it was heavily covered. A big concrete beam placed across the vessel served to support this concrete dome against the outside pressure of the water. The other and smaller holes were similarly treated, the water pumped out of the hold, and the vessel floated and towed in safety to a dry dock forty miles away. According to the contract, the salvage firm was to receive six thousand pounds if successful, but nothing in case of failure. The wreck had been originally sold for about two thousand pounds, and the cost of the repairs was about four thousand pounds. When the ship was ready for service an offer of over thirty thousand pounds was made for her.

A CURIOUS GAS-MANTLE.

According to a report in a German paper, an ingenious inventor has applied for a patent for an incandescent gas-mantle of a distinctly novel sort. The gas-burner is a modification of the Bunsen type used in ordinary incandescent systems, and the mantle is nothing more or less than an ordinary egg-shell, and its preparation consists merely in making a good-sized hole at each end. The eggshell is placed entirely over the burner, and the flames impinge upon it from the inside, so that it becomes brilliantly incandescent. It is reported that the glowing egg-shell spreads an agreeable and pleasing light. If the results are good, this new method of illumination should be popular, for it is obvious that the mantles can be renewed by anybody with very little trouble and expense, but it is difficult to see exactly where the patentee expects to find his remuneration. The patent is said to be specially applicable to acetylene gas.

THE WELLMAN POLAR EXPEDITION.

Whether Mr Walter Wellman be successful or not in his determined attempt to reach the North Pole by air-ship, the attempt will be memorable if only for the gigantic scale on which all the details are being carried out. The balloon itself is the largest ever built, with the one exception of that constructed by Count Zeppelin. Its capacity is two hundred and sixty-five thousand cubic feet of gas, which gives a total lifting-force of nineteen thousand five hundred pounds. Some idea of what this means may be gathered by glancing at a few of the things which are to be carried to the North Pole and back. The car consists of a framework of steel tubing one hundred and fifteen feet long, ten feet high, and eight feet broad. The bottom or keel of the car is formed by a steel tank eighteen inches in diameter and running its full length, and this tank is designed to contain twelve

hundred gallons of petrol. The motor for propelling the ship is of seventy horse-power, and has a weight of nine hundred pounds. Then there is the weight to be considered of a dozen men and as many dogs, and a sufficient number of sledges to bring the party back again across the ice if for any reason they are unable to return by air-ship. Added to this is some three thousand pounds of food, sufficient to enable the crew of the air-ship to subsist for about ten months on their own supplies. It is calculated that the weight carried will diminish at the rate of about six hundred pounds a day by the consumption of petrol and food, &c., while the loss of lifting-power by leakage of gas should not exceed one hundred and fifty pounds in the same period. There should thus be a nett gain of liftingpower of about four hundred and fifty pounds per diem; and as it is considered a pity to waste the gas and throw away good fuel, arrangements have been made to consume the surplus hydrogen in the motor so as to economise petrol. Mr Wellman contradicts the impression that the expedition made an attempt last year and failed. It was never intended to make an attempt upon the Pole last year unless the preparations progressed so rapidly as to make it advisable. In the course of the experiments various improvements suggested themselves, and it was deemed prudent to take every possible precaution against failure, and to leave the actual journey until this summer.

BORING THROUGH QUICESAND.

In the issue of Chambers's Journal for October of last year a suggested means of tunnelling beneath the beds of rivers was described. The idea was to bore a small pilot-tunnel, and then freeze the surrounding moist sand solid so that it could be worked without danger of the tunnel collapsing from the pressure of water overhead or bursting through the counterbalancing pressure of air within. A similar method of dealing with quicksand has been employed with signal success in the sinking operations at the new Dawdon Colliery, Seaham Harbour, where the main coal-seam has been reached at a depth of one thousand three hundred and seventy-one feet. The shafts had to be sunk for a considerable depth through what was virtually a quicksand. In order to make it possible to sink the shafts through this material, Messrs Gebhardt and Keonig, of Nordhausen, the contractors, undertook the freezing of the ground to a depth of nearly five hundred feet. Twenty-eight small boreholes were made in a circle around the ground to be frozen, and sunk to a depth of four hundred and eighty-four feet, and a double tube was inserted to the full depth of each hole. Intensely cold brine was then pumped down the central tube in each of the borings, and forced upwards through the outer tube, which was in contact with the moist earth. The freezing operation was continued for one hundred and eighty-five days at one of the shafts, while at the other the solid ice was over a

year in forming. The ground around the shafts was maintained in a frozen condition for a sufficient time to enable the shafts to be sunk; and at a depth of three hundred and seventy-one feet, where the sand was first encountered, it was found to be frozen so hard that it resembled hard gray freestone, and blasting had to be employed throughout the deposit.

THE NAOSAURUS.

One of the most remarkable beasts which ever dwelt upon this wonderful globe has been laboriously reconstructed bit by bit by Professor Henry F. Osborn of the Department of Vertebrate Palæontology in the Museum of Natural History, New York. The main parts of the skeleton were found by Mr Charles Steinberg in 1896 in north-western Texas. The arranging of the various portions of the very elaborate fossil skeleton, and supplying missing parts, in the almost complete absence of any reliable data to go upon, was a remarkable achievement calling for the very highest skill. The result is the bony framework of a mammoth lizard eight and a half feet long, having a huge fin-like structure upon its back in the form of immense projections on each of the vertebræ. These projections bear a faint resemblance to the square-rigged masts of a ship, and the weird beast has been christened the ship-lizard in consequence. Science is absolutely at a loss to explain the use of this immense dorsal structure, and only a few wild guesses have been advanced to account for it. The naosaurus was a carnivorous reptile, and judging from his formidable array of tiger-like teeth, he must have been a very ugly customer to encounter at close quarters. He lived-so they say who have studied him-some twelve million years ago. The age of mammals is reckoned as occupying some three million years, in which the fifty thousand years of the age of man is comparatively negligible. It is a wonderful thought that after the lapse of a hundred and twenty thousand centuries this strange creature's bones should have been built up again-probably not absolutely correctly-and mounted for exhibition in a New York museum.

HYDRAULIC AIR-COMPRESSION.

A singularly direct method of converting water-power into compressed-air-power for use in driving the various machinery of a mine is in operation at the Victoria Mine in the northern part of Michigan. Instead of the water-pressure being utilised to drive a turbine, and thereby actuate an air-compressing plant, the water itself compresses the air directly without the mediation of any machinery whatever. In this way much expense of maintenance is avoided and a far higher degree of efficiency obtained. The Scientific American states that a loss with a water-turbine of 10 or 12 per cent. would be remarkably good efficiency, while there would be a further loss of at least 30 per cent. in converting the power into compressed air. But in the hydraulic

air-compressor in question the total loss is said to be only 18 per cent. At a point on the Ontonagon River where there is an available head of water of seventy-one feet, a vertical shaft has been sunk through the solid rock to a depth of about three hundred and fifty feet, where it ends in a vast subterranean chamber. From the bottom of this immense underground cavern another tube slopes upwards to the tail-race some two hundred and eighty feet above. Through the first-mentioned vertical shaft the water pours in headlong torrents, carrying with it myriads of air-bubbles drawn from the atmosphere above through an immense number of tiny tubes by the suction of the stream. As the water traverses the subterranean lake in the cavern the air-bubbles rise to the surface, and the air is trapped in the domed roof of the chamber, while the water flows away up the inclined tunnel into the tail-race above. It will be seen that the vast quantity of trapped air in the chamber is held at a pressure of one hundred and fourteen pounds to the square inch, due to the difference in level of the water in the cave and that in the tail-race. An ingenious device serves to cut off the supply of air at the intake when the pressure in the air reservoir exceeds this amount. The compressed air is led from the chamber through a twenty-four inch pipe to the mine, where it is distributed to the various points at which the power is required. At the Victoria Mine there are three intake shafts, each fed with air by eighteen hundred little tubes of three-eighth inch diameter. When all are working, five thousand horse-power is developed and available for use in driving the machinery of the mine. One great advantage of this system of compression is that the large amount of heat always liberated when air is subjected to pressure is carried off by the surrounding water, so that the system is practically isothermal.

NOTES ON DOMINICA.

From a little book, Notes upon the Island of Dominica, by Mr Symington Grieve (A. & C. Black), we learn that, with its noble forests and temperate climate, it is one of the most delightful and charming places in the world. There are people who, having travelled over the globe in search of health, have found it here at last, and discovered that life was worth living. There is a heavy rainfall, but the temperature seldom reaches ninety degrees Fahrenheit, and ranges from seventy degrees to eighty degrees on the coast. Roseau, the chief town (with a population of about six thousand), is the hottest place in the island, the total population of which is slightly over thirty thousand. Mr Grieve gives information on the fauna and flora, with hints for intending British settlers and the investment of British capital. Blenheim and Picard, the cocoa-estates of Messrs Rowntree of York, are the largest estates in Dominica. Coffee and sugar seem to have fallen out of cultivation; but limes, oranges, cocoa,

bananas, tobacco, rubber, mangoes, and various spices all do well. Mr Grieve writes with high appreciation of the white men settled there, who can of course only develop the island by aid of the black men and their wives and families. There are no dangerous wild animals, although the interior is almost without roads and covered with primeval forest.

LIGHTING AND EXTINGUISHING STREET LAMPS AUTOMATICALLY.

What is known as the Bamag system of lighting or extinguishing gas-lamps simultaneously is being tried at Rochester and Newcastle-on-Tyne, where six dozen lamps have been fitted with the apparatus, which so far has proved successful. The lamps are lighted simultaneously by the simple action of increasing the pressure of the gas for a few minutes as it enters the main at the governorhouse, and they are extinguished in the morning by a similar operation. A portion of the lamps can be extinguished at midnight or at any other time determined on. This pressure gas-lighter is actuated by a gas-pressure wave given from the gasworks by means of the governor or an auxiliary device. It consists of a strong iron case fixed beneath the burner. The case contains a diaphragm, the motion of which is utilised to turn on the gas; the by-pass flame is regulated by a set-screw. is made in Berlin, but the London agent is Mr M. Schwab, 40 Sydenham Park, London, S.E. The system of Dr Rostin of Berlin is in use at Tottenham and Edmonton, and is said to be a success. Messrs Alder & Mackay, Edinburgh, have their system also, and there are several others. An apparatus for a similar purpose has been patented by Mr James Hepburn, plumber, Moffat, which also either lights the lamps automatically or reduces the flame to a small pilot light. Any of these devices, if successfully introduced, would have the effect of rendering the lamplighter superfluous.

THE TOURIST'S INDIA.

Last year Mr Eustace Reynolds-Ball contributed an article, 'The Complete Tourist in India' (page 420), in which he gave an interesting and accurate bird's-eye view of that subject. Now he has published a volume, fully illustrated, with excellent map, The Tourist's India (Swan Sonnenschein and Company), which presents an epitome of all that is most picturesque and interesting in the beaten lines of traffic most affected by tourists. It appears that the fashion of going eastward towards the end of autumn by people of means and leisure, to spend the winter months in India, is becoming more marked every year. It is beginning to take the place, with some, of the Riviera and Egypt, the latter country, although overridden by the tourist, seeming 'intended by nature to be the world's sanatorium.' The Indian season for the traveller may begin in October and last till March. For those in robust health, India-which has an epitome over its vast

continent of all the climates of Europe-is most delightful and profitable, for invalids dangerous, and for quasi-invalids doubtful. The chief dangers to the European, so far as climate is concerned, proceed from chills. The great show-cities afford abundant interest of a historic, archæological, and artistic kind. There is presented in this volume information of the most varied and useful sort. Ideal motoring can be had, and the road between Calcutta and Peshawar of fourteen hundred miles has the finest long-distance cycling track in the world. Travancore also affords good tracks. Mr Ball is sensible on racial prejudices, which he traces to an inherent antipathy between white and black, and a failure to assimilate. A list of authorities is given for the sake of those who wish to read more discursively on the subject. Under 'Babuisms' we have the following: 'A Hindu clerk in a small Indian city had permission to keep two cats to keep down the rats, which were damaging Government papers. The head office at Calcutta received this despatch : "I have the honour to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do?" No answer came, and in a few days the Hindu sent off this proposal: "In re absentee cat. I propose to promote the junior cat, and in the meantime to take into Government service a probationer cat This clerk, who had learned on full rations." his red-tape lesson so well, surely also deserved promotion!

DUST AND VENTILATION SCREEN.

In these days the dust problem, especially to those who live near a highway with much motorcar and other traffic, is a serious one indeed; and anything that will lead to its mitigation ought to be welcome. Messrs Smith, Fletcher, & Company, of 172 High Street, Edinburgh, have put on the market a dust and ventilation screen which is easily adaptable to any window, and may be inserted either at top or bottom. The fresh air is freely admitted, the force of the wind is broken, while flies, wasps, and motor dust are kept outside. The screen is made of fine mesh wire-gauze, in a metal-bound frame, and, being telescopic, can be adjusted to various sizes of windows.

SEASONING BAMBOOS.

Bamboos play a very important part in the life of the Indian people, being an almost never-failing accompaniment to materials for household furniture. As the majority of the people, the Indian Textile Journal remarks, live in cottages, bamboos have not a little to do with the forming of their thatched or tiled houses. Hence the value of the bamboo is very great. The loss to the people when such an article is made worthless by the beetle is very great indeed. Mr E. P. Stebbing, of the Agricultural Department, has a suggestion to make in order to prevent deterioration in the quality and (what is more) to prolong the life of bamboos. The method has been determined

after performing a number of experiments. His recommendation is that, in order to protect the bamboos, they should be soaked for five days in water and be allowed to dry for several days in a covered shed, and after drying should be soaked for forty-eight hours in common Rangoon oil. Bamboos treated in this manner were used for the field-telegraph posts in the Tibet Mission, and remained unattacked. As the result of the experiments and observations made, it may be taken that the oil-treatment prolongs the effective life of the bamboo by at least two and a half years, which, considering how largely bamboos are used in India, means by the prolongation of their usefulness a large monetary saving.

SUMMER DREAMS.

Sing to me, sweet, of the summer days When we wandered hand-in-hand O'er the gorse-clothed hills by a slumb'ring sea, Dreaming in Love's Homeland!

Sing of the dreams we spun, my sweet-Dreams of a future gay-Where our castles, built in the summer mists, Were ne'er to crumble away!

So we said; and the swallows seemed to mock, As they darted to and fro Where the streamlet slept in the wood's embrace In the green vale far below.

What did we care though the summer world Should laugh at our castles fair! Hope was enough to build the walls, And Love was dwelling there.

Sing to me, sweet, of those summer days Which can ne'er return again; The gray mists hide our castles fair, O'er the hill blows summer rain.

Ere the mists have covered the vale and hills At the close of the summer day, Sing to me, sweet, just once again Of the dreams that have passed away! MURIEL RAIKES BROMAGE.

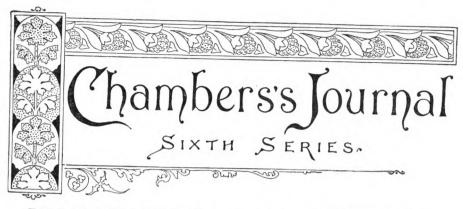
. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

at. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

Srd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice of otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in will.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE ROMANCE OF FLOATING DOCK. \mathbf{A}

By Andrew Marshall, Author of Comedy East and Tragedy West, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Some shallow story of deep love .- The Two Gentlemen of Verona.



O one of the twenty American republics is more generously endowed by nature than Moyocuil. It is warmed by a tropical sun, cooled by the perennial snows of its sierras,

and refreshed by the showers which the trade-wind-punctual as a Scotch gardenercarries unfailingly to its valleys. Its forests are always dressed in green, its flowers bloom throughout the year, the young leaves push the old ones off, and blossoms and fruit hang together on the trees. The seasons are mingled into a perpetual summer, which is also a perpetual spring and autumn. Winter alone is unknown. The lazy Moyocuileño rouses himself once in a while to tickle old mother earth with a hoe, and she is ready to laugh with a harvest before he has lounged many weeks away.

This earthly paradise, where every prospect pleases and man alone is vile, used, as everybody knows, to be torn by political factions. It was from it that the French consul's wife wrote to her sister, 'I take out baby in the evenings when there isn't a revolution.' But Moyocuil is now as peaceful as Kilkenny, and bloodshed is only resorted to for purely private ends. The reason is that, on the advice (enforced with cannon) of an astute president, the factions have sunk their differences to adopt one common policy. That policy is a simple and yet compendious one. It is euphuistically called 'The Introduction of Foreign Capital.' The Moyocuileños find themselves growing rich under it, and have nothing to fight about. Certain financiers in London and New York are also growing rich by means of it, and so too imagine themselves a great many foreign bondholders. But these last have as yet only grown rich in hope, which, as the native proverb says, is a good article and cheap, only you can't cook it.

Moyocuil, however, has got railways, and telegraphs, and electric light, and tramways, and acre-No. 505. - Vol. X.

wide market-places roofed with English plate-glass supported on German steel pillars. She has got an army (barefooted, to be sure, but armed with Mauser rifles), and a navy-of a sort. But the coast-line of Moyocuil and her sea-borne commerce are not yet important.

At the end of the nineteenth century the effective navy of the Free and Sovereign Republic consisted of two barges and a second-hand French gunboat. This last vessel, which was named the Libertador, was accustomed to lie at anchor for three months in the harbour of Puerto Nacional, and then ramble comfortably down the coast to lie for three months in the harbour of Alacrán, looking out the while for smugglers from beyond the republican frontier. The tropical waters in which she floated swarmed with life, and after a while her hull became encrusted with a marine collection which so impeded her progress that her nominal ten knots an hour were reduced to a bare four and a half, and the contrabandistas found it scarcely worth while to bribe her officers any more. These worthy men, whose insignificant pay was always spent in anticipation and received in arrear, complained to the Minister of Marine. The Minister, after taking counsel with a visitor of alien race, resolved that the remedy should be a floating dock. He laid the matter before the Cabinet, pointing out that other naval powers had floating docks in which ships could be refitted and have the barnacles scraped off. He also laid before the Cabinet certain other considerations even more convincing, which were not made public; and it was unanimously resolved that a floating dock should be built.

The contract was given to the famous firm of Levi & Solomonson, for reasons. They had bribed highest, and bribed in the proper quarter; and they were willing to receive payment partly in the customary 'concessions,' and partly in Moyocuilean bonds (at a suitable discount), having facilities, through other great firms of their nation, for the disposal of these securities in the European markets.

[All Rights Reserved.]

AUGUST 3, 1907.

Messrs Levi & Solomonson then, having thus arranged matters with the Government of Moyocuil, and having received their guarantees, their concessions, and their first instalment of bonds, sent a representative skilled in the ways of South American republics to take a general charge of the business, and one of their clever young engineers to superintend the practical work of the construction of the dock. Neither of these gentlemen had had anything to do with the original bargain between the high contracting parties. That belonged to another department of the business under the direct personal control of its chiefs.

This story only concerns the young engineer He was known among his whom they sent. friends as Jim Sandford, and officially as James Robert Sandford, B.A. Cantab., M.I.C.E., &c. He had been engaged for a year or two on the firm's work in Spain, and had a fair knowledge of the language of the country; but he was ambitious of employment on one of its great South American undertakings, and had applied for and got the post of constructing engineer of the Moyocuil floating dock in order to familiarise himself with transatlantic Spanish and the ways of the Latin American.

Sandford, with a modest outfit and a medicinechest, arrived at Puerto Nacional (which used to be Puerto Real before the revolution) by the mailsteamer which calls there on its way south; and Brandon, his colleague, Messieurs Levi & Solomonson's financial representative, who had already been in the country some months, went out in a boat and brought him ashore. After leaving his luggage at the hotel, they dined at the Lonja Mercantil, spent the afternoon in bringing up to date their knowledge of each other's affairs and of common friends, and in the evening went and sat on one of the coral benches in the plaza to listen to the band, and to see Puerto Nacional society taking its daily promenade under the electric lamps.

They smoked the excellent cigars of the country and discussed the merits of different tobaccos while they watched the separate circles of promenadersladies and gentlemen strictly apart and moving in opposite directions, the ladies in the inner circle. They saw the dark-eyed girls, innocent of hats or corsets, in their freshly starched muslins-some with artificial roses, some with living fire-flies, stuck in their dusky hair-as they swam along in pairs and trios, a few gaily chattering, but the majority silent and self-conscious; and their talk turned to the subject of women.

'I sometimes wonder,' said Brandon, 'if one of these beauties would think of marrying a respectable foreigner.'

Sandford removed the cigar from his mouth, shook his head, and emphatically answered, 'Heaven forbid!'

There was a slight crash behind them at a little table where one or two ladies and gentlemen were seated. A glass had fallen, and, amid some laughter

and low-voiced banter in Spanish, a waiter came and picked it up. Sandford scarcely noticed the interruption, and continued to speak. On things of real importance—his work, his plans in life, his family, his religion-he was instinctively reticent; but on indifferent matters, such as politics-of which he did not know much-and women in general-of whom he knew next to nothing at all -he would state his views with the freedom of irresponsibility and the confidence of ignorance.

'A man,' he said, 'should marry a girl whom he knows well, and whose people he knows well, or he may have to pass his life with-perhaps a fool, per-

haps worse.'

"God Almighty made them to match the men," quoted Brandon.

'The women here for the men here, then, but not for you or me. An Englishman should marry an English girl-yes, and one in his own set, too.'

'Well,' said Brandon, flicking the ash carefully from his cigar, 'I dare say it might be comfortable; but when I see, if I ever do, a girl I wish to marry, if she happens to be a foreigner I'll have to consider how much I care for her'-

'You won't care for her if you stop in time,' said Sandford; 'and you can always stop in time.'

'Can you?' said Brandon.

'Easily,' answered Sandford.

'Authorities seem to differ about that.'

'What authorities?'

'Oh, well, Shakespeare, for example, and-and Browning, you know.

'Oh, bar poetry. Life is prose.'

But here Brandon's attention was interrupted by a movement of the party behind them, who were rising. When they were out of hearing he turned to Sandford. 'That was the Comandante,' he said, 'and his wife, with some friends.'

'Does he understand English?' asked Sandford.

The Comandante's party joined the promenaders. As they passed, Brandon stood up and took off his hat, and Sandford followed his example. One of the ladies returned Brandon's bow.

But Sandford only saw her companion, a young girl. She was different from the crowd of blackhaired, black-eyed young women, with chocolateand-cream complexions, who were passing along She was taller, her hair was chestnut, and, though her eyelashes were dark, her eyes were blue, and there was a delicate pink under the ivory of her cheeks. He had seen chestnut-haired, blue-eyed men and women in Spain, but had not expected to see one among the mixed race of Spanish America

The girl was dressed in white, and, instead of a bonnet or hat, which indeed none of the ladies had, she wore the scarf which is called the rebono. Hers was of some pale, amber-coloured silk texture. It covered the back of her graceful head, and had an end lightly thrown over her shoulders.

She met Sandford's look gravely, neither appear ing to stare blandly through him at something in the distance beyond, nor instantly turning away her glance. Instead, her eyes and his held each other for a moment or two, almost as if with recognition. Sandford stopped breathing. The girl grew rather pale.

The two friends did not sit down again after the ladies had passed. The crowd of promenaders was thinning fast, the band started the national hymn, and the cantina waiters began to clean the glasses.

'Come,' said Brandon, 'it is time to go to bed. We do not keep late hours here, and we have an early start to-morrow.'

Sandford crept inside his mosquito curtains and laid his head on his pillow. He was a little excited by the novelty of everything, but his nerves were as yet unjangled and he could sleep like a gipsy. He closed his eyes, but instead of going to sleep in a moment, as his habit was, he thought of the girl with the amber scarf. How enchantingly simple it was! And how absurd the fantastic things girls at home put on their heads! He recalled her eyes, and the look with which they had surely lingered on his. The remembrance made his heart beat faster. He felt his face grow hot, and calling himself a fool, he resolutely turned his thoughts to his journey of next day. Yet he could not keep them there. The girl's face kept coming back, and he lay awake a long time. But at last fatigue prevailed; his bed seemed to rock, as his cot had done for the last few weeks at sea, and he was asleep.

CHAPTER II.

HE hot sunshine streamed into Sandford's room, and he awoke as from a good dream, or like a man who has received some joyful news at night, and when he wakes in the morning cannot remember for a moment or two why he is so happy. Then he thought of the girl, and closed his eyes again that he might see the glance with which for a moment she had met his look. A clock outside struck five. It was time to rise, but he lay still trying to realise her image more distinctly. What was she like, then? She was like this—yes, like this—the scarf, the hair, the eyes. Her face came at his urgent effort and floated before him a moment. The clock struck a quarter past. He sprang up, astonished at his own thoughts, and more than half ashamed. The window of his room opened on a little balcony overlooking the plaza, and he unclosed it and looked out. The jays were screaming as they darted from tree to tree, the swallows twittered on the electric wires, a refuse-cart drawn by three mules rattled along the rough street, and the carrion vultures swooped down on it from the roof of the great church, one side of which was still in shadow. There was the seat on which he and his friend had sat, beside the broad black-and-white marble pavement. He drew back in annoyance. Could he not dismiss this 'native' girl from his mind? It was preposterous. He dressed quickly and went down to the street to have his morning coffee at fresco, as is the fashion in Puerto Nacional. Brandon was waiting for him.

'Good-morning, old fellow,' he said. 'You'll have to hurry. We row out to the Garapatas boat, and she starts at six.'

The dock, a huge structure of steel tanks, was to be built at Garapatas, some twenty miles up the majestic tideway of the Mariposas River. It might have been built more conveniently at its ultimate destination, and quite as easily at Alacran or Culebras. But these towns had each already received some of the good things that were goingharbour works, or a railway, or a custom-houseand in the republics of the New World it is understood that favours should go round. Garapatas accordingly was to get its turn. The building of the dock would mean the presence of two or three hundred workmen, and a proportionate number of foremen and directing engineers, chiefly foreigners, all with money to spend. They would have to be supplied with house-room, food, tobacco, amusement, and who could tell what else? They might be induced to buy all sorts of things, to invest in local adventures, to speculate, to gamble, even to purchase virgin land, the republic's staple commodity. Cash would circulate. There would be a general stimulus to life and traffic for a year at least, and a multitude of opportunities for individual gains, direct and indirect. Garapatas turned in its normal sleep and almost half awoke. Orders were sent to correspondents for tinned provisions and bottled liquors. Butcher-meat rose in price, and people began to try to fatten their goats so that they might pass for mutton. A new interest awoke in printed muslins and cheap looking-glasses. Energetic women, and even lazy ones, prepared to take in boarders. The town jail was enlarged. A subscription was set on foot for the rebuilding of the theatre, whose blackened walls had stood crumbling unheeded since the fire ten years before, a superfluous church having meantime been appropriated to the indispensable Thespian performances. And a person of extraordinary enterprise, greatly daring, started to build a hotel, which was completed about the time the grass had grown again on the mud slope over which the dock had been slid into the water.

Garapatas stands on the edge of a wide alluvial plain, and, like the house of the foolish man in the Scripture, is built upon the sand. A firm strip of greensward lies between the river and its long rows of dazzling white houses. Its streets are thickly grown with grass, which is never cut by the wheel of any vehicle, and its porticoed footways of red brick are raised a foot above the street. In the time of the late summer rains the river occasionally comes up over the grass and laps these side-walks, sometimes even spreading as far as the lagoon be-

hind the town, in which uncounted billions of mosquitoes breed. The dwellings and storehouses of the merchants face the river, and the traffic to and from the great canoes and the casual steamers is borne on the backs of men and mules.

The journey from Puerto Nacional gave Sandford time to recall that life is prose. So he had told Brandon. But now he told it to himself with a graver heart than when he had tossed the apophthegm lightly to his friend. He tried his best to banish from his mind the remembrance of the girl he had seen on the plaza at Puerto Nacional, but he was continually thinking of her. He reflected that it was unlikely he would ever see her again, and this gave him a satisfaction which covered a latent pang. He resolutely turned his mind to the details of his work, and immediately caught himself trying to recall her face to his memory. And he discovered, to his disgust, that he was every now and then drawing a deep breath, which he had to admit to his own soul was in the nature of a sigh.

Brandon and he arrived at Garapatas in the evening, and found a room at Doña Concha's boarding-house on the river front. The chamber was large and lofty. There was nothing between the red bricks of the floor and the red tiles of the roof, and the tiles overlapped, without touching, the high, thick, whitewashed walls, leaving a wide air-space for ventilation. The furniture consisted of an iron wash-stand, two wooden chairs, and two camp-beds. Each bed was but a couple of yards of canvas stretched on trestles, its mattress a thinly woven rush mat, the bed-clothes a thin cotton sheet six feet by three, and a light scarlet rug neatly folded and ready for the shivering lodger to draw over him in the early dawn, when the mercury sinks to seventy degrees and the cold awakes him. For one shivers in the dawn at seventy degrees after melting in the afternoon at one hundred and seven. On light frames were fixed the indispensable mosquito curtains. The buxom brown landlady, as she ushered the two into the room, professed a polite surprise to see the floor covered with an army of black ants. She called a dusky maid with bare feet and a pink paper rose in her hair, who brought a can of petroleum, which she poured on the bricks, and while the enemy wallowed in the flood she quickly set it alight. The holocaust only occupied a few moments, the ashes of the martyred were swept out, and Doña Concha expressed the hope that her guests would now be comfortable.

Next morning Sandford, accompanied by Brandon, went down to the scene of his work. A short distance below the town a wide space had been cleared beside the river, with a gentle slope to the water's edge. Here the dock was to be built and launched. The steel frames and plates had not yet arrived from England, and the bulk of the workers too were still to come; but the foreman and a junior engineer who was to be Sandford's assistant were there, most of the needed sheds and machinery had

been set up, and there was some show of activity in

preparation. Grounded on the bank of the river were several rafts of timber which had been brought downstream to build the capacious scaffolding required. One or two logs had been hauled up to the sawmill, and were in process of being squared.

'I should like you to look at this wood, Mr Sandford,' said one of the foremen.

Sandford examined it. It was light, spongy, and

'This is useless,' he said. 'Our scaffolding may have to stand a year. This will rot before the end of the rains. Who supplies it?'

'I gave the contract,' said Brandon, 'to a merchant here. His name is Diego Lopez. He was recommended by the Minister of Marine, he added with a slight smile. 'The contract is all right, I assure you. It stipulates for sound cedar logs.

'I shall look up Don Diego this afternoon, said

When they returned for Doña Concha's eleven Sandford. o'clock dinner they found a peon waiting at the door. He held a handsome horse by its halter. Taking off his hat and bidding the gentlemen goodday, he led forward the horse, and said to Sandford, Don Diego begs you to accept him, senor, with his

Sandford looked at the horse. It was a grey compliments.' with black points, a fine specimen of the race, perfect in temper, pace, and endurance, which has descended from the barbs brought to America by the Spanish conquerors. Its Arab blood showed in its full eyes, small head, and light, strong legs. It was unshod, for the horses of the sandy plains need no shoes. Over a gaudy folded blanket it had a great vaquero saddle heavily plated with silver, and, besides the new white halter, a tasselled headstall and a knotted bridle of twisted white and scarlet cord. Sandford's admiration showed in his face, and the peon smiled in sympathy.

But a moment later Sandford's face flushed and his mouth hardened. He turned to Brandon.

'Do you understand this?' he asked.

'Is not this Don Diego the gentleman who sup-

'He is,' said Brandon, speaking in English, and plies the timber?' glancing round to see that no one besides the peon was within hearing. He lowered his voice and added, 'He of course bribed the Minister to recommend him for the contract, and now he proposes to bribe you to accept inferior wood."

'Well,' said Sandford, 'he has lost no time.

What does the rascal take me for?'

For such an one as himself. That is, a man of sense according to Moyocuilean standards. It is just as well that this has happened now, for the sooner you understand the ways of the people here the better. They respect themselves highly, I can assure you. Their civilisation is indeed but a varnish, and scarcely dry yet at that. They have

the same code of honour as ourselves. Don't imagine that they have not. And, being more or less Latins of a sort, they flaunt it more in your face than we do-in talk, that is, as you'll find. In practice—well, they're more simple and primitive than we perhaps are now. They are more like what we were in the days of the late Mr Samuel Pepys, whose famous Diary you may have read. Now this-gentleman (I won't mention his name in the peon's hearing) is a pushing fellow, and what he has done is considered quite legitimate here. You can't kick him,' he added, 'unless you want to get a knife in your ribs; and if you show yourself indignant he will only think you are acting a part for my deception, or that you are sticking out for a higher bribe.'

'I see,' said Sandford; 'and the moral is-?'

'Oh, practise the wisdom of the serpent. To quarrel would be utterly useless. You might as well quarrel with the law of gravitation.'

Sandford got out his writing-case, and after considering a little he wrote:

'MY DEAR SIR,—A thousand acknowledgments of your kindness in placing at my disposal a horse.

I have, however, no stable, and I must beg you to keep him in yours. When I need him I shall let you know.

'At the yard to-day I learned that the cedar logs purchased from you have not arrived. Some unsuitable wood has been delivered, no doubt in error. May I beg that you will remove it and hasten delivery of the cedar?—Your faithful servant,

'J. R. SANDFORD.'

He showed this note to Brandon, who nocided. Then he took it to the peon.

'The horse is a beauty,' he said.

'Si. señor.'

'Well, you see,' he continued, 'I have no stable. So you will take him back to Don Diego's stable now, and you will give Don Diego this note, and then you will do me a favour to go and drink a copita to my health—no?' and he put a dollar into the man's hand.

'Mil gracias, señor,' replied the peon, taking off his hat and showing a perfect set of teeth in a broad smile; 'I go to do it.' And bowing again, 'With permission, señor,' he said, and led the horse away.

(To be continued.)

LOVERS OF BOOKS.

By Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell.



OME months ago I happened to be at York, and visited there the Home for the Blind.

The building where the poor children are lodged is a beautiful old Stuart palace, and is known as the

King's Manor. There James I. rested with his Scottish train, on his road to London, and there later both Charles I. and the great Earl of Strafford lived. Over a door remain the Earl's arms quartered with those of royalty, and on the mantelpieces and over the lintels of the doors are carved the Royal Rose and the Thistle of Scotland.

Now the King's Manor alone has traditions of kings and queens, for it is given up, as I said, to little boys who are taught to make an honest livelihood by weaving osier-branches into shapes, and selling such as baskets. Whilst I was there the kindly master called a boy to his side. 'This lad is a great reader,' he said. 'What are his favourite books?' I inquired. 'The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*,' came back from the boy, and he looked at me and smiled out of his sightless eyes.

Thanks to those wonderful stories, the poor blind boy had stood by Andromache and Hector at the Scean Gate and had heard their last tender farewell. He had followed silver-footed Thetis, and had heard in his soul the forging of Achilles' mighty armour. He had wandered, I found, in heart, with Odysseus, and heard the Syrens sing; he had watched prudent Penelope, and had heard

the words of the nurse Eurycleia. Like Lord Macaulay, he had wept over the sorrows of Achilles and of Priam; and the characters and descriptions of an old ballad-maker who died nearly three thousand years ago had carried him out of his dull routine of basket-making, and had filled his soul with beautiful images and many gracious fancies.

From all time Homer has been the loved companion of noble souls. Alexander the Great, it is said, found once a beautiful casket amongst the treasures of Darius. He reserved it as a shelter for keeping his copy of Homer in, saying as he did so that he had ever found that author 'the faithfulest counseller in matters of war.' Montaigne loved him also. 'Are not our children,' he exclaims, 'still called by the names that he invented?'

My love of books is personal. I feel about them as if they must be conscious of slights and ill-usage. I cannot but marvel at the rashness of youth which dares to deface the learning and wisdom of all time. It hurts me to see Shakespeare crumpled up before the fire, Plutarch flung across the room, or to witness Bacon dog-eared, or Milton or Malory tattered or torn. It makes but little difference in what edition I find these master-spirits; they are always to me my loved masters, the dear friends of my happiest hours and the joys of my leisure moments. We all have, it is said, our special forms of stinginess. Dear lovers of their gardens hate to pick their flowers, careful people untie their parcels and

save the string, whilst Charles Darwin is said to have felt genuine displeasure with any one who threw away a spill into the fire after lighting a candle. And so I do not like to lend my books unless I am sure they will be treated with all reverence and due respect. I cannot bear to think that they will lie out on benches amid summer showers, or face in winter the ardent glow of roaring fires. Few people are honest about pencils or pins, almost none about books. 'Giving is dead,' wrote George Herbert, 'and restoring very sick.'

Amongst the malefactors of books, it is recorded that Thomson the poet spoilt his volumes by cutting them open with candle-snuffers, whilst Catherine of Medici counted upon poisoning Henry de Navarre by his well-known cubbish habits as far as books were concerned. 'He will lick his fingers in turning over the pages,' she is reported to have said, 'and so shall I be delivered of an enemy.' Hogg declared that Shelley, if lent a book, never returned it. 'To give Bysshe a book,' he wrote, 'is to take leave of it for ever.'

Books, like friendships, grow into our lives, modify and stimulate them, and are sometimes their brightest sunshine. It is curious to note how we change and what our tastes are at different ages. Not less curious is the change of fashion in books. Who would commit suicide now after reading Werther, or who would wish to model the education of his children on the teachings of Rousseau? I have a copy of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia by me. Who now condemned to die would carry it with him to the place of execution? Yet Charles I. found in it a strange consolation on the scaffold, and for this act excited the puritanical fury of Milton. It is now the fashion to read Kipling and Stevenson. Will they live, or fade as so many flowers of fiction have faded after their time? Who knows? Books to live must have something of all time in them, something that belongs to all generations, that is human, alive, vibrating, that belongs to both past and present.

Much of Sir Philip Sidney's fascination belonged to his time; but we can still imagine his personal charm, his stately gravity, his chivalry, and his holy death. We can even feel the shiver of the country's lyre when the news was known of his early death, and in our mind's eye see a whole nation clad in reverent mourning. But while the memory of the man is sweet, what his pen wrote is lifeless, faded, and rather matter for the student's eye than wholesome food for the ordinary reader.

Sometimes, as has been truthfully asserted, the simplest records live longest; and Madame de Sévigne's letters, mostly written with unpremeditated art to her daughter Madame de Grignan, have a charm which nothing can efface. They tell the tale of little nothings, of petty scandals, and of everyday occurrences; but they are as much alive as if they had been penned but yesterday, and they belong to the immortals. They are human, gay, and tender, real and witty, in turn, and will live as

long as the French language is spoken, as long as a charming woman can please and talk as well on paper as by word of mouth. 'L'homme est le même partout:' this is the secret of their perpetual youth and of the delight we all experience in reading them

One of the most devoted lovers of books was them. England's ten-days' queen, Lady Jane Grey. When only fifteen years of age Roger Ascham visited her. He found her alone, seated in her chamber with a volume of Plato open before her. 'She read it,' wrote Ascham, 'as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccasse.' When asked why she did not disport herself with the rest of her family in the park, she replied, 'I wis all their sport is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato.' This sweet child of tender years loved her hours of study. 'I think myself in Hell,' she said, 'till such time come when I must go to Mr Aylmer, when I think all the time nothing while I am with him;' and she declared with the strange gravity of the little Tudor maidens that 'al else but learning was full of grief, trouble, and fear.' Very learned was this slip of girlhood. Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, French, Italian, and English were all languages that she spoke or read. Hollingshed, in touching words, gives us the story of her death. 'A lieutenant led her forth,' he tells us, 'to the place of execution. When she appeared her countenance was nothing abashed, neither were her eyes moistened with tears. In her hand she carried a book wherein she prayed until she came to the scaffold.' He mourns over her death and over her many gifts both of learning and knowledge, and ends by saying 'she was as patient and milde as any lambe at her execution.'

This is not an age when men or women read much, or when books are often a living power to boy or girl. Few people would now cry with Cowley, 'Come, my best friends, my books, and lead me on;' or exclaim with Mrs Inchbald that books are 'the calmers as well as the instruction of the mind.' Hurry, games, and movement are the great forces that influence and stir the pulse of modern life; and as Sir Nathaniel says, 'Many have never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book.'

This was not always so. There was a time when men and women loved their books, devoted many hours to them, and found in them a companionship that did not wear out and that ended alone with life. Sir Thomas More, saint and scholar, loved his books exceedingly, and read them almost to the end. He is said to have begged those who carried them away from his cell 'to remove them with care and kindness.' When Erasmus heard of his death he wrote of him: 'He is dead whose breast was purer than snow, whose genius was excellent above all his nation.' Mary Queen of Scots is said to have loved her books deeply. It is told of her that she read favourite passages alond, whilst her Maries embroidered. Her best-loved

books she kept always at hand, and they went with her into her long captivity. One book in which there were some blank pages she reserved for her friends' and enemies' signatures. 'The Countess of Schreusbury' (as she transcribed herself) and Walsingham both wrote their names therein, to which were added the names of Fr. Bacon, Sussex, and the Earl of Nottingham, and in a shaky, trembling hand that 'of your most unfortunate Arbella Seymour.'

In the Middle Ages, we know, Lanfranc spent long hours with his books, as did Anselm, of whom it was written 'that he was chaste and lettered from childhood.' Lord Falkland pitied men 'who loved not reading on wet days.' Alas! had he lived now he would have to extend his pity to many. Of Charles V. of France it is recorded that he had a passion for reading. Tradition says that he had thirty chandeliers lighted in the chamber of the Louvre where his books were kept, so that he might read night or day as it pleased him.

James I., according to Rastell, 'was muche given to study,' and, if Burton can be believed, 'regretted that he had not been chained to one of the shelves

of the Bodleian Library.'

Montaigne, in writing to the Lady Diane of Foix, Countess of Gurson, wrote: 'Learning, joined with true knowledge, is an especial and graceful ornament, and an implement of wonderful use and consequence.' The writer of the famous Essays tells us that he did not seek 'to toss over books, but to read them for honest recreation, and above all to be guided by them how to die and how to live well.' Montaigne's books were nearly all classics. Virgil, Lucretius, Horace, and above all Plutarch's wonderful Lives were his storehouses of wisdom and of pleasure. Of more modern books, history, he tells us, was his special and favourite study, and it was with delight that he wrote of the memoirs of Eginhardt (Charlemagne's Chancellor), of Froissart's Chronicles, and of Philippe de Comines' Biography. Had Montaigne known the story of the Duke of Anjou's theft of our Edward III.'s copy of Froissart he doubtless would have found some sympathy for the strong and vituperative language employed on that occasion by that

'Why has the love of books so little place in modern life?' one is often tempted to ask. 'We have so many books, and so many are bad,' is one of the answers that I have received; and, again, 'Few books now feed our imagination or develop our understanding.' But, after all, if we have no beautiful literature it is our own fault, and we only get what we deserve.

I once made the acquaintance of a country miller. 'I reads, missus, but two books,' he told me: 'the Bible and Shakespeare, and outside I let books come and go and don't turn my head.' He was a very happy, prosperous man, who got up at five summer and winter alike, saw to the working of his mill, and 'minded' the management of his team

of roans that bore his sacks of flour to the farmers and to dealers of the neighbourhood. In the evenings he sat in his old Charles I. arm-chair and read, with the aid of broad-brimmed tortoise-shell spectacles, his Shakespeare on week-days, and his Bible on Sundays. Once he went to London for a holiday, but he returned the next day. 'When I wants an outing I walks with the dog in the fields,' he told me; 'and when I seeks for pleasure I finds it in that there Shakespeare.' His knowledge of England's greatest poet was wonderful. Not a character but what he knew, and many of his favourite passages, to use the miller's own expression, he could 'reel off first class.' His praise of his beloved master was characteristic: 'For all as the old un has been dead these hundreds of years,' he said, 'he's full of natur' and of the best that's grown.' He reminded me of Henry Hastings, of whom Gilpin wrote, who, whilst he loved the company of hawk and hound, read of an evening from his 'Church Bible' or dipped for pleasure into Foxe's Martyrs.

Perhaps the joy of reading is a good gift dropped into our cradle by some friendly fairy; anyway, unless it comes to us early it seldom belongs to man

or woman in later life.

Charles I. not only loved music and pictures, but was also a keen and studious reader. During the dreary months of his last captivity his books became his dearest friends. Amongst his favourites, Sir Thomas Herbert tells us, was first of all his Bible, which he speaks of as 'his best instructor and delight;' and he then makes mention of Laud's book against Fisher the Jesuit, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, and Dr Hammond's Practical Catechism.

A pretty story is told of how, when Charles II. was but quite a lad, his father took him and the Palsgrave to Little Gidding. When they arrived the King asked for the 'Great Book.' When they brought it forth, the Duke of Richmond, who was in attendance, said, 'Hardly, sire, would one of the greatest of your guards carry it.' It was so heavy that no one could hold it and read its contents standing, so the big volume was laid upon a table for the King to see and read. In the quaint wording of the times, 'the Great Book' was said to 'have a fine garnish of pictures.' At last, after several hours' diligent reading, the King pronounced the book to be 'a jewel and fit only for a prince,' and, turning to his son, he said, 'Charles, this is yours.' The scene is a pretty one to imagine: sweet Mary Collet, with her pale Madonna face, looking on in reverent awe, and the King giving her gracious words about her task and handicraft, and hoping that the divine Spirit would enter into his little son if he gave him 'so beautiful and excellent a book.' What was the ultimate fate of the 'Great Book' I have never been able to discover; but during the parliamentary wars many of Mary Collet's and Nicholas Farrar's beautiful books were destroyed-torn to pieces and burnt by Roundhead hands, it is said, for being what the rabble termed 'popish and malignant things.'

Another great lover of books was Archbishop Laud. In the Articles of his Impeachment he was charged with reading 'from a prayer-book that bore upon it an embroidered crucifix,' and also for using 'popish missals as a scholar.' In a lighter vein we all know charming Dorothy Osborne's many mentions of books to her lover, Sir William Temple.

Besides the books themselves, the place where we first got to know their secrets has its charm. Who that has been brought up in an old country-house does not love the memory of its silent library, with green trees waving outside all the long summer afternoons, and remember with envy happy, quiet hours spent amongst its old dusty folios? Silent hours so spent are hallowed hours to look back to.

Recollections of the first thrill of Scott, the laughter of Dickens, the gentle heart-in spite of the biting satire-of Thackeray, are all golden memories. Such quiet hours teach more than any professor can, for they bring the flagon of living

water to youth's own lips.

Of course we can love the beloved masters in any disguise, however unworthy; but old books that bear upon them some mark or the imprint of some human document of the past are infinitely interesting. Who has not felt the pathos of holding in his or her hand an annotated copy of some great man's or beautiful woman's book? As we do so a vision of half-forgotten things seems to rise up before our eyes. Scott's proof-copy of the Talisman it was my fate to hold, in which his hero bears another name from that he later assigned to him. Then only last year a volume of Redoute's Roses belonging to the Empress Josephine was brought out for me to hold and see. Another time a friend put into my hand a volume of Shelley's with verses in his own writing; and once, in an old library which has since perished by fire, with the house to which it belonged, I held a volume of Sir Henry Wotton's which had belonged to Izaak Walton, and in which the author of The Compleat Angler had written his thoughts on the margins. As I held these links with the past I felt thrilled by a hundred memories. I thought of Sir Walter's life so sweet and good, of his happy childhood at Sandyknowe, and of the joy and glory of his great success. And then a moment later, as I turned over the pages, I thought of the sadness of his financial difficulties and disappointments, of his old age, and of his many sorrows. I recalled the names of his favourite dogs, and thought of all the country-folks that he knew and loved so well. And as I looked with love and affection at his book, I remembered a West Riding story that I had heard from an old Wakefield man who as a little lad had been taken by his father, a plumber, once to Abbotsford. The imp, prompted by some spirit of mischief, had turned the taps of water on in the house during the dinner-hour. Great had been the mess and the disorder caused by the overflow of water. But when this deed of

naughty daring was told him, Sir Walter only laughed, and, calling for the culprit, wandered of into the garden with him and filled his pockets till they ran over with apples, saying as he did so, 'Next time you come to Abbotsford you must try and be a good lad.' 'There war' none but he as wud have behaved so,' the old man always

When I took Josephine's book in my hand the said. thought of her in the island of Martinique flashed through my brain. I recalled the slave's strange prediction; I imagined the splendour of her Court at the Tuileries, then the retirement to Malmaison; I thought of her love of flowers, and of her fidelity to the Emperor's cause after Waterloo, even to the end. When I turned over Shelley's book, a vision rose up before me of the strange boy-poet: I thought of his precocious genius, of his revolt against society and custom, of his life with Mary, and of the last boating expedition with his friend Williams; of the strange ceremony when the bodies were burnt, of the collecting of the ashes, and of the violet-covered grave in the cemetery at Rome. When I touched Sir Henry Wotton's Reliquiæ Wottonianæ in the old library of a house which is now but a memory, I thought of the sweet and studious face of the writer as I have seen him depicted in old prints and portraits, of his ideal leisure, of his loyal service to his master, and of his graceful verses to the unfortunate 'Queen of Hearts' on the occasion of her marriage with Frederick the Elector Palatine. I thought also of how Sir Henry enjoyed the pleasures of rod and line, and delighted in that sport even as his friend Izaak Walton did, whose hand had penned the notes on the margins of his book. 'My idle time not idly spent' was how Sir Henry talked of the time he passed in fishing.

Yes, books and the thoughts that surround them bring back not only many old-world echoes of laughter, but also sometimes the tears of the past On the fly-leaf of a book of Marie Antoinette's, some pious book of prayer, if I remember rightly, was found inscribed these words, written by that unfortunate queen shortly before her execution, 'Mon Dieu, ayez pitié de moi. Mes yeux n'ont plus de larmes pour prier pour mes pauvres enfants.

So our life, and many lives, flow away, friends go, and ties are broken; but our books remain on musty shelves, but full—in spite of tattered pages and crumpled bindings-of the perpetual spring of youth and joy. Around the brows of the great masters are wound wreaths such as the immortals wear, which can never fade or wither; for who can grow weary of friends who never bore, who always give their best, and who meet us in the same glad or lofty spirit both in sunshine and in storm?

Before I end let me recall John Milton's assertion that 'a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up for a pur-

pose to a life beyond life.'

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

By IXYL OSTRAKOFF.

CHAPTER I.



OT to put too fine a point upon it,' said Lord Tallantyre, smoothing the back of his immaculate head with a strong, well-kept hand, 'I am a ruined man. You can't eat your cake and have it, though you

do get a kind of moral indigestion out of the kind of cake I have eaten. The indigestion in my case takes the form of parting with an estate which has been in my family since before the Conquest.'

He bit his lip, then laughed, but there was no mirth in the laugh.

Israel van Zyll, financier and speculator, glanced at his client with a look that partook somewhat of the look with which a cat regards a captured mouse which it plays with before killing. The financier's black eyes and hooked nose, together with a slightly nasal intonation, would have proclaimed him as a descendant of Abraham had not he himself carefully informed all acquaintances—he had no friends—that his ancestors had been bankers of Amsterdam, Dutchmen of pure and unsullied race, who had migrated to England in the days of an indefinite Charles. He continued to inspect the young man opposite to him with the same feline regard, apparently debating some course of action within himself.

Hartley Gordon, Earl of Tallantyre, was a tall, well-built man of thirty, with crisp fair hair and steady gray eyes, the latter very tired now, with dark lines beneath them. His clean-shaven face showed a firm, well-shaped mouth, with square, determined chin. It was a type of face common enough in Cumberland, where many of the inhabitants are directly descended from the Northmen who, after the departure of the Romans, settled in that unquiet country so often harassed by the visitation of marauding moss-troopers and Border cattle-thieves from the Debatable Land.

'You will make no further advance?' he queried at last, with a glance by no means of affection at the financier opposite him at the other side of the portly business-table littered with papers.

Van Zyll put down a meaningless row of figures on the blotting-pad in front of him.

'On one condition I will buy in the mortgages and burn the deeds—as a wedding present,' he said slowly, running his pencil through the hieroglyphics on the stout blotting-pad.

Tallantyre's thin face flushed. He raised his

'What on earth are you driving at?' he demanded hoarsely. 'Have you got some American heiress up your sleeve?'

'No,' said Van Zyll brutally; 'I've got a daughter. On the day you marry her the mort-

gage deeds on Tallantyre shall be destroyed. If you will give me your word to carry out this contract I will set about redeeming them this very day.'

Tallantyre glanced quickly at Van Zyll, noting his Semitic nose, his dark Oriental eyes, a cast of countenance auguring but moderately for the appearance of the daughter in whose hands apparently the fate of Tallantyre rested. Then desperation seized him, and the love of the land of his forefathers swept over him in a great wave of feeling. His heritage before all!

'I will carry out the contract if your daughter will have me,' he said quietly.

The descendant of the Dutch bankers smiled.

'I don't think she is likely to say no,' he remarked.

It is probable his smile would not have been so

It is probable his smile would not have been so unctuous had he been aware how near Tallantyre came to kicking him for it. Before, however, the younger man could speak, the man of money continued his discourse.

'I will set to work on my part of the business at once,' he went on; 'you will commence yours—let me see—we will say this day week. Yes, a week to-day you will dine with me at my house in Park Lane, and I will tell you how I have fared, and you shall lay siege to the affections of my only child. It is the desire of my heart to see her well married.'

He smiled again, and again Tallantyre felt his toes tingling.

'Very well,' he said shortly and, it is to be feared, ungraciously. 'To-day week, 200 Park Lane, at eight o'clock, I suppose.'

He noted the engagement in a daintily bound book which contained many similar entries, then got up slowly from his chair, nodded to his father-in-law elect, and, finding hat, gloves, and stick, went out of the sumptuously furnished office without offering to shake hands with that gentleman, who, however, did not seem to notice the omission.

As the door closed behind his client the financier chuckled

'I shall have a peerage before I've done,' he muttered. 'My money, his position—an ideal combination. He is a man of his word, I can trust him for that, and he has had more than enough of the follies of life.'

He unlocked a strong-room door and brought out a bundle of deeds, neatly docketed and tied together.

'Your wedding present, my dear Hartley,' he said aloud; 'a very handsome present indeed!'

Meanwhile Hartley Gordon, in a hansom west-

ward bound, was cursing the fate which had made him a participator in what he regarded as a piece of villainy.

CHAPTER II.



WEEK later the Earl of Tallantyre stood in the hall of Van Zyll's florid mansion at No. 200 Park Lane, and a few moments later saw him being ushered into a still

more florid drawing-room, overburdened with mirrors, gilding, and brocaded hangings and furniture, an apartment in which Hartley Gordon felt

himself to be singularly out of place.

Van Zyll, gigantic diamonds blazing in his shirt-front and on each short, thick little finger, greeted him with just that degree of familiar warmth which Tallantyre felt he could best have dispensed with, and the stony expression in his eyes would have frozen any one but the inextinguishable

Suddenly the glance thawed as a gracious figure appeared from behind the financier's bulky form.

'My daughter,' said that gentleman suavely .-

'Beatrix, this is Lord Tallantyre.'

The girl—she was little more, twenty perhaps at the most-came slowly forward, and shook hands with the man who, her father had intimated to her in no gently veiled terms, was to be her future husband. As she stood there in the glare of the electric lights, Tallantyre saw that she was very fair, tall, and lithe, with fair hair, and eyes of heaven's own blue. She was simply dressed in white, a simplicity that Tallantyre's cultured eye told him was due to the genius of Paquin or Worth.

She, on her part, was agreeably surprised. This tall, grave, silent gentleman, with his lean, strong frame and kindly, tired eyes, was something very different from the usual guests of her father's whom she had entertained before-stout, flashy gentlemen they were, recking of the money with or concerning

which all their days were spent.

The steady gray eyes rested inquiringly on her sweet face, and the rosy colour flooded her cheeks

and neck.

He made a few commonplace remarks, trying to put her at her ease, and was rewarded by a grateful glance from those big blue eyes, which had in them a half-cowed expression which conveyed to him the impression that Van Zyll was not the most indulgent of parents. The girl apparently had no

Van Zyll, solidly planted on the enormous bearskin in front of a fire, watched them complacently beneath his half-lowered eyelids. As a matchmaker he felt that he was a success, and he already augured social advancement from the capture of so exalted a son-in-law. 'Baron Van Zyll' already figured largely in his thoughts, and the heraldic authorities were even now engaged in compiling for him a suitable coat of arms and motto.

As the endless dinner, with its succession of rich dishes, its priceless wines, dragged its weary way along, Tallantyre began to feel really interested in the beautiful, child-faced girl who sat, nervous and obviously ill at ease, at the foot of the table, with its gorgeous plate and glass, its snowy, heavily embroidered damask. She was fairly well educated, he gathered; indeed, she had been till lately at an expensive school in the south of England. Beyond that, her knowledge of life and men and manners was nil, while of her own country and its beauties, save London and Hastings, she knew nothing. The blue eyes glanced at him with shy gratitude as he chatted amusingly to her of the Cumberland he so evidently loved; of strange, faroff countries, of savage beasts, of outlandish men, and rough miners and prospectors and hunters he had mixed with in those distant lands.

At last Tallantyre and his host were alone, smoking the cigarette of peace over coffee and

'The deeds are all in my hands,' said Van Zyll abruptly, as the deft butler and his satellites left the room. 'It only remains for you to complete your part of the contract for them to exchange lodgings in my strong-room for the fire.'

Tallantyre considered the ash of his cigarette,

then he looked across the table at his host. 'Your daughter seems to know very little of England, he said in indifferent, conversational accents. 'My mother would be pleased to see you both at Tallantyre, and I should be delighted to initiate the young lady into the beauties of the lakes and mountains. Would next week suit you?'

Van Zyll's boot-button-like eyes twinkled with satisfaction. This man with the resolute chin and steady eyes was proving unexpectedly tractable.

'Tuesday would suit us admirably,' he replied unctuously. It was not every day one received and accepted invitations from earls.

Tallantyre nodded courteous pleasure at this

information.

'I will go and see my mother to-morrow,' he said as they crossed the great hall to the bleak drawing room, where the pathetic figure in its robe of expensive simplicity waited—evidently under orders for them.

Tallantyre went straight up to her.

'Your father has promised to bring you to see my northern stronghold, he said, a glance of respectful admiration resting on her delicate face. 'My mother will be so pleased to have you, and I shall so enjoy showing you the country-side.' A deep flush of pleasure flooded her face.

'Oh, how splendid!' she cried. 'Lord Tallan-

tyre, do you really—really mean it?'

'I do really, really mean it,' he said, shaking hands as he bade her good-night. 'Now, I have another engagement, so good-bye, au revoir, till Tuesday.—Good-night, Van Zyll.

(To be continued.)

i

į

IN THE FORMOSAN CAMPHOR-FORESTS.

AN INDUSTRY AT WAR.

By an English Resident in Formosa.



HAT so simple an announcement as that the price of camphor was rising could be in any way associated with the dread issues of life and death would never enter the mind of the ordinary reader. That the morsel

of the fragrant drug which acts as the sentinel of our wardrobe against the invasion of predatory moths may stand for the death and dole of those who won it in the dark Formosan forests-may in very deed represent some dreary human tragedy, and have been the occasion of great joy in some wild hill-village when the hunters returned with the freshly severed heads—is hidden from all but a few. But to those of us who know Formosa and the camphor-trade, with its terrible dangers, the little semi-transparent blocks which we purchase are invested with a very real and even tragic interest; and when we are told that the price of camphor has risen, it is as though the diminutive cakes we handle were sensitised with telepathic power and vibrant with the intimation of tragedy.

No doubt, of course, the Japanese may nowadays control the market; but it is never so certain that they can control the head-hunting savages of the hills, and the development of this valuable industry depends equally upon the success of their measures for encountering and suppressing these determined and as yet unconquered tribes.

Formosa, which is shaped somewhat like a huge sole, has a rugged, mountainous backbone in which Mount Morrison towers into the clouds to a height of twelve thousand feet. Throughout the wild penetralia of these mountains lurk a number of warlike tribes of varying strength, whose lives are devoted to hunting, fishing, and fighting with one another, their one community of interest being a passionate ardour in the collection of human heads, whether of their tribal enemies or of the Chinese and coolies who live on the verge of the hills or are engaged in the camphor industry.

The Japanese, who—well organised and determined as they are—have not yet succeeded in effecting their conquest, have already had some desperate encounters with these irreconcilable enemies, and parties of soldiers have even been surprised and slaughtered and their heads borne away into the dark recesses of the mountains. For although these singular people have been known to welcome the white stranger to their villages with the greatest cordiality, with the camphor prospector they will hold no intercourse, regarding him as the avant-courier of a foreign yoke, and his severed head in their remote villages is typical of the only terms on which they will ever consent to meet him until

the final conquest of their mountain stronghold is achieved.

Thus, while Chinese heads were at one time most eagerly sought for, the growing danger to their continued independence created by the presence of Japan has invested their actions with a newer rationale. Consequently the young braves, in qualifying for the dignity of matrimony by the collection of heads in proof of their valour, may now pose as champions of their race when gratifying their blood-lust upon some belated and outnumbered little party of camphor-men, who at a moment of fancied security have been suddenly taken unawares by their merciless foes. These, quite possibly, have been watching and counting the heads for some time previously, for a headhunter will lie in wait for days for his victim, who, he knows, will take a certain path some time or other. Then from among the dense foliage and undergrowth he shoots his victim at point-blank range, and with savage exultation severs the precious head of his quarry, whether alive or dead, carrying it back to his village, where he is received with inconceivable honour and rejoicings.

A desperate adventure which befell a couple of Japanese soldiers not long ago exhibits both the cunning and determination of the highland savages. Four soldiers had been deemed sufficient guard for some small camphor-workings, shortly to be discontinued, at a point in the hills where for some time previously a close examination of the surrounding country had failed to discover traces of any savages. Two soldiers had departed the previous day with some coolies carrying camphortubs, and the last two proceeded to follow with the remainder.

They pursued their way safely in the trail of their comrades of the day before until they reached a defile with high, precipitous sides. They had only penetrated this for a short distance, when they found the path partially blocked by an apparent fall of lumber and rocks from the heights above. Although this was somewhat startling, they were proceeding to surmount the obstacle, when one of the coolies, a Hakka man, uttered a low warning sound, and picked up from the ground a stave of a broken camphor-tub. This was quite sufficient to dispel any previous confidence in their immunity from danger. That they were confronted by the work of the head-hunters they quickly decided, and as speedily realised the horrible fate that had evidently overtaken the party of the day before.

Everything now depended on the two soldiers, who prepared for instant action, and these, like true Japanese, rose to the occasion. They knew that the non-arrival of their murdered comrades

and themselves would speedily bring up a force to their succour, and the main thing, therefore, was to avoid an attack in the rear and to get back into the open, where they could make a stand in a good

position to use their rifles with effect.

The whole party had commenced a retirement, when suddenly a swarm of some fifty painted and befeathered savages burst from a patch of dense scrub in which they had awaited their advance, and came plunging down the defile in pursuit of the escaping quarry. The Japanese instantly ran back to the barricade, and opened a rapid and well-aimed independent fire on the charging mass. Man after man went down as the bullets ripped through and through the naked bodies of the savages packed closely in the narrow way, and the survivors turned and fled. The little convoy then quickly extricated itself from the defile, and at once occupied an unassailable position for the night, where all were discovered next day by a force under an officer sent out to search for them.

The headless remains of several of the earlier party were subsequently discovered, as well as the preparations which had been made to overwhelm the second detachment with an avalanche of rocks and lumber had they proceeded another

few yards.

Such incidents, which are only too frequently associated with the production of camphor in its earlier stages, should at least render the consumer more tolerant of any occasional rise in the price of

so hardly won a commodity.

The tree from which camphor is obtained is a species of laurel indigenous to Formosa, and it is on the mountains overrun by these terrible hordes of head-hunters that the extensive forests from which practically the world draws its supply of camphor are found. Of nearly seven million pounds obtained annually, this small island produces all but about six hundred thousand pounds, half of which comes from Japan, a third from China, and onesixth from Borneo.

Allowing for a reasonable increase in the world's demand, it is estimated that Formosa contains sufficient camphor to supply the world for another hundred years and more, for Japan scrupulously plants a new tree for every one cut down in pursuit

of the industry.

Let me take my reader to a camphor-camp in the mountains where our heads will be in no danger, for it is well guarded by Japanese soldiery. Many of the best camphor-forests still lie beyond the protected zone, in disputed territory, and into these the Japanese are gradually working, as they require the trees, by a system of block-houses from which their small posts can resist any attack by the savages. Even the nearest of the camphor-stills are several hours' good marching from the lower slopes of the mountains. These rise in a beautiful suc-

cession of tiers, one above the other, to where the highest peaks are sharply outlined against the

cobalt blue of the sky. The valley by which our path ascends presents the most enchanting alternations of scene, sometimes opening out into lawns and meadows or cultivated patches, at others narrowing to rocky gorges, through which a little mountain stream rushes down to the sea. The natural asperities of the hill scenery are softened by a redundant vegetation of palms, bamboos, tree-ferns, plantains, and oleanders, the face of the rocks themselves being covered by a soft verdure of beautiful mosses and small creeping plants. By-and-by, after a steep and slippery climb, we reach the camp for which we have been making.

The whole air is pervaded by a strong odour of camphor, and a big camphor-tree about four feet in diameter has been felled and sawn longitudinally. Two men with adzes are cutting off six-inch chips to feed the retorts of the camphor-stills, which, having received the redolent fragments, are heated by a slow fire. The camphor vapour which is thus given off passes by a tube into a cooling-box partially immersed in water, where the sublimated camphor condenses in snow-like crystals. The chips are renewed every twenty-four hours, and every eighth day the fire is put out and the crystals removed from the box. The crude product is then dumped into vats furnished with holes for drainage, and beneath, in vessels placed for the purpose, is gathered the yellow camphor-oil, for which there is such a universal demand. The camphor itself, still containing some oil, is then conveyed to the refining factory at Taipeh, the oil being sent for a further elaborate treatment to Japan.

At the Taipeh works the crude camphor undergoes a number of further processes, consisting of drying, heating, and evaporation, until it becomes refined A-grade camphor. This has generally realised in the foreign market ten pounds fourteen shillings per picul of one hundred and thirty-three pounds, and the value of the monopoly to Japan is represented by something like three to four hundred thousand pounds per annum. The actual workers, who so frequently pay a horrible toll for their industry, receive the high pay of three pounds per picul in consideration of the risks to

which they are exposed. Japan is devoting herself with energy and success to the development of her Formosan colony, and in time no doubt will gain the mountain interior and subdue the ferocious guardians of the camphorforests. Meantime the high price of camphor is in the nature of a blood-toll—a price which we shall not grudge if we consider that the actual cost of our fragrant purchase may be represented by a few dried human heads set up in a far-away village in the Formosan mountains.

-

'DICK SEDDON.'

By Mrs Gorges.



N the tenth of the sixth month of 1906 the Hon. R. J. Seddon, passenger from Sydney to Auckland, expired, and after careful examination by the ship's surgeon he pronounced the cause of death

to be heart failure.' Such is the extract from the log of the steamship Oswestry Grange, the ship on which Mr Seddon had stepped after an arduous month in Australia, tired certainly, and rejoicing in the prospect of going home to the country he so dearly loved-'God's own country,' as he called it in the last telegram he ever sentbut still, to all appearance, strong for many a battle yet in the great cause of humanity. Hardly did those who were nearest and dearest to him, and who watched him most anxiously, recognise how the years of strenuous, unremitting toil and thought had undermined even his great strength, till he lay 'magnificent in his repose, his hands clasped and his brow without a wrinkle,' sleeping his last, long sleep on board the great liner, which, when his death occurred, had put back for Sydney, its flag flying at half-mast. A little later its voyage was resumed, and that which was mortal of the great New Zealander was borne back to be laid to rest in the country of his adoption. 'There goes a man, the like of whom is only born once in a long time,' said the captain of the Oswestry Grange, as, standing on the deck with head uncovered, he watched the hearse bearing the body of Mr Seddon pass from Glasgow Wharf, Wellington, at an early hour on Sunday morning, June 17; and these few words sum up the secret of the extraordinary hold which Mr Seddon had on the people. Other men of great political distinction have fallen, deeply regretted and missed by those of their own political party; but no feeling of political differences interfered with the universal sorrow manifested when the sudden death of Mr Seddon was announced. Everywhere it was felt that not only a great man had fallen, one who had been the main factor in the development of New Zealand as a nation, not merely as a colony, but also that a friend was gone—a sympathiser with the poor of the earth, a just man, and a patriot in the truest sense of the word.

It seems a fitting time for a sketch of this great personality, because of the recent issue of The Life of Richard J. Seddon, by James Drummond (Siegle, Hill, & Co.), and also because England has just been visited by the representatives of those great colonies beyond the seas which still cling to her and call her mother.

To England the honour of his birth belongs. Richard John Seddon was born, of a Lancashire farming family, at Eccleston, near St Helens, Lancashire, on June 22, 1845. Fairly educated as a boy, he went to work at a very early age. At eighteen he had already served his time as an engineer, and was working at a Liverpool foundry as journeyman. It was then (1863) that he made up his mind to leave the old country, feeling that a newer, freer land would give him more scope, and in that year he left England for Victoria, which was then well known at home through the fabulous wealth reported to have been won at the diggings. He landed at Melbourne, and here life under the Southern Cross began for him.

Physiognomists have said that he was born to greatness; but of the steps whereby he achieved it has been written: 'He had opportunities of achievement, and let none slip by him; but he also made many of them himself, and by his marvellous energy he overcame stupendous obstacles—obstacles that the majority of men would have blanched at and never attempted to conquer.'

On landing at Melbourne he lost no time in getting work at his trade; but the reports of the lucky finds made by the miners induced him to throw this up, and take to pick and shovel. But not here did fortune await Dick Seddon; other men found gold, but he did not. Realising this, he wasted no time at Bendigo in a fruitless search for wealth, but returned to Melbourne, and got work at the Victorian Locomotive Works at Williamstown, there remaining till 1866. It was there he met the lady who afterwards became his wife, and who, by giving him the home happiness and help which many less fortunate miss, secured, as he himself averred, the possibility of his attaining the high goal at which he aimed.

In 1866 he left Williamstown for New Zealand, and, landing at Hokitika, made his way to the Waimea goldfields, and here his success began and his untiring energy found a profitable outlet. 'With his party'-I quote from a sketch of his life in the Auckland Weekly News, to which I am much indebted—'he introduced hydraulic sluicing on a large scale, and constructed dams and flumes and races, and worked the auriferous terraces at the right-hand branch. He was connected with the famous Band of Hope Water-race; and, encouraged by the success of this and other races, he urged the Government and the Westland County Council to construct large water-races themselves, which have since proved of enormous value in developing the gold resources of the colony.'

Having made a great deal of money by these mining ventures, he now entered into business as a storekeeper, returning to Victoria, as soon as he had placed his affairs on a firm commercial basis,

to claim his bride. This was in 1869, and in the same year he came back with Mrs Seddon to the west coast, where they settled down.

This year also witnessed his appearance in public life as a member of the Arahura Road Board, after which he became chairman of various councils, Mayor of Kumara, with other local offices. In 1875 he had his first fight for a seat in Parliament, but was defeated. Although he realised, perhaps, that his time had not yet come, he also perceived that the way to enter Parliament was to merit the support of his party. His enthusiastic and successful efforts for the election of Mr Seymour Thorne George as member for Hokitika won him the gratitude of Sir George Grey, who, when later on Mr George transferred his services to Rodney, and a candidate was again wanted for Hokitika, sent a telegram to Mr Seddon: 'You are worthy. Stand yourself.' He did so, and took his seat in the Parliament of 1879, never again henceforth to suffer defeat.

At first he was by no means a popular member; in fact, he had to fight prejudice aroused by a certain roughness of exterior and of speech, while his powers of endurance, which in later years became the admiration of the House and of the whole colony, in those days were the 'subject of many maledictions.' He blocked many a Bill, and held on with bulldog tenacity to what he himself believed the right course. But even then there were those who discerned his strength of character; and among them was Mr Ballance, who, when in 1881 his Government came into power, nominated Mr Seddon Minister of Public Works, Mines, and Defences. This was an unpopular appointment, and one for which many predicted failure. But from the first Mr Seddon's power as supreme head in his own departments made itself felt. Another surprise awaited the House when, a year or two later, Mr Ballance falling ill, Mr Seddon was appointed Acting Premier. But by the time of Mr Ballance's death there was no room for surprise; Mr Seddon fell naturally and by common consent into the position of Premier.

The death of Mr Ballance occurred in 1895, and for some time after becoming Premier Mr Seddon retained his various portfolios, subsequently relinquishing the Mines Department to Sir A. J. Cadman, and becoming instead Minister for Native Affairs. In 1896 he met Parliament with a reconstructed Ministry, reserving to himself the work of the premiership, the Treasury, Labour, and Defence, but soon adding to these the control of the Government Insurance Departments and the Public Trusts Office, and, from 1902, Education and Immigration. The history of Mr Seddon's thirteen years of premiership is also a history of the Liberal Party's rise and predominance in New Zealand, during which its people, with Mr Seddon as their leader, found a way of their own to settle many of the questions which to-day are pressing upon this country. Their way may not be ours, but the

course they have taken of recent years is at this moment of peculiar interest in England. Therefore the biography just published of Richard Seddon means far more than the study of a great and remarkable man; it is of imperial as much as of colonial interest, because 'for almost the whole of his Government's action Mr Seddon was responsible.'

This biography is prefaced by a vivid sketch of its subject, written by Sir Joseph Ward:

'Physically powerful, vigorous, and imposing, with a keen and fearless eye, Mr Seddon was a man who compelled respect and attention whenever and wherever he spoke. There was a stern and fighting glint in his clear, straight eyes that said, as Carlyle said of the Abbot Samson, "Let all sluggards and cowards, remiss, false-spoken, unjust, and otherwise diabolic persons, have a care; this is a dangerous man for them." And as the Sage has written elsewhere of that same grave old abbot, it could with exactitude be said here of my old chief that he was a skilful man, full of cunning insight, lively interests; always discerning the road to his object, be it circuit, be it short cut, and victoriously travelling forward thereon.'

Outside of the domain of politics, Mr Seddon, by being what he was, has left a life-lesson for those in all spheres of life who, coming after him, desire to live so that the world may be the better for them. Mr Drummond shows him as a man who them his earliest days disregarded his yesterdays; from his earliest days disregarded his yesterdays; to-day and to-morrow for him were all; the past was but a prologue. Guided by this rule, how many an ordinary life would be saved from wreckage and misery!

One of the first 'reforms' which he carried through was women's suffrage, and the ultimate success or failure of the experiment in New Zealand will greatly influence the question of its settlement in England. To those who believe that women are leaving the sphere for which God intended them, and from which they have really influenced the world—that they are putting themselves in the position of the dog who, grasping at the shadow, lost the substance—to such it is consolatory to find that Mr Seddon had this Act passed because he regarded the matter 'rather as a legacy from his predecessor than a reform in the immediate need for which he himself believed.' Added to this, his fighting instincts were aroused by the opposition which he met from the Legislative Council-the one thing wanted to make him think the matter urgent!

Some of the most important Acts of the Seddon premiership were passed when the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act was first placed on the statute book. The State at that time also came to the help of the Bank of New Zealand by passing the Act which guaranteed interest on two million sterling of new capital. The Land for Settlements Act was passed, 'giving the Crown for the first time power to take privately owned estates compulsorily for the purpose of closer settlement.'

The Railway Commissioners were abolished, and the management of the New Zealand railways was placed in the hands of a Minister of the Crown.

Much of this legislation owed its initiative to the Ballance Government, but its success to Mr Seddon. He spared neither time nor labour over the working of these measures, so that for years scarcely a session passed without the appearance of a Bill for some alteration or improvement in them. Amending Acts for the Conciliation and Arbitration Law were passed in 1895, 1897, and 1898, and even later; while of his final Factories Act of 1901 an English critic has written: 'It is a model of exhaustive foresight and detail, one which, in view of recent slipshod drafting, home legislation itself may well bear in mind.'

But the Old-Age Pension Bill, which in 1898 became an Act of Parliament, is perhaps the most remarkable feature of Mr Seddon's premiership, the most daring of the many Acts whereby he made history. He first introduced it in 1896; but it met with much opposition, and was not passed without a hard fight, in which he battled every inch of the ground. Mr Seddon never accepted defeat, and so it came to pass that this Bill, relieving the aged and deserving poor, whose only refuge hitherto had been charity, public or private, 'scraped through the House' at last, and became the law of New Zealand. In 1905 he was instrumental in getting the old-age pensions increased from seven shillings to ten shillings weekly.

In the same year his care for the working-classes was shown in the Workers' Dwellings Act, by which the Government became house-owners, renting the dwellings at such a rate as would recoup the country for the capital expenditure and at the same time enable the tenant to secure a home for himself by instalments paid as rent. Tenders for these homes in Auckland were to close on the Friday following his decease.

To the last day of his life he was striving to help and brighten lives hitherto spent in the hopeless struggle against circumstances which ground them to the earth. He got the Teachers' Superannuation Bill carried. The national pension scheme, which he ardently hoped to see in operation, was designed to enable every one in the colony, on the basis of an annuity, to make provision for the future by small money payments, which would be subsidised by the State. Always thinking out great schemes and striving to perfect them, he personally introduced upwards of five hundred and fifty Bills into the House of Representatives.

In 1897 Mr Seddon visited England, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and was the guest of Her Majesty. It was the time of the first Colonial Conference, and this visit marked his development as an Imperialist. He became identified with the larger interests of the Empire, and gave a splendid proof of this when, in 1900, he was the first Premier to offer the mother country a colonial contingent at the

time of the Boer war to serve in South Africa, and no less than ten contingents did he send to fight side by side with the soldiers of the old country.

Mr Seddon again visited England in 1902, and was present at the Coronation of King Edward. He had been made a Privy Councillor by Queen Victoria, and a similar honour was now conferred upon him by the King. He was offered other honours, which he declined; accepting, however, the freedom of the city of Edinburgh and of the ancient City of London, also of the borough of St Helens, Lancashire, his native place, and of his mother's birthplace, the royal burgh of Annan. Perhaps as much as any of these honours did he prize the recognition of the Maori chief Keruru of the Urewerss, who before his death handed over to Mr Seddon the taiaha or sceptre of the tribe, the Tuhoe natives recognising him from that time as their chief rangatera.

In London Mr Seddon's great interest was in making New Zealand better known to the people at home, and in this he met marked success.

Early in 1894 Mr Seddon became extremely ill, suffering acutely from a general breakdown of health, due to overwork. It was a warning to rest : but when was warning taken by one so eager in spirit, so bent on working while the day lasted? With a constitution which seemed to be 'composed of steel and bronze, he took liberties with his health that few ordinary men would dare to take. In September of the same year he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary—the silver jubilee—of his entry into political life by a visit to the west coast. It was a triumphal procession, the population in the various districts turning out to receive him, the people in the townships waiting for him at their doors and in the streets. Energetic, fearless, passionate in his opposition to anything that savoured of trickery or an attempt to take advantage of the labourer, Mr Seddon was a man greatly beloved, as was shown then and on other occasions before the great burst of sorrow which met the announcement: 'The Premier is dead!'

Here, in the country of his early experiences, he was no longer the Right Honourable, but became 'Dick,' chatting with the elderly people, and telling anecdotes of his old digging days, when he was one of the many great wrestlers of the west coast. He visited his old home, where the trees had been planted by his own hand, and the paddock cleared and scrubbed in days when the keep of a horse cost thirty shillings a week and pasture was valuable. At Hokitika he was presented with a silver tea-service in honour of his political jubilee, and in a speech acknowledging this he remarked that he could honestly say that he was 'a humbler man than when he had entered Parliament twenty-five years ago'—a true mark of greatness this!

The months went on, and, despite all warnings, he continued the same strenuous life; but the strain was bound to tell. Again premonitory symptoms of a breakdown occurred, and Mr Seddon, with his wife and others of his family, went to Australia for change and in hope of rest; instead of which, finding that there was work to be done, he worked to the end, his last work practically being the completion of an agreement for reciprocity between Australia and New Zealand.

Fêted, lionised, made the subject of an ovation which was his crowning triumph, Mr Seddon was so bright, so genial, so free from nervous irritability, that no one suspected how his vitality was being sapped by the strain. When he stepped on board the Oswestry Grange at three o'clock on Sunday morning, after his last and hardest day in Australia, he yet exerted himself to say a few words to the steerage passengers on board in acknowledgment of the cheer with which they greeted him. They were on their way to what they called 'Seddonland,' drawn thither by the account of what he had done for the country. A simple, brief speech it was, but only he and the God who made him knew what it must have cost the weary man in this his weariest hour. When, a little later, he went to his berth, the friend with whom he had been sitting in the saloon reflected that he had never seen human weariness epitomised so clearly in one face; 'he had drawn on the well of endurance to its deepest limit.'

He got some sleep, and, though not very well in the morning, he seemed refreshed and better in the afternoon. He was chatting cheerfully to Mrs Seddon and his private secretary, when he suddenly put his hand to his heart, and, turning toward his wife with the exclamation, 'Oh mother!' sank back in a fainting condition. A few seconds afterwards he breathed his last, apparently without suffering.

All New Zealand was stirred as the brief message announcing his death passed from city to city, and the heart of the people was moved; they had lost a friend.

'Died in harness,' said one man in the street; 'died in harness, as he always said he wished to do. God bless him!' 'Ay, he's gone,' said an old man, addressing a stranger, 'and we could ill spare him; he did a lot for the people.' A third said, 'Well, we've lost a true friend. I'm glad he was "Dick" to the end, and died game.' And indeed, through the profound grief, the absolute consternation, that prevailed, there mingled a curious sentiment almost of satisfaction that the Premier had 'crossed the bar with all sail set, as he wished to do, passing out with the day.' Very deeply was felt the pathos, and even more the unconscious prophecy, of that last message, 'Leaving for God's own country;' for surely it was to this country that, a few hours later, the call came.

Human honour seems little in the presence of death; yet even to Mrs Seddon in her hour of anguish, as she brought home her dead, the tributes which flowed in on every side from the highest and greatest must have given a throb of pride and

pleasure, showing as they did the appreciation he had won from those who did not give it lightly, the keen and universal sense of personal loss. On all hands the greatness of his work was acknowledged; rich and poor met on common ground to pay their tribute to the man who had 'stood to' New Zealand for over a quarter of a century. He had not forgotten the children. The chairman of the City Schools Committee came forward with his tribute: 'Mr Seddon's work for the children, socially and educationally, showed that he loved the children, and no man had done more for the children of New Zealand than he had.' Almost his last thoughts were for them. A moment or two before his death he had been telling Mrs Seddon that the children must all have a special holiday when they got back to Wellington.

Mrs Seddon's sorrow was, indeed, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier said, 'shared by millions of men all over the British Empire.' Nor let the touching messages from the Maoris be forgotten: 'Farewell, oh our Premier! ever generous to your Maori people. Depart, oh our father! and may your Lord provide for you.' From another tribe: 'Farewell, oh Father of our Maori people! Depart to join our greatly beloved Queen Victoria. Farewell, oh White Crane of one Flight, the Great Forest of Tane, the Father of the Maori!'

He rests from his labours. 'Mr Seddon was not a man who wore his heart on his sleeve; but no man ever won the love and affection of multitudes of men who had not in him the love of God.' So said the Reverend R. Walker, preaching in Auckland—an utterance to which the heart of man answers Amen!

SHADOW AND SHINE.

'Turn to me, Mary,' comes floating the song, Blown ly the echoes the moorland along. Twilight is falling, night darkens the sky; 'Turn to me, Mary'—and bid me good bye.

Gray loom the mountains, the moorland lies gray; Mantled in mist to its rest goes the day. Sadly I dream of a desolate sea, And a sail that is waiting—is waiting for me.

Dear, through the darkness the gleam of the light!
Gold shall the dawn break though gray be the night.
Hark! the clear call borne afar o'er the foam:
'Turn to me, Mary'—and welcome me home.

Set like a gem on the bosom of spring, Summer is shining, the nightingales sing. Blue these gray hills, in the rose of the dawn Golden the moorland with blossom of thorn.

Oh, the love-mist in your eyes as you stand
In your kirtle of green, with a rose in your hand!
Oh, the white sail that beats up from the sea!
'Turn again, Mhairi dhu," turn ye to me.

C. M. STEEDMAN.

* Dark Mary (Gaelic).



THE ROMANCE OF INDIA-RUBBER.

By THOMAS NORTH CHRISTIE.



HERE are few more interesting substances in nature than india-rubber; but so readily do we take for granted what we have been accustomed to and rubber comes in with the feeding-bottle!—that its curious proper

ties are just accepted by the multitude with as little thought as the schoolboy bestows on the deus ex machina of the catapult lurking in his breeches pocket. Yet, think what a lovable substance it is; compare those gentle, yielding molecules, detesting noise and strife, with the harsh, clanging, obstinate ones of a resentful, even death-dealing metal.

If an oyster may be crossed in love, one need not question that a vegetable product may have a romantic history. This romance began when, over four hundred years ago, Columbus and his followers found the inhabitants of Hayti playing a game with balls made of the gum of a tree, and observed that the balls, although large, were lighter and bounced better than the wind-balls of Castile. Later on the Spaniards in the New World used the juice of the ulé-tree (since identified as the Castilloa elastica) to waterproof their cloaks; but the Old World knew nothing of it, and in England, save as a rare curiosity, india-rubber was unknown and unnamed until Dr Priestley in his work on perspective, published in 1770, called attention to it, and said: 'I have seen a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping from paper the marks of blacklead pencil. It must, therefore, be of singular use to those who practise drawing. It is sold by Mr Hairne, mathematical instrument maker, opposite the Royal Exchange. He sells a cubic piece of about half an inch for three shillings, and says it will last several years.' Who could have imagined that a product so petty as to be named after its insignificant only use was destined ere long to find its way into every department of civilised life, to minister in no small degree to the comfort and well-being of the human race, and to become indispensable to the progress of the world in the triumphs

No. 506. -Vol. X. [All Rights Reserved.]

which man has achieved in electricity and locomotion?

Here, perhaps, ends the first volume of the romance; and this article may take up its purpose and introduce the second volume.

In 1823 Charles Mackintosh, of Glasgow, almost by accident, stumbled on the idea of dissolving rubber in naphtha, thereby producing a waterproof varnish which could be spread between sheets of cloth. Twenty years later his subsequent partner, Thomas Hancock, discovered that with the addition of a little sulphur and the application of heat india-rubber could be 'vulcanised,' and so made to retain its singular qualities for a prolonged period. With these discoveries came an immediate and rapid extension of the uses to which the substance could be put, and the term 'mackintosh' became synonymous with a rainproof overcoat.

In 1830 the imports of rubber to England were but twenty-three tons; they are now over twenty-one thousand tons, and the annual value of the world's consumption of raw rubber is about twenty-five millions sterling. Practically all this is collected from wild trees in the forests of the Amazon basin or from the jungles of Africa and Asia; but the supply has not kept pace with the demand, and the price of india-rubber has doubled itself within the past few years.

A hundred years ago the rubber which came in small quantities from India (Assam) was found to be derived from a species of Indian fig-tree—Ficus elastica—the plant with large, stiff, glossy leaves now so well known to us as a window ornament, the Malay variety of which, distinguished by its handsome red sealing-wax tip, was conspicuous last summer in the beds of the Edinburgh East Princes Street Gardens.

It is strange that the British have never had any share of the great business connected with the collection of the wild rubber (not a very savoury business in the Congo State, if all tales be true), which is in the hands of Americans, Germans, and Brazilians; but it is gratifying to know that the Reserved.

reverse is the case with the cultivation of rubber in the East. It is entirely a British industry, for the recent small plantings in the Dutch islands are as nothing compared to those of Ceylon, Malaya, Borneo, and South India.

Perhaps the first serious attempt to cultivate india-rubber was made more than twenty-five years ago in Ceylon, when many planters, the writer amongst them, took it up, growing a variety called Ceard as a subsidiary product. But when the tree reached a suitable size for tapping it was found to be impossible to extract the rubber in paying quantities, and in a few years the cultivation was given up. It was known at the time that there were other varieties of rubber-yielding plants offering much more prospect of success than the Cearà had ever done; but the impossibility of obtaining seeds or plants of these other varieties in commercial quantities, and the disappointments of Ceard, ended all the enthusiasm, and further cultivation was not attempted.

India-rubber-or caoutchouc, as it is, perhaps, better, although somewhat uncouthly, called in most countries - is present in many plants, from the humble poppy upwards, and the wild supply is gathered from various trees and climbing plants; but practically only one kind, the Hevea brasiliensis,

is cultivated in the East.

In 1876 the Indian Government, alive to the advantages of rubber as a cultivated product, aided by the authorities at Kew, decided to make an effort to obtain seeds of the tree which, it was known, yielded most of the high-quality rubber collected in the Amazon basin and exported from Para. Several thousands of seeds of this tree (Hevea brasiliensis) were secured in Rio Tapajos by Mr Wickham, who was sent out for the purpose, and some hundreds of resulting plants were despatched to the East from Kew, as well as a hundred plants secured by Mr Cross, another collector. At the wish of the Indian Government, these valuable plants were landed in Ceylon, with the intention that they should supply in due time plants for transmission to Burma, where the Indian Government contemplated having plantations. Thus, very literally did this far-sighted action of the Indian Government (which cost them but one thousand five hundred pounds) sow the seeds of the rubbergrowing industry, which bids fair to become one of the most important in the British East; and generously indeed have these plants repaid Ceylon for the hospitality extended to them.

Landed in Ceylon in 1876, the plants received no particular attention, and many seem to have perished. But a year or two later some cuttings were sent to Singapore and parts of the Malay Peninsula; and, as seedlings became available, a few were planted on some of the low-lying tea estates in Ceylon. Time passed, rubber advanced greatly in price, and experimental tappings, both in Ceylon and Malaya, showed that this Para variety would in its new home, at a comparatively early

age, yield rubber of the same excellent quality as in South America, and in very paying quantities. As this became realised in Eastern planting circles, considerable areas, particularly in Malaya, were planted up; and their success being demonstrated, the demand for seed and land grew apace, until a rush almost comparable to a goldfield rush set in to the rubber El Dorado, the Federated Malay

'What and where are the Federated Malay States. States?' many a reader will exclaim; and such ignorance is not so appulling, for it was but ten years ago that the protected Native States of the Malay Peninsula-Perak, Selangor, Sungei Ujong (officially called Negri Sembilan-Anglice, 'Nine States'), and Pahang-were federated into a territory a little larger than Scotland. They are but little off the traveller's beat, and they are within hail of those 'swift shuttles of an empire's loom' which unceasingly throb to and fro in the Straits of Malacca. In theory they are protected Native States; in practice they are British possessions, although quite distinct from those crumbs of land sprinkled over Malaya known as the Straits Settlements. Little more than a generation ago they were the home of the Malay pirate; to-day they supply the world with tin, exporting six millions sterling worth in the year, and their capital, Kuala Lumpor, may claim in several ways to be a model town of the Empire. Lastly, they have no public debt, and the sole anxiety of the local Chancellor of the Exchequer is to be able to spend the revenue without contracting a reputation for extravagance.

Selangor is the state which has taken the lead in the new enterprise, and the favourite land for rubber-cultivation has been the alluvial flats running back from the tidal rivers and creeks, up which in 'the good old days' many a pirate had his lair and found safety from the pursuing gunboats. When the jungle was being cleared on an estate owned by the writer, half-a-dozen rusty cannonballs were picked up, betokening the scene of some long-forgotten skirmish and pursuit. These swamplands, when cleared and drained, grow the Heres brasiliensis very well, and undulating slopes in the interior are also much in favour. The rubberplants are planted at varying distances, but from one hundred to one hundred and fifty plants to an acre of land may be taken as the average. After five years from planting it is found that a considerable percentage of the plants show a girth of twenty inches, measured three feet from the ground; and that is at present the size at which tapping is

There are several systems of tapping in vague, commenced. varying in the number and shape of the cuts; and it is still a matter of opinion how long the tapping of an individual tree should be continued during any one year. A description of one system—the halfherring-bone, as it is called—will suffice. A narrow strip of bark is removed vertically for about three feet, starting close to the ground, and leading

into it side-cuts are made about six inches apart, at such an angle as will cause the latex or milk to flow into the vertical channel and down it to a small tin cup placed to catch the trickle. The lactiferous ducts in which the latex is secreted are close to the wood of the tree, and care has to be taken that the cuts, while reaching the ducts, do not cut into the cambium, and so interfere with the regrowth of the bark. These side-cuts are reopened every second day for a month or so by taking off the very thinnest shaving from their lower surface; at the following tapping, which may be in some months' time, although a longer period for recuperation is very desirable, the cutting is continued below the first scar. The latex is like rich milk in appearance (and it is comforting to know that it is not the sap or life-blood of the tree), with the caoutchouc or rubber present in it in minute globules like butter globules in milk. The flow lasts for an hour or two after each opening of the cut, and comes much more freely in the early morning. There is no uniformity in the yield. One tree yields freely, another sparsely, and from the same tree there is great variation of flow on different days. The cups are left on the trees for some hours, and their contents are emptied into pails and brought into the curing-house.

In the simple process, the latex is poured into pans or dishes and left for a night, during which the caoutchouc particles all coagulate into a soft, spongy mass separated from the watery whey. This coagulated mass, still milk-white, is then squeezed of much of its moisture by the pressure of rollers, and dried either naturally or artificially, during which process its white, curd-like appearance disappears, and it becomes translucent. To economise time and space, machines of various kinds may be used which hasten coagulation and drying, but in these matters, and even in tapping, no planter can at present say that he is other than a learner.

It is said that plantation rubber hardly equals the wild product in lasting qualities and 'nerve,' although it is greatly superior in purity; but whether that alleged difference is due to inherent qualities in the caoutchouc or to a virtue in the native method of coagulation and drying (in which smoke is used), or to age, has not been determined. The planter is content to see his rubber top the market, and the price for some years past has generally been close to six shillings per pound.

It is difficult as yet to speak with any degree of certainty as to what the yield per acre of a rubber plantation for an average of years will be in Ceylon or Malaya. Most of the trees hitherto tapped have been grown under conditions which differ from those incidental to large closely planted areas, nor have they been tapped for a sufficient number of years to justify quoting their yields as average ones. A tree in Ceylon over twenty years of age has given twenty-five pounds of rubber, and there are thousands of trees from seven to

ten years from which the yield has been two to four pounds in the year. If it turns out that on an average of years plantations generally yield only one hundred pounds per acre of marketable rubber in the twelve months, there will be no real cause for complaint, and at anything like present prices the profits would be large; but such a restricted estimate of yield would not be accepted to-day in rubber-planting circles, and except on the too-goodto-be-true principle, it is difficult to deny enormously greater possibilities. Be that as it may, the very encouraging results obtained from trees now being tapped-and these trees must number a good many thousands to have produced over a million pounds of rubber from Ceylon and Malaya in 1906—have attracted great attention to rubbercultivation. The shares of the older companies command very high prices; those of the premier concern, which has a Glasgow habitation, sell at eight times their par value, and the shares of an Edinburgh company are not far behind at six times. Such companies as these, it must be remembered, began some years ago, and are capitalised at very different rates from those prevailing to-day. More recently numerous companies have been formed, both in this country and Ceylon, and millions sterling have been subscribed to acquire existing properties and to open out fresh lands. Many of these companies have excellent prospects, and their shares are at a substantial premium; but when, as at present, a boom takes place, the investing public would do well to be very discriminating.

At one time the world's record for the highest value in agricultural land was held by the celebrated vineyards in the Cantenac, Margaux, and other communes of the Bordeaux district. These values, seldom over one hundred and twenty pounds per acre, had gone long before the advent of rubber plantations; but at their best they would have paled before the three hundred pounds per acre, at which rate fairly mature rubber works out in the prices actually paid for shares in some of the Malayan companies.

It is possible to frame almost any estimate of profit from a rubber plantation if the returns actually given by single trees or small plots be taken to represent average figures. Single trees have given in a few months twelve to twenty pounds of rubber, worth over five shillings per pound, and small areas have given returns equal to more than sixty pounds sterling per acre profit in the year. The planter knows, however, that when he has to deal with more closely planted trees, and has to take the average for some years of large areas, the figures will be different; although still in his slumbers dreams born of avarice are more likely than nightmares of poverty!

So far the Para tree has been wonderfully exempt from serious pests; but it will have to face all the usual risks of agriculture, and will undoubtedly have its ups and downs. At present above all others in the 'upe' is the market price, five to six shillings per pound; but no one ungifted with the power of prophecy can say what the prices ruling for rubber a few years hence may be. On the one side is the ever-increasing demand: the noisy motorbus (which seems to have no noiseless ingredient in its whole composition except rubber), said to consume two hundred pounds of rubber in the year; the high-powered motor-car, using up, it may be, a hundred pounds' worth of tires in the same time; cycles, no longer a fashionable craze, but necessaries to vast numbers of workers; and all the thousand-and-one older uses to which the substance is put. The demand, already ahead of the supply, must surely increase, and increase greatly; while the natural sources, large though they are, do not seem, even under the stimulus of high prices, to be sufficiently expansive.

The future range of prices will probably depend on two contingencies: (1) whether a commercially successful means of producing rubber synthetically be discovered; (2) whether the demand will increase in proportion to the plantation supply. The bogy of a synthetic rubber was raised anew by Professor Dunstan at the last meeting of the British Association, and he gave it as his opinion that such a product would be in existence before the British Association met again at York; but in planting circles there is a comforting feeling that Nature keeps her secrets very closely, and that the workings of her laboratory are subtle in the extreme. For how many centuries has the problem of inducing the pennyworth of carbon to take unto itself the form of a priceless diamond baffled and worn out the human brain! The present position of the synthetic rubber problem is that a hydrocarbon product called isoprene, prepared from oil of turpentine, if kept for some time, gradually passes into a substance having the characteristic properties of caoutchouc (and conversely, isoprene can be got from caoutchouc); but isoprene is only present in turpentine in such minute quantities that, even if the resulting substance proved in practice to be capable of being put to the same uses as rubber, it could not be produced in commercial quantities to compete with natural rubber.

Overproduction is not an impossible contingency; and it is certain that the plantation production will increase by leaps and bounds. At present it is a mere drop in the bucket—say, six hundred tons against the sixty-five thousand tons which come from natural sources; and even if the area planted

at the end of 1906 in Ceylon and Malaya is taken at one hundred and twenty thousand acres, and if the average yield six or seven years hence be put at two hundredweight per acre, the total would be but twelve thousand tons, or less than a 20 per cent addition to the present annual consumption of the world. It is difficult to-day to imagine that such an addition would not be readily absorbed. Still, if labour to open and work new plantations can be obtained, overproduction will in the end take place, unless the yield of the tree is checked by agricultural mishaps, although it may be as far off as the next meeting of the British Association at York!

In spite of these risks, agricultural and market, the prospects of rubber cultivation are very alluring, with their vastly profitable possibilities. The Federated Malay States, with a larger area of suitable virgin land, may attract more capital for purely rubber plantations than Ceylon can do; but the latter colony in many ways leads the industry. Those who know its planters will have confidence that they will be eager learners, apt pupils, in all that relates to their new industry. With praiseworthy enterprise, they, willingly aided by the Government of Ceylon, recently initiated a Rubber Exhibition, the first the world has ever known. In the lovely Peradeniya Botanical Gardens special buildings were erected, fittingly almost under the shade of the historic Para trees from which the new great industry has sprung, and there for a couple of weeks Queen Para of the dynasty of Caoutchouc held her Court. Wise men came from the East and from the West to teach and to be taught, and crowds of enthusiastic subjects, and strangers longing ω be naturalised, thronged the precincts. Botanists, chemists, and experts of low and high degree were there, while the prize-awarding judges were representatives sent out by the leading London rubberbrokers. Rubber was exhibited in many forms, beginning with the latex, a daily supply of which could be seen in the process of coagulation; and machines and implements used in the cultivation

were shown.

The second volume may well close at this point; and who will deny the romance of a life beginning with the Cinderella-like work of cleaning pencil-marks, and reaching an exhibition throne all to itself, with crowds of worshippers, and the historian's record that it has become the most valuable agricultural product in the wide, wide world?



THE ROMANCE OF A FLOATING DOCK.

CHAPTER III.



FTER dinner Sandford and the astute Mr Brandon took further counsel together. Brandon was of opinion that Don Diego would play the game of procrastination till there should be no time to get the wood

elsewhere, when, with copious lying backed by candid bribery, he would hope to force the acceptance of his rafts.

'You might, of course, order the wood from another man here,' he said, 'but you would only get into another bog of lies. These fellows are connected with each other by all sorts of family and business ties of which we know nothing. They'll all speak you fair, and cheat you secretly, apart or in combination. You are here to-day and gone to-morrow, a foreigner, and therefore everybody's natural prey. They live here, rivals among themselves no doubt, but allies, open or secret, against the stranger. The other fellow would pretend sympathy, promise all you want, play you till the last moment, and end by delivering Diego's identical logs—at a higher price.'

Sandford could not doubt it.

'Yes,' continued Brandon; 'and if you let yourself be cheated by him you will be cheated on every hand, and never get the work done at all. Better be bribed than that. If you take bribes you will at least be respected as a man of sense, and will gain something for yourself, whether the dock gets built now or the year after next, or never.'

'Oh, well,' said Sandford, 'I'll tell this fellow if he does not deliver the right stuff in ten days I'll get it from the United States or from England. It won't cost more in time and money than to renew the scaffolding before the dock is built, as I should have to do, and at the risk of a big smash first.'

'I would not do that just yet,' said Brandon. 'But stop a moment.' He looked round. 'Well, they don't know English, but we'll be safer outside.'

They went and strolled across the open sward.

Even then lowering his voice, Brandon continued: 'I would not quarrel with Don Diego or anybody else. You have given him polite notice that his logs won't be accepted. Now you'll find he will do nothing at all, but just wait for you to write again or try to see him; and he will take care to keep out of your way, for he thinks time will be on his side. A masterly inactivity will be his game. He'll lie low and let you fret. If you manage to get hold of him he'll promise everything you wish, but he'll never do anything. He'll tell you the cedar logs are on the way, that they are ten leagues off, two leagues, any plausible lie. But you will never see them, now that he has bought and delivered the others. And he hopes that at the last

moment you will be driven to take the trash he has sent rather than stop the work.'

'He will find himself mistaken.'

'Of course. Now put your hands in your pockets and look at the scenery. Don't let people think we are hatching a conspiracy. But listen without looking at me.' He took out a fresh cigar, and, turning away his head from Sandford, said, as he very deliberately examined it, manipulated it, cut off the end, lit it, and, after a puff or two, held it up and examined it critically, 'We have to go slow in this country, very slow, slower than they do, or we get left. It sounds paradoxical, but it's true. Crede experto. Now, between ourselves-have one of my cigars, and don't start-between ourselves, the steel plates have not left England, and won't either till they 're covered by our second instalment. The firm will wait my cable before shipping. The worthy Government here and I keep "manœuvring for position." I have the weather-gage just now, and of course I mean to keep it. It only needs plenty of patience and the art of holding your tongue in polite Spanish. You have to pretend to believe everything and at the same time believe nothing; and you must act as if you had a patriarchal lifetime before you. If they think you are in a hurry you are done for, and may as well pack your trunk and go home. Most fellows who come out here are in a hurry, and they expect promises to be kept too. Therefore they fail, and break their hearts. I knew a good man who believed them, and made his people at home believe them, and when he was swindled went off his head and shot himself. You must fix in your mind that the people here lie as naturally as they breathe; also that time is of no value at all. Everybody has far more than he has any use for, and can always spend more than you can.'

Their talk was interrupted by the loud whistle of a steamer in the river. The Puerto Nacional boat, the same that had brought them to Garapatas, was again approaching. Sandford and Brandon walked along to the landing-place, where the usual crowd awaited her arrival. Among them were several well-dressed gentlemen, plainly leading inhabitants of the town, and as soon as she touched the bank these hastened on board to salute one of the passengers. They greeted him with noisy effusion. Elderly gentlemen put their arms round his body and patted him on the back with both hands, while he returned their embraces with friendly cordiality.

'It is the manner of the country,' said Brandon.
'I wonder who he is.' He asked a bystander.

'It is Don Santiago Velasquez,' he replied. 'He is returning with his wife and daughter;' and the speaker hastened away to add his welcome to the

At length the passengers began to come ashore. Sandford was standing near a gangway by which some ladies landed. One of them was accidentally jostled, and a book which she carried fell from her hand. He sprang forward to pick it up, wiped the sand from it with his handkerchief, and, as he handed it to her, recognised the girl of the amber scarf.

She received the book with a faint smile and 'Mil gracias, señor.' Her eyes lingered gravely on his for a moment; then she passed on.

Sandford turned away, temporarily forgetting Brandon's existence. His emotion at the sight of this girl was strange and new, and even awful to him. It was some minutes before he rejoined his friend.

That night he slept badly. Before dawn he was peering from his window, trying through the darkness to make out the river-bank where she had landed. With a laugh at his folly, he lay down again. What could she be to him? The daughter, the sister, perhaps the wife, of such an one as Don Diego Lopez. Yet when he remembered her face the thought seemed sacrilege. His moods kept changing. He could not rest. He began to fear he must be taking ill. The daylight and his bath All day he braced him to defy his weakness. busied himself with his work.

The evening was very warm, and a little before sunset he and Brandon went out and strolled through the town. They sat down at one of the little tables on the pavement in front of a café. A little way along the street stood a square house of two lofty stories. The windows on the ground floor were few and small, and protected by thick iron bars. But the upper ones were many and large, and had shaded balconies with flowers trailing over their parapets. Sandford noticed the house because in the street before it a man rode continually backward and forward on a handsome horse, going no farther than the street corner and returning, fretting his beast with spurs and bit, and making it plunge and curvet so as to display his horsemanship. He was

dressed in the extreme of charro fashion, his big sombrero laced with heavy bullion, his short, tight jacket showing the white shirt between its lower edge and his blue silk sash, his closely fitting trousers ornamented with a row of silver buttons down the side and spreading widely over his lacquered shoes, his big silver spurs clanking with every movement. As he turned at the corner and came towards them Brandon recognised him.

'It is our Don Diego,' he said. 'He is evidently doing his pasear.'

'His pasear?' 'Yes, that's what they call it. It is what you have to do when you court a young lady here. He'll go up and down like that before the house as long as there is light enough to see him. The girl is supposed to be captivated like a hen pheasant when the cock struts before her.'

'But don't the neighbours laugh?'

'By no means. It's the custom of the country; and besides, a sense of humour is not their strong point here.

'Can't he make an afternoon call?'

'He would never see her. Men don't call on girls here. Very likely he has not spoken a dozen words to her. Probably he likes her looks and knows her father to be well off, as he must be to live in that house. After a few weeks of this sort of thing, if he takes her fancy she'll throw him a flower, or even speak a word or two to him from the balcony. He'll never see her much closer till they're married.—Diego's a clever, successful young man, by their standards, he continued. 'He's getting on. I suppose he'd be thought a fair match. Do you see any one on the balcony?

No one was visible from where they sat, but the daylight had almost gone. Brandon stopped a

'Whose house is that?' he asked, pointing it passing waiter.

'That is Don Santiago's house, señor. He arrived yesterday with the senora and the senorita.'

(To be continued.)

OF THE BRETON COAST. WRECKERS

By CLIVE HOLLAND.



THOUGH the infamous trade of wrecking has almost, if not quite, disappeared from the wild Cornish coast, where in the early part of last century it used to flourish, it is by no means an extinct one.

Quite recently, indeed, a wine-ship from Oporto to the Thames was lured to destruction upon the coast of Finistère by the untamed and almost uncivilised fishermen of that wild district. An account of the orgy which followed the coming ashore of the casks of wine and spirits washed out of the doomed ship as she broke up amidst a seething

cauldron of wild seas and jagged rocks appeared in many English papers. Few, however, made any mention of the fact that this vessel was undoubtedly tempted to its ruin by the wreckers of that wild strip of coast on which she was cast away.

Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made by the French Government to put down this terrible calling, it still exists, if it cannot exactly be said to flourish, on the south-west and west coasts of France, among the scattered fishing hamlets which lie lost from the world in creeks and crannies of the coast, where very little control can be exercised over their inhabitants.

In one of these little villages, which we will call Gomport, the old spirit such as animated the Cornish wreckers survives, and little or no disguise is made of this fact, although the actual operations are naturally conducted with as great secrecy as possible. Comes a wild night, and on the rise above the village two posts, some thirty metres apart and some four or five metres high, are erected, and on them is hoisted a line, hung fairly slack, to which are attached at considerable intervals ships' lamps. This is the lure by which the brave but callous fishermen of Gomport seek to draw to destruction any vessel which by stress of weather may be beating her way along the rock-bound coast. Placed on a low promontory scarcely above reach of the driving spray of broken Atlantic billows, these lanterns dangle and sway upon the line to which they are attached like 'riding' lights of ships safe in harbour.

On one such night as we have described, not ten years ago, a huge merchantman, bound from an Eastern port to Amsterdam, was drawn on to its fate in this way. Driven by terrific seas shortly after midnight on to the ledge of rock which runs north-westward almost across the mouth of the little haven, she was pounded to fragments ere dawn broke, and the rich bales of her cargo came in with the morning tide upon the sandy stretches of beach which lie north and south of Gonport, and are uncovered at low-water.

It was many hours before the 'authorities' even heard of the wreck, and several days ere any steps were taken to investigate the truth of the information received. Needless to say, long before the officials had made up their minds to take action much of the spoil had disappeared, hidden away in caves and holes known only to the wreckers and their families. For some months afterwards there was no lack of finery on the fisherwomen of Gomport; and the few summer visitors who, on cycling trips or in search of quiet, came to the little hamlet must have been mystified at the rich Indian shawls and stuffs with which on Sundays and the saints' days the belles of the village bedecked themselves.

Père Pierre, a fine, handsome old Breton, with a snowy beard and keen, hard eyes, can tell many tales of vessels which have come ashore during the last half-century. So accustomed is he to wreckers' ways and wreckers' craft—possibly in his veins runs piratical blood of past generations—that he sees little cause for shame or the hiding of details of such crimes committed by the villagers and by himself. Only once did Père Pierre feel compunction over the business, and that is a tale he tells himself with a stolid pride in the callousness which enabled him so soon to overcome his scruples and once more engage in what has been called 'devil's work.'

It was well back in the middle of last century, when he was a lad of eighteen or twenty. One night in November there blew a terrific gale outside the saw-like reef which lies across the mouth of the bay. Just as the sun was setting, but before the light entirely failed, a large, full-rigged ship was seen beating her way, headed north. All was excitement amongst the fisherfolk, and speculation ran rife as to whether the large ship, which was gradually becoming dimmer and dimmer in the fading light, would pass the haven ere it was dusk enough for the false lights to be shown.

On this occasion it was a couple of cows that were chosen to lure the vessel to destruction. Lanterns were hung to their horns and then they themselves turned adrift on the cliff-side to wander where they would. Night fell, and on the swart, wind-blown turf of the upper cliffs two lights were seen passing slowly to and fro, or merely rising and falling as though by the heave of the sea.

For some time this went on; then far out at sea in the driving wrack there burst a flash and the report of a gun, and then another flash and another report; and then a 'flare' of intense brilliance lit up the rigging and tattered sails of a huge ship driving full in towards the cruel rocks, with those aboard her only just becoming aware of her danger.

When morning broke, men, women, and children of Gomport-and old Père Pierre, then a stripling, amongst them—were to be seen along the coast north and south of the little haven like black ants upon the gleaming strips of sand which had been uncovered by the receding tide. Old Père Pierre was one of the first to find anything of value amongst the wreckage which strewed the shore. All day long bales and barrels and wreckage came floating ashore from the ship, which at low-water looked like a blackened skeleton upon the outer reef. But bales and merchandise were not the only things which came to enrich the Gomport wreckers and their wives and daughters. At the turn of the tide body after body floated ashore, and amongst them were those of the women who had been on board the homeward-bound East Indiaman-probably wives and daughters of returning English officers, for men in uniform and some in scarlet coats also lay bright patches on the silvery beach. Pierre himself found, entangled in a piece of one of the vessel's masts, the body of a young lady, and with a keen eye accustomed to rapid searching for valuables, he soon detected the presence of rings upon her fingers and jewelled rings in her ears. It was whilst pulling these off that he received a fright from which he did not recover for some days. For whether it was a mere relaxation of the stiffening limbs, or what, none can say; but to Pierre's perhaps excited imagination the body appeared to turn towards him with resentful, if appealing, eves.

'There was still one ring upon the finger of the woman's left hand,' old Pierre says when telling the story; 'but I left it there, and took to my heels faster than I had ever done before or since;' adding, after a pause which is dramatic and significant, 'And when I returned for the ring it was

gone!'

Several of these rings, taken without remorse from the dead woman's hands, were worn by Pierre's wife and afterwards by his daughter. And although the curé of the village—or rather of the little district around Gomport—preached in those days against the sin and crime of wrecking, and more especially of robbing the dead, his admonition fell upon deaf ears.

Tradition asserts that as early as the middle of the sixteenth century the wreckers of Gomport were celebrated for their skill and good fortune in tempting vessels to destruction; and there is a story current of the wrecking of two Armada galleons on a ledge of rock which juts eastward about half a league to the south-west of the haven itself. In a measure, these wreckers of olden days profited but little by this particular piece of work, for the galleons' treasure was mostly metal and jewels set therein; and so, instead of floating ashore, most of it sank fathoms deep as the high-pooped vessels slipped back into the ocean from off the shelving reef. But ever since, at a certain setting of the tide, gold doubloons and other coins of Philip of Spain have been picked up on the sands along the coast near where the Armada vessels were wrecked; whilst upon the altar of the little church, which is set back from the coast a full two miles, and serves for the district round about, gleams a golden crucifix of early sixteenth century Spanish workmanship studded with gems, which doubtless came out of the treasureroom of one of these ancient vessels; and round the necks of some of the women of Gomport hang old-time gold pendants and tiny crucifixes, some of them strangely worn as though fretted by sea and sand, which also tell the story of the wreck of the Spanish ships.

After a storm the stretches of beach along the coast near Gomport are scoured by women and children in the hope of finding treasures washed anew from the holds or boxes of the galleons. Sometimes their search will be rewarded by a thin disc of gold or silver which once bore the effigy of Philip of Spain, but now has been ground to almost unidentifiable smoothness by the action of sand and sea. Seldom nowadays does more substantial treasure reward their industry; but as recently as four years ago a golden crucifix—from which the figure had disappeared, and with bent arms fretted thin—was cast up and thrown into the melting-pot, which has so many times proved a convenient means of getting rid of unpleasant evidences of robbery and crime.

Along this strip of rock-bound coast are other hamlets whose inhabitants are by no means guiltless of wrecking, and at one of these villages is still to be seen a beam jutting from the cliff and overhanging deep-cut caves, once used as a crane by means of which cast-up goods were hoisted into the security of the caves of the wreckers themselves. On it was also hung, in mid-air, the lamp used to lure unwary craft to speedy destruction. But, notwithstanding their old profession, the people of this hamlet are singularly courteous to strangers, and have a mild-

ness of disposition which ill-accords with the many nights of cruel work in which they and their forfathers have indulged.

It was here that a collision occurred in the early seventies between the French coastguards and the wreckers who had succeeded in treacherously inviting a large bark to her doom. By some means or other the authorities got wind of the wreck, and sent several officers with a small detachment of gendarmerie to take possession of anything which might be cast up by the sea. Although they were early on the spot, a huge quantity of goods had vanished or had been buried already, for the wreckers were afoot almost before it was light, and the gendarmerie found them busy, many of them up to their waist in surf, dragging bales and casks and portions of the wreck ashore. As may be anticipated, the fishermen were not willingly deprived of their prey, and upon the gendarmerie attempting to interfere a fierce struggle ensued, during which several of the latter were severely injured by blows from pieces of wreckage seized by fishermen as weapons, and not a few of the wreckers were either wounded by sabres or shot, one unfortunate lad falling mortally wounded just before his companions were finally overpowered.

But though such tragic incidents as the one just described are of comparatively rare occurrence, it is by no means an isolated case. The wreckers farther down the coast towards Oléron were in ancient times notorious for their crimes. In the reign of George IV. two rich East Indiamen, a part of a convoy bound for the Thames, were lured to destruction during a fierce gale in the Bay of Biscay, in which they had been separated from the other ships. One was specially richly laden; and although much of her wealth was in specie, and went to the bottom without benefiting the wreckers, they derived a rich harvest from the bales of Indian stuffs and other merchandise which floated ashore. Amongst the inhabitants there still remains a tradition of the wealth which came to the hamlet on this occasion, and in not a few cottages may still be found odds and ends of Indian ornaments, relics of the two

unfortunate vessels.

The old curé of a little Breton fishing hamlet has a story to tell which reads far more like an incident of romance than literal truth. It is this:

On a dark March night in the middle of last century the wreckers of Merpré (as we will call the hamlet) were on the qui vive to pursue their dreadful trade. The then young curé once more exhorted them to remain within doors, but, as on previous occasions, in vain. A horse was led down to the beach, and on it, with a lamp strapped to his shoulders, was mounted one of the boldest fishermen of the village. Over the stretches of sand which formed a wide beach blew the foam from the incoming Atlantic rollers, which raced in a mad tumult inwards to the shore over an outlying ref. Soon in the inky night, eastward, a dark mass could be distinguished by the keener-sighted of those upon the beach, indicating the presence of a ship in dis-

tress, or at all events one driven out of her proper course. Into the very edge of the breakers rode the man with the fatal lamp. Up and down a short strip of beach he went, with the horse starting halffrightened at the swish of water around its fetlocks. Soon the vessel commenced to burn 'flares,' as though hoping to attract the attention of some one ashore, or perhaps to enable those aboard to see the supposed harbour's mouth. For some minutes she appeared like a phantom craft, part of her masts and rigging silhouetted against the dark sky by the lights burnt aboard her, and then she could be observed rushing shorewards under mere rags of canvas towards the terrible reef over which the waves were rushing in a boiling cauldron of foam. As she struck the rocks her masts went by the board with terrific crashes which even the howling of the storm could not entirely drown. A few minutes later, and the young curé came rushing down the gully which led to the beach, distracted by the evil work the fishermen were engaged upon. Along the shore itself were scattered nearly all the inhabitants of the hamlet-the only absentees being the very young and the very old-engaged in watching with keen eyes the ship upon the reef and the incoming waves for wreckage and portions of her cargo.

By dawn little remained of the unfortunate vessel, while the shore was littered far and wide

by wreckage and merchandise washed out of her, and amongst the former were several bodies of seamen, drowned whilst lashed to the spars. In vain the young curé attempted to dissuade his flock from their work of plunder. Men, women, and children were eagerly engaged in seizing the bales and casks as they floated within reach. At length, so the curé's story goes, he was attracted to a certain part of the beach by the fierce cries of one of the wreckers; and on turning his steps he saw him standing beside a dark object on the shore, near which knelt a young woman, his wife, wringing her hands and crying piteously, 'Mon frère! mon frère!' By some strange coincidence the vessel which her husband had assisted to draw to its destruction was that on which her only brother was a sailor. 'For a time,' remarked the curé when he had finished telling us his story, 'this incident did more to check the terrible business of wrecking than all my preaching and all my exhortation. But,' he continued, 'like most tragic impressions, this one wore off, because the spirit of wrecking is in the blood of these people.'

Many tales and romances are also to be told of the Cornish wreckers of old time, who equalled, if they did not excel, their brothers of the Breton coast in the ingenuity and the recklessness with which they

pursued this terrible trade.

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

HAPTER III.



ADY TALLANTYRE sat knitting shooting-stockings with elaborate tops for her idolised only son. She was a tall, white-haired woman of some sixty years, upright, gracious-mannered, kindly-natured, loved

and respected by rich and poor alike.

The sitting-room she usually occupied was an upstairs one in a turret which formed an angle of the quaint old block of buildings perched on a ledge of the steep fellside from which the Lords of Tallantyre took their title. It had started in life, like so many of the houses of Cumberland, as a peel-tower, and round the peel by degrees other towers had grown, till the present imposing manusion of mellow red stone was the outcome.

Two diamond-paned, mullioned windows, with deep, cushioned window-seats, overlooked the narrow strip of fertile dale through which, like a silver ribbon, a brawling river hurried from the heart of the mountains to the sea. The mountains just now were a perfect mass of glorious autumn colour—golden beeches, ruddy cherry-trees, green larches, mingled with brown bracken and gray crag; and far away to the right the sea sparkled blue in the sunshine, dotted here and there with the brown sails of fishing-boats.

Lady Tallantyre, sitting in one of the window-

seats, put her knitting in her lap, and gazed out over the fair prospect, a bitter sigh rising to her lips. There seemed no hope of salvation—this old home of an endless line of Tallantyres must fall under the hammer. She almost dreaded what her son might have to tell her when he arrived, for he had wired to her to expect him home that evening. As she looked wheels grated on the wide gravel sweep, and she knew that he had come. In another minute or two his quick, firm step ran up the spiral staircase, and he stood in the low arched doorway of the quaint tower-room.

'May I come in?' he asked. His face did not look so tired, Lady Tallantyre noticed, as it had done when he left her a fortnight ago. She rose and held out a hand of welcome, eager question in

her eyes.

'There is just one tiny chance,' he said gravely, warming his hands at the wood-fire crackling on ancient dogs on an open hearth; 'like a fool, it never occurred to me before. Matrimony, my dearest mother; and kind fate has thrown in my path a pretty and amiable girl with prospects that solve the question. I have asked her to come here next Tuesday with her father. We must make ourselves very agreeable, dearest.'

Lady Tallantyre's face looked very troubled.
'There is no other way?' she asked. The hands

that held the shining knitting-needles shook, and she dropped several stitches.

'There is no other way at all,' he returned, and his mother knew that finality lay in these words.

She sighed and picked up the stitches.

'We will do our best,' she said, and her son heaved a great sigh of relief, for he had feared greatly how his mother would look upon his last resource. He did not perhaps thoroughly understand how great was her love for him, or how unselfish that love was.

'And how is every one?' he asked in a lighter

tone. 'Any fresh news?'

'Cicely Grant is at home,' responded his mother. She looks very pretty indeed. She is a nicely

behaved girl for these mannerless days.'

'She didn't inherit her manners, then,' said Tallantyre with one of his rare smiles; and, indeed, the vicar, the Reverend Septimus Grant, was about as morose a person as one could well come across, who invariably contradicted and bullied his long-suffering wife and daughter.

Suppose, mater, we ask her to come and keep my heiress company. They must be about the same age, though Miss Van Zyll is a child compared

to Cicely in knowledge of the world.'

Lady Tallantyre's face grew long with horror.

'Do you mean she is quite uneducated, Hartley?' she asked.

Hartley Gordon smiled again.

'I don't mean that she eats with her knife, you know,' he explained, 'or drops her h's; only, she has been very strictly secluded, I gather, and is very shy indeed. She is very well educated-at least, expensively educated, I should say. I expect Cicely's cheap learning acquired at high school and college is far ahead really. Anyway, they will amuse, and I think like, each other. It will be a charity to Cicely, and you know you like any excuse for getting her up here. Write a note to Mamma Grant, and I'll put on my best manners and take it. She can't very well say no with me on the doorstep.'

Lady Tallantyre obediently wrote the note, and twenty minutes later saw her son striding off through the larch-woods down to the little red

vicarage-house nestling near the river.

As he unlatched the gate a girl came flying impetuously out of the stable to greet him. She was very simply dressed in tweed homespun, with a white flannel shirt and no hat. Her hair, rippling in heavy masses from a broad, low forehead, was rich brown, in which gleamed coppery lights. Under the delicately pencilled, arched eyebrows was a pair of merry, dark-brown eyes, and her mouth, too, was full of mirth and mischief.

'Welcome to the prodigal!' she cried gaily. 'If you will come to luncheon to-morrow I will slay the fatted chicken'-she pointed to a fine young cockerel strutting proudly about in happy ignorance of his impending doom-'in your honour. Father is going to say a few plain words at a congress, or

something, of clerics, so he is out of the way all right, though I am afraid the congress will not

She stopped from want of breath, and Hartley hurled himself into the conversation while he had the chance.

'Mother wants you to come up to the castle and stay with us all next week,' he said, giving her Lady Tallantyre's note for Mrs Grant.

'Hurrah!' shouted Cicely. 'Come along and have some tea, Hartley, and let her give you a polite note for Lady Tallantyre.'

She opened the front door and waited for him to pass in before her.

'Oh! it is nice to be back, and to have you at home too,' she said as they made their way to the tiny drawing-room, where a bountiful north-country tea was presided over by Mrs Grant.

CHAPTER IV.

ICELY GRANT was the first arrival at Castle Tallantyre upon the appointed day. She was determinately merry, and it seemed to Lady Tallantyre ostentatiously cheerful.

When the smile left her face, the great eyes wore a wistful expression which brought a sigh to the elder lady's lips. Tallantyre himself, too, was not quite natural; he was restless, ill at ease, nervous, and his eyes wandered constantly to Cicely's sweet face. If only Cicely He nipped the thought in the bud. Love of home came even before love of Cicely; and Cicely, loyal and true, understood. She loved Tallantyre well enough to sacrifice her own happiness for his welfare. She sat in one of the window-seats of a deep, mullioned window,

'Here comes the bus,' she cried, interrupting her chattering gaily. flow of nonsense, and a moment later a butler threw open the lofty door.

'Mr and Miss Van Zyll,' he announced.

Beatrix advanced shyly, flushing and paling, as Lady Tallantyre came forward to greet her.

'Why, you look quite frozen,' said her hostess kindly, drawing the girl near to the blazing fire of logs. 'You are not used to these northern wilds, my son tells me. This is Miss Grant, a very old friend of ours.'

The two girls shook hands, their eyes meeting for a moment with unconscious antagonism, which suddenly died out, engulfed on Cicely's part in pity, on Beatrix's side in admiration. Cicely was quick to note the sudden shrinking of the girl's slight form as her father's unctuous accents replied to Tallantyre's well-bred greeting.

'She shall have a good time here, anyway,' was Cicely's inward resolution. 'It strikes me that old pig has bullied her most shamefully. She looks like a spaniel that has had all the sense thrashed

out of it.'

The arrival of a footman with tea caused a welcome diversion. Mr Van Zyll seemed likely to prove a very wet blanket conversationally, and Lady Tallantyre was blankly wondering how they were to amuse a guest who neither shot, fished, nor rode. She began to feel very sorry for her son, who had to combine his courtship of the daughter with the entertainment of literally a heavy father.

'Let me make tea, granny,' said Cicely persuasively.—'Come along, Miss Van Zyll, and sit on this little chair between me and the fire.—Hartley, give me some more water in the teapot. Whoever brewed this tea had no regard for our nerves. Now, give Miss Van Zyll some hot scones.—The House of Tallantyre prides itself on its scones, Miss Van Zyll. There is a legend that the cook once won a medal at Carlisle for scone-making.'

'I wish it was the custom in polite society to eat 'em with a knife and fork,' said Tallantyre, helping himself gingerly. 'They are not fit to eat unless they are soaked in butter, and butter is such beastly stuff for springing a leak all over the shop.'

Beatrix looked from one to the other with a smile of admiration. Her pinched little face looked already happier, Lady Tallantyre thought, as she strove to make conversation with the financier while keeping an unobtrusive eye on the group by the great silver tray, while the ruddy flames from the fire rose and fell, throwing strange, fantastic shadows over the long, low room, with its thick walls and deeply mullioned, iron-barred windows.

'Now,' said Cicely as tea at last came to an end, 'I am going to take Miss Van Zyll to her room. It is the Blue Room, isn't it, Lady Tallantyre? I expect her maid will have nearly done unpacking by now.'

Beatrix followed her silently through a labyrinth of passages, along a gallery to a suite of rooms on the south side of the castle, one of the doors of which she opened, showing a great room furnished entirely in a soft gray-blue and white. In a dressing-room beyond, Beatrix's maid knelt before an open trunk reducing a chaos of beautiful clothes to order.

'Here you are!' said Cicely kindly. 'You have one of the best views from the castle in this room, and if you want anything, I am next door. Oh, I say, what heaps of pretty things you've got!'

Beatrix looked uninterestedly at the open drawers, each loaded with silk and lace.

'Have I?' she said. 'Oh, Miss Grant, what a glorious view! I've never seen anything half so beautiful—so wonderful. Lord Tallantyre is good to let me see such a revelation as this.'

For a moment the mention of Tallantyre's name brought the shadow into Cicely's brown eyes; then, chasing it resolutely away, she went over to the other girl's side, and they stood together gazing into the valley beneath and far away to the majestic crags that rose blue and shadowy in a rosy sunset sky which here and there tipped a gray crag with pink and turned the bracken into a ruddy brown.

'It has been so lonely alone in that great house

in London,' went on the girl, half to herself; 'and at school the others all looked down on me because I was only the daughter of a Jew money-lender.' The sweet young voice grew very bitter; the past insult had evidently stung deeply, and Cicely's heart ached for her. 'I have never had any friends—no one to speak to as a friend—just had to live all alone in myself. Miss Grant, will you be a little friendly—not look down on me?'

The voice was very sad and very wistful. Cicely the impulsive took the little, white hand in her strong, brown one.

'We are going to be real good pals,' she said warmly; 'and,' she added bravely, 'Tallantyre is a friend in a hundred.'

CHAPTER V.

B

ENEATH the great overhanging fell, from the side of which Castle Tallantyre gazed out over the fertile dale, nestled a long, straggling hamlet of whitewashed, thick-

walled, rough-cast cottages. Just beyond this hamlet, down a few yards of muddy lane, stood an ancient farmhouse known to the neighbourhood as The Outgang, to which was attached some seven or eight hundred acres of rich, low-lying valleyland and a wide stretch of 'heaf' or upland pasture on the fells above. The farmer who occupied The Outgang was not a tenant of Tallantyre's; he was what is known in Cumberland parlance as a 'statesman,' and the farm and its surrounding acres had been in the possession of his family for many hundreds of years. Rothery Crone, the present representative of his family, was a young fellow of some twenty-eight years, with a considerably better education than most of his class, for he had studied farming not only in Cumberland, but in Denmark, Germany, and France.

He lived alone in the great, rambling house, save for his hinds (farm-labourers), servant-maids, and an old great-aunt who kept house for him. Both father and mother were dead, and the young man had neither brother nor sister, nor indeed any near relative.

He came out of the muddy lane one sunny morning, and turned towards the hamlet. In appearance he looked what he was, a country gentleman of the agricultural type, a sturdy, broad-shouldered, lean figure of a man with the unmistakable fell-man's walk, his dress a well-cut riding-suit of gray-green homespun, the spotless white stock (secured with a tiny gold pin) gleaming snowily against the healthy bronze of face and throat. Beneath his cap one caught a glimpse of crisp fair hair and steady, honest gray eyes. The clean-shaven face showed a firm, well-shaped mouth, with square, obstinate chin, and his nose was of the regular chiselled type that is common in this part of Cumberland. Two

ladies who passed in one of the castle victorias

glanced with approval at his neat figure.

Rothery raised his cap in response to Cicely's smiling nod, and Beatrix turned to her companion with the evident question of his identity. Suddenly -without any sound or warning-there hummed through the village a large, noisy motor, startling the two horses in the carriage. There was an oath from the coachman as the driver of the motor crashed on his brakes to avoid collision, too late, however, for the terrified horses to recover from the

fright. Half-mad with fear, with a sickening lurch they spun round, shooting the luckless coachman from his box on to his head in the road, where he lay stunned, while the horses, the reins of course dangling at their heels, set off the way they had come at racing speed, their collar-bells jingling, the victoria rocking and lurching on its silent, Certain disaster, possible rubber-tired wheels. death, stared the two girls in the face.

Cicely, white but quite self-possessed, laid a hand on Beatrix, who half-rose as if to jump from the

swaying carriage.

'Sit still,' she said sharply; 'you'll be killed if

you jump.

Beatrix sat still, and, as suddenly as they had started, the horses stopped, giving both girls the opportunity of jumping out, an opportunity of which they very promptly availed themselves, seeing as they did so that they owed their deliverance to the young 'statesman' from The Outgang, who stood in the middle of the road, the maddened horses plunging and rearing in his iron grip as he soothed and petted them into something like tranquillity.

'Thank you, Rothery,' said Cicely, the colour beginning to creep back to her white face. 'We should have been in a hole if you hadn't risked your

life to save us.'

'Rubbish!' said Rothery, colouring hotly with annoyance, and glancing at Beatrix, who, though very quiet, stood with her breath coming and going quickly, and a very white face. 'Your friend looks shaken, and we must see after Charles. Suppose we lead the horses up to The Outgang, and you can rest there while we ascertain the extent of his

Without waiting for an answer, he started down the lane to the farm, leading the now quiet, though still sweating and trembling, horses. The two girls followed him in silence. As they entered the great yard a groom came out, and, with a hurried word, Rothery handed over his charges, and led the girls through an ancient arched doorway into a panelled

hall, and from thence into a cheery, chintz-furnished

Cicely sank into one of the beautiful old chairs, and Beatrix into another.

'By the way,' exclaimed Cicely, suddenly awaking to the exigencies of life, 'you neither of you know who you are.—He is Mr Rothery Crone, Beatrix; and she is Miss Van Zyll, Rothery.'

Beatrix's dark eyes smiled up into the gray ones that looked so straightly and squarely into hers.

'I sha'n't forget Mr Crone in a hurry,' she said, and indeed there was a vibration in her voice of real and deep feeling.

'Please don't make much of trifles,' entreated Rothery. 'Now I am going to see if Aunt Dinah

is about, and see, too, after Charles.'

He went quickly out of the room, and in a few minutes they heard his footsteps on the cobbled yard, as an upright old lady entered the room, followed by a stalwart, though neat and trim, maidservant bearing wine and cake on a massive old silver tray. She was dressed in black, this old lady; on her head a black coal-scuttle bonnet, in whose shadow her still keen, bright eyes glowed and twinkled. Her complexion, though her face was wrinkled, was still soft and delicate, and her finely cut, aristocratic features were very like those of her great-nephew. Cicely jumped up and kissed

'Miss Dinah,' she cried, 'I'm always turning up with a tale of woe and disaster.—Last time my bicycle skidded,' she added to Beatrix, 'and Miss Dinah cut the mud off me with a carving knife in the yard. It wasn't our fault this time, though By the way, I wonder where that motor disappeared to.—Miss Dinah, this is my friend, Miss Van Zyll, who is staying with Lady Tallantyre.'

Miss Dinah's keen old eyes rested kindly on Beatrix as they shook hands; then she pressed refreshment upon them in true Cumberland fashion.

They chatted merrily, and all were sorry when Rothery's head appeared again in the doorway.

'Charles is all right—only "shook up," he says,' he announced. 'I'm going to take you up to the castle, if you don't mind trusting yourselves to my

'No, of course we don't,' answered both girls at driving. 'And,' added Cicely, 'we must hurry up, or we shall be late for lunch, and Lady Tallantyre may hear of the disaster and get frightened about us. En avant, mes amis! Let us haste to the castle. The horses are not likely to run away uphill, that's one comfort !'

(To be continued.)



THE SCOTTISH PROFESSOR IN LIFE AND LITERATURE.



HERE is a widespread belief that a Scottish professor has a royal time is to be envied for his leisure, great opportunities for recreation and selfculture, and the high and honourable position in our educational

system. Some English folks are inclined to smile at the amount of respect paid by the Scottish people towards professors; James Payn did so while resident in Edinburgh, and he mentions how Alexander Smith the poet was pointed out to him as anything but a modest man because he had spoken of a professor by his surname. Mr J. M. Barrie thinks Payn might have been more reverent had he seen Professors Sellar, Fraser, Tait, and Sir Alexander Grant marching abreast down the Bridges from Edinburgh University, 'an imposing sight. The pavement only holds three; you could have shaken hands with them from an upper window.' The observer was himself of diminutive stature, and to him the four tall professors would be sufficiently imposing. David Masson was more greatly impressed when, a youth, he chanced to see Dr Chalmers (who very deeply influenced him, white-haired and reverend), John Wilson (yellowhaired, like a savage lion), and Sir William Hamilton (dark-haired, robust, athletic), all on one platform. Such another three men, he believed, could not be seen in any other capital in Europe.

There are delightful glimpses of happy home-life in the Recollections and Impressions (Blackwood) of Mrs Sellar, wife of the late William Young Sellar, Latin professor at Edinburgh University, which cover half a century, and introduce many interesting and distinguished personages, about whom she chats pleasantly. Newspaper men, with their keen scent for good stories, have already fallen upon the volume as lawful spoil, and made the best anecdotes current coin. But something of interest still remains; and, stimulated by its perusal, we have gleaned something further regarding the Scottish professor in life and literature.

There is a fine literary flavour and rich fullness of life in the Recollections by Mrs Sellar. The dignified leisure of a long recess was used well and wisely by her husband, who has left as fruit of his literary labours works on The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age, on Virgil, and on Horace and the Elegiac Poets. To the first his nephew, Mr Andrew Lang, prefixed an adequate and loving tribute. Tennyson thought Sellar one of the best Latin scholars of his day, most keenly and critically sensitive to the individual beauties of each author, as he found by conversing with him and reading his essays. Mrs Sellar is profoundly thankful for her life experiences, and is inclined to suggest that there be inserted a clause in the thanksgiving prayer for 'the best and dearest we have known on

earth, also for the great beauty that Nature has spread around us so lavishly, the two things that have given us the most enduring happiness while here we sojourned. Every page of the book breathes this spirit, and the reader catches its flavour insensibly as he turns over the pages. The retrospect covers life in Glasgow, St Andrews, and Edinburgh, sandwiched between delightful holidays at Ardtornish on the Sound of Mull, Harehead in Yarrow, Kenbank in Galloway, with some Continental tours thrown in. Then the people we hear about are interesting in themselves, and include Tennyson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Jowett, Dr John Brown, and Sellar's brother-professors, Veitch, Shairp, Masson, and many others.

Amongst the brightest and wittiest friends of the St Andrews period was Mrs Ferrier, wife of Professor Ferrier. If James Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd was the most remarkable man who ever wore a plaid, then Mrs Ferrier's father, John Wilson, the Christopher North of Blackwood's Magazine, was one of the most remarkable men who ever filled a professor's chair in Edinburgh University. His career (1814-1854) was over before Sellar came to Edinburgh. Other men may have known more of moral philosophy, but for a combination of brilliant gifts he was unrivalled. The Quarterly Review said he was beyond compare the most popular man in Scotland of his day with high and low, rich and poor. The wildest rhapsodies which came from his pen were received with favour. He was brilliant alike in writing and conversation, which flowed in an apparently exhaustless torrent. No other professor that ever lived came to such fame as a magazine writer. His contributions to Blackwood between 1826 and 1852-and this does not comprise his whole record—fill about six thousand pages, on every conceivable subject, from 'Streams' and 'Christopher North in his Shooting Jacket' to a review of Tennyson's early poems, which drew forth the following now dropped poem:

You did late review my lays,
Crusty Christopher;
You did mingle blame and praise,
Rusty Christopher.
When I learnt from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame,
Musty Christopher;
I could not forgive the praise,
Fusty Christopher.

Wilson, it has been said, could not have laboured more for *Blackwood* if it had been his own property, although he was never its editor, as has been often erroneously said. How the students did cheer and adore him, says David Masson, as he came in to the University class-room and launched forth in some rich poetico-philosophic medley in all the styles of Christopher North! His reading was a

kind of continuous musical chant. 'Yellow was Wilson's colour-the hair yellow and mane-like, the face blonde, the look wildly noble, the bust magnificent even as he sat, but more magnificent when he rose and the height was seen.' Charles Dickens, who met him in 1841, he appeared a 'bright, clear-complexioned, mountainlooking fellow, as if he had just come down from the Highlands, and had never in his life taken pen in hand.' He put his whole strength into his magazine contributions for the time being. To Carlyle, Wilson seemed by far the most gifted of all the literary men of his day, and yet he had written nothing that could endure. He recalled him as seen in Princes Street about 1814, a tall, ruddy figure, with plenteous blonde hair and bright-blue eyes, as if in haste towards some distant object. 'The broad-shouldered, stately bulk of the man struck me; his flashing eye, copious, dishevelled head of hair, and rapid, unconcerned progress, like that of a plough through stubble.' He also recalled supping with him, or rather witnessing his supper: 'ten or twelve tumblers of whiskypunch, continued until the daylight shone in on him and us; and such a firework of wildly ingenious-I should say volcanically vivid-hearty, humorous, and otherwise remarkable, entertaining, and not venerable talk.' Breakfast would be swiftly despatched, when he would shut himself up and begin to write, and never stir until the greater part of a Noctes or a brilliant essay lay in picturesque confusion, written down on the sheets which littered his study. While so engaged a dinner of boiled fowl and potatoes would suffice him, about 9 P.M., with no wine, only a glass of water. After dinner he might go on until midnight. These were spasmodic efforts, and could never have been kept up, while he wrote more in a few hours than many men could write in a few days. Never, it has been said, was periodical literature so happy in a votary. The task accomplished, he was human once more, the John Wilson of the happy home-circle, the moral philosophy class, or Christopher North on an angling excursion to Tweedside or a Highland loch.

Mrs Sellar is silent regarding John Stuart Blackie of the Greek Chair, who once described his occupation as business, blethers, bothers, and backgammon. His used to be a familiar figure in Princes Street, with head well thrown back, flowing white hair, the staff grasped in the middle, jerked backwards and forwards, and his plaid flying in the breeze which generally blows in Edinburgh. He had a very pronounced individuality, and was many-sided outside his class-room, in lecturing and begging for the endowment of a Gaelic Chair to the tune of twelve thousand pounds; he busied himself in translation, in writing poetry, newspaper correspondence, politics, or the grievances of the crofters. No one who ever heard him lecture could soon forget the melange of sense and nonsense-clever nonsensewit and wisdom. He is at his best in a little

book for students called Self-Culture: Intellectual, Physical, and Moral, which gives the condensed wisdom of a lifetime. Healthy and cheerful, active in mind and body to the last, he had completed his eighty-fifth year when he passed away in 1894. Here is one of his characteristic utterances: 'An absolute Tory is generally a clod or a fool, a Tory with sense is generally a Liberal more or less, a Liberal with sense is a Tory more or less, and a Liberal without sense is a Radical.' R. L. Sterenson once wrote: 'It is but a fallen university to-day; they have Professor Butcher, and I hear he has a prodigious deal of Greek; and they have Professor Chrystal, who is a man filled with the mathematics. And doubtless these are set offs. But they cannot change the fact that Professor Blackie has retired and Professor Kelland is dead.'

Lord Rosebery happily styled Professor Masson, the late occupant of the English Literature Chair, as the 'Grand Old Man of Edinburgh.' The friend of Carlyle and author of a great Life of Milton, he began his career as journalist, and was editor of an Aberdeen newspaper at nineteen. How he travelled from Aberdeen to Leith by steamer in 1839, with a glowing first impression of Edinburgh, is set down in papers in Macmillan's Magazine for 1864, a periodical of which he was editor for seven years. He was for three years on the literary staff of Messrs Chambers (1844-47) before he went to London, where he succeeded the poet Clough in the English Literature Chair in University College. Some five or six thousand students passed through his English class, amongst whom were J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett, and Ian Maclaren. The students under him were aroused to enthusiasm for what was best in life and literature. 'I seem to remember everything Masson said, says Barrie, 'and the way he said it. He masters a subject by letting it master him; for though his critical reputation is built on honesty, it is his enthusiasm which makes his work warm with life. Sometimes he entered his class-room so full of what he had to say that he began before he reached his desk. If he was in the middle of a peroration when the bell rang even the back benches forgot to empty.' In his series of papers in Macmillan, 'Dead Men I Have Known,' he has given very strong, realistic sketches of famous Edinburgh professors. Mrs Sellar has an account of a 'crush' at the Massons' when Browning was present for the tercentenary celebrations of the University.

Principal John Campbell Shairp and Professor Veitch figure in Mrs Sellar's record as fellow-professors at St Andrews and as intimate friends of her husband. Shairp was of a mixed Highland and Border blood, and both loved nature in Highlands and Lowlands with the calm, lifelong passion well exemplified in the poet Wordsworth Shairp edited Dora Wordsworth's journal of her tour in Scotland in 1803, and wrote, amongst other poems, 'The Bush aboon Traquair' as the result of a walk from Harehead, where the Sellars were

residing, over Minchmoor to Traquair with Dr John Brown and Mr Lancaster. Mrs Sellar says that Shairp always brought with him a breath of fresh, stimulating air from the mountain heights in which his mind habitually lived. He was full of enthusiasm and moral fervour. Few knew Scotland as he did from long, lonely wanderings over her more picturesque scenes. Veitch has related his first introduction to Shairp at Tibbie Shiels's, near St Mary's Loch. 'A fair - haired, ruddy-faced, and manly man, with open light-grayblue eyes, frank and affable, with ready recognition. But what attracted me most was that he was very wet-trousers, stockings, and boots all fairly soaked. There was no waterproof trash of gearing in those days, and more probably he despised it. He had just come in from the upper hills, and had waded from one glen to another, with a delightful sovereign contempt for the plashing of the burns through which he had made his way. This went to my heart at once.' Both men had to be out of doors from time to time, and put themselves in touch with pure, free nature, and gain something that would put freshness and suggestion into their hearts, and drive away the fag of work and sense of worry. While occupant of the Logic Chair in Glasgow University, Veitch had his holiday-home at the Loaning, Peebles, from whence he would saunter forth with his knapsack and disappear from human ken for a week at a time, across the hills. 'Oh the joy! Oh the glory! The herds' wives will give me scones, and I shall get nooks to sleep in here and there. If, as may happen, I yield up the ghost at the back of a dike, then twa corbies on a stane will point to where the bones are to be found.' Veitch's great book is The History and Poetry of the Scottish Border, which he knew so well.

Mr J. M. Barrie says that Sellar's treatment of his students was always that of a fine gentleman. Few got near him, but all respected him. You could never tell from his face what was going on within. William Young Sellar was born at Morvich, near Golspie, Sutherland, on February 22, 1825. His father had been a factor or estate agent to the Duke of Sutherland, who purchased the estates of Ardtornish and Acharn on the Sound of Mull. There are many pretty glimpses of the mother in these Recollections. She had a great love for literature, which she retained until an advanced age, and the family doctor in Edinburgh, Dr John Brown, used to say she would die in the act of writing to one or other of her numerous sons, of whom there were seven, and not a black sheep amongst them. At the age of seven Alexander Sellar was at Edinburgh Academy, and at the early age of fourteen gained the gold medal and other prizes. His nephew, Andrew Lang, in his fine tribute, wonders that Sellar's mind was not worn out in youth by the early drudgery, unrelieved as it was by little or no healthy recreation. Things were bettered in this respect when he was at Oxford,

where he rode, played cricket, and whist, in which he excelled. The friends made there were for life, and included John C. Shairp, George Lawrence (author of Guy Livingstone), Mr (afterwards Sir Alexander) Grant, T. C. Sanders (who became a Saturday Reviewer), and F. T. Palgrave. Jowett and Shairp came closest to Sellar, and we hear a good deal about both in the Recollections. Sellar took a distinguished degree at Oxford, an Oriel Fellowship, and went to Glasgow to assist Professor Ramsav in the Latin Chair. In Glasgow he met his future wife, Eleanor Dennistoun, and, says Mr Andrew Lang, 'a happier marriage, and one which gave more happiness to a larger circle of people, was never made.' Sellar left Glasgow to assist the Greek professor at St Andrews, whom he succeeded in the chair (1859-63). He came to Edinburgh in 1863 as professor of Latin, and held this post until his death in 1890.

He kept perfect order in his classes at St Andrews and Edinburgh, and Andrew Lang, who came to the former town with no purpose of working, left of another mind, and to his uncle he owed the impulse that made him a man of letters. St Andrews of forty or fifty years ago had one cab and one cook; society there, as elsewhere, had simpler tastes, simpler pleasures, with more real merriment. Great fun was occasioned by Mrs Sellar or others, at social gatherings, personating some one else, as described in John Brown's Mystifications. The students thought Sellar shy; half-a-dozen at a time would be asked to breakfast now and again at 15 Buckingham Terrace. And so the years passed with daily work at college, and for recreation walking, riding, and whist. It was at St Andrews that the caddie said to Sellar, 'Ye may teach laddies Greek, professor, but gowf needs a heid!'

The most interesting event here chronicled, and one most enjoyed, was the visit made by Palgrave and Tennyson to Ardtornish on the Sound of Mull, where they stayed a few days. Tennyson wandered on the moors, made nonsense-verses, and read his own poems in the evening. This, says Mrs Sellar, was the 'realisation of a dream, and we felt that for us earth could confer no higher honour, and I don't think anything that has happened in after-life has left a more lasting and delightful impression.' Herbert Spencer was another visitor, full of fads and fancies about his health, and afraid to get into an argument lest it disturbed his 'somniferous' faculties. A favourite Sunday walk while the family was in Edinburgh was to Sir John Skelton's house at Hermitage of Braid, where Mrs Sellar met Froude, Sir Noel Paton, and Huxley, who told her daughter there, while talking of lack of appreciation, 'Well, my experience is that if all the undeserved appreciation one gets were weighed in a balance against all the undue depreciation, the first would so outweigh the latter that it would kick the beam.'

There are pleasant references to Dr John Brown, who lent Mrs Sellar the manuscript of Rab and his Friends, which she took to Selkirk, and got

little sleep after reading that prose idyl, so haunted was she by its beauty and simplicity. She says of Dr Brown: 'The rugged humour of a carter, the grace of a delicate, high-bred woman, the wit of a man of the world, the innocence of a child,' were all dear to him, and she is thankful for the years during which he came in and out of the house as family physician. Little time was wasted in professional talk; humour interpenetrated all his speech, and played a soft lambent flame over his saddest thought, for he had his seasons of gloom and gladness. To young Ian Hamilton, who had been reading in a corner of the drawing-room, Dr Brown said abruptly on leaving, 'Well, good-bye. I hope you're as good as you look.' Mrs Sellar had been bride's-maid to Mrs Thomas Stevenson. She remarks that after calling at 8 Howard Place she found young R. L. Stevenson a fractious little fellow, decidedly pretty, with his dark eyes and fair hair; although, later, some of the Sellar family regarded him, with his long hair and black shirt, as affected, 'not to say intolerable.' Oliphant was bright and vivacious, unaffected and simple, but with no very striking personality to the casual observer. Of George Eliot, who married her cousin, Mr John Cross, in 1880, she says: 'Nothing could exceed the kindness and graciousness of her manner, and no one could resist the charm of the earnest, deep musical tones of her voice, and the constantly changing expression of her impressive countenance; but of this the pictures give little idea.' Jowett must have had many people outside the bounds of his sympathy, for he had a general prejudice against all persons who did not succeed in the world. Dullness and shyness were also unforgivable sins in his eyes.

The most impressive scene Mrs Sellar ever witnessed was that from the front gallery of the Edinburgh Music Hall when Thomas Carlyle as Lord Rector, looking world-wearied, addressed the students of the same university in which he himself had been a student fifty-six years before. She had a glimpse of him the year before he died, at Cheyne 'When I entered the drawing-room,' she says, 'I thought it was empty, but I saw the coverlet on the sofa move, and on going nearer, Mr Carlyle-shrunk and attenuated-was under it, with his face to the wall. He put out his hand over his shoulder to shake mine, and on my asking him how he was, he answered, "Waiting for my latter end." "I hope without pain and discomfort," I said. "With a considerable degree of both," he replied. He then asked about my husband, and referred to his visit to Edinburgh as Lord Rector, and again to our having met last at the station at Dumfries in the midst of "screaming engines and other infernalities."

Reform is in the air, and it may be that changes are looming ahead in regard to some of the methods of university teaching. At the last graduation ceremony in Edinburgh a professor said he did not think it possible to defend the overwhelming place

which the Scottish lecturing system held at the present time. The ancient professor was a walking commentary when books were few; now that books are plentiful, a professor has to compete with books, and on unequal terms. There was little or no real teaching in the circumstances. The professors were so busy lecturing that they had no time to teach, while the students' faculties were occupied in transferring words to paper. He suggested, therefore, a large development of the tutorial system. Carlyle in Sartor Resartus has said the worst of the lecturing system. About forty years ago Professor Masson pointed out as a distinction of Edinburgh University that it always has had two or three professors of admirable working ability, of exceptional genius and greatness; and that there was action and reaction of mind and a kindling of moral and intellectual enthusiasm from the lectures of a good professor, while the old lack of access to books has been greatly minimised. There may in future be a mingling of what is best in both methods of imparting stimulus and knowledge.

OFF THE COAST OF PORTUGAL.

A CLOUDLESS sky, a summer breeze,
The royal-blue of southern seas,
A lonely bird, a passing ship,
The distant courtesy of a 'dip.'
O'erhead the shady awning swings
To music of a sea that sings,
In gentle murmurs soft and low,
The song of ages in its flow.

O'er these same waves in times long past, With fettered oars and creaking mast, Sailed galleys of Imperial Rome, Unconquered yet on land or foam. With breaking heart, but dauntless mien, Has floated past this sunny scene, From Albion's shore, full many a slave Whose lingering eyes scarce saw thy wave.

Columbus here his sails unfurled
To find anon another world.
And here again the might of Spain
Forgathered on her smiling main;
Nor e'er returned, but—torn and tossed—
Was scattered to the winds and lost.
Another such a day as now
Saw Nelson's fleet these waters plough.

This placid sky beheld the doom
Of noble ships amid the boom
Of cannon' roar, wild shrieks of pain,
And tearing of the bullet-rain.
It is the grave of countless brave,
These peaceful seas that soothe and lave,
These gentle waves whose heave but seems
The breath of peace, the sigh of dreams.

So days may come, so ages go, Yet thy blue depths for ever flow, And coo or thunder, as they rise, The song of ages to the skies.

P. S. GRAYES.



HARDSHIPS OF THE NEW ENGLAND HERRING-FLEET.

By P. T. M'GRATH.



TERALLY and in most terrible guise death comes ice-clad to the Yankee 'herringers,' whose fishery on the coast of Newfoundland has been the subject of the modus vivendibetween England and America which

provoked so much diplomatic disputation in September 1906.

They begin this hazardous venture when the furious autumnal gales make cod-fishing on the Grand Banks impossible, and in October each year start for the Newfoundland bays, where they secure cargoes of herring, and convey them to Gloucester, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, all through the pitiless winter months until April, braving perils and enduring hardships which fall to the lot of no other seafarers who go out on shipboard in the stormy North Atlantic at this season of the year.

The annals of this herring-fishery form one endless chapter of hardship and disaster. Every man engaged in it has faced death time and again. These waters are the most northerly then navigable in the upper latitudes, for the mighty fields of flinty arctic ice are swept south over the Grand Banks and through the Gulf of St Lawrence, rendering these ocean-areas untraversable, and forcing every form of sea-going vessel to find routes across the Atlantic in 'the strain of the roaring forties.' Yet, through billows crested with masses of ice, amid gales fierce as tropic hurricanes, and in frosts so keen that they coat the little smacks with whited spray till they look like icebergs, these plucky fisher-boats and their gallant crews make their way to and from this rugged island seaboard, every mile of their voyages pregnant with conditions which make for marine catastrophes of the most distressful kind. Sometimes they are dashed against the rocky coastline, and hulls and men battered into fragments; at other times they are engulfed in the ocean's depths, and no soul survives to tell the tale of their undoing. Occasionally their spars are torn out

No. 507.-Vol. X.

by sheer weight of wind and sea and ice, and men are swept from their decks into the angry waters and never appear again; and the crippled craft, with maybe maimed seamen as a result of the encounter, stagger into some friendly harbour like broken-winged birds, telling a tale of danger surmounted that almost makes the blood run cold. Or, again, a whole crew will be seared with frost-bite, and unable to work their vessel owing to the manner in which she is encased with ice; and then, unless some friendly sail appears to take them off the unmanageable craft, they will endure a period of bitter misery, only to perish at last amid the wild waste of waters and add another to the ocean's mysteries.

For nearly sixty years the New England fishermen have been prosecuting this industry in Newfoundland waters-in Placentia and Fortune Bays on the south, in Island and Bonne Bays on the west, and in White and Green Bays on the east coast. The fish are cured in two ways: by salting until the frost sets in, and then by freezing. About sixty American and many Canadian and Newfoundland vessels engage in it; but the former, because of their longer voyages, experience the most fatalities. The vessels, though averaging only one hundred tons burden, are of the very finest and staunchest in rigging and equipment, for no others could stand the dangers they have to face; and neither skippers nor crews will take any smack for a herring-cargo which they are not satisfied with. Indeed, they will frequently test a vessel's gear in a preliminary cruise, and if found faulty will 'chuck her up.' This is not surprising when it is remembered that six or eight men have to handle these craft during trips that represent constant, unceasing battles with death, amid weather the worst in the year, with frosts and floes to add new hazard to the navigation of waters dangerous enough at any time. The rigours of a Newfoundland winter are but poorly imagined by those unfamiliar with its climate and coastline. Yet it AUGUST 17, 1907. [All Rights Reserved.]

is only in this season that the herring are to be found in these waters—the one part of the Atlantic seaboard where they resort then; and since they are used as bait for the American vessels which fish off the Nahant Peninsula, as well as for food purposes in all the eastern cities, they must be had, no matter at what cost to ships and men, because only at this season can they be frozen by exposure to the bitter night-air and carried to the American ports in the vessels' holds without refrigerators or other artificial accessories to retain them in this state.

Fogs at the first, blizzards at the last, and robust gales all through are among the factors in contributing to the tragic death-roll of this industry. Early in October 1906 the Edna W. Hopper, one of the finest of the Gloucester (Mass.) flotilla, struck the Newfoundland coast in a fog, went to pieces, and nearly every soul on board was drowned. Three weeks later the Louis H. Gilis, another staunch Yankee craft, dragged her anchors in a gale in Humber Inlet, and the thirty men aboard had a desperate struggle to escape from the sundering hull as it was flung against a rocky islet. In fishing among the inlets large numbers of Newfoundlanders are employed, and this adds to the risk of an appalling roster of the victims when mishap is met with there.

Amid the storms that attend the winter solstice at Christmas-time many pitiful tragedies are enacted. It was on a Christmas Eve, while crossing Cabot Sea, between Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, that Captain John O'Brien and his son were swept from the deck of the Senator Frye and sank before a hand could be raised to help them. It was on the night of Christmas itself that two others were flung over the side of the Albatross and met a like fate. About the same period the Alice M. Jacobs drove on to a reef near Cape Ray at midnight, and the half-clad crew escaped from the doomed hull to the naked rocks, where for hours they remained shelterless, frost-covered, and miserable. At daybreak one courageous fellow plunged into the icy water and swam across to the mainland, where he apprised the settlers of the peril of his mates, and they brought round a boat and rescued the castaways.

Where could a more thrilling tale of man's escape from the wrath of the sea be found than that of the herringer Yosemite, which went ashore on Ram Island at nightfall a few years ago while running home with a cargo from Fortune Bay? Her nine men got on to the rock; but one was afterwards swept off. The skipper had both legs broken, yet the others gripped him fast; and, the severed hull forming a breakwater, seven held this coign of vantage till daybreak, though the eighth perished of cold and exposure. When the light served, Pat Rose, a Newfoundlander, swam across to the mainland with one end of the log-line, which had washed ashore, round his waist, and by its help the others—even the helpless captain—got across. Here they found a fisher's hut, with a stove that

lacked a funnel; and by pulling down part of the place and using their last three matches, they contrived to get a fire going, and remained a second night-for the storm still continued-without food, and enduring intense misery from cold and exhaustion, especially the hapless skipper, with both legs fractured, for the frost was twenty degrees below zero, and a roaring fire barely sufficed to impart a glow to their chilled bodies through their brinesoaked clothes. Next morning settlers in the vicinity, seeing their fire, came to their aid and housed them comfortably. The skipper recovered, but, strange to say, met his death in the same industry two years later, when his vessel, the Eliza M. Parkhurst, was entombed beneath the seas of Cape George in Christmas week, with every man aboard. She and the Independence were running out of the gulf fully laden, driving ahead for all they were worth in the effort to reach home and a market first. Suddenly a snow-squall swept down from the headland, and when it had passed the Independence was many miles distant and badly rumpled from the encounter, for she had been 'hove down,' and barely escaped going under. There was no sign of the Parkhurst, though this was not considered serious, as she might have reduced sail; but she was never sighted again. Not till the next summer, when the cod-fishers observed the surface of the water to be oily, owing to the herring below, and, suspecting the tragedy it denoted, let down grapnels and brought up some of her wreckage, was the mystery finally solved.

No heroism could be greater than that of the Liberator's crew when she was dismasted off the Bay of Fundy and a big ocean freighter bore down upon her, seeing the reversed ensign fluttering on the stump of her spar, while the surges swept the sodden hull, and not a sign of life was visible on her decks. A boat was got out, but was splintered against the steamer's side as it took the water; the second fared as badly; and a third was being launched, when the tattered signal on the stricken smack was hauled down. This strange proceeding only stirred the steamer's crew to even greater exertions to rescue the unfortunates, and the third boat was safely launched, which, despite the tremendous sea raging, got to the craft and took of the five humans still aboard her, three having been already washed overboard by the tempest which dismasted her. The reason the survivors gave for hauling down the flag was that they feared the boat's crew would drown, and they preferred rather to perish themselves than witness any fatalities in the endeavour of the rescuers to save them.

Rarely, though, does a herringer's crew imperilled in mid-ocean escape. There is one other case recorded, which is worth noting, because it illustrates the coolness and daring of sourceful fishermen. A steamer bound for St John's sighted off Cape Ray two schooners, one dismasted and sinking, the other taut and trim. She approached, and witnessed a singular scene.

former, the Laura C. Crosby, from White Bay, with herring, had been disabled by a blizzard, and after all the pumps had been worked for sixty-four hours. had been sighted by the Margaret, bound there for a cargo, which, after taking off the crew, was now transferring the derelict's deck-load, barrel by barrel, to herself by means of her dories. Surely it would be difficult to imagine a more conclusive evidence of the character of these men than the fact that they should calmly proceed to unload the craft in mid-ocean, hoisting every barrel over the Crosby's side into a frail skiff, and then rowing it to the other vessel, where it was hoisted aboard again: these operations being performed on turbulent waters, amid frost keen enough to make every foothold slippery and insecure and every rope stiff as an iron bar.

The man, however, who has seen a herringer make port in midwinter ceases to be surprised at anything in seafaring life, for almost beyond belief are the experiences of the craft which make these hazardous trips. The vessels are filled with herring, packed between layers of salt or frozen or covered with ice, till they are full to the hatches. Then these are battened down, and the cabin at the stern is filled in the same way. The deck is next covered with barrels full of fish preserved in pickle, and lashed securely to ring-bolts. Over these barrels planks are placed to enable the crew to move about, and they all-skipper and men-live in the forecastle. By reason of the cabin being filled, the bow is elevated out of the water somewhat, a circumstance which usually accounts for the craft surviving the perils which encompass her as, leaving Newfoundland in this trim, she worries her way in all sorts of weather, like a game little terrier with a bone in her teeth, until she reaches home. She is little better than a mere raft on the ocean, her rail scarcely two feet above the sea. When she encounters tempests and frosts the spray freezes on her decks and bows, and weighs her down as if armour-clad. Day and night the men must pound this off and throw it overboard, for if it should accumulate it would speedily sink the craft. For use against it, every vessel carries long-handled wooden mallets, which are wielded incessantly, with axes and shovels, to keep her clear of the deadly crust. Frequently, with bitter frost and head-winds, the gelid spindrift will cut the faces like lancet-points, and the men have to wear cloth masks to be free to carry on this work. Even then, with waves breaking over the bows every minute, short spells alone are possible at this arduous task or at the wheel; and men have to be changed frequently, lest they fail before this terrible zerocold. Sails, rigging, and spars are frost-rimed, till the craft looks like a swift-driving iceberg; and, no matter what changes of wind come, she is helpless to meet them, with every rope and block frozen solid, and mayhap some, if not all, of her men frostburnt. Hence the frequency of wrecks among these vessels. Some are overwhelmed and vanish, while

others drift against the nearest coast and go to pieces; but a few strike a warm wind, thaw out, and thank good fortune for their escape. The Aloha entered Gloucester two years ago more heavily crusted than ever a ship had been seen to be before. The Nourmahal was sixteen days battling with such conditions, and had every man of her crew badly frosted. The Makonna endured ten days of it, and was enmeshed in an icefloe as well, where the contending masses threatened to crush her sides. The Whyland was ice-clad, then nipped by a floe, started leaking, then settled down in the water. had her rails and foremast carried away and one man with them, drove helplessly before the breeze with over half her men pounding the ice off and the others pumping her for several days, all being badly frosted and without sleep, till a steamer sighted her and rescued the crew, having to wait eight hours till the storm abated sufficiently to allow a lifeboat to be launched.

To get nipped in the frost is almost ruinous. The Fernwood, which had the previous season sailed nearly six hundred miles with a jury-rudder, was so beset two seasons ago. The floes being forced against the land, the ice 'rafted' high above her sides. and the crew had to abandon the ship and tramp shoreward across the rugged crystal plain lest they be swallowed up with her. They were three days on the journey, dragging after them a dory (rowboat) laden with food, to use when crossing watery places amid the pack. The vessel went to pieces, and the men reached the coast footsore and frozen. The Nicholson's crew left her in similar case, and had an equally trying experience; but the wind changing soon after, the vessel escaped, and coming near another part of the coast, was boarded by five Newfoundlanders. They in turn were carried off in her by a new 'slant' of the breeze, and were fiftynine days drifting about the gulf in the grip of the ice, nearly starved, till spring came, and they were able to work her back to land and secure substantial salvage.

The daring of the herring-fishermen themselves contributes sometimes to disaster. They take the greatest risks, especially when the vessels are loaded, because they want to reach market speedily; and conditions that would stay a cautious navigator deter them not at all. Long familiarity has bred in these mariners the supremest contempt for the storms that assail them; and though in nine cases out of ten the unrelenting forces of nature ultimately overcome them, the long death-roll each season causes no diminution in the army of recruits to fill the gaps in the crews. When two or more vessels are homeward bound, and in sight of one another, none will shorten sail while daylight lasts; though at night various tricks are devised. One vessel will put out a dory with a light at the masthead to represent a vessel lying to, so that the others may shorten sail and leave the originator of this plan free to run at good speed all the night. But if the trick is discovered, additional

efforts are made by the aggrieved ones to reach the objective first, and the craft will race southward through weather that a steamer would hardly face. Under such conditions the Imogen was 'hove down' by a gale once, and tilted over till the lantern washed out of the lee rigging, and fifty barrels of herring from her deck; while she was also dismasted, though by means of jury-spars her crew got her into port. Through a similar cause the Leander was, another time, driven ashore on the Nova Scotia coast; and though most of her men escaped, one was swept overboard by a falling mast, and another drowned just as his dory reached the shore.

No phase of the industry is without its attendant risks. Even in the inlets where the fish are taken there is constant danger from storms and floes. The gales drive the bay-ice against the anchored craft, frequently damaging them so that they cannot put to sea, while if they are caught among the islands which give the principal Western Bay its name they run the risk of being crushed with the craft or staving on the lonely rocks.

Some years ago five men, survivors of an inbound herring-vessel, got ashore on an islet there, the other five perishing. As a terrible death from hunger and cold was almost certain, four of them contrived to improvise a skiff out of wrecked wood and canvas, and by its aid ferried themselves across twenty miles of turbulent water to the mainland. Their companion died of exposure and lack of food before they left, and only their strength of will prevented a resort to cannibalism, to such straits were they reduced, having been a week without food.

Cases of extraordinary personal adventure are equally frequent. Two years ago a fisherman of the Maggie May, while working at some herringnets from the ship, found that a sudden drop in the cold froze her fast to the ice in the creek where she was lying. That night the wind drove her and the floe some miles down the coast. Next day he tried to reach land, but upset the ship against an islet. He saved a small bag of flour and a bottle of molasses, and on these subsisted for three days. His matches had got wet, so he could not light a fire to keep

himself warm and fight off the deadly frost-stupor, and he spent his time cutting down trees. The second night his feet got frosted. He had no shelter but an improvised 'shack' of sticks and boughs. The third night he had to keep crawling around all the time lest sleep and death overcame him. The fourth day he sighted a smack in the offing, and tried to signal her, but without avail That night the sea froze, and he started towards the cove where she harboured. His feeble cries were heard in due course; a rescue-party came forth; he was found helpless and badly frozen, and after being fed and cared for, was drawn fifteen miles on a sledge to the nearest surgeon, who had to amputate all his toes.

Last year James Martin, of the Gloucester schooner Senator Gardner, was caught in the ice at Bay of Islands while out in a dory at his herring-nets, and, a gale rising, was swept forty miles along the coast before he could again reach land. He was adrift for two days and nights, exposed to the fury of the storm and the rigour of the cold, without food or shelter, wandering about the floe to keep himself even comparatively warm. Both his hands and feet became frozen, and when he got a chance to go ashore he could barely make a landing. Descrying some houses at a distance, he endeavoured to get to them, being so weakened that he had to crawl on his hands and knees Before he had covered the distance he became unconscious. Here he would have perished had not some men returning from the forests with firewood discovered and conveyed him to their

Many a poor fellow is not so fortunate as these. home. Their boats driven off or frozen in the floe, they perish miserably of cold and hunger. Among the most gruesome features of this fishery is the finding of corpses, chilled and blackened from the frost, in boats or on the floe. To work actively, the men cannot go clad in a manner that would be demanded for their full protection, and must trust to the warmth engendered by their exertions to maintain their bodily heat. Hence, when a mishap occurs they are quite unprepared to resist the attacks of a frost often thirty-five degrees below zero.

A FLOATING DOCK. THE ROMANCE OF

CHAPTER IV.



DAY or two passed. No answer came from Don Diego. Sandford called at his house. He was not to be seen. A polite clerk shrugged his shoulders and answered all inquiries with the non-committing Latin-

American formula, 'Quien sabe?' ('Who knows?').

'Will Don Diego be back soon?'

Quien sabe?'

'Is he procuring fresh timber for us?'

On Saturday evening some one mentioned in Doña Concha's that a mail had arrived. People have to call for their letters in Garapatas, and after his early coffee on Sunday morning Sandford went to the post-office.

The postmaster of Garapatas reclined in a rock ing-chair, looking over an English illustrated paper. He had selected it from the mail and withdrawn it from its addressed cover, which lay on the counter

beside him. After getting Sandford his letters, he glanced at the wrapper of the illustrated paper, saw that it too was addressed to Sandford, glanced in a leisurely way once more at the paper, then folded it clumsily, and, without attempting to return it to its cover, handed paper and cover to him also, with a smile and a bow. Sandford received them with equal politeness. Brandon had told him that the Moyocuilean postmaster regards as a perquisite of his office the perusal of any newspaper which may interest him-all illustrated ones doand that a man would be regarded with disfavour who made any fuss on happening to see his paper in the hands of one of the postmaster's private friends, or even in that official's favourite café, before he received it in the course of a day or two over the post-office counter.

Sandford left the post-office and strolled along the street. A morning air that brought a little freshness was breathing from the broad river, but the sun was already hot as he emerged from the porticoes of the side-walk on a wide square. He crossed it to the open door of the large and wellkept church, the Paroquia of Garapatas. Throwing away his cigar, he entered, grateful for the shade and comparative coolness. Mass was going on, and a number of people, nearly all women, were on their knees. Protestant though he was, Sandford could pray in a Catholic church, and he knelt down too. He felt unusually lonely and distant from home. When the service was over and the small congregation dispersing, he rose. He had a moment's friendly talk with a passing sacristan, who told him that the second mass of the day was just over. 'The third will begin immediately,' he added as he went on his way.

People were already assembling for it, and Sandford went out. As he stood for a moment in the porch he saw a girl approaching. She was dressed in black now, and a light scarf of black covered her head; but he knew her instantly. One ungloved hand held the end of her scarf over her breast, and in the other she carried a book.

He had not put on his hat, and he stood aside to let her pass. She looked at him, raising her head a little, and again she did not turn away her eyes at once, but let them rest on his with a serious look, while a faint colour rose in her cheeks. Almost imperceptibly she seemed to breathe a single word, 'Adios!' Then she lowered her eyes and bent her head and was gone into the church.

He walked away trying to rally his intelligence. Did she really speak to him? And if she did, was her word a greeting or a farewell? More than one unknown Indian passing him on the road had taken off his sombrero and said, 'Adios, señor.' He knew that it might be merely a salutation by which wayfarers as they pass, with pious courtesy, commend each other to the care of God. And then he was not sure that he had not, after all, but imagined her to speak.

Telling himself for the hundredth time that he

was a fool, he returned to Doña Concha's, and seated himself in her porch with a pipe and a book. He tried to read; but the lovely, serious face of the unknown girl came between his eyes and the page. His pipe went out. He felt as if some strange, almost spiritual, acquaintance had risen between them. She knew nothing of him, he nothing of her, yet it seemed to him now that they were friends, the dearest friends in the world. There was a link between them although they had never spoken. Something told him that she too knew it. It was as if between two ships far at sea with electrical receivers and transmitters tuned in syntony a message sprang across from each of them to the other. It was no articulate signal, and neither knew enough to read it clearly. Yet consciousness answered consciousness with a strange and happy

He started up from his chair. Was he awake? Was he hypnotised? How could he dream such nonsense? What spell had been cast over him? He shook himself as if to throw it off. This was the way in which a man made an ass of himself thinking about a woman. 'You can stop it if you take it in time,' he repeated to himself. He would get away, and new scenes would occupy his mind. This girl was a foreigner, and of an inferior race at that; a Roman Catholic too—an impossibility. He thought of his book. Like Schiller, he would have only one rule of conduct—the strictest. He would never see her again. This resolution seemed to clear the air. He put the book in his pocket and went to look for Brandon.

'Brandon,' he said, 'I have been thinking.'

Rather hot for that, isn't it?' said Brandon.

But Sandford continued: 'It seems impossible to get hold of that Don Diego.'

'Yes,' said Brandon; 'he won't materialise, as the Yankees say.'

'Very well. Suppose I take a trip up-river and see whether I can't fall in with what we want? There is plenty of time.'

'Not a bad plan,' said Brandon. 'I believe the forest belt begins some sixty miles up-country, say a hundred by the river. There must be plenty of cedar and oak, for plenty comes down. If you can make a bargain for what you need, you could send a couple of the foremen up to see it rafted and brought down. I think you will succeed. But we must not say a word to a soul here. Everybody hears everything, and Lopez may find means to foil you.'

'I should not wonder. How does one get up-

'The steamboat company here occasionally sends up a launch, I believe. The freight-canoes take weeks, and they all belong to the merchants. Let us go along by the company's office and inquire. Or perhaps you had better go by yourself.'

A little way up the street a signboard over a low doorway bore the words in gilt letters, Compañia de Navigacion. A placard on the doorpost caught Sandford's eye. In blue pencil it announced that

the steamer Vigilancia would leave at four o'clock next morning for Espiritu Santo, San Tomás, Valverde, and intermediate points on the Carrizal River. Sandford knew the Carrizal to be an affluent

of the Mariposas.

A barefooted porter in a tattered shirt showed him into the office. The smiling manager bade him good-morning. He learned that the Vigilancia would arrive, bar accidents, at Valverde, the end of her journey, the same evening; that she would return on the third day, and would make the trip again in about a fortnight. He made no further inquiries, and in a few minutes he was again in the street, a written ticket for the journey in his pocket, and the manager beside him pointing out the little steamer lying by the river-bank.

Bidding the manager, who wanted to get back to his siesta, a courteous good-bye, he strolled over

to look at her. She was about the size of a frigate's launch. Her boiler and engines occupied half her interior, and there was space behind them for halfa-dozen passengers. Over her from stem to stern she had a substantial fixed wooden awning, through which her funnel protruded. The awning was supported by brass poles, much battered. The name of a French builder was on a brass plate. She was neither new nor very clean, but seemed a strong and serviceable boat.

'Go in a riding-suit,' counselled Brandon, 'and take no more baggage than you can carry with you on a horse. Take your revolver too. The law permits travellers to carry arms. Just let it be visible, and you will have no occasion to use it. But if you meet a drunken Indian or two it will

be as well for them to see the handle.'

(To be continued.)

JOURNALIST. COMPLETE THE

QUALIFICATIONS FOR JOURNALISM.



URNALISM is the one vocation which above every other exercises a fatal fascination over the youth of the world. Other callings may offer more valuable prizes in life, more security, and more ease; but none

can compete in charm with the career of a 'gentleman of the press.' The reason for this is obvious. To the young and uninitiated, journalism holds out the most alluring prospects. It casts hypnotic spell with equal potency over the two most pronounced types of ambitious youth-the literary and the adventurous. What youth, for example, with a love of literature has not felt his heart throb faster while reading those well-known and seductive words of Anthony Trollope: 'If a man can command a table, a chair, pen, ink, and paper, he can commence his trade as a literary man. It requires no capital, no special education, and may be taken up without a moment's delay'? Less literary but more hazardous spirits succumb to the same fatal flair. The variety, the excitement, the constantly recurring opportunities to visit new scenes, to meet famous people, and to undergo novel experiences, envelop the profession in a seductive glamour to which youth easily yields. And can we wonder? To become a part of that vast, indefinite, and mysterious potentiality which the public both dreads and worships; to step from the door of dull domesticities, or the cribbed, cabined, and confined limits of an obscure or conventional existence, into a world of living interest, a world that furnishes a livelihood while it entertains so royally-can we wonder that youth is beguiled by the siren's sweet

Mr Arthur Lawrence, author of that helpful little book, Journalism as a Profession, in the 'Start in Life Series,' gives various illustrations of the

common bewitchment. He tells, for instance, of the scion of a noble house whom he found keeping the books of a newspaper, and another at work on ingenious acrostics upon which he relied for quadrupling the sale of a weekly review. The first man that he met upon a weekly journal with which he was connected had purchased a thousand shares in the paper in order to obtain a minor post on it. These are typical cases, and may stand for the myriads of young hearts bent upon climbing the journalistic ladder to the heaven of their hopes, They see not the seamy side of the enchanted calling. Their eyes are filled with bright visions of honour and success, and the dazzling glory shuts out the surrounding darkness. They see not the gray ghosts that haunt the shadows of Fleet Street, seeking work that is seldom given, dying at last in penury and despair; or the no less pathetic figure of the man who has grown old in a business which has no place for old age, and where to grow old is accounted almost a crime.

This article, however, is concerned more with the tools of the trade than with its dangers or possibilities. What is the young journalist's best equipment? Which is the right road for him to take? Unfortunately, the youthful aspirant is beset with perplexity from the very beginning. He is perplexed with a plethora of guides, and, alas! few of them competent or successful guides. In no other calling, perhaps, are there so many practical failures who take upon themselves the task of pointing out the way of success. Little does the eager aspirant fancy that the dainty and compact little book called How to Become a Journalist, The Young Journalist, The Journalist's Vade-Mecum, or some such title, was written by a man whose private drawers are crammed with rejected manuscripts 'declined with thanks' by urbane and courteous editors. None the less boldly, however, does he proffer the weight of his counsel to innocent and unsuspecting confidents.

It is well, therefore, and interesting to turn from these self-constituted advisers to those who are authorised to give advice by reason of ripe experience, assured standing, and unqualified success; and luckily there is no lack of counsel from such sources at the disposal of all who care to avail themselves of it.

Perhaps no greater representative of the journalistic profession could be named than the late M. de Blowitz. For over thirty years Blowitz was the Paris correspondent of the greatest newspaper in the world, the London Times. M. de Blowitz was justly jealous of the honour of his beloved vocation, and ever ready to lend the weight of his vast wisdom to all struggling aspirants. At one time he seriously encouraged the idea of an International School of Journalism for the training of young men of promise. But the project was a blossom of Blowitz's fertile mind that never came to fruition. Beyond the advantages of academic or technical training, he emphasised the necessity of an inward 'call.' He looked upon journalism as a secular priesthood to which men are ordained by a positive commission, and that no man must profane by insincere or perfunctory attachment. Here is his definition of the qualities which a man should have who would be a journalist: 'The man who would enter a school of journalism should feel a positive "call" to this vocation, should have in him the unwearying vigilance which is an absolute condition of it, the love of danger-of civil danger, that is, and a real peril-a boundless curiosity and love for truth, and a special and marked facility of rapid assimilation and comprehension.'

The late Sir Leslie Stephen emphasised rather the necessity of sound knowledge. 'When my young friends,' said he, 'consult me as to the conditions of successful journalism, my first bit of advice comes to this: know something really—at any rate, try to know something; be the slaves of some genuine idea, or you will be the slaves of a newspaper—a bit of mechanism instead of a man.'

Dr W. Robertson Nicoll's name is justly famous as the editor of the British Weekly, one of the most successful journals of the day. When asked for a word of advice to would-be journalists, he delivered himself of the following dictum: 'I think the real test of a good journalist is how far he is interested in reading papers. A very large class of people don't care to see papers, or are content with one paper, or one magazine, or perhaps no magazine. Others cannot see too many papers; they are interested in everything that appears. And the latter class is the class out of which journalists are drawn. Then, if a man is to be a journalist he cannot have too much information; it does not matter what, every kind of knowledge he has will come to be of use. He ought to have universal curiosity, and one hobbyone subject he knows.' Dr Nicoll also refers to the need for enthusiasm. 'A journalist must love his work, and be proud of it. No matter how humble his department is, he should make the very best of it.'

No living man is better qualified to advise newspaper aspirants than Mr W. T. Stead. Hardly a week passes, he tells us, in which he does not receive letters from unknown correspondents from all over the world. As might be expected, Mr Stead, like M. Blowitz, postulates a 'call.' He says: 'I don't think any one should dream of becoming a journalist-except of the bread-andbutter order-any more than he should dream of becoming a minister of religion, unless he has a vocation. The first thing that a man must ask himself before he decides to become a journalist is this: If I am to teach, what am I to teach; what is my message; what have I to say that is worth saying; why should I, out of all the millions of my countrymen and countrywomen, be selected to fill the post of public preacher to the daily congregation?' Assuming the would-be journalist feels a clear 'call,' Mr Stead goes on to say: 'The first qualification of a journalist, if he would be a real journalist, is the possession of a heart. Hence I would say to any one who wanted to become a successful journalist: Be sympathetic. Avoid cynicism and indifference as the very devil. Regard indifference to any subject whatever as a proof of ignorance, and therefore of incompetence. Touch life at as many points as you can, and always touch it so as to receive and retain its best impressions. If you don't feel strongly you will not, as a rule, be able to write powerfully; and if your sympathies are deadened and the eyes of the understanding are dulled, you will become a bore and an abomination, whose copy will descend into the waste-paper basket. For the first duty of a journalist is to be alive, and he who does not feel does not live.' Mr Stead's second counsel is: 'Remember, time is everything. The maxim of any one who wants to get his foot into journalism from the outside is to be "on the nail," and to be up to date. Getting an article accepted by the paper is like catching a train. If you are not there in time you might as well not have been there at

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador in London, is one of the present-day statesmen who have graduated in journalism. For two years he edited a paper in Ohio, and when the war between the North and South broke out his messages to the New York Tribuns revealed to Western readers the brilliant opportunities of war correspondence. At the close of the war he joined the editorial staff of the Tribuns, and since 1872 has been its editor and chief proprietor. It is this fact of long and varied experience, and not merely his eminence as a writer, that gives value and authority to his views. Writing on 'Modern Journalism as a Profession,' Mr Reid, after pleading for the news-

paper office as the proper place to learn the newspaper business, says: We may next look for whatever will facilitate wide acquisition and persuasive expression. One must first know things and where to find things; and in your reasoning about them, knowledge-real knowledge, not a smattering-of the history of your country is indispensable, and no historical knowledge will come amiss. Constitutional and international law, at least, one must know, and if one can take a full course so much the better. Modern languages will be most helpful, and in our great newspapers a reading knowledge of at least three of them-French, German, and Spanish-becomes every year more desirable. The literature of your own language should be studied until you learn to use the noble tongue to express to the best advantage and in the fewest words whatever you have to say. You should know your own country. You should know foreign countries, and thus chasten the notion that wisdom began with us, and that liberty and intelligence hardly exist elsewhere. You should know the people, the plain, everyday, average man, the man in the street—his condition, his needs, his ideas, and his notions-and you should learn early that he is not likely to be overpowered by your condescension when you attempt to reason with him.'

Mr George W. Smalley always referred to journalism in the most judicial terms, as if apprehensive of bringing a hornet's nest of angry critics about his ears; but this reserve made his remarks all the more impressive. One quality, he tells us, must be born in the journalist: 'instinct or intuition; flair, a keen scent both for news and other things. He must know what the public will want to read about to-morrow morning. These delicacies of perception are feminine, but require to be controlled by masculine judgment.' On the question of style Mr Smalley observes: 'If I were asked for a piece of practical advice to the young writer of English, I would say to him, "Read French, and do not read German; and read Pascal above all other great French writers."' He takes strong exception to Thiers's cynical saying that 'journalism is a very good profession if you get out of it soon enough.' 'For,' says Mr Smalley, 'journalism unfits a man for other duties in the majority of cases. Once a journalist, always a journalist-that is the rule.'

As one who through sheer force of merit and personality has won his way to a foremost place in the profession, Mr T. P. O'Connor's views on journalism are of exceptional value. To the aspirant Mr O'Connor says: 'First of all, be certain that you possess a distinct gift for writing. As a test, try your hand at amateur reporting, and submit the copy to a competent judge.' The best kind of education for a journalist should include 'history, Continental languages, and the masters of style in his own tongue, especially Macaulay, J. R. Green, De Quincey, Newman, and Kipling.'

Mr Arthur Lawrence, author of the admirable little manual already mentioned, singles out initiative, resource, and adaptability as the best guarantee of success in a journalistic career.

From these various opinions of representative journalists it is possible to focus two or three fundamental qualities essential to the make-up of the 'complete journalist.' These may be described

under three main divisions:

First, a physical, mental, and temperamental fitness for the work, attached to it by the enthusiasm of love. In journalism, more than in any other calling, anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well; but a high standard of serious endeavour can only be maintained by the motive-power of intense devotion. Miss Friederichs of the Westminster Gazette, when questioned about the special qualifications which a girl would need in order to become a successful journalist, replied, 'There are no special qualifications; but there is one "extra-special" qualification without which she will never be a successful journalist, nor anything else successful for the matter of that. It is love of her work.' The remark applies with equal force to the sterner sex. Given this passion for the work, and journalism is easily the most interesting and absorbing vocation in life; but without that inspiration it means miserable drudgery. In a passage of pure and sustained eloquence, Mr Whitelaw Reid, after detailing the difficulties and discouragements incidental to the journalist's calling, says: 'But to him who is called, the opportunity is beyond estimate. To him are given the keys of every study, the entry to every family, the ear of every citizen when at ease and in his most receptive moods, powers of approach and of persuasion beyond those of the Protestant pastor or the Catholic confessor. He is by no means a prophet; but, reverently be it said, he is a voice in the wilderness preparing the way. He is by no means a priest; but his words carry wider and farther than the priest's, and he preaches the gospel of humanity. He is not a king; but he nurtures and trains the king, and the land is ruled by the public opinions he evokes and shapes.'

Secondly, knowledge. In journalism pre-eminently, knowledge is power. Like Dr Whewell, the young journalist should seek to know something of everything and everything of something It is an ideal impossible of attainment; but, like Bacon, he must try to take all knowledge as his province. Every issue of a newspaper represents a battle—a battle for excellence; and the man who can marshal the most knowledge in a clear, concise, up-to-date, and reliable fashion wins. But over and above this grounding in general knowledge, the young journalist should seek to make one subject peculiarly his own. Let it be the Tariff Question, Continental politics, local government, &c., it will always pay in the end. Dr Robertson Nicoll remarks: 'I consider that there is a great opportunity for young journalists who would go to France or Germany and thoroughly familiarise

themselves with the political life and personages and aspects of the Continent. That is a kind of knowledge exceeding rare in this country. It always commands its price, and will do so more and more as the Continent gets nearer to us.' It was the absence of specialised knowledge of this kind that M. de Blowitz was accustomed to deplore so deeply. He said: 'The lack of knowledge and authority in French journalism is most strikingly seen in the matter of its treatment of foreign affairs; and this lack has already had the most unfortunate consequences. Men of a scarcely conceivable lightness of character and irresponsibility, altogether lacking in knowledge, caring only for their own ephemeral and personal success, have succeeded, by the merest accident and with a stupefying self-assurance, in becoming the mentors of the French public on international questions; and they find no contradictors, simply because their own inadequacy, if not surpassed, is equalled by all who have adopted the same speciality as they-that is, the instruction of the French public on international questions. They propagate thus with impunity the most dangerous errors, and establish doctrines which are a real danger from the point of view of the public.'

Thirdly, ability to write, for that, after all, is the alpha and omega of the working journalist's craft.

M. Veuillot, editor of L'Univers, the great Ultramontane journal in Paris, says: 'The journalist who writes a sentence which does not convey its full meaning to the reader at first sight-a sentence which has to be read twice-does not know his business.' No other qualifications, however shining, can make up for the lack of this primary and allessential gift. The writer is acquainted with a young journalist who went to London in search of employment loaded with testimonials and references. 'My dear sir,' said one editor, 'I don't want to see any testimonials. A man may be the biggest criminal in Europe, but if he can write he is good enough for me.' The language was perhaps exaggerated, but it points a moral. Let the would-be journalist learn to write; let him at all costs make up his mind to master the grammar, the secrets, the resources, the method and music of his mothertongue; and, finally, let him remember that in journalism there are no trifles. He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much. The smallest paragraph can declare the man as plainly as the leading article. To quote Mr T. P. O'Connor once more: 'Journalism is one of the professions where one ought to be really good. Mere moderate ability does not bring sufficient remuneration or sufficient certainty of work to make it a good profession.'

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

CHAPTER VI.



HE victoria drew up at the main entrance of Tallantyre just as the great gong boomed its tidings of a waiting luncheon forth through the house.

Simultaneously with the arrival of the carriage, Tallantyre and the squat form of Van Zyll reached the doorstep from another direction.

Cicely leaped forth, all explanation.

'We've nearly been killed, Hartley!' she cried.
'The horses bolted, only Rothery grabbed hold of them and stopped them, so we're here instead of being on shutters, having inquests held on us. Charles fell on his head, and Aunt Dinah is keeping him quiet before he comes back, because he is all muzzy and shaken up.' Here her breath gave out, and Tallantyre, whose face had been gradually whitening, managed to strike in hurriedly, anxiety written large on his face.

'You're not hurt?' he questioned.—'Miss Van Zyll, you are sure you are no worse?—Rothery, my dear fellow, how can I thank you for what you have done?'

He helped Beatrix from the carriage, her colour rising as his eyes rested on her longer perhaps in his agitation than good manners, strictly speaking, allowed. Rothery climbed from his box, and patted

the erring steeds, as a groom came to relieve him of his charge. Before he could speak, however, Tallantyre had asked him to come in for some lunch, and they all trooped into the hall, where Lady Tallantyre was somewhat impatiently waiting for them.

'My dear Rothery,' she said as Cicely retold the story of their adventure for her benefit, 'are you sure you are all right?'

'Quite,' returned Rothery with his short laugh.
'It was nothing really, you know. I managed to get hold before the horses were really off.'

His steady gray eyes wandered away to Beatrix's sweet face, and the girl's colour rose. There was some inexplicable attraction between them, and Rothery knew of a sudden that he had met the only woman for whom he could ever care, whom he could ever ask to go through life by his side as his wife. It was a bad case of love at first sight.

After lunch the party broke up for a wander through the grounds, dividing themselves by accident into couples not perhaps most skilfully assorted. To Lady Tallantyre fell the task of entertaining Mr Van Zyll, while Beatrix and Tallantyre, Rothery and Cicely Grant, formed the other two pairs.

Presently Tallantyre and Beatrix found themselves in the seclusion of an orchid-house, gazing rather perfunctorily at some glorious dendrobiums just bursting into their tropical exuberance of bloom. Suddenly Beatrix found that one of her hands lay in Hartley Gordon's strong, well-kept ones; he was speaking to her in a hoarse, shaking voice, in which she could not recognise his ordinary well-modulated tones.

'Miss Van Zyll,' he said very low, 'will you be

my wife? Will you marry me?' His keen, steady gray eyes, alike, yet curiously unlike, those other eyes that she had seen for the first time in that moment of deadly peril, gazed down upon her. This was not the lovemaking of which she, like all girls, had dreamed. It was only of marriage he spoke, no word of love. Her father had told her he loved her, this kindly man of a station far removed from hers; her father had told her she must marry him. Also, he had been kindness itself to her. Was it not he who had rescued her from the awful deadly dullness of her life in London, who had shown her what a delightful thing life might be? She turned impulsively towards him.

'Yes,' she whispered, 'I will marry you if you

wish it, Lord Tallantyre.'

Tallantyre bent his head and kissed her broad white forehead with gentle reverence. She had saved the honour of his home, and he was very

'I do wish it,' he said, a vibration of deep feeling in his soft, Cumberland voice. 'Dear child, I will devote my life to making you happy.' And so these two took their fate in their hands, neither of them quite understanding to the full the hardness of the task they had set before themselves. Ouly Hartley Gordon thought vaguely of Cicely Grant, and groaned. He thought again of those deeds in Israel van Zyll's strong-room, and he thanked God that through Beatrix and Van Zyll's ambition a way of saving Tallantyre had been given to him.

CHAPTER VIL

HE days flew by apace, as days well filled have a habit of doing. Tallantyre, Beatrix, Cicely, and Rothery spent those speeding days, some on the moors, some by the side

of the mountain stream that foamed through the valley beneath Castle Tallantyre, some driving and seeing the beauties of the surrounding country-side. Always they lived for the present, each with an unacknowledged pain tugging at the heart-strings; each, under the merriment of the surface, with a secret regret that fate had so tangled the threads of their four lives.

One day in late September they wandered, seeking rabbits to shoot with rifles, in the great woods of Tallantyre. For once the quartette, which usually clung together desperately, got parted, and Beatrix and Rothery Crone found themselves together, alone in a great glade of larches, their

soft tread inaudible on the scented carpet of firneedles. Suddenly the girl caught her foot in one of the spreading roots, and would have fallen, probably breaking her leg, had not Rothery caught her deftly. The touch undid him, and he held her close to his beating heart, his strong arm round her slender form, she clinging to his coat, his lips among her sunny hair with the coppery lights shimmering in the dying sunshine as it struck down through the tall, straight larch-trees.

'My darling!' he whispered; 'my darling!' Then he gently turned her face up to his and kissed the quivering lips. There was no need to tell his love, to ask if she loved him. They understood each other only too well, these two. They knew too late the love they had for each other.

Suddenly Beatrix remembered. She put up her two little hands against him, striving to push him

away from her.

'Rothery!' she gasped, horror-stricken at her own action in forgetting that she was already betrothed. 'Oh Rothery, I am going to marry Lord Tallantyre! I promised.'

Rothery smiled and kissed her reassuringly.

'I will explain to him,' he said. 'He is a good chap. I am sure he will release you when he knows that you care for some one else. I'm awfully sorry for him losing you; but whatever it costs him, he will give you your freedom at once.'

'I know he would; it isn't that,' said Beatrix. But, Rothery, we must not ask him. We can't. He has been so good and kind to me. You don't know what my life was before I met him. I can't reward his goodness by ruining him.'

'Ruining him?' repeated the bewildered and slightly indignant Rothery. 'Why ruining him?'

Beatrix's face looked piteous; but the steady gray eyes were bent sternly on her dark ones, and she felt that she must in justice tell him the truth. She knew she could trust to his honour that what she told him would go no further.

'It is money—all money,' she said bitterly. 'My father has got Hartley in his hands. He could ruin him at any time he chose by foreclosing all the mortgages he has bought in. He has promised that on the day I marry Hartley he will burn every deed he has concerning the Tallantyres. He told me if I didn't marry Hartley he would—he would do his

'Old beast!' burst out Crone furiously; then the worst!' pain in the sweet, downcast face made him control himself. After all, this vile Jew money-lender was, by some strange freak, the father of this girl whom he loved with all his heart.

She took hold of his coat and turned him gently towards her. His hands were clencned; his lips refused their office; great drops of sweat stood on

'Rothery,' she said, taking a late rose from his his forehead. button-hole and putting it in her belt, 'will you do something for me?'

He nodded grimly.

'Well, then, I want you, if you can, to go away for the present-I couldn't endure life if you were always near me-just for the next few months.'

Her voice broke helplessly, and he kissed her again gently.

'Hush, darling! hush!' he whispered. 'I understand. Of course I will go as soon as I can. Perhaps, later on, when you are married, it will be easier. Things won't hurt so desperately after a time. Good-bye, sweetheart; good-bye. God keep you!'

And Beatrix van Zyll stood alone under the awaying larch-trees, watching Rothery's broad back swinging down to the homestead in the valley below, and the bitterness in her heart was great, for she loved him even as he loved her.

Two days later Tallantyre opened a wire as they sat in the great hall at tea. He gave a sharp exclamation.

'Rothery has enlisted in the Yeomanry!' he cried. 'Hesails for South Africa-for the front-to-morrow. Gad, I wish I could go too! He must have settled things up very quickly.'

No one noticed Beatrix's colour fade quickly. leaving her deathly white. So he had obeyed her, this simple, strong man of the fells. He had gone to fight his country's foes that she might find her struggle perhaps a little easier. As she sat there by the fire she breathed a little prayer for his safety. that he might after a while, when the war was over, return safe home.

(To be continued.)

IN AND AROUND PORT SUDAN.



AST year there was printed in Chambers's Journal a short article upon 'Port Sudan in the Making.' What follows gives an impression of this new Red Sea harbour by a resident. It is taken from the letter of a con-

tributor to these columns, and affords a striking picture of this little-known country.

'PORT SUDAN, June 10, 1907.

'Very many thanks for your remittance, which I found lying on my table with your kind letter when I returned from an mex shoot. I had spent a few days at a place called Khor Arbat (Khor signifying a watercourse, dry or running). In this case it is a beautiful purling stream, which rises in a wonderful mountain gorge, flows for about six miles, and then disappears into the thirsty desert. It is the only running water in the district, and it is situated about twenty-six miles from here. It takes about six hours on a good trotting camel to get there. The route traverses at first a dreary expanse of stony desert, but it becomes less monotonous as it enters the labyrinth of foot-hills. At length you reach a pass called the "Bab el-something," and two great perpendicular walls of rock stand out. All round the bases of these is a soft carpet of sand, through which glides an ever-lessening stream of water. All around are heaped great wild masses of mountains, the main features of which are the enormous boulders poised in the most extraordinary and insecure-looking positions (strongly reminiscent of the Matoppos). This is the home of the ibex. I have seen at sunset troops of these beautiful creatures skipping from rock to rock, and finally descending into the river-bed, where they quench their thirst. At dawn, too, thousands upon thousands of sand-grouse come to drink their fill. These birds come from all directions in parties of from four to two hundred. When a large flight comes a couple of scouts lead the way some distance in front,

uttering a cry like "Witchu! witchu!" It is a beautiful, joyous note-a note which suggests Freedom, the Dawn, Happiness; a note which produces a strange sense of elation in the listener. These birds slow up as they reach the neighbourhood of the water; and shortly a tremendous screaming and whirring of wings strikes the ear, and the whole flight comes into view. They float for a moment in mid-air, and then slide with an indescribable grace of movement down into the bed of the stream, where they drink and disport themselves-the cock birds crowing and strutting about after the fashion of pigeons.

'As you follow up the stream, the water increases in volume all the time until the sources are reached; and here all sorts of beautiful grottos reveal themselves, or rather lie hidden, in the dense undergrowth. You are now right in the heart of the gorge; but the beautiful oasis ends here. Bevond are the terrible sun-baked ranges of mountains, peak rising over peak until they are lost in the blue distance. It feels good to be down here listening to the babbling brook instead of wandering, perhaps lost and thirst-stricken, in those awful fastnesses. The Government (never at a loss in Egypt or the Sudan to cope with a water difficulty) is thinking of constructing a huge dam across the gorge and pumping the water into Port Sudan, the watersupply of that place being small and bad. To this end excavations on a large scale have already been commenced. Fancy this place, which has lain silent for so many thousands of years, or which has only echoed the hoarse cries of the camel-drivers and goat-herds!

One day the modern Romans (the British) decide to build a town on the coast; and shortly after this a small party of military engineers rides down on camel-back, takes a look at the stream, casts a few glances of passing interest upon the wild-looking shepherds, and decides upon the fate of

Khor Arbat.

'I rode back by moonlight one evening, starting at 5 P.M. As darkness came on and the moon came out, revealing the desert pale and soft all round, I rode on ahead of my guide, and soon became wrapt in the irresistible charm of my surroundings. The moonlight, the silent mystery of the desert, the regular "velvet footfall of the camel"-all contributed towards this. I began to think of the saintly Gordon and his long, lonely rides in the province of Darfour. One can picture him thuscalm, dispassionate, trying to work out the problems committed to his care; one imagines his quiet smile as he thinks of the man at home who "gets up and asks questions in Parliament." Poor Gordon was perhaps too great a Christian to be a very successful man in a country that was honeycombed with intrigue.

'There are still Britishers in the Sudan, and there are still people who ask questions in Parliament. Probably they all (even the latter) serve useful purposes. "Out of the mouths of babes," &c.

'Port Sudan continues to grow as far as the Government buildings are concerned, but not otherwise. The wily Greeks consider the conditions of land-tenure too hard, so no one will put up permanent houses. This place is an enigma to every one. Fabulous sums of money are being spent upon the port. There are huge customs-sheds, electric cranes, wharves, water-tower, power-station, lighthouses, dockyard, and even a costly rolling steel bridge across the harbour of the very latest pattern (which is being put up by the Cleveland Bridge Company). In short, it will be the finest port in the East, and will be equipped with a plant of which a European port might not be ashamed. But, cui bono? It will take an awful lot of gum to keep five electric cranes going, not to mention steam cranes besides. (Gum seems to be the only real staple product at present in the Sudan.) Government works keep the place going at present. Beyond that there is absolutely no business whatever.'

DESTINY.

By OWEN OLIVER.



HE mind holds anticipations as well as memories. When I saw the castle lying among the hills, like a white bird in its brown nest, I knew that I had always been destined to see it, and that something touched

my life there. I debated with myself whether I should turn back; but I knew all the time that I

should go on.

I will not set down the place or even the country, and the castle shall have no name. I was holiday-making in my motor-car, and had lost my way among the foreign mountains. It was near sunset, and I had no oil for my lamps. I must put up somewhere, I argued, and the castle was the natural place to try; but this was merely an excuse to myself. I had often slept in the car in preference to taking inhospitable lodgings; and I felt so sure that the castle and its neighbourhood were inhospitable that I slowed down to about ten miles an hour, and looked round me cautiously as I advanced. The story—and it is the story of my life—turned upon this anticipation that caused me to travel slowly.

When I had crawled along the winding road for some time I reached a small village. It was like dozens of other villages where I had been welcomed by a friendly crowd gaping at my car, for motors were then unknown in those parts; but here the peasants in the road ran hastily to their doors, and those in the houses flew out to them. The women screamed, and the children clung to their mothers' skirts. The men took their pipes from their mouths and

used them to point at me.

'The Englishman!' they cried. 'The English-

man!' And when I spoke they did not answer me, but called excitedly to one another.

'It is destiny!' they declared, and some crossed themselves; and the women wailed about one Gretchen. They called her 'our Gretchen' and 'Little Lady.'

'Is this the way to the castle?' I demanded when the hubbub died down a little. I spoke the language fluently.

'The castle!' they repeated, nodding meaningly at one another. 'He is going to the castle!'

'He is going to the castle in the devil's car without a horse,' a hunchback pronounced, rubbing his hands and chuckling. 'Ho, ho!'

'Stop him,' some younger men advised, making a half-hearted show of movement toward me.

'You cannot stop him,' pronounced a graybeard leaning on a stick. 'It is destiny.' He shifted his weight to a doorpost, so that he could point along the road with the stick. 'That is the way to the castle,' he announced, glaring at me and nodding his head.

'Is there another way back?' I asked. I thought that I would seek a more hospitable route if I was refused shelter at the castle.

The old man chuckled fiercely, and shook his stick at me.

'There is no way back,' he said; and the hunchback rubbed his hands and laughed maliciously. 'No way back,' he said. 'You can ride to the devil in the devil's car!'

'The devil's car!' the villagers shouted; and some began to gather stones to throw at it; but I shrugged my shoulders and started.

An old crone peeped at me through a hedge, and

cried to me shrilly to go back, and pointed to two wooden crosses in the field.

'He died just here,' she warned me, 'the one who came last, and they buried him there; and the one who came before. I was a child, but I remember. They were black-bearded men like you - mad Englishmen. She died at the cross a year after; but that was the last time, I remember.

'Tell me about it, mother,' I said, flinging her a coin; but when she had picked it up and tested it with her teeth she shook her head.

'They gave me money,' she mumbled, 'but they would not go back. They were big men like you; but they died. You go to your fate, mad Englishman 12

'If a man does not go to his fate, his fate comes to him, mother,' I told her. 'What is it?'

But she only mumbled incoherently. So I moved the lever and went forward, still slowly. The crone wrung her hands and shricked that it was destiny.

Presently I reached the castle gates. They were tall gates of wrought-iron, and they stood wide open. A man who was sitting there smoking dropped his pipe and ran to the lodge and called his wife; and she came and stared at me, and shrieked as the others had done, and crossed

'It is the Englishman!' she cried. 'Gretchen!' She had been Gretchen's nurse, I learned afterwards. And she swayed, and her husband picked her up and carried her in.

So I passed through the open gates into a broad avenue, rising sharply, and toiled up to the castle.

There was a terrace in front of the castle, where a dozen peacocks strutted by a fountain. Some twenty ladies and gentlemen stood there. They clutched at each other and pointed to me as I approached them at a crawl. A slight young girl with blue eyes and yellow hair stepped out a pace, and stood watching me like a pale statue. I was not interested in women as a rule; but it seemed to me that she was wonderfully beautiful, and I noticed that they called her Gretchen. An older lady drew her back as I came in front of them; and a large old man put himself in front of her. I bowed, and he returned my bow stiffly but courteously.

'This is private ground, sir,' he said.

'I have lost my way,' I explained, 'and I seek a roof for the night.'

'You are English?' he asked sharply.

'I am English,' I owned; and they looked at each other and shook their heads; and an old lady gave a groan.

Send him away, several muttered; but the big old man, whom I took to be the lord of the castle, waved them aside.

'He must stay,' he said. 'It is destiny !-- Your name, sir ?'

I had never seen reason to deny my name before; but something whispered to me to do so then.

'Davidson,' I said.

'Not Deland?' the old man asked suspiciously.

'Not Deland,' I said steadily; but that was my name. I remembered that my father's brother had been lost in these parts when I was an infant in arms; and now I was turned thirty; and I thought that destiny had a long arm.

'Not Deland,' I repeated; 'but my name does not matter. Since I am evidently unwelcome here, I will seek lodgings elsewhere. Perhaps you can direct me to an inn?

'No,' cried the old man fiercely; 'you must stay here.

He nodded to the men, and they closed round me. When I started the car, however, they sprang They were evidently afraid of it, and I could have escaped them easily; but I caught the girl's eyes, and if ever eyes said 'Stay,' hers said it plainly. And I thought that perhaps my destiny was to help this pretty, pale maiden. So I circled round in the car slowly, and came back to them.

'If I am to accept your hospitality, permit me to run the car under shelter,' I said. 'It is heavy to push, and it would rust in the open air.'

'We will show you the way,' the large old man offered.

A young man led on, and I followed. The rest of the men walked beside me. At my invitation the old man entered the car. He asked me many questions about it. He had heard of them before, he said, but he had not seen one, and he thought that they went faster.

'It will go as fast as a carriage,' I told him. 'The large racing cars, that you may have heard of, go faster, but this is only a little touring car.' It could, in fact, cover nearly thirty miles an hour; but I thought it well that he should not know how readily I could escape in it. I heard him repeat the information to his companions while we put the car inside the coach-house; and I gathered that they regarded it as bearing in some way upon their treatment of me.

The baron-he was a baron, I found, but I must not give his name-conducted me to a couple of rooms in a wing of the castle. They were well furnished and comfortable; but their small, barred windows gave them the look of a prison. It was forty feet from the windows to the ground; and I noticed that the passage was closed by a massive door studded with iron, and that two sturdy men with swords sat on a settle outside.

'It seems that the claims of your hospitality are to be enforced, baron,' I observed carelessly.

He bowed low.

'For a couple of days and some hours, sir,' he said. 'You shall be free at half-past eleven to the second on Thursday morning. You have my word. Meanwhile, we will do our utmost for your comfort. I regret the necessity for detaining you.'

'I do not understand the necessity,' I protested. 'Ah!' he said, half to himself, 'then you do not

know. I wondered if you did. It is better that

you should not; but, believe me, the necessity exists. It is destiny that we fight against.'

'You cannot fight destiny,' I told him.

'We can try,' he said grimly. 'In other days we took a harsher way.'

And I remembered the wooden crosses in the field. 'Since you take a gentler way now,' I suggested, is it needful to confine me here if I give you my

word not to attempt to escape?'

'It is not only escape that we fear,' he replied, 'and not only yourself. It is for your own safety that we take these measures, as well as --- I cannot tell you more; but I am at your service in everything else. If you will favour me with your presence for a few days afterwards, the castle shall be at your disposal. Meanwhile, my servants shall study your wishes, and if you desire my company at any time I shall be honoured.'

'I shall be honoured and pleased,' I assured him.

'I will join you after dinner,' he promised. Then he left me.

I washed and rested, and ate an excellent dinner with an excellent appetite. I tried to enter into conversation with the old woman who waited on me, but she crossed herself whenever I spoke, and would not talk. After dinner I walked along the corridor, and found nothing but stone walls and the strong door. I discovered, also, that my revolver had been slipped from my pocket. So I resigned myself to my imprisonment, and sat down and read some of the books in the sitting-room. From the book-plates and coats of arms in these I ascertained the name of the castle and its owner, and found him to be the head of one of the most ancient families in the country.

The baron visited me as he had promised. He was a poor talker, and we bored each other till he mentioned chess. When he learnt that I was a player he unearthed a board and men, and we played several games. I was easily master; but he vowed that I should have a worthier opponent the next day in his cousin Rudolf, who 'lived for chess' and ranked among the minor masters. Then he left me, and I slept a dreamy sleep. I thought that destiny played me with a silken line, and drew me nearer and nearer to the pale, yellow-haired girl, who stood like a statue, watching me with her blue eyes. I remembered the girl wonderfully well, considering that I took little interest in women as a rule; and I judged that she was a fellow pawn of

The next morning I sat by the barred window, looking out upon a grassy plateau. It was at the side of the castle, and there was no traffic there; but presently the blue-eyed girl went rapidly by. Just before she passed from sight she turned and took a long look at my window; and when she saw me she flushed and bowed. She was scarcely more than a child-barely twenty, I supposed-but she was very pretty; prettier than ever, because she had a pink colour from hurrying. I thought that she would make a sweet bride for some handsome young

fellow like my cousin Dick; and if she too were fighting destiny I would be ready to help her, like an elder brother, if the chance came my way.

The baron's cousin Rudolf-a grizzled man of fifty, and old for his age-visited me in the afternoon and again in the evening. We played chess all the time, and did not finish till after midnight He was a good player, as players go; but I was very strong, and could hold my own with the real 'masters,' not merely the minor ones. I won six games and drew two out of nine, while he scored once only. In the last game I had the move, and he played the Two Knights' Defence. We selected the variation given in the ninth column in Steinitz's book; but on the fourteenth move-instead of P.Q.4, which only draws, or P-Q Kt 4, which loses-I played Q-R 4, and won. He had not thought that any one could beat him at that opening, he declared; and he warmed to me so that, at last, I induced him to tell me the circumstances which had led to my confinement.

'It is a curse that was laid upon the baron's house two hundred years ago, he explained. 'The baron of those days was a wild, dissolute fellow; and he ran away with a daughter of a neighbour, an English man who had settled here. The girl died about a year afterwards, leaving no children, and then the baron married again; and her father laid a curse upon their issue that the eldest daughter should never marry to her father's wish, but should love s

stranger of English blood.'

'I see,' I said. 'I am the stranger of English blood; and the pretty, slight girl whom they call Gretchen is the daughter; but I am not a marry. ing man, friend Rudolf, and she is a mere child. You need not have been afraid, even if you believe this old superstition of a curse.

'We have reason to believe it, Herr Davidson,' he said gravely.

'The baron's own daughter ran away with a captain of mercenaries—an Englishman, it is said, but I find no evidence of his nationality. His eldest granddaughter was carried off by an outlaw -he was certainly an Englishman-on her way to church to be married. Our record says that she was stolen without her consent, but the popular story runs otherwise. There is a song that the peasant lads sing to the maids at their windows, and the maids answer, that is evidently based on the story of the bold outlaw and Margaret. He reproaches her for putting on her dress and hood and shoes for her bridal, and she replies to each that she dresses for him, and he has only to be bold and wait by the lichgate—it is in ruins now and take her, and she is his. And, according to the story, he just rode up to the carriage and lifted her up with one arm and set her in front of him. From which I judge that he was either a very strong man, or she was a very willing woman, or both!' Good Rudolf rubbed his large red hands and laughed; and I laughed too.

'Your pretty Gretchen might not be so willing,' I said.

'Gretchen takes it for her destiny, of course,' he pointed out. 'However, I will continue the story. The following baron set himself to fight destiny, and caught his daughter's lover under her window, and hanged him; but she drowned herself. The eldest daughter of the next baron, his son, stole away with an Englishman on her wedding-eve; but they pursued them and shot him. He shot also, and killed several, and there was a great confusion; and in the darkness some one accidentally shot her too. The story says that it was her father who did it; but that must be pure guess. However it may be, it preyed upon his mind, and he was never himself again. The last-that was in my boyhood, and I remember it—was another Englishman, who came to the castle a few days before the marriage, just as you have done. His name'—— He checked himself. 'His name does not matter.'

'It does not matter,' I agreed; but I remembered the name that the baron had mentioned, and that my father's brother travelled to these parts, and never came back.

'Our Gretchen is her niece, and very like her. They kept him a prisoner, as they have kept you, so that he should not know her. They never spoke, but they changed eyes; and it is supposed that she got a maid to carry a note to him. He made a rope of his bedding—I saw it—and escaped from the window by night. Now they have posted two men on guard with guns.'

'Pool!' I said. 'I do not lose my heart by "changing eyea." In fact, I do not mean to lose it at all, for I prefer my liberty to a wife. I should have been a hundred miles away by now if they

had let me go.'

"So perhaps would he have been," said good Rudolf, with a sigh, 'but they kept him here. It was destiny. She escaped too, and joined him, and they fled. The barking of the dogs raised an alarm directly, and the baron and his connections followed swiftly. They took them to a field where there are now two crosses. Perhaps you saw them?' I nodded. 'The Englishman made a hard fight, but they cut him down before her eyes. She never recovered from the shock, and used to sit all day on his grave; and she died there just a year after it happened. It is strange that one could love a person with scarcely a word passing.'

'To me it seems impossible,' I said, with a shrug of my shoulders. 'I shall make no ropes to fly with your Gretchen, anyhow. Tell me, is she to

be married on Thursday?'

'At a quarter to twelve,' he said, 'at the church with one tall spire that you see to the right from the avenue. It is nearly five miles away, though it does not look so far. They start at a quarter-past eleven; and when they are beyond your reach you may go, unless you will stay and play more chess with me.'

'We shall see,' I promised. 'You are a great |

player, Herr Rudolf; and if I cannot stay, then I might return a little later. Is the marriage not to the taste of pretty Gretchen?'

He shrugged his shoulders and extended his hands.

'He is nearly as old as I! Girls have their fancies, and for my part—well, it would not grieve me greatly if you ran off with the child. She has always been my favourite, and if she prefers—she thinks you are her destiny, you see; and you are young and well-favoured; and so—— Can your devil's car without a horse go very swiftly?'

'About twelve miles an hour at a pinch,' I said

carelessly. 'Why?'

I thought he was only trying to draw me out; but I believe now that I did him an injustice, for I have learnt that he was very tenderly attached to Gretchen.

'They would be off their guard,' he said; 'and you might repeat the story of the outlaw and Margaret if you could overtake them. But you cannot; and you do not want to run off with our little Gretchen.'

'No,' I agreed, 'I cannot; and I do not want to run off with the child. But you need not tell her that if she asks after me.'

He nodded slowly.

'She will not ask; but she will look at me with her big eyes; and I shall tell her that—that the handsome Englishman called her pretty.'

'Yes,' I said with a laugh, 'tell her that. It's quite true, bless her! And if I could help the child in any other way than by marrying her I would. But this is the twentieth century, and bold outlaws are done with. Good-night, old chap.'

'Good-night, my friend,' he said, and went.

I went to sleep, and dreamed again of destiny drawing me to Gretchen with a silken thread. And when I woke I wished very heartly that I could take the poor, pretty, frightened child to England and marry her to a nice English boy, since I was a dozen years older, and not a marrying man.

I caught another glimpse of Gretchen from the window in the morning; but she was with an elderly lady who would not let her come near.

I found a pair of opers-glasses and watched her; and she gave many a look over her shoulder in my direction. Her look was such as might have set a younger man's heart afire; and it made me grind my teeth and think over the story of Margaret and the outlaw. There is something that grits a man in seeing a woman married against her will, even if he does not wish to marry her himself. The awkward thing was that if I carried her off she would expect me to marry her. If I had thought of marrying, I owned to myself that I should have liked the idea of marrying pretty Gretchen. But I was, I assured myself, a confirmed bachelor.

Herr Rudolf came in the afternoon, and he brought me a white rose.

'Gretchen saw you at the window,' he said, 'and she thought that you had no flowers here. She asked me many questions about the devil's car, and how fast it would go. It is natural that she should believe that'--- He paused.

'That we should run off and be killed?' I

suggested.

'That you should run off,' he corrected. 'The rest is no part of the curse; and if the devil's car were fast enough'-

'The devil's car is slow,' I said - infernally slow. And I don't see what I could do if it were faster. Let's play chess.' I was not sure that I could trust him.

We played all the afternoon, and he dined with me, and after dinner we played again. He said no more about Gretchen till he was going.

'If the devil's car went faster,' he remarked in my head sometimes, as one plays chess, instead

of going to sleep. Good-night.'

'And I sleep instead of making stories,' I told him; but it was a long while before I went to sleep that night. I could not stop thinking of the pale, pretty, unwilling bride, who thought it was our destiny that I should deliver her in the devil's car. I had more than half a mind to try; but the difficulty was what to do with her afterwards. Still, I thought I could take her to England to my mother; and some of my younger friends were sure to fall in love with her, because she was such a pretty girl-such a very pretty girl. And she would not think any more of me when she met some nice English boys nearer her own age. Probably she would like young Dick-confound him!

The baron called to see me the next morning. He apologised profusely for my detention, and in excuse retold the story which I had heard from his cousin. I accepted his apologies, and promised to make no fuss with the British Consul on condition that he would let me go to my car, under escort, and get it ready to start punctually at the appointed time. He agreed to this, and I prepared everything. I saw the bridal cortège go along the road; but it started from the other side of the castle, and the men who guarded me had no suspicion that I knew anything about the

wedding. At half-past eleven to the second my guards stood back and bowed, and I shot away on the top speed. I heard cries of astonishment and fright, and some cried that I pursued the Lady Gretchen in the devil's car; but I was soon out of hearing. I saw the one-towered church to the right, and turned that way when I was out of the gates. When I was about a mile from the church I saw the bride's carriage just ahead, and slowed so that I should catch them just as they stopped, for I was not confident of my power to take her with one arm, as the outlaw had done. In fact,

I would make no move to take her at all, I decided; but if the poor, pretty little thing sprang to me for help, destiny should have her way, even if there was another wooden cross at the end

A country cart was about forty yards behind the of it! carriage, and I lurked behind the cart till they stopped. Then the baron stepped down, and his wife rose to be handed out. Gretchen stood up behind them, and turned and saw me; and I shot forward and stopped just beside her, scratching the paint of her carriage and mine.

The coachman gave a yell, and the baron gave a roar, and the baroness gave a scream, and the people standing by the church—I can still picture the row of white-dressed girls with baskets of flowers—gave a great shout; and I gave a great

'Gretchen!' I said. And I held out my hand, laugh. and she took it and stepped lightly from the carriage to my car; and we were off and away before any one got within arm's-length of us.

Never was a bride carried off so easily!

We went at twenty-five miles an hour over good roads and bad, and round sharp turnings, and through narrow lanes; and I looked straight ahead, and so did Gretchen; but when we reached the top of the hills she turned and took her last look at the castle, lying like a white bird in its brown nest, and she caught her breath sharply. Then I took her hand. She was like a little white flower, I thought, tipped with pink. And I forgot the wise words that I had thought out to tell her, that she should choose a husband for herself in England.

'It is destiny, Gretchen,' I said, 'and I shall love you very much if you will marry me.'

'I shall love you too,' she said very simply, 'and I will marry you. It is destiny; and'-

She looked at me for a moment, and then dropped her beautiful eyes.

'And we are glad?' I whispered.

Gretchen nodded shyly, and I put my arm round her; and so we rode away in the devil's car on the road to heaven!

CONTRARY LOVE.

I SOUGHT for Love, and found him not, In silent wood, by sounding sea; Where miracle of rose is wrought, Afar, anear, 'mid slave and free. And to my lonely heart I cried, 'Ah, Love is not for me-for me!'

And, weary of my fruitless quest, I turned my loveless weird to dree; I hid my sorrow in my breast, And smiled for all the world to see. But when I ceased to seek for Love, Love came a-seeking and found me. M. HEDDERWICK PROWNS.



THE MODERN CRAZE FOR ATHLETICISM.

By F. KINLOCH.



many it may appear that the craze for athleticism of all kinds which seems to pervade the whole community is a new development in the national character. A hundred years ago, when we saved Europe from the

grip of Napoleon, we were sneered at as a 'nation of shopkeepers.' Nowadays the sneer might well be, not perhaps at a 'nation of athletes,' but at one devoted to athletic shows. And yet history tells us that this love of outdoor sports and pastimes is innate in the Anglo-Saxon race, and we have only to look round at all the quarters of the globe where the English tongue is spoken to see how history is verified. England may be regarded as the cradle of all manly sports, especially those in which a ball takes principal part. Gallic and Celtic races have not this natural love of games in their blood. Love of sport—such as hunting, shooting, fishing, stalking of game, &c .- they share equally with the Anglo-Saxons; but it is a curious and rather notable fact that in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland you find little of that intense devotion to outdoor games which is such a feature of the present day elsewhere in the United Kingdom; and while among the more advanced youth of France and Germany these vigorous athletic games are beginning to make headway, it would be impossible to conceive the average ouvrier of the Continent flocking in thousands to watch some athletic contest.

interesting article on the history of athletic sports in England in the 'Badminton' book on Athletics, one gathers a distinct impression that from earliest days sports of all kinds were popular among the people, as distinguished from the aristocracy. That this devotion to games caused some apprehension to the legislators, as interfering with the practice of archery, is manifested by the statutes enacted both in England and Scotland to repress the playing of football, and in the case of Scotland of golf also, No. 508. - Vol. X.

But to revert shortly to the past history of outdoor games in the United Kingdom. From a most

in order that more time should be given to national defence. Popular song shows how even as early as the sixteenth century the men of Lancashire were devoted, as they are now, to every kind of outdoor sport. A wandering minstrel of that age, one Randall Holmes, sings:

Any they dare challenge for to throw the sledge, To jump or leape over a ditch or hedge, To wrastle, play at stoole-ball, or to runne, To pitch the barre, or to shoote of a gunne, To play at loggets, nine-holes, or ten pinnes, To trie it out at football by the shinnes; At ticke-tacke, saw nody, maw and ruffe, At hot cockles, leap frogge and blind man's buffe; To drink the halfer pottes or deale at the whole canne, To play at chesse or pue or inkehorne, To daunce the morris, play at barley breake, At al exploites a man can think or speake, At shove groate, venter point, and cross and pile,

At 'beshrew him that's the last at any stile.

These are some of the accomplishments in which the Lancashire lads prided themselves in excelling. Most of them are now unknown; some have modern 'Stool-ball,' for instance, is said to be cricket. It is evident that the populace in Tudor times had their outdoor amusements. Then came the Puritan days, when these were considered sinful and to be stamped out with a ruthless heel. With the Restoration the natural reaction from gloom to gaiety led to a revival of athletic meetings at fair-times; but one gathers that many of the old sports had been forgotten; less is heard of games, more of athletic exercises. By degrees professionalism began to creep in, especially in footracing. In sport, as in letters, the grandees of the time looked about for likely men to patronise, and they had opportunities of noting who among their footmen were good runners (the footmen in those days used to run alongside of their masters' coach; hence the origin of the name). A particularly good runner would be singled out, and a match made with some other nobleman's 'footman.' Thus Pepys in his Diary makes entry: 'With Mr Moore and Creed to Hide Park by coach, and saw a fine [All Rights Reserved.] AUGUST 24, 1907.

foot-race three times round the Park between an Irishman and Crew, that was once my Lord Clay-

poole's footman.' From the Restoration down to about the beginning of the nineteenth century athletic games were the features of the annual fairs and wakes held in the larger villages. By degrees these fairs died out, for the villages had become too small, the workers having migrated to the larger manufacturing towns, where they had no time and no opportunity to do anything but labour. Those were Corn Law and Chartist days. Therefore, by force of circumstances, one hears but little of the sport and pastimes of the people during the first half of the nineteenth century. Cricket, ever the national game, kept creeping up in favour, though play was confined chiefly to the southern counties, Kent in particular; but football, except in schools, was Golf was confined to a practically unknown. favoured few in Scotland; lawn-tennis had not been invented; hockey was unheard of. This was about fifty years ago.

Just for one moment contrast the state of matters to-day. In the height of the football season, when the Cup-ties are being played, it is calculated that all over the United Kingdom and Ireland more than a million people are engaged in watching football on a Saturday afternoon, while over a hundred thousand have been known to attend a single match, the final of the English Cup at the Crystal Palace. The crowds at cricket matches do not mount up to such mammoth figures, yet the enclosures of the county grounds are all full when there is a big match on between the leading counties, and every ball is watched by a critical

gallery. The growth of the popularity of golf is almost as extraordinary as that of football, with this difference, that while the football enthusiasm has pervaded chiefly the masses, the golf boom has appealed mainly to the upper and middle classes. It is no exaggeration to say that for one man that played golf forty years ago there are a hundred at least to-day. Owing to the nature of the game, one cannot judge of the popularity of golf by the same Golf is not a standard as football or cricket. spectacular game, for youth and agility are required to watch a big match. Nevertheless, of late years a crowd of over twelve thousand people has been seen on the links of St Andrews.

Lawn-tennis and hockey have also contributed their quota to the love of athleticism of the present age, which spares neither old nor young, man nor

maid. It may well be asked what is the reason and what was the origin of this tidal wave which has swept the country, and which must, for good or ill, leave its mark on the national character. We have seen that the love of pastimes, as distinct from sport, has long been a feature of the Anglo-Saxon race, though for many years prior to this outburst it was lying dormant. Two reasons may be ad-

vanced to aid a possible theory. The first fifty years of the nineteenth century saw the greatest misery prevailing among the industrial population. With the repeal of the Corn Laws and more advanced social legislation, conditions began to improve among the working-men of the country. Some time and some money could be spared for recreation. Concurrently with this amelioration of social conditions came the increase of travelling facilities, the beginning of that network of railways which has turned large England into a little field. With these new facilities of intercommunication sprang up intercity, intercounty, international rivalries. Thus all was ready; only something was needed to start the flood. Looking to the extraordinary popularity of Association football, is it too much to say that that something was the institution of that form of football, and the organisation of the existing Association in 1863? Already by that time football was popular in Sheffield; but there were no recognised rules. In 1863 rules were drawn up by a central body in London, which gradually became accepted by all the clubs in the country; and this example was followed the next year by the Rugby footballers, who instituted that body known as the Rugby Union.

For the next eight years the torrent imperceptibly gathered force, yet did not burst its banks. First signs of its coming were seen in the institution of the first international match under Rugby rules between Eugland and Scotland in 1871, followed by Association players next year with a similar

Here was a game, which could be played in the fixture. short winter afternoons, having all the elements of sport which appeal to a British crowd, and by the aid of railways it was easy for rival towns to play against each other. Small wonder, therefore, was it that football began to grow rapidly in popullarity—Association football in the north, west, and Midlands; Rugby football in Wales, Yorkshire, and the north-east.

It was about 1874 that the provincial movement in Association football really began, and the rapidity of its spread, no less than the manner in which the players, drawn mostly from the mechanics or artisan class, acquired their skill in play, was perfectly wonderful. For instance, in 1874 there was only one club in the Birmingham district; in 1876 there were twenty; and the same ratio of progress applied to Lancashire. In the south the game was still confined to the amateur class, and the clubs, which drew their members from the schools and 'varsities, did not consider the north-country teams a match.

But now the professional element began to appear. Localities grew enthusiastic about their football clubs, and were determined to leave no stone unturned to secure their success; but the players could not find time to devote to practice unless they were paid for it, and thus the paid football player spring into existence. In 1883 a team composed entirely of professionals, the Blackburn Olympic, won the English Cup for the first time, and since then it has been recognised that the highly trained professional teams are as a rule considerably superior to the amateur teams.

It would be impossible within reasonable limits to trace the progress of the football craze; suffice it to say that from the Midlands it soon spread north to the Lowlands of Scotland, where the natives took very kindly to the game. It took longer to invade the south of England; but it is by this time firmly established in and around London and district, and even farther south. In fact, it is now difficult to find any village without its football club, and followers of the game are numbered by the million. Rugby football has never taken so great a hold on the masses, chiefly because of the stern face which the Rugby Union has set against professionalism, which caused a cleavage with the Yorkshire clubs some years ago. But the Rugby game has also a very large following, and possibly the Rugby internationals create nearly, if not quite, as much interest as those of the Association. The doings of the victorious New Zealanders, the 'All Blacks,' last year, and the successful tour of the South Africans this season, have done much to direct public interest to what is called the carrying code.

Though the football mania is by far the most prominent, it is undeniable that every kind of outdoor game has increased in popularity side by side with football. Take cricket, for instance. Whereas in 1870 it was a pastime, first-class cricket is now a serious business. Cricketers, whether amateur or professional, who play in county matches all season find this devotion a most serious tax not only on their time but on their energies. The spectators are ever so much more numerous, and very much more critical; the halfpenny press is unmerciful in its jeers if a ball is mishit or a catch 'buttered;' and altogether the bed of the firstclass cricketer is not one of roses. And yet such is the charm of the national game that men go cheerfully through the ordeal year after year, if so be that they are deemed good enough for a place in their county elevens.

There are three other games which we mentioned earlier in this article, and though they are altogether dissimilar one from the other, we may group them together for one reason—namely, that we here come upon another phase of the craze for athleticism: its participation by the fair sex. Ladies, while often keen followers, do not themselves, as a rule, play cricket or football, but they do play golf, hockey, and lawn-tennis. It may safely be affirmed that before the introduction of lawn-tennis there was no outdoor game in which ladies could take part except the primitive form of croquet. The introduction of lawn-tennis in 1874 first showed that ladies could share in a game which required active physical exercise. At first the early Victorian notion that any violent outdoor exercise was unfeminine and unlady-like died hard. The finger of scorn was pointed at the 'athletic girl,' but common-sense

triumphed, and it was realised that good, wholesome exercise, in moderation, was as necessary for a girl as a boy, so that nowadays the non-game-playing lady is an exception.

Incidentally it may be remarked that this regular outdoor training is having a marked effect on the physical development of the female sex, especially in the upper and middle classes. It is said that, generally, women of the present generation are stronger in every way than those of the previous one, and this is attributed by medical men to the more healthy lives they lead. Of course, their athleticism may be overdone, and it is open to question whether it is wise for young girls to join in the rougher and more violent exercises, such as hockey, especially if they are 'mixed' games.

While lawn-tennis and hockey, not to mention badminton and la crosse, have their many followers, it is in golf that the upper and middle classes have found a game which will give them enjoyment and exercise all the year round, and which is suitable for all ages. While the golf boom is of later date than football, the two are now running a neck-and-neck race. It may be said that golf began to be appreciated in England only about twenty years ago. The game, once known, spread like wildfire. Nowadays every bit of waste land, and much land that is not waste, near any big town is pressed into service as golf-links. The popularity of the game has spread all over the world, especially in the United States. A writer lately computed that the golf-balls used annually in the United Kingdom alone, if placed in a line, would reach from London to Edinburgh, a distance of four hundred miles. That fact in itself is proof of the extraordinary number of golfers, male and female, who derive a certain amount of pleasure and a great deal of health from this pastime.

We have endeavoured to show how the playing of games, and the interest taken in the playing of them, have grown since the ball was first set a-rolling by the institution of the body which codified the Association football rules, until at present the followers of football are as the sands of the sea, and a new profession with various branches has arisen; for, besides professional football players, there are also professional trainers, not to mention journalists whose chief matier is to report and criticise football.

Then, for those who can afford it, golf has come as a boon and a blessing, so that thousands who used to be at a loss how to get proper enjoyment out of their leisure hours are now devoted adherents to the Royal and Ancient Game.

Cricket, always the king of games, is still deepening its roots in national affection; while what—with due deference to their devotees—we may call the minor pastimes are also increasing in favour. And through the whole gamut runs the minor chord of feminine athleticism.

We have not taken into consideration the development of actual outdoor exercises, such as running and rowing and cycling, though these also, especially the latter, share largely in the national athletic boom.

What is it all tending to, and is it for the good or evil of our country? A large and important question this, which has its pros and cons. Let us take as broad and general a view as possible. In the first place, there is no doubt that it is much better that our youth should have a certain amount of outdoor physical exercise. We are not now alluding to public school life, where that has always been attended to-too much so, in the opinion of some; but it does seem a good thing that the boys in towns should have a chance of having the theory of games early implanted in them. For, be it remembered, the essence of the rules of all games is fairness. It is good to see the ragamuffins of our towns and big villages playing their primitive football on every kind of waste place they can get, for insensibly they come to know the rules of the game, and with them some knowledge of the rules of the greater game of life. In some schools the teachers themselves, out of school hours, play with the boys, and thus the principles of fairness are early inculcated. Then, again, nothing brings out the qualities either of leadership or of cheerful subordination more than participation in games. This brings us beyond the stage of small boys, to the consideration of youths' athletic clubs. If properly managed, nothing can be better for the moral and physical welfare of the community. The boys are kept away from loafing at street-corners or in public-houses, and their best physical qualities are tested; and from the juniors' ranks come those who propose to make athleticism their profession.

We touch here on what is a delicate point in this connection. Professionalism is all very well in its way, but it has now reached a pitch which to many is repellent. Players are mere chattels; they are bought and sold by their clubs, and the richest club is almost bound to have the best team; while never a man need be native-born. Where, then, is the pride of place, wherein lies the glory of victory? It is not to the native lads; it is to the gold that has bought the players. This, to our mind, is the unfortunate phase of professional footballism; and it applies, though in a much less degree, to cricket.

Another of the bad phases of the modern craze is the riff-raff who have never touched a football

or run a hundred yards in their lives, and who come in their thousands to watch the big matches, generally having a 'bit on.' 'Mr Punch' lately, with, alas! too great truth, took off two of these loafers discussing at a football match the question of rifle clubs: 'Alf.-" What! us-wasting our time shooting at a mucky rifle-range of a Saturday afternoon?" 'Arry (smoking a cheap cigarette)—"Not much!"

Thus the football mania has its bad as well as its good side; but, taking it all in all, the good predominates, for it gives the boys of our big cities and villages a chance of clearing their lungs and learning something of the ethics of life earlier than they would otherwise do.

We have dealt with football as the game which, appealing as it does to more people, is likely to have most influence on the coming generation; but the influence of other games is almost as great. The fact that outdoor exercise is ever so much more common among both sexes of the present day must tend to evolve a healthier race both in mind and

There is another side of this subject which is also body. all for good. It may be called the political side. We allude to the rivalries in every branch of sport which are beginning to spring up between all the English-speaking races. We look forward with intense interest to the visits of the Australian cricketers. It was a rude awakening to the national pride when in 1878 we found that Jack was as good as his master; but that discovery did our cricketers all the good in the world, and now the test-matches when the Australian or South African cricketers are here or a team has gone 'down under' are followed with nervous excitement. And as in cricket so in football, both New Zealand and South Africa have shown us that they can produce football players every whit as good as our own.

Then, again, the visits of the American athletesrunners, rowers, and golfers-to this country, and the interchange of hospitality and courtesies resulting therefrom, are productive of nothing but good. These things all tend to break down that barrier of haughty insularity which the ordinary Briton in his pride has built up for himself; and at the same time our visitors learn that once they have earned by their prowess the respect of the public, they will, whether victorious or defeated, be welcomed with open and hospitable arms by the impartial sportloving Briton.



THE ROMANCE OF A FLOATING DOCK.

CHAPTER V.



F, as certain philosophers declare, love is no more than a zymotic disorder, like smallpox, then the flirtations of youth may be looked upon as a kind of vaccination. They may not guarantee a man against taking the

real disease when he is exposed to it, but they will, especially if repeated at proper intervals, partially exhaust the sympathetic elements in his blood, on which, as is well known, the poison thrives, and so will attenuate the violence of the attack. Thus, if he is not (and it is said that in many cases he is) kept completely 'immune,' he at least takes the disease in a mild and not deadly form, so that it neither destroys his life, ruins his constitution, nor leaves indelible marks upon his face. In this manner calf-love, like calf-lymph, may protect one from serious danger at the cost of a passing inconvenience.

Sandford, unfortunately for his comfort, was without this safeguard, so beneficial to the majority of his fellow-men. The exigencies of his career had deprived him of the opportunity. From the time when he left school his life had been passed almost wholly with men, and the society of ladies was to him not much more than a memory of his youth. He had lived little in civilised towns, or even in houses; much in the open air, on surveying journeys and in construction camps. Having thus been out of the way of superficial passion, he had neither frittered away his finer feelings nor had his heart battered into callosity. And accordingly, when, like the shepherd in Virgil, he at last became acquainted with love, he too found him a native of the rocks, a pitiless savage, torturing his captive. In the daytime, when his work absorbed him, he could hold the wretch at bay, and at night sheer fatigue would give him an hour or two of sleep when he lay down. But his enemy waited by his bedside, and long before he was refreshed pulled him by the ear.

He wrote a letter or two and packed a small valise. He took leave of Doña Concha and of Brandon, and, having made Sostenes, the porter, promise to call him at three o'clock, he went to bed. He blew out his candle, tucked in his mosquitocurtains, lay down, and, with a long sigh, closed his eyes. In a minute he was unconscious. In another minute, as it seemed to him, he was awake, no longer sleepy, his mind clear, his case lying before him as in a map. It was a cruel stroke of Fate that his love should be an alien. But he was no coward. He would live through this, and no one should suffer but himself. She would remain a lovely dream. He had never spoken to her or touched her hand, but her memory would be romance enough to last his life. She was not for him, but no other woman should take her place. Somehow he found this thought consoling. He repeated to himself, 'No other woman, no other, no'—

'Ya se dieron las tres, señor' ('Just struck three o'clock, sir').

Sostenes had opened the door, and was speaking to him. He started up, groped for the matches, and lit his candle. The air felt cold. He dressed quickly, and went out into the corredor, one side of which was open to the garden. It was quite dark. Only in a distant corner a taper glimmered before a picture of the Virgin just within the open door of Doña Concha's own apartment. Sostenes shouldered the value and blew out the candle, and Sandford followed the porter out to the grassy street. Rain had fallen, and no star was visible.

Doña Concha's household did not rise to minister to parting guests who left before daylight. Sostenes guided Sandford to an early coffee-shop in the market-place. Steaming pots, some of coffee and some of boiling milk, were on the counter, with heaps of fresh rolls, and, by the light of a flaring chimneyless petroleum-lamp, a brown, barefooted waiter, wearing a big sombrero and wrapped to the nose in a gaudy blanket, served other brown men in blankets and big sombreros, who sat on wooden stools at little tables placed here and there on the rough stone floor. The scene in its Rembrandtesque obscurity resembled the 'Robbers' Cave' of the melodrama, filled with 'dissembling villains.'

The hot coffee was excellent, and, as Sandford finished his, the chimes in the clock-tower on the plaza struck the three-quarters. Again Sostenes shouldered the valise and set out. The Indian, like the wild creatures, either sees in the dark or his retina is sensitive to rays outside that part of the spectrum which alone is visible to white men. Sostenes marched to the river-side as confidently as if it had been high noon, and Sandford blindly followed the light sound of his footsters.

A dim lantern hung under the awning of the little steamer, deepening, if that were possible, the shadow below. Sandford groped his way on board, and took a seat on the locker-bench in the stern. There was no one else there. Sostenes received his pesseta, wished the senor a fortunate journey, and departed. There was no sound but the 'crackling' of the water in the boiler and the hiss of the steam in the escape-valve.

After a minute or two Sandford heard some one moving.

- 'Buenos dias' ('Good-morning'), he cried.
- 'Buenos dias, señor,' replied a voice from the darkness forward of the engine.

When do we start ?'

We are waiting for the capitan, señor. I will

whistle for him.'

The steam-whistle startled the stillness with a piercing and prolonged shriek, and after some seconds a faint, clear echo came back from the opposite shore a mile away, but no other effect was discernible. Sandford heard the scratching of a match and saw the glow of a cigarette. The clock on the plaza chimed all the quarters and then struck four, and all was quiet again but for the increasing hiss of the steam at the escapevalve.

After a few minutes, 'Amigo,' said Sandford, 'your captain seems a sound sleeper. You had better call him again.

'I believe it.'

And again the whistle blew, this time a succession of screams that might have awakened not only the captain but the whole population of Garapatas. And again the far-off echoes came back across the river. As they died away voices were heard approaching, and the soft rustle of footsteps on the grass. They reached the bank. Sandford could Then some one with naked feet see nothing. stepped into the dim 'well' of the little steamer where he sat, and with a 'Con permiso, señor,' set down some packages.

'Is this your best light, captain?' said a masculine voice. Another murmured some apology, and the lantern was taken down and held so that it feebly

shone on the gunwale.

'Por aqui; cuidado' ('This way; take care'), said the second voice again, and Sandford saw the point of a little slipper and the edge of a dark skirt cross the dim circle of illumination, and felt the slight change in the boat's equilibrium as a light figure stepped on board. It was followed by a heavier one. He moved to make room, and the voice he had first heard thanked him and bade him good-morning. He could not

see any one, but he answered politely in the darkness.

The new passengers seemed to seat themselves.

' Vamonos !' cried the captain.

The whistle shrieked again. Somebody stepped ashore and loosed a mooring-rope, and a naked brown foot was extended from the vessel's side to push her off. The engine started with a grunt, the screw began to labour and throb below Sandford's seat, and the Vigilancia swung out on the river. The engineer had taken away the lantern, and the passengers could see nothing.

Sandford felt the situation strange and even exciting. The little boat rolled ominously as she drove against the swirling current; the machinery panted and beat as if it were fighting desperately with strangling enemies in the inky darkness; the invisible river slapped the side heavily at unexpected moments, and swished and gurgled under the counter as if it were alive. Sandford felt helpless in the hands of seemingly happy-go-lucky navigators, of whose skill or prudence he knew nothing. With distended eyes he stared in vain into the blackness which covered equally the rushing river and the mysterious passengers.

Suddenly some unnamed sense came to the aid of his useless sight. The face of the girl who had influenced him so strangely rose before his mind, and in a moment he knew, somehow, that she was by his side. He could not see the faintest outline of her form, but he was certain she was there.

An hour later dawn began to break, and everything looked cold and gray. The water became visible first, then the dark lines of the riverbanks. At last the boat and its passengers slowly materialised out of the shadows. Opposite sat a man with upright figure and a bearded face, and beside Sandford was a woman wrapped in a dark shawl. As he glanced at her she turned her head and met his eyes.

(To be continued.)

TOWNS. DEVONIAN THREE

II. - DARTMOUTH.



HAT beautiful Dartmouth,' wrote Queen Victoria when, over sixty years ago, she, a fair and happy young matron with a devoted husband and lovely children, sailed for shelter in her royal

yacht across the bar and up the estuary of the Dart on a wild and stormy day in August 1840 while on her way to Plymouth. 'Notwithstanding the rain,' she wrote, 'the place is lovely.' And by whatever route you approach the town unto this day, the royal verdict holds good, and will do so unto the end of time.

Follow the progress of the royal yacht and enter the harbour from the sea, float down the river

from Totnes, following every curve and bend of the softly flowing waters that wind amongst the enfolding hills, take the steep and hilly road from Brixham, or even dash along the shores of the tidal river in the thundering train that halts at Kingswear, opposite to the town, and it is just the same; you can only repeat the royal saying and declare the place to be lovely, with a beauty peculiarly its own. You cannot compare it with anything else. These Devonian hills are mere molehills to the 'stern and wild' mountains which clasp to their bosoms our ocean inlets away up north; but the tender beauty, the infinite grace and softness, of their flowing lines, the richness of their colouring, the lavish luxuriousness of their vegetation, impart to them a beauty that has a distinct charm of its own, not to be measured by other standards.

This strange old town lies in a sleepy hollow. Kingswear, opposite to it, where the terminus of the Great Western Railway forms its one link with the outer world, is said to be the older town, for the ancient rhyme runs: 'Kingswear was a market town when Dartmouth was a fuzzy down;' but that is a very old story indeed, for the importance of the little burgh clinging to its precipitous hillsides has long since passed away, absorbed in the greatness of its sister on the southern side of the harbour. But there is an old church here, about the only one in England dedicated to St Thomas à Becket, and a little way down the steep shore there is a ruin, all that remains of an old castle built by the men of Dartmouth in fulfilment of an agreement with Edward IV., who undertook to pay the burgesses of Dartmouth-a very flourishing and important place in those days—a fairly large sum of money annually, 'for ever,' on condition that they 'did buyld and mayntayne there a strong and mightye new toure,' with a boom and chain that could be attached to a corresponding 'buyldynge' on the opposite side, to block the entrance to the river against all comers. The ruin stands at the mouth of a deep and narrow gorge that runs inland, built upon a mass of rock on which the remains of the old guard-room and the groove through which the chain ran can still be distinctly traced. Lower down the winding shore another old castle, dating from the reign of King John, overlooks the bright waters; but its appearance is not improved by the modern residence attached to the decayed old walls.

We are gliding across the river in the swift steamer that plies from the railway terminus to the larger town, and from that ferry-boat Dartmouth has a decidly foreign aspect. Like Totnes, the houses are richly coloured, rising one above the other in serried, picturesque rows, a tall churchtower in the background forming the apex of the picture. Hills enclose the bright expanse of waters. Long ago a spy in the service of Spain reported that 'the town is not walled. The mountains are its walls.' It was, and is, a very apt description, for Dartmouth lies in a secure hollow of those fair hills, beside the beautiful harbour with its ceaseless ebb and flow. The streets go straggling up the hills, and, look where you will, the sea closes every vista, mistress of the scene. Up the river you see the great hull of the old Britannia, for so long the nursing-home of England's sailor lads; now her place is filled by the magnificent College for Naval Cadets, which crowns one of the long slopes above the town. Here there are in the making the successors of those great captains and admirals which Dartmouth has given to the world for centuries. A beautiful building, worthy of its most noble aim!

It would require volumes to relate the history of this noble old town. Younger than Totnes as a municipality by more than a century, its origin, like that of its elder sister, is lost in the mists of ages. It was a town in the old Roman days, perhaps nothing more than a fishing-village; but at the time of the Conquest it was a port of considerable importance. In 1099 William Rufus embarked here on his way to Normandy, and a century later it was the rendezvous of an important portion of the fleet which accompanied Richard I. to the Holy Land. In 1341 Edward III. granted a charter of municipality to the corporation on condition of their providing the king with 'two goode shippes of an hundred and twentie tons' when he should so require. But the men of Dartmouth, being right loyal and patriotic, far outdid their bargain, for in 1346 they sent thirty-one ships and seven hundred and seventy-seven men to help the great Sailor King at the siege of Calais. They were ever ready to stand by Crown and country, these brave men of Dartmouth. Once when a French fleet invaded the harbour-it was in the feeble days of Henry II. -the very women and children turned out to do battle with the foe; and the brave lassies, by 'hurling of flints and pebbles and such like artillery, did greatly advance their men-folks' victory.' Brave dames!

It is rather a blow to read that in the river, a little above the town, stands a black rock that rises in midstream, which was an instrument of punishment in ancient days, for there the shipmen and any one else troubled by a scolding or disobedient wife conveyed the angry lady at fall of tide, leaving her until her anger cooled and her 'high stomach' found its level as the incoming waters crept near and nearer. It was a very effectual cure for warlike spirits when there were no invading Frenchmen or Spaniards to oppose with 'flints and pebbles,' and husbands suffered instead.

How many great seamen has this town contributed to swell the ranks of England's heroes it would take too great time to tell. Only a few can be named out of a mighty host, for the Dartmouth men are born sons of the seas; there is the love of the mighty mother in their very blood. It is more than probable that the town owes its beginnings to a horde of sea-rovers whose long ships swept the Channel long before history began to be written. Although these wild men have left no record behind them, they have bequeathed their dash and daring to their descendants, and, since England has been a nation, the Dartmouth men have stood out as typical sailors. Not without reason has the father of English poetry drawn one of his immortal characters from this seafaring town. Side by side with his Franklin and his gentle Prioress rides a Dartmouth Captain, who

Rode upon a rouncy as he couthe, In a gown of faldyng to the kne. The poet does not say in so many words that this 'Good Felawe' was corsair and pirate, but he allows us to infer that his conscience was just a little elastic with regard to what Fortune put in his way upon the high seas. We have changed all that. In those days there were no international laws, and even if such laws did exist, there was no possible means of enforcing them; and, moreover, ideas have changed until the Dartmouth captain's point of view has for ever vanished.

It was in the reign of Richard II, that the town won the privilege of using the Royal Lions as the supporters of its coat of arms. In that reign, threatened with a French invasion, the brave town determined to take the initiative. Joining with Portsmouth, the inhabitants 'furnished forth and manned a few ships at their proper cost.' Entering the Seine, they dashed into the very heart of the French fleet, destroyed their vessels, and returned home laden with plunder. John Hawley, a merchant-prince of the time, who possessed a large fleet of his own, commanded this daring expedition, and on his triumphant return was presented to the king, who bade him name his reward for so gallant a service. But the great-hearted seaman asked nothing for himself, only a regal honour for his town; and so it carries the Royal Lions on its escutcheon to this day. Ships of Dartmouth helped to fling back the Armada from our shores; but, best of all, it sent out those strong, brave, simplehearted sailors who, in mere cockle-shells of ships, sought and found so much for the glory of their native land. The gallant brothers Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert here saw the light, and imbibed with their mother's milk the spirit of adventure which sent them afar to found new empires and establish the greatness of that realm upon which the sun never sets. Walter Raleigh was born on the banks of the river Dart; and here the discoverer of the Arctic Circle, the pioneer of so many seekers after one of Nature's secrets, and possibly the most successful and loval-hearted amongst a band of heroes. John Davis, the discoverer of Davis Strait, first saw the light of day. Go and read about him in Hakluyt's fascinating story of the voyagers who laid the foundations of our Empire, and think of the rock from whence we have been hewn and the pit from whence we have been digged.

Ah, but the town is calling to us. We must think of its departed sons no more. Here is the steep ascent from the ferry-slip to the street—a slippery bit of walking, for the tide has only just receded, and there are sundry ribbons of seawed lingering on the stones. But here is the town, and what a quaint, unusual, ancient town it is! There are old houses with fantastically carved fronts, bays that jut out three feet beyond the lower story, the leaded sashes divided by carved uprights, with quaint monsters supporting the overhanging windows. Some of them have two tiers of these old-fashioned projecting windows; all richly carved, and a few are dated. There is a Butter Walk here as at Totnes; but it only stands on one

side of the street-the corresponding side-walk having been 'improved away.' Like the Totnes arcade, it overhangs a bit of the road, and above the colonnade rises the carved front and leaded windows of what was once a noble mansion, now divided into three houses and shops, all dealing in smallwares. The centre house bears date 1634, but may be older, and the initials M. H. are to be seen on the carved oak frieze of the front There are notable ceilings in stucco-work all through the house, although the best of them is not open to the public. There is one, however, in the centre house, which can be inspected, and the owner of it, a most worthy old seafaring man, is only too glad to exhibit the lovely piece of ancient work. He points with pride to a wonderful overmantel of carved oak which hangs as it did from the time the house was first inhabited, although the wide chimneypiece it once adorned has vanished, and a rather mean little modern grate stands in its stead. It represents the Day of Pentecost, and is really a wonderful bit of workmanship. On either side of the central panel are figures of Moses, the lawgiver, and King David, the sweet singer of Israel-the quaintest and most archaic forms imaginable, and yet by no means ludicrous, because the artist has worked at his task with a simple, child-like faith that is quite beautiful to see. The old mansion was honoured by two visits from Stuart kings Here Charles I. held his Court when Prince Maurice captured the town from the army of the Parliament, the Royal Arms being placed on the house by its proud owner in commemoration of the event; and here his graceless son came in the old age of the century to hold a merry Court, which so pleased the king that he made one of his numerous sons Earl of Dartmouth-a dubious honour which did not last long, as the boy died a few years afterwards

The merchants of the town must have been men of great taste as well as wealth, because the houses they have left behind them are richly carved and decorated inside and out. In a back-street, doubtless once a noble thoroughfare, there is a house-front which is a perfect example of its peculiar style of domestic architecture. How is it that we have lost the secret of those old builders? Those quaint houses have carvings that, exposed to a strong sea. air as they have been for centuries, are still as well defined and as clear cut in their detail as they were when hands, long since dust, lavished their skill upon them. Attempts at restoration of some old houses have been made, and with fairly good success. Like the townsfolk of Bruges, the municipality rather encourages such imitations, and it is to be hoped that the old town, like that other old Belgian city, will preserve its antique character as time crumbles away the venerable relics of past ages.

Up a steep hill, its tower forming a striking feature in the vista, stands the ancient parish church of St Saviour. It is in the very heart of the town, with very old houses closely encircling its ancient walls. Those brave men of Dartmouth in the

fourteenth century, when they built and adorned their dwellings, did not forget to lav out their wealth upon the House of God in their midst. For this old church, although not approaching the singular beauty of the Totnes edifice, is a magnificent example of Decorated period, although traces of earlier styles remain. There is a most quaint old doorway covered with beaten ironwork, bearing the arms of the town wrought into a strange device which bears date 1634; but the tower and the body of the church are of a very much older period. There is a list of incumbents hanging in a sidechapel which begins in 1272, and possibly this building, ancient as it is, was erected upon still older foundations. There is a noble old Rood-screen of carved wood, most beautiful in its details, and a stone pulpit to correspond, the gift of Charles II., the decorations of which are an exact copy of the very much older woodwork of the screen. Both are beautifully gilt and coloured, but the beauty of the church is sadly marred by the deep, overhanging galleries which, even when the church was restored in 1887-88, were not cleared away. The lovely form of the arches is quite lost in these unsightly additions. It is impossible to discover the real meaning of the architects who fashioned the building in the thirteenth century and adorned it at later dates. The beautiful screen is smothered with galleries as they push forward upon it, and the vista, looking up the church, quite lost in a confusion of shadows never dreamt of by the men who built and adorned this stately house of prayer. One turns away with a feeling of disappointment. In one of the side-galleries, hung upon the wall of the staircase, is a huge picture by a local artist who followed hard on the footsteps of George III.'s favourite painter, Benjamin West. It is a life-size representation of 'The Raising of the Widow's Son,' and is chiefly remarkable for the extreme beauty of the frame, which is of carved oak, done in a design of vine-leaves and fruit—a real work of genius if you like.

But back into the streets once more, and away to the harbour-mouth there is the old church St Petrox, which is only open for public worship in summer; and above this ancient chapel stands Dartmouth Castle, built at the same time as the corresponding tower at Kingswear, and under the same agreement with King Edward III. Here the great boom which was to exclude all unwelcome strangers swung across the harbour-mouth to the opposite point, and here are a few guns pointing seaward; but one may smile now at the feeble defences which kept our foes at bay in departed days. To these remains of an old order vanished for ever is allotted

the duty of saluting any representative of the mighty upon earth who may happen to pass by upon the great highway of the world. St Petrox contains a fine brass, spared by the rude soldiers of the Commonwealth, in memory of one of the leading merchants of the town who died in 1609—so long ago, and still remembered. The view looking up the river from the church is one of exceeding beauty. The hills, being wooded to the water's edge, are mirrored back in doubled beauty. White-winged boats flit to and fro; sometimes a stately ship comes sailing by, or a great warship forges her majestic way up to the harbourage, which, three hundred years ago, was said to be 'of the depth of five yards and more at lowest water.'

Dartmouth is a restful place. There is something in the atmosphere of South Devon which tends to respose. You drift on the shores of Lotus-land. No one is in a hurry. Life runs upon well-oiled wheels. True, there are great industries going on. Boats are being built somewhere close at hand, but you do not see any sign of active life. In the streets handsome young Devonians, with somewhat dreamy eyes in their comely heads, lounge gracefully about their daily avocations as if there were not the least hurry in the days. Time enough to do all that life demands of us. The boats slip lazily through the deep blue waters. In the streets good folks stand and indulge in a quiet gossip. It is all easy-going, all permeated with a certain sense of taking life in its simplest mood; and yet we know well what tempests have overswept this quiet harbour, and what wild work has been done amongst these encircling hills. Fortunes have been made and lost here. Men have lived, and toiled, and suffered. There was a bad business in the days of Edward VI., when the great reactionary movement took place against Somerset's high-handed injustice; and here the armies of Prince Maurice and those of the Commonwealth made fierce play, doing deathly work under the hills-but all that is of the past. Now the vivid life of the place goes on in the great new college on the slope amongst the woods, and in the town men take the burden of the days peacefully; while all round the noble old town and the beautiful harbour the hills are springing green, and little touches of spring awaken daily, birds sing in the orchards, and lambs frisk upon the hills. It is England in her most placid mood; England watching by untroubled waters; England, the home of settled peace, although life calls us away to more strenuous scenes and less peaceful, dreamy days. Farewell, fair town by the lovely river-mouth! Your fighting days are over, and your rest is



CONVENIENCE. A MARRIAGE OF

CHAPTER VIIL



T was the day before Beatrix van Zyll's wedding to Hartley Gordon, Earl of Tallantyre. Her father's unbounded joy over the whole proceeding jarred upon her inexpressibly; at times she felt that she could not do the thing

which she had covenanted to do on the morrow. Then the memory of Hartley's unvarying kindness came back to her, his thoughtful consideration for her comfort, his chivalrous care for her. She could not be the means of bringing disaster upon him. All she could do was to marry him. At any rate, she knew, he would be good to her. She sat again in the over-elaborate drawing-room, that apartment of velvet and gilding, waiting for dinner to be announced—the last dinner she would eat in that

Suddenly the butler, velvet-footed, suave as ever, appeared. 'Lord Tallantyre wishes to see you, miss, if you can spare him a moment, he said, Tallantyre himself at his heels.

'Forgive me,' said the young man, coming forward. 'Your servant made a mistake; it was really your father I wished to see upon a little matter of business connected with to-morrow. Do you think he will see me?'

'Yes, I am sure he will,' returned the girl listlessly. 'He is in his business-room with his secretary, I believe. Come with me. I will show you the way.'

She got up from her chair as she spoke. Tallantyre noticed how white she looked, how her energy seemed to have vanished during these days of waiting, since her return from Tallantyre.

'By the way,' he said, pulling the pink sheet of a Globe from his pocket, 'do you remember Crone? There has been a big fight out at the front. Crone's name is mentioned. Saved a gun or something, and got a bit wounded in the process.'

Beatrix suddenly felt the great room swing round; she dropped into a chair at hand, the sound as of many waters drumming in her ears. But her affianced husband had seen her face; he knew of a sudden why she was so white and tired, why her interest in life had waned. He knew by a sudden flash of intuition that her heart was not his, that it had gone out to the veldt with Rothery Crone. He slopped his handkerchief with water from a vase and dabbed her gray face with it, greatly relieved as she opened her eyes and looked up at him with a wry smile.

'All right, Hartley,' she said. 'The room was hot, that was all. Did you say Mr Crone was badly hurt?'

'No, no,' he cried; 'not serious at all, I believe. I expect he will get a commission, though. They'll have to give it him. But, Beatrix'-

She cut him short.

'I forgot,' she said, rising unsteadily to her feet. 'You wanted to see father. Come along. There will be time before dinner.'

Hartley, confused and stunned with sudden and violent emotion, followed her. He could not clear his wits sufficiently to decide on what his course of action should be, and he was still in a condition of mental fog when they reached the great library, with an adjoining strong-room where Israel van Zyll kept most of his important papers.

The revolving-chair in front of the substantial writing-table, with its litter of papers, was empty, as was also the rest of the room. Beyond a glass door opening out of another side of the room came the busy scraping of a pen and the cough of a quickly writing secretary.

Beatrix opened the glass door, and the secretary

looked up interrogatively. 'Where is Mr Van Zyll?' she asked him.

The young man looked puzzled.

'Isn't he there?' he asked, getting up hastily, and looking beyond the other two into the library. 'He was going into the strong-room when last I saw him, to look over some papers he said he would require to-morrow. Why, Miss Van Zyll, he has left the key in the lock!'

They all three went hurriedly to where, in a kind of recess, a great steel door, fastened with a patent lock, formed the only entrance to the fireproof, burglar-proof, water-proof strong-room where the records of the doings of Israel van Zyll were kept. A sudden dew started to the forehead of the secretary, and he laid a shaking hand on Tallantyre's

'The door must have slammed,' he whispered, trying to control his trembling voice so that Beatrix should not hear. 'He was messing about with those papers a good hour ago, and the air in there could not last him more than half-anhour at most. I was too busy to notice.' His voice trailed away into sick silence.

Beatrix put her hand on the key. 'I know how to unlock the door,' she said quietly and steadily. 'It relocks automatically with the shutting of the door.'

She turned the key, then took hold of the handle, turned it, and swung open the heavy door, which moved noiselessly back on its well-oiled hinges, disclosing a deep recess, behind which were cupboards and deed-boxes. A flutter of papers near a dark heap on the floor showed that one of these was open.

'Get a lamp,' whispered Beatrix quickly.

Both men made a rush to the secretary's tiny room, where a lamp burned. They had forgotten the electric hand-lamp in the library.

Beatrix bent hastily over the dark heap by the papers, then hurriedly seized the latter, pushing them out of sight in the bosom of her dress. Instinct told her what they were. In dull wonder she watched the two men return, each with a lamp; she watched them bend over the collapsed heap of blue-faced clay that two hours ago had been Israel van Zyll.

'Will you fetch a doctor?' she said to Tallantyre, though all three knew that the whole combined Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons could not bring back the breath which had so lately left the financier's lungs.

Presently, in her own room, Beatrix hastily read and tore up deed after deed, burning them carefully after she had done so.

'That sets us both free,' she muttered as the last fragment fluttered into gray ash. 'They are mine now, and it was only just'——

Then she fainted quietly away on the hearthrug, where her maid found her a few minutes later.

CHAPTER IX.

HE day after the funeral of the financier, Tallantyre stood again in the gorgeous drawing-room, waiting nervously for the

girl to whom his troth was plighted, who but for the tragedy of the strong-room would ere this have been his wife.

Presently two heavy velvet curtains parted silently and she came to greet him, a frail, delicate creature, in her rich mourning, her face white and tired, the big eyes bigger even than usual.

He took the little white hands in his and led her to one of the uncomfortable, brocade-cushioned

'Beatrix,' he said slowly, looking down the while into the steady, deep eyes so trustingly lifted up to his gray ones, 'we are friends, are we not—real, true friends?'

'Yes,' she answered, wondering greatly. 'What is it, Hartley?'

'It is this,' he went on, still in the deliberate manner of a man who has made up his mind to do a disagreeable thing. 'Beatrix, I have treated you vilely. I undertook to marry you at first to save Tallantyre—your father got possession of all the mortgages. Then gradually I came to care for you for yourself. I loved you for your gentle self. We should have been good friends, I think, had we married. But now I know that you do not love me, though I know you care for me as a friend, dear. There is some one else, is there not?'

A hot flood of colour rushed into the pale cheeks. She bowed her head in mute assent.

'Now, what I want you to do is this,' continued the young man. 'I want you to set me free that I may go out to South Africa and fetch Crone back. I don't think he will come for writing; but he will if I explain.'

A mischievous gleam came into the girl's eyes.

'And what about Tallantyre?' she asked. 'I am
my father's sole heiress, you know.'

'Tallantyre must chance it,' he returned steadily.
'Even Tallantyre shall stand no longer between me and the thing that is right and just.'

'Well done,' said the girl. 'I am proud of my friend. Now, Hartley, those mortgages are burnt. They were in the deed-box when—when my father was found'—she shuddered—'and I took them when you went for the lamp, and burned them, that there might be no more evil wrought through them. Now, go as soon as you can, and find Rothery Crone for me.' She coloured hotly again, but her head was up now, and her eyes were shining.

Hartley shook her hand gratefully.

'I will go by the *Union Custle* on Saturday,' he said. 'But what will you do with yourself all the lonely weeks till we get back?'

'Cicely Grant will be my companion, I hope,' returned Beatrix, smiling at a sudden deepening of the colour in the Earl's tanned face. 'She'll want a new situation when Rothery gets back, you know,' she added inconsequently.

'Do you think,' said Tallantyre as he stood with one strong hand on the door-handle, 'that she would take one—for life—with me if I asked her nicely?'

'If I were you,' said Beatrix as he opened the door, 'I should come here to dinner to-morrow night and see. She comes down to me by a train reaching Euston at 7.11 P.M. Will you meet her for me and bring her here?'

'I will,' said Tallantyre; 'and God bless you, Beatrix!'

Then he went out.

CHAPTER X.



SMALL crowd gathered on the Ocean Quay of Southampton docks some three months after the day that Tallantyre asked Beatrix to release him from his promise of mar-

riage. They were waiting for the inward bound Union Castle Liner which was returning from South Africa with a large consignment of troops from the front.

Amongst those who eagerly awaited the great ship's arrival—she was already signalled from Hurst Castle—were three ladies: one elderly, white-haired, gracious, and stately; and two younger ones—in a word, Lady Tallantyre, Cicely, and Beatrix van Zyll.

'Yonder's the ship, lady,' said one of the kindly dock-police on duty. 'She is just off Netley now.'

Nearer she crept—the great, gray-hulled, redfunnelled monster of the deep—rigging, taffrails, davits swarming with hoarsely cheering figures in khaki. As she crept silently alongside the quay, with the lines of sheds where trains waited, the crowd pressed forward to scan the sea of faces high above them, waiting impatiently for the gangways to be run out.

'Look! there they are,' cried Cicely. 'There! amongst that group of officers. Oh, good gracious,

Rothery has only one arm !'

It was true. As Rothery wrenched his widebrimmed yeomanry hat off his head to wave in response to their shouts of welcome, all saw that his right sleeve was pinned—empty—to his breast.

Beatrix's face whitened for a moment; then the joy of meeting swept away all else. They were

together; nothing else mattered.

As the train crawled through the endless tracts

and wagon-ways of the docks, Cicely's hand crept into Tallantyre's.

'Isn't it jolly?' she said. 'Hartley, Beatrix, Rothery, let us all be married on the same day! I don't know about going to the same place for our honeymoons'——

'Of course,' chorused the others.

'We started our friendship all wrong,' chimed in Hartley, 'all askew, owing to my false move in the way of a marriage of convenience. Now we are going to put it on a real sound footing, with two marriages for love.'

'Amen!' said Lady Tallantyre; 'for, after all, it is love that makes the world go round, even if

money greases the wheels.'

THE END.

AGITATED INDIA.

By George L. Jennings.



is a coincidence that the fiftieth anniversary of the Indian Mutiny saw a state of startling unrest in the Punjab and Eastern Bengal, but it is nothing more. The history of the

Mutiny is an open book to all, but the cause of this threatening flare in the great Eastern Empire is a matter which requires for its elucidation close investigation on the scene of the occurrence.

The average Englishman is careless and beautifully ignorant concerning India—pulsating, perspiring India. He knows the country as a geographical asset, but he realises nothing of the inward struggles of the three hundred millionsthey are as abstruse to him as the L.C.C. elections are to a Calcutta parawalla, who is the red-turbaned, flat-footed, somnolent constable of the capital.

The English newspapers tell shortly of faction fights between Moslems and Hindus in East Bengal, of dacoities, of the desecration of goddesses, of outrage on Hindu women, and mention Swaraj and Swadeshi. There is a hint in cables of sedition, the conviction of the editor of a paper called the Punjabee for publishing seditious articles, the mad rush of a horde of firebands through garrisoned Rawal Pindi, and the culmination of the unrest in the deportation to Burma of a pleader (the Indian equivalent of solicitor) who had publicly advocated agitation and fearlessly preached sedition. But the origin of the disturbances and their exact meaning are left very much of a riddle.

Lord Curzon saw that it would be in the interests of adminstration if the great province of Bengal were reduced by the clipping of the eastern divisions, which were added to Assam, and the new province of Eastern Bengal and Assam was thus constituted. The Bengalis at once raised a great screech of dismay—Government was favouring the Mohammedans, was filching the chances of the babus

of obtaining Government billets, was severing the associations of a people, was destroying a condition of affairs which had answered well so far as the Hindus were concerned. But Curzon had ever the greater good before him, and where effective administration was in question, the foibles of the flabby, effeminate, crafty, and self-seeking section of the inhabitants of Bengal sank into nothingness in the estimation of that Viceroy whose motto was 'Strong personal government.'

On 16th October 1905 the partition became a fact. Curzon is gone, but the agitation started by his policy has never ceased. The Indian Congress that is not representative of the mass of the population, but only of a minority, has passed resolutions pledging the members to endeavour to undo the partition, and advocating ceaseless agitation. The spirit of antagonism to government of one section of Congress produced a split and gave birth to the Moderates and Extremists. The Extremists demand self-government; the Moderates ask for a share in the rule of the land. The Extremists carry on a vigorous campaign to suppress British goods, and incite young bloods to form themselves into volunteers ready to sacrifice themselves in the cause of the country. The section of the Hindu and vernacular press that has been won over by the Extremists has energetically preached sedition. Here is a sample translated from a paper called The Jugantar:

'The English are not tigers but demons. If a thousand tigers were let loose in Jamalpore, such a demoniacal affair would not have occurred. Come, ye English! declare war against the Bande Mataram mantra with your guns and cannons. Then we shall call you British tiger! Come, let us die fighting with you in open battle and go to the tetrual heaven. For once put your puppet Mussulmans behind and advance. You will see that thousands of hearts will become mad to die, uttering

Bande Mataram. It is useless telling you more. Brother Hindu! What more do you want? Will you yet trust the English? Will you still send your boys to school with first and second readers in hand, instead of preparing them for the future Kurukhetra (war)? Wealthy Indians! Will you still hoard your money for the English to loot in future? Men are being prepared in the country, but where is money? Who are the Mussulmans? Teach the English a good lesson somewhere to-day. To-morrow you will see that the Mussulman goondas are running with you, shouting "Alla-ho-Akbar." Not the Mohammedans but the English are responsible for the humiliation, oppression, &c. of the Hindus. We shall have to wreak vengeance for these not on Mussulmans but on the English. Ye mother's children! be equipped. Go to every village and initiate the Indians for death.'

Government has regarded this press defiance with a coolness that may appear folly to the man in the street, but it is the only way to avoid creating martyrs. How scant and limited education is may be illustrated by the circumstance that the masses of the people swallow as truth the lies of the native press, and believe that the British are as impotent as they are said to be by the ink-splashers of the

gutter press.

In East Bengal the babus go about stating that Surendra Nath Banerjee, the uncrowned 'king' of Bengal, the dismissed government official who has been in jail, is to be Raja, and these men, with something of the madness of Solomon Eagles, proclaim the nearness of a republic in Bengal. European officials are insulted in the mofussil districts; men spit as they pass, and sling lewd remarks after them. Ladies, even in Calcutta, are insulted. Up-country, near Mymensingh, a European traveller for a large Calcutta firm, while touring in a motor-car, was stoned, and he had to abandon his 'round' as his life was imperilled by these attacks.

The leaders of the campaign of agitation and boycott of British goods have called on every Bengali father to place one son from birth at the service of his country as a volunteer. The 'National Volunteers' may be seen in the districts of Mymensingh, Dacca, and Barisal, where bad blood

between Mohammedans and Hindus has been marked by open ruptures, practising lathe drill and sword exercise, and not a few have cheap revolvers and pistols.

The loyalty of the Mohammedans has undoubtedly been the steadying factor in the days of riot and rumoured rising, and yet it is the Mohammedans who chiefly are affected by the boycott, as it is they who deal in the detested belati (English) goods. In northern India the Sikhs have remained cool and displayed no sign of disaffection, and in Eastern Bengal the Mohammedans have followed the advice of such leaders as the Nawab of Dacca, who is a prominent member of the Viceroy's Council, and refrained from avenging their undoubted wrongs on the oppressive and maddening Hindus.

The deportation of Lala Lajput Rai, and the ordinance suppressing public meetings likely to create breaches of the peace, had a magical effect on the Hindus—agitators ran to their burrows, and editors of seditionary rags went to sleep wolves and

awoke lambs.

The voice that commanded deportation was the voice of Morley, but the hand was the hand of Sir Denzil Ibbetson, and the strong man who suddenly arose to put the ordinance into operation was Lord Minto, who by his sudden display of strength astonished India. But the man who foresaw the trouble in Eastern Bengal, and who wished to check it eighteen months ago, was Sir Bamfylde Fuller. Government recklessly kicked away one of its strongest pillars when his resignation was accepted. East Bengal requires a strong Lieutenant-Governor, and meanwhile this explosive province, more especially in the district around Shillong, remains seething with discontent.

But Government has learnt a lesson. It has experienced a rough and rude shock, which has aroused not only official India but the world to the fact that, while Kitchener of Khartoum has assured us that India is safe from invasion from outside, it contains a cyst of revolt in its heart which some day will burst in a torrent of bloody horror unless removed by strong and fearless rule, marked at the same time by a wide awake justice and the maintenance of a careful equity between the dominant races.

DIPLOMATIST AND MAN OF LETTERS.



HE late Canon Ainger has related how, in one of his earliest interviews with Alexander Macmillan, the great publisher repeated from memory the stanzas by Tennyson addressed to Bulwer Lytton, which had appeared

in Punch over the signature 'Alcibiades.' The poem was provoked by the fact of the novelist having attacked the poet in his New Timon, on hearing that he had been placed on the pension-list. The

novelist was distinctly ungenerous towards 'Schoolmiss Alfred.' Tennyson in his reply hit hard, and referred to Lytton as the 'padded man that wears the stays,' and asked:

What profits now to understand The merits of a spotless shirt, A dapper boot, a little hand, If half the little soul is dirt?

The verses, with other dropped pieces, are included in some of the American editions of Tennyson, but in none of the authorised editions on this side. Bulwer Lytton obliterated the offending lines from later editions of his satire, while Tennyson regretted his reply, and afterwards dedicated his Harold to the son of the man with whom he had this literary quarrel. In doing so he acknowledged some debt to Bulwer's Harold: 'Your father dedicated his Harold to my father's brother; allow me to dedicate my Harold to yourself.' This son, a future Viceroy of India, was responsible for his father's biography. It may be matter of regret that The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, only cover the period from 1803 to 1832, and break off before the family catastrophe. This was the legal separation of Lord Lytton from his wife, Rosina Doyle Wheeler, in 1836, owing to incompatibility of temper. In the Life of Rosina, Lady Lytton, which was suppressed shortly after publication, there is a bitter attack made on her husband, who had allowed her four hundred pounds a year after the separation. She was an Irish lady of remarkable beauty, clever, accomplished, passionate, and apparently with little of true maternal instinct. The faults were not all upon one side, for the husband was sensitive and irritable at the best, in his early married life continually writing or meditating in preparation for it, and was often 'like a man flayed and sore all over.' Sir Leslie Stephen counts him among the eminent authors who have not made, and have not deserved, success in married life. Lady Lytton retaliated in various petty ways: by letters, threatened legal proceedings, and by putting in an appearance at political gatherings where Lord Lytton might be speaking. She satirised him and all his set in a novel, published in 1839, which sold an edition in one week. Lady Lytton died

How the only son, Robert, first Earl of Lytton, regarded the matter may be seen from the following extract from his will: 'Whereas there now exists in the hands of persons unrestrained by any sense of honour or decency certain letters which I believe to be garbled, and certain written statements which I know to be wicked and cruel falsehoods relative to the domestic life of my father and mother; and whereas also there is no misstatement however impudent, and no imputation however baseless, which biographers are incapable of adopting, in their pursuit of sensational novelties about the private lives of eminent persons; therefore, it is my wish and request that immediately after my death all letters and papers bequeathed to me by my father should be collected by my wife, and placed by her under lock and seal in a box or boxes, unless this has previously been done by me.' The box or boxes are to be kept in the muniment-room at Knebworth, and transmitted to the testator's eldest son, or whosoever may succeed him as Earl of Lytton. 'And I do furthermore earnestly request my said eldest son, or whoever else may succeed as Earl of Lytton, to bequeath the said papers on the same conditions and with the

same request to his or her successor, in order that the heirs and representatives of the name rendered illustrious by my dear and honoured father may at no future time be without the means of refuting, if necessary, the calumnies originated by Rosina Lady Lytton. For which reason, and with which object, I do hereby exhort my said wife and my executors not to destroy, or permit to be destroyed, the above-mentioned letters and papers, which contain the complete refutation of the said calumnies. We need hardly wonder, as his daughter tells us, that the Earl of Lytton's heart failed him and his pen flagged at less than mid-career of his father's life, when he read the old letters and recalled the unhappy period through which his sister and himself had passed.

Lord Lytton, as is well known, was brilliantly successful as a novelist. No author, it has been said, displayed more industry, energy, or versatility, with less disposition to lapse into slovenliness. Some sixty separate volumes stand to his credit. In 1853 Messrs Routledge engaged to pay him twenty thousand pounds for the ten years' copyright of a cheap edition of his novels; at the end of that time five thousand pounds were paid for another period, while a contract was made again for a third period. His novels are still widely read in the many editions made possible by lapse of copyright.

We have no intention of raking up the embers of now-forgotten public or private quarrels. But these things affected the early life especially of son and daughter, and are recalled by the publication of Personal and Literary Letters of Robert, First Earl of Lytton (two vols., Longmans), edited by his daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, wife of the Right Hon. Gerald Balfour, brother of the ex-Prime Minister. When Viceroy of India, Lytton's diplomatic papers were the admiration of the India Office. It was said at an earlier period that in his despatches he was an artist, and that all the others were journeymen. The letters in these volumes are written with grace and literary charm. The work is one to be thankful for, while the editing and execution generally are all that can be desired. As diplomatist, poet, and thinker he possessed a singularly engaging and cultivated personality, endued with a profound insight into books, cities, and men, and was richly dowered with a genius for friendship. The highest divine fire may have been absent from his poetry; the divine fire of love was at least not absent from his life. His letters read like finished essays, and reflect the wonderful variety and interest of a life which moved from one important post to another in the diplomatic service.

The clouds were already gathering in the demestic sky when Robert Lytton was born in Hertford Street, London, November 8, 1831. Rosina Wheeler seems to have had little family affection towards the son and daughter born to her, while the nervous irritability of her husband vented itself at every unwelcome circumstance in complaints, taunts, and fits of anger. The home at Acton, near Ealing, was

broken up. After the separation the boy and girl found a second mother and careful guardian in Miss Greene, a friend of their mother, an Irish lady. She tended Emily until her death at the age of twenty, and the youth until the end of his schooldays. At Twickenham, Brighton, and Harrow (where he was for three years), Robert Lytton seems to have gained little schooling; at Bonn, under an English tutor, he applied his mind specially to the study of modern languages. He cared little for outdoor sports, had an insatiable appetite for reading, and wrote verse at twelve. Until the eighteenth year of his age he signed himself Edward Bulwer Lytton; but on representation from his father that it was awkward that he should have a signature similar to his own, he began to use his second name, Robert, and stuck to it through life. This to him, he confided to a friend, was a vile name: 'The only people I recollect of the name of Robert are Robert Peel (traitor), Robert Walpole (horrid old fox), Robert the Devil-I dare say the greatest gentleman of the three.'

In 1850 an offer from his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer (afterwards Lord Dalling), to join him at Washington as unpaid attaché, was a start in the diplomatic service. When his uncle moved to Florence, amongst the good things which came to Lytton in Italy was the friendship of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The latter wrote to a friend: 'I like him, we both do, from the bottom of our hearts.' Lytton said of Mrs Browning, when she was carried from Casa Guidi to be laid in the beautiful Protestant cemetery in Florence: 'A lovelier life never went back to God.' As one of her critics has expressed it, her noblest poem was what she made of Robert Browning's life. Lytton thought that Robert Browning in his Mon and Women had established his loftiest title to immortality, and that all his best and greatest work, some of which he considered very great indeed, was written during his married life in Italy, work which 'our sagacious literary press never deigned to notice except with an occasional sneer.' Lytton's youthful ardour for Browning had somewhat cooled by the time The Ring and the Book appeared, and this he could not read. Mrs Browning was a shrewd and faithful critic of his own poetry, which he was now writing and publishing. She urged him to more individuality, and to a more abounding life of his own, so that in reading his work one would not be reminded so much of this or that poet. She added: 'When you are so certainly and thoroughly a poet yourself, you don't imitate them. Why should you not be original?' His father gave him then and afterwards the best of advice also regarding his work and regarding the strong literary leanings which prompted him to throw up official life altogether, and left him rather impecunious. Robert Lytton when in Florence was not tall, but about five feet ten inches in height, slight and fraillooking in appearance, with intensely blue eyes, no beard, and hair dark and curly. In general society he was shy and silent. By 1858 he became entitled to his first official salary of two hundred and fifty pounds a year. About this time he passed five months of strain and unhappiness in the society of his mother, with whom he went to the Continent in order to prevent the public scandal of a trial in connection with the measures that were threatened in order to put her under restraint. She tried in vain to shake his loyalty to his father. The son left his mother at Luchon, and only saw her once again in Paris; and, being out of funds, worked his way back as a travelling artist.

The landmarks in what was on the whole a happy and successful career were the writing and publication of his various volumes of poetry, the editing and publication of his father's speeches and memoir up to 1832, and the moving from place to place for official duty. He was in succession at Paris, the Hagne, at Vienna (where he was appointed second secretary), at Copenhagen (where he was first secretary of Legation), and at Athens. Then followed his happy marriage to Miss Edith Villiers, niece of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, whose presence was to him as a 'bath of sunshine.' This was followed by periods of service at Lisbon, Madrid, and again at Vienna. He acted as secretary to the Embassy at Paris, and went to Lisbon as Minister. The great opportunity of his life came in 1875, when Mr Disraeli offered him the Governor-Generalship of India, a position which he accepted after some hesitation as to his fitness for the great task. While he was Viceroy, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, and a famine commission made rules and regulations for times of dearth. Measures of a more liberal nature were taken in regard to the employment of natives in the Civil Service. There was the abolition of inland customs, repeal of duties on cotton goods, while railways and irrigation works were encouraged. There were difficulties with Afghanistan, a campaign in which Shere Ali was overthrown and Yakoub, his son, placed on the throne; and the Treaty of Gandamak (1879) gave India a 'scientific frontier' and a British residency at Kabul. This was followed by the massacre of the British envoy and his suite, and the march to Kabul of General Roberts, and a change of ruler. The expenses of the Afghan war (which by a financial blunder were underestimated) and the frontier railway afforded ground for political attack, and Lytton's lack of discretion in small matters of convention gave rise to unfavourable verdicts on his policy, which in the light of later events seem to have received some justification. On his return Lytton made a notable speech in the House of Lords on India, about which Disraeli said, 'You have made a great effect without one injudicious word.' After hearing Lytton address a large gathering in Manchester on India an old gentleman said, 'That image of yours about the Shunamite was the finest burst of pure eloquence that has been heard on any public platform since the days of Grattan.' Here is the passage:

'It is British rule alone that now keeps the peace from end to end of India. It is British rule alone that allows and enables every native of India to follow his own calling, profess his own creed, and eat the fruits of his own industry undisturbed by his neighbours. The renovating presence of the British power is now spread out over India like the living body of the Hebrew prophet over the dead child of the Shunamite. And everywhere beneath its animating touch the inertness of death is gathering life and warmth and motion. But do not forget that when the prophet performed his healing work he did not argue about his right to do it, or his right to be obeyed by those benefiting. He closed the door behind him, and suffered no intrusion on his own beneficial authority.'

In writing to Mr John Morley, with whom he parted company, he expressed the thought that the outlook for the Empire was grave mainly 'because the government and the very maintenance of India depend ultimately on the will of a people from whose political life the sentiment and instinct of Empire seems to be dying out.' From no other point of view did he regard the government of India with apprehension. He was created Earl of Lytton in 1880, and in 1887 was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, a position to which his father had also been elected.

When Prince of Wales, our King, in a moment of frankness, told him of the Queen's opinion that her three best diplomatists were Odo Russell, Lyons, and himself. He was most graciously received by the late Queen at Windsor on his return from India, and led seven very happy years in the society of his wife and family at Knebworth and elsewhere.

He held the post of ambassador to France, when death suddenly overtook him in Paris in 1891, in his sixtieth year. Altogether he had been twentyseven years in the diplomatic service, and this is part of the inscription which his friend Elwin wrote for his monument in St Paul's, London: 'He was a diplomatist rich in the qualities, official and social, by which amity with foreign nations is maintained; a viceroy independent in his views, resolute in action, looking forward to the future; a poet of many styles, each the expression of his habitual thoughts; a man of superior faculties, highly cultivated by literature, ardent in his affections, tender and gracious in all the circumstances of life, lavish in his commendation of others, and humble in his estimate of himself.'

As ambassador in Paris the Earl of Lytton was quite in his element and extremely popular. He remarked, 'I devoted my life to India, and everybody abused me; I come here, do nothing, and am praised to the skies.' Part of the secret was that he was always glad to afford pleasure, and showed perfect courtesy to every one, with a mastery of French language, literature, and art. Nothing seemed to come amiss to him: a sitting at the Academy, a sensational murder trial, a private view of pictures, or an interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

One who knew him said few touched life at so many points, enjoyed such a variety of interesting experiences, or so perfectly fascinated their intimates. He all along had an intense desire to distinguish himself in literature, and did his best by amending and polishing his poems, of which Fables in Song and King Poppy are most representative. These are characterised by brilliancy of idea, phrase, and description.

The best tribute to him has come from the present Earl, Victor Alexander George Robert Lytton, born at Simla in 1876. In a speech to the Parents' National Educational Union, delivered since the Letters were published, he said: 'At an early age I lost my father, and was thus deprived of an intellectual stimulus and companionship which would have been a priceless possession in the days of awakening manhood; but even he lived long enough to teach me a lesson which I shall never forget-namely, that the best education which a father can give to his children is to be found in the pattern of his own life. Though I was only fifteen when he died, I had already received impressions which will remain with me always. He had taught me, perhaps unconsciously to himself, to regard his approval as my highest aim in life. He had given me an ideal which death could not take away. If in the years to come it may ever be vouchsafed to me to do any service or to achieve any success, it will be due solely to the fact that I have known what I would that every child could know to the same degree-the value of a father's example and a mother's love.'

COMPENSATION.

Now, this is a song that has never before Been sung by the lips of a mortal alive, Of that dear, dreamy hour which is something past four, But not nearly five.

Oh, fleeting the joys of this workaday sphere, Where trouble and turmoil go wandering free; But an interval comes in our daily career For afternoon tea.

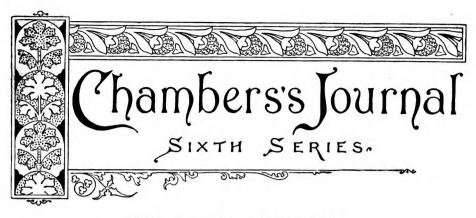
How restful and soothing the firelight's soft glow, The curtains how cosily crimson in hue! A chair with a cushion—there, let yourself go, And-one lump or two?

I want not the suffrage at moments like this, My country need fear no disturbance from me; Let man do the voting; he knows not the bliss Of afternoon tea.

With toes on the fen ar, life's worries remote, We'll chat on the topics attracting us most; No doubt, dearest Jake, there's some joy in a vote; But take some more toast.

And, spite of the drawbacks that Fate has in store, I'm glad I'm a woman, and glad I'm alive At the mystical hour that is rather past four, But not nearly five.

R. E. OHLSON.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.



London, August 20, 1907.

DNDON is passing through its dead season now, and only those who are called upon to live the greater part of the year in the Metropolis, and then find themselves, from one cause or another, compelled to endure it

during the holiday month of August also, can quite understand what a lonely misery it can be then. Friends have all gone, some of them to the seaside, others to the Alps of Switzerland, more to the golflinks or the moors or the rivers of Scotland; but .'ll, all are gone somewhere, for there is no determination like that of the Londoner to see as little as he can of London in this holiday month. So the streets are all 'up,' some of the clubs are closed, and are, in a way of speaking, living with other clubs, and those that are not closed have some of their rooms dismantled and are on reduced staff; the theatres are for the most part shut also; in fact, there is a feeling as of desertion everywhere, and the town seems to mock the man who lingers, and to groan at him, 'Oh, go away! go away!' Yet this is the time for the strangers, and they come up in abundance from the country and the Continent, while the Americans are in force again, having finished their travels, and being in the way of preparation for their voyage home. So it comes to pass in these dull days that the sights of London have as busy a time as they ever do, and you may often encounter a keeper or an attendant in August who will complain much of the manner in which he is overworked. And this reminds one that now and then a happy whim seizes some old Londoner that he too will make a holiday in London; and, perhaps for the first time in his life, he will go to see the great sights, to gaze upon the ancient places in the City and at Westminster, and to study their story and their meaning with a guide-book; that he will explore the halls that contain the rich art and other treasures of the nation; that he will wander through the great parks and see what beauties they contain; that he will plunge into the No. 509. -Vol. X.

depths of the East End and solve some of the mysteries that have baffled him; that he will go through to the docks and see the shipping; that in turn he will examine some of the new wonders of comfort and convenience such as have been promoted by the County Council; and that, when tired of all this sight-seeing, he will seek a little rest and relaxation in a trip by steamer down the river, and through the busy pool and under all the bridges, to Greenwich. I have known men who have lived in London for fifty years, and have then made a holiday like this, and they have pronounced the judgment that it was the richest holiday of their lives. For it is the simple truth that there is nobody so ignorant of London as the Londoner, and the old Londoner. It is true that he loves it and appreciates it, and he has a sense of its greatness and its complexity as no other man has. In the bulk, indeed, he knows it; but it is as if his mind, widened beyond that of many provincials, will not allow itself to be troubled with detail, and so, too much, detail is neglected. And then, again, he has so much to do that he puts off to some other day the seeing of some of those glories of the capital which he may sometimes reproach himself for not having seen so far. It must be the fact that there are hundreds of French, hundreds of Germans, and many thousands of country Britishers who have seen far more of the good sights of London than the average-yes, the average-Londoner. strangers who come to town see everything. have met some of them in the evening when in that one day they have explored the Tower of London, the Guildhall, St Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the National Art Gallery, and they have lunched in a historic tavern and learned of the famous men who fed there when George the Third was king. Now, what a very few in proportion of the whole population of London have done these things in the whole of their lives! I dare say that not one Londoner in fifty has been inside the Tower for five minutes, and the same may be said of the Abbey and the Art Gallery. AUGUST 31, 1907. [All Rights Reserved.]

They all mean to do so some day, but not now; they have too much to do. And, alas! they have always too much to do. So their ignorance of London is as vast as London itself; and I know a man who has written fine and realistic stories of the life of London, stories that thrill and are perfect in their description of London life; a man who has travelled much, and can tell you all about the fine pictures and the curious carvings in the Cathedral at Antwerp, and all that he saw in the Cathedral at Cologne, and of the Roman ruins at Mayence, who yet has not been in the Tower of London, and has not spent five minutes in Westminster Abbey! So it is that our wonders are not without honour save among some of our own citizens, and so also that for those who like the intellectual holiday there is no place like London and no time for it as in August and September.

* * *

Some people might think that when London is thus to an extent 'shut up,' as they say—when the full life of the place is a little stilled, when the light no longer burns on the Clock Tower at Westminster as a sign that a Government is wrestling with its Bills, when the Law Courts are closed, and you see foreigners with Baedekers in their hands gazing in front of Somerset House or straining their sight towards the summit of the Nelson Column-some people might think that despite these foreigners, the Americans, and all the country visitors, this must be rather a bad time for London hotels; and the hotels of London have of late years been increasing so much in number and in size, and there have been such complaints of bad times, that this would be a very reasonable doubt. Now, when all has been said about antiquities and treasures, few things in London interest the average non-Londoner so much as the hotels; and it may stir their curiosity to hear that despite all the bad weather that was endured in advance, these big caravansaries have had quite a good season, and that, as a matter of fact, the dead season is anything but a dead one for them. The truth is that the biggest of them depend far more on foreigners in these days than on Britishers, and that if London were not in a very full sense a cosmopolitan city a large number of them would be obliged to close. It is actually the case that, leaving out of consideration for the moment the large number of Continental visitors, there are three or four big establishments that yearly take in more Americans than they do British. It is established that out of every hundred people who visit a particular one of them in the West End no fewer than thirty-nine are American and only thirty-four are British. Of the others, it is interesting to know that on an average a little more than nine are German, while eight are French. There is no other country that supplies an average of two, the Belgians coming fifth on the list with an average of about one and a half. The Germans are becoming far more frequent visitors to London in these days

than they used to be, and it is a circumstance that is worth bearing in mind in view of the somewhat cool relations that have obtained between the two countries of late years, and the probability of a closer rapprochement happening as a consequence of the forthcoming visit of the Kaiser. Only two years ago, as a close analysis of hotel statistics has shown, there were ten Frenchmen to every five Germans in every hundred guests, and now we have seen that the wanderers from the Fatherland have become the more numerous. If it were not for the Americans in their hundreds and their thousands the hotels would, as one might say, be almost comatose in the holiday season, for it is found that of the full number of British people who patronise them in the course of the year only 31 per cent. are there in the month of August; while in October, when they have all come back from the seaside and the moors, there are nearly 16 per cent. On the other hand, of each hundred Americans who stay in London hotels in the course of a year nearly twenty do so in August, and in October only three. You see how the disposition of international habits and tastes has worked out most beneficially and most wonderfully to the advantage of these hotels. One hears it said often enough that London has much to learn from other great cities in this matter; but it is a point as to whether we are not too pessimistic about our own things. Foreigners are generally delighted with the accommodation that we give them, and they say that nowhere are their own home tastes so well catered for when insisted upon, and that, on the other hand, nowhere do they find it so easy and so pleasant to conform to the tastes of the country. It is a curious fact that there is nothing that our chefs can serve him with that the foreigner likes better than our English mutton. He admits the merit of the roast-beef of Old England; but it is for our mutton that he has the greatest relish, and the Americans, whom some people imagine to go searching for a restaurant where they may get Boston baked beans, or some peculiar dish of that kind, on their arrival in London call instead for an English mutton chop, and so they do on five or six days of the week. Hotel and restaurant keepers will say boldly that his love of that is one of the foremost characteristics of the American when in London.

Still harping on our holidays, one wonders whether it is realised that of all the periods of the year this is the most unprofitable to one of the greatest of our national institutions of convenience, the G.P.O.—that in the nature of things it must be so. London, of course, is the great source of the strength of the Post-Office, as may well be realised when it is said that over two million letters are delivered in the Metropolis every day, the total number delivered during the whole of last year being over seven hundred and fifty millions. Besides these letters, there were one hundred and eighty-three million post-cards, and one hundred and sixty-nine million

halfpenny packets; and the total number of postalpackets of one kind and another delivered in town in this one year was one thousand one hundred and sixty million—unthinkable figures; they are quoted merely to show what scope there is for shrinkage when as much of commercial London as can manage it is basking in the sunshine far away, and inhaling the ozone of the sea instead of the fumes of petrol in the City streets, which never stink so much as they do now. Correspondence slackens, and telegrams of excuse increase. And there is another way in which the Post-Office suffers, for it not only has a little less work to do, that is paid for, but it has to do much more than usual for nothingthat is to say, its kindness in readdressing letters to people who have shut up their homes, and sending them on free of charge according to instructions given, is at this season availed of to the maximum extent. But, again, the general disposition of things in this complex world affords a little crumb of compensation even to the Postmaster-General in the shape of the picture post-card craze, which in August is at its height. One could almost paper the walls of St Martin's-le-Grand with the views of scenes in the four corners of the world that come from them into London every week. It was prophesied when this craze first began that it would speedily die the death that is generally ordained for all such fancies of a people who in the twentieth century have a feverish desire for novelties; but the picture post-card has in some measure redeemed the character of the general public for constancy in its fads. Many years after its establishment, the picture post-card is as popular to-day as it has ever been.

* * *

The silly season discussions were given an excellent start this time with the pregnant question as to whether British athleticism is or is not in a very decadent state, the pessimists being able to give very fine point to their arguments as the result of certain successes which have been won by colonial and foreign players of various games in competition with British opponents, the said games being for the most part of British origin. Those pessimists who profess most anxiety, and who have so many morals to mark, are generally the people who understand less than others about such matters, and who do not see below the surface. For example, no golfer need be told of the absurdity of the idea so emphatically set forth by the pessimists that France is asserting supremacy over Britain at the royal and ancient game just because one French golfer has trained himself so well in Scotland that he has at last been able to win the open championship of the game. In the matter of other sports and games it has to be remembered that for many years past the athletic habit has been spreading all over the world, so that it is no longer exclusively British, as it almost used to be in the days when the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton. Particularly has the love of field-pastimes developed strongly

in America, in the colonies, and in France; and it would be almost a strange thing if our young men were to continue to hold supremacy over the whole world. They can have no monopoly of bone and muscle and nerve; and, generally speaking, they are severely handicapped both by climate and by the circumstance that in Britain the tendencies of the time demand more strenuous lives than they do in most other parts. The youth of England and Scotland is not so well placed for the cultivation of physique as is that of the colonies. At the same time, there is probably some justification for the suggestion that our young men do themselves great harm in these days by excessive indulgence in the 'deadly cigarette,' and few even of those who rail constantly against this habit have any proper idea of the damage that it does to nerve and physical stamina, for this reason, that those who suffer are slow to confess the fact, and their general helplessness to overcome their weakness, so that they appear to make light of it when the question is raised. Those who speak from the outside do not know the exact way in which the cigarette hits the man who smokes twenty or thirty of them in a day. To consume such a number-and this is quite commonly done-in the ordinary way of smoking would be harmful enough, no doubt; but no man ever smokes so many unless he has fallen a victim to the really deadly habit of inhaling all the smoke. Those who have not so fallen can have no knowledge of the fast grip that the practice secures upon the man. Men have spent half a lifetime in trying to get rid of it, and failed; and I have heard a most famous doctor express the conviction that it was far easier for a drunkard to become an abstainer than for a cigarette-smoker to give up inhaling. In a dry or a bracing climate this habit does not seem to work so much injury upon the man; but Britain is poorly suited to it. Its immediate effect is a remarkable lowering of the vitality and a pronounced unsteadying of the nerve; and it is quite certain that it is the very worst thing possible for the athlete and the player of games, despite the fact that many have risen to greatness while handicapped by it. Upon occasion little crusades against it have been initiated, but they fail because the people who undertake them do not understand their subject properly, and because the sufferers -and they are sufferers in the fullest sense of the term-do not confess. It is only within the last fifteen years that the habit has become at all general in this country, and it is as certain as anything can be that it is having a bad effect on the national physique.

The literary world is looking forward with some keenness to the autumn publishing season, which by all accounts is expected to be brisker than for some time past, and that in spite of the fact that few books of outstanding interest are expected. Apart from fiction, perhaps the chief work to be

published between now and Christmas will be the letters of Queen Victoria, which will appear in two bulky volumes. These letters will almost assuredly shed a considerable light on many of the events of the higher and lower politics during the reign of the late monarch. We shall probably know something more of the circumstances that made Governments and brought about wars, and of others that unmade Governments and averted wars; and we may be led also in reflection to an even fuller appreciation than we at present entertain of the manifold advantages of the perfect tact and diplomacy and of the active and excellent statesmanship of the present ruler. In the matter of fiction, the literary and publishing world has been passing through a very unsettled period. The problem of the cheap reprints has become a very serious one to authors and publishers alike, and there can be little doubt that the tendency at the present time is to make it less and less worth while to produce first-class work, something with an artist's soul in it. However, in literary circles it is counted for a good thing, at any rate, that the half-hearted attempt that was made some time

since to lower the standard price of volumes of new fiction from six shillings to three-and-sixpence has failed. One of the questions of the moment is as to what shall be done with our women novelists, for their excursions into dangerous paths are becoming more frequent and more daring, a new book by one of them, published recently, being of such a kind that the libraries and even some booksellers, so it was said, did not like to display it openly, but only supplied it when asked for by their customers. The result, of course, was that as soon as this became known it was asked for very extensively-chiefly by lady readers. A publisher told me recently that of all the 'dangerous' books that were submitted to him, four-fifths came from lady writers, and that he felt between the devil and the deep sea in regard to them, for there was certainly little literary merit but lots of money in them; yet that, on the other hand, he would be discrediting his house in some measure by issuing such work. There is a feeling abroad that we are within hail of the time when there will be a literary censor, and a strenuous life he will have to lead.

THE ROMANCE OF A FLOATING DOCK.

CHAPTER VI.



HE little Vigilancia was loaded with the commodities required by the inhabitants of the interior. Bags of coarse salt and boxes of Germanmade hardware filled her shallow holds. The captain, steering by a

wheel placed in the bows (there being no possibility of a view ahead from the stern), was walled in by bundles of dried cod-fish piled up to the awning; the engineer, who was also the stoker, was hidden in stacks of firewood; while the two deck-hands had to creep about their duties through narrow alleyways left for them among the cargo, or, like the guard on the German train, pass forward and aft clinging like flies to the gunwale outside. The scanty passenger accommodation was invaded by boxes of yellow soap and wicker-covered carboys of native rum. These last were open because the heat and the motion would have exploded them if stoppered, while a percentage of pilfering en route was a certainty anyway, and calculated in the cost of freight. Both articles proclaimed their identity to every nose. They also left so little room that the three travellers were forced into propinquity if not into intimacy, and, whether in sympathy or not, had no choice but to be in touch.

Don Santiago Velasquez and his daughter Carmen were Sandford's fellow-passengers. A coincidence impossible for the young man to have foreseen had made his flight from temptation a failure. Many a man, finding fortune so bent to checkmate him, would have given up the game, especially when

the battle between prudence and a treacherous inclination was all within, and, besides his own soul, there would be no spectator of his defeat. Why should he not indulge himself in some present joy, and dismiss till another day consideration of the end?

But Sandford had not been accustomed to indulge himself, and holding to an honest resolve was part of his religion. He respected himself too much to yield to a current, however strong, that should carry him against his better judgment. Once he had reasoned a thing out and determined on his course, he would hardly swerve. Anybody can secretly make a good resolution; Sandford could keep one—at least so far as he had hitherto been tried. He wanted to keep his. But when he resolved, it was in ignorance of how far he was to be tried. When Benedick swore he would die a bachelor, he did not know that he would live to be married.

Sandford, conscious of his weakness, and surprised and enraged at it, absorbed in fighting with himself, and struggling to conceal his agitation, showed in his looks no invitation to friendly advance from his companions.

Don Santiago, for his part, was surprised to find the Englishman on the steamer, and could not imagine the object of his journey. But he was too well bred to show or even indulge any curiosity. Seeing Sandford's pale face, averted eyes, and hardset mouth, he easily mistook their cause. He recognised, as he thought, the manners of the

travelling Englishman. 'We have not been introduced,' he said to himself, 'and therefore, if we sat for a month with our knees touching, we must ignore each other's existence.' He grinned behind his big moustache. 'Well, my dear sir, I shall not invade your exclusiveness. I fancy you will have cause to unbend sooner than I shall; and if not, the loss is your own.'

As for his daughter, she understood nothing, nor did she try to guess. She could not have imagined that she should find the stranger in the little steamer with her father and herself. But a girl generally does not expect to foresee, still less to control, events, but only to accept them. She had seen Sandford three times, and each time only for a moment. She had once heard his voice. She had never heard his name. But since that brief magnetic first glance on the plaza at Puerto Nacional he had been so much in her thoughts that, somehow, to find herself near him did not in the least surprise her. It was not till she had had time to think about it that it did not seem the most natural thing in the world.

She sat in silence, her eyes downcast. The throbbing of the little engine, the gurgle of the water so close to her, the gentle, slipping lift and fall of the boat, all lulled her into a kind of trance, in which she felt as if she were being carried along by some overmastering power. She did not know whether or not she was afraid. The impossible had happened, the unplanned, the unforeseen. All her schemes of life had become as cobwebs. Still, she was less scared than allured. She was drifting without her will, yet not reluctantly, towards the unknown, but somehow towards the desired. Slowly she awoke from her half-dream, outwardly rather grave and shrinking, inwardly excited, and yet strangely content.

So the three remained silent until to the goodnatured Don Santiago the situation seemed absurd. 'Oh Englishman,' he said inwardly, 'I know that, in your small country, two of you, equally well bred, well educated, and well dressed, will travel together in one of your boxes of railway compartments from seashore to seashore and never exchange a word, in fear of the "awkwardness" should you turn out to belong to different sets. But in a republic we are not so timid before these social dangers.'

Don Santiago was a happy, and therefore a genial, person, and he decided to make an effort at friendly conversation with the young man, who looked like a gentleman, and did not seem disposed to be either subservient or forward. There being no acquaintance to introduce them, he called in the aid of the common friend of man, the universal master of ceremonies, tobacco, and taking out his cigar-case, 'Señor,' he said, 'will you try one of my puros?'

Sandford understood that refusal to smoke with a stranger in South America is as insulting as refusal to drink with a stranger in California. He would not be rude, even to the prospective fatherin-law of Don Diego Lopez, and accordingly he accepted the cigar with a bow and a murmur of thanks. Before lighting it he turned mechanically to the lady and asked her permission. She granted it smilingly, and he remembered with a pang the superfluity of the request in the case of a Moyocuilean girl, who no doubt herself smoked. He expected to see her produce and light a cigarette at least, but she did not.

While these mutual courtesies were proceeding, the Vigilancia, leaving the broad Mariposas, turned into the swifter Carrizal. As she did so the tropical sun seemed to spring above the horizon, and his level beams suddenly shone full on the faces of Sandford and the girl. Don Santiago rose and let down part of the canvas curtain, and Sandford thanked him again.

If Sandford had had more experience he would have guessed that his vis-à-vis was somewhat superior to the ordinary Moyocuilean. He must have felt curious about the other man's business upriver, and yet he was not inquisitive. In a highly civilised country it is considered impertinent to inquire into a stranger's private affairs. But among primitive people good manners authorise and even demand the putting of questions that show a friendly interest. When King Pharaoh began his conversation with the patriarch Jacob by asking his age, he was only following the prescriptions of conventional and perennial politeness. Oldfashioned German good breeding required exactly similar inquiries in Kraewinkel. And in Moyocuil, still in its national childhood, new-comers are treated as they were treated by our fathers, and are still treated by our children, and interrogated with perfect frankness. Don Santiago ought promptly to have asked the stranger's name, age, occupation, and errand. And if Sandford had himself been a Moyocuilean he would have replied as promptly, telling with feigned candour such truths and falsehoods as suited his purpose, which the other would have discounted at the usual rate. Don Santiago, however, seemed as well-mannered as Sandford himself, while Sandford thought him probably such another as Don Diego. This prevented him from having any desire for conversation, still more from making any inquiry which might betray the object of his journey. He had to find out where the timber he wanted was to be got, and he had to find out by asking. But he was resolved to postpone his inquiries until he should be separated from his fellow-passengers from Garapatas. And this resolve was reinforced by the other motive of his flight. Accordingly, with true British stolidity, he held his tongue and looked at his boots. Don Santiago, not being an Englishman and having no reason for silence, made a further effort at conversation. He believed the stranger would need help and information. He knew he could probably supply both, and he was good-naturedly ready to do it. But he would ask no questions of this reserved young gentleman, not even the natural

one, 'Have you made this journey before?' He began with the most unobtrusive remark he could think of. Moving a box of soap aside a little and pushing out his feet, he said, 'They don't give us very much room, do they? But it is better than the canoe.'

'I suppose so,' said Sandford; and then, finding it impossible to be altogether churlish even to Don Diego's future father-in-law, he added, 'It is my

first journey on the river.'

'Indeed?' said Don Santiago. 'Then you don't know the discomfort we used to have. This is cramped as regards space, but it is luxury as regards time. We used to travel like that.' He pointed across the river. A long, narrow boat was being slowly pushed up the stream close in by the bank. Four barefooted fellows, two on each side, each with his shoulder to the end of a pole, propelled her. They leaned far forward on the pole, pushing with their feet, till they reached the end of their gangway, when they trotted forward, trailing their poles in

the water, to start pushing again from the bow. Their progress, as seen from the steamer, was little more than perceptible.

'Instead of doing the journey in one day, as we do now,' said Don Santiago, 'we took a fortnight

or three weeks if the rains had begun.'
'That must have been tiresome.'

Something made Sandford glance at the girl. Her bright eyes were fixed on her father's face, and a happy smile was on her lips. For a moment she seemed about to speak, but she did not, and her father continued, 'Well, it depends. If your only object is to get to the end of the journey, then the steamer is better, just as on land a night journey in an express sleeping-car takes you to your destination more quickly than if you travelled by road in a wagon. The canoe is the river wagon, and there are lazy people'—he looked at his daughter with a twinkle in his eye—'who prefer it to this.'

The girl nodded and smiled.

(To be continued.)

AN OBSERVER IN THE NEAR EAST.



acute and clever journalist and novelist has set down his impressions of a recent visit to Eastern Europe in An Observer in the Near East (Eveleigh Nash), which proves a very interesting record of a long

journey of close and confidential inquiry. anonymity of the author is only faintly concealed, as his portrait appears in at least two of the illustrations. The book is well illustrated from photographs by the author and Princess Xenia of Montenegro, and a useful map of the author's route is appended. What we read of the wild tribes of North Albania is fresh and interesting, while the remarks on the condition of Montenegro, Bosnia, Servia, and Bulgaria are no less fresh and valuable. It is possible the writer is only too suspicious of Austria and Germany, which are described as slowly but surely marching to the East. through the Balkan Peninsula the weak are being crushed by the strong. 'The Austrian eagle has overshadowed and grasped Bosnia; she has her talons in Servia, and is casting covetous glances upon gallant little Montenegro. . . . The poor, defenceless Macedonians are being daily outraged, murdered, or burned; she [Germany] secretly aids Greece and abets the Greek bands in their nefarious work of outrage, murder, and extermination. The Kaiser could cause this to cease, but his policy is to create disorder in that terror-stricken country, so that Bulgaria and Turkey must be compelled ere long to fly at each other's throats.' Then we are told how the Turk hates the Bulgar, the Serb hates the Austrian, the Roumanian hates the Greek, the Albanian the Montenegrin, and the Bosnian the Turk. Our observer gives passing glimpses of

famous personages, the phantasmagoria of colour, and the signs of progress and possibilities of war. Austria is Servia's sworn enemy; Turkey is the enemy of Bulgaria; but as long as the Sultan lives there may be no declaration of war against Bulgaria. Before the Sultan passes Bulgaria herself

may declare war. The writer entered the East by Montenegro, 'one huge natural fortress,' and there and in Albania 'arms make the man.' In Cetinje every one is armed. The Montenegrins are sturdy mountaineers, handsome, of fine physique, dressed in blue baggy trousers, white woollen gaiters, raw-hide shoes, and scarlet jackets braided with gold. They are born fighters, counting work undignified. My lords allow the women to do that which in other countries is relegated to men. Petroleum tins are much in evidence in Cetinje for carrying water and milk, and as pails and flower-pots. Prince Nicholas in the course of a chat with our observer acknowledged that it was Mr Gladstone who gave them the strip of seaboard on the Adriatic, with Dulcigno. The Prince strongly advised our traveller against visiting Northern Albania. The 'accursed mountains' were held by brigands, who shot the traveller at sight without ransom. The Northern Albanian is still in the lowest depth of barbarism, ruled by chieftains according to unwritten laws, acknowledging no law, and paying no taxes. And, in fact, the visitor was not in Skodra half-an-hour when he was fired at. Machinery of all kinds is forbidden, as well as telephones and electric light, and no newspapers or books are allowed to enter Albania. The men have manly faces with clean-cut features, a swaggering gait, and shave their heads. They wear tight-fitting, black-and-white striped trousers, black woollen boleros, their belts filled with cartridges, and a rifle over the shoulder. 'Observer' chatted and drank coffee in bazaars with men who had a price set on their heads, men who would kneel and pray in church and ask guidance there as to murdering their enemy. The bloodfeud is part of the creed of Mohammedans and Christians. There is no drainage, the post-office is a wooden shed, and antiques are to be bought in Skodra at reasonable prices.

In spite of advice to the contrary, Observer secured permission to visit Northern Albania with a trustworthy guide. The Albanian he found to be thin and wiry, wearing rawhide slippers, and dressed in the 'protective' colour of the rocks; moving with a stealthy, cat-like tread, and looking as if he had stepped from a medieval Florentine fresco, with half-shaven head, and hair long at the back and cut square across the shoulders. Here he saw the genuine brigand, a fierce, bloodthirsty fellow, dressed in skin-tight, white woollen trousers. From chief Vatt Marsahi, a big, muscular fellow, he received great kindness and hospitality.

Our observer found the Montenegrin road through Dalmatia to Herzegovina the most superb in Europe. Ragusa he calls a dull little town full of faded glory, and Sarayevo, the Bosnian capital, very Eastern, and full of attraction to strangers, with its mosques and every house in its own little garden. Here most of the Oriental goods offered for sale are 'fakes;' but the chiselled metal-work is good. Bosnia, we are told, is to-day 'helpless beneath the talons of the Austrian eagle,' which is slowly exterminating the people. This scarcely agrees with some other testimonies we could name, or the flourishing tables of exports and imports. The police and gendarmes are said to shoot the witnesses of their crimes, while the administration is a shameful travesty of civilised rule. Education is at a standstill; there is a censorship of the press, and every book or newspaper goes through the censor's office. In Sarayevo one-half the population is paid to spy upon the other half, and the spy system is said to be more complete and elaborate than in Russia or France. The movements of the observer were carefully watched, and his guide was a spy. This seems deplorable, as Bosnia and Herzegovina are both rich countries, the soil productive, the inhabitants intelligent, apt in agriculture, industry, and commerce.

Belgrade (capital of Servia, at the junction of the Save and Danube, the Gateway of the East) looked like a dull Russian town. The social life is bright and entertaining, however; the streets in the mornings are filled with well-dressed ladies and gallant officers in smart uniforms. Bridge is played universally; both sexes smoke cigarettes; there is extravagance in dress and much else, with bad cookery. The Servians are highly intelligent and thoughtful, and a recruit there learns in six months what a French recruit takes eighteen months to learn. Politics are the breath of the people's nostrils;

there were one hundred and thirteen known secret agents of Austria here. Pauperism is unknown; the peasants, amongst whom the land is mostly divided, seemed prosperous, and more industrious than the Bulgars or Roumanians.

King Peter of Servia wears his sixty-two years well, is active physically and mentally, popular with the people, and in his family life has shown a good example. In bearing he somewhat resembles Lord Roberts. He is interested in sanitation, agriculture, morality, religion, and the general wellbeing of the people, which he is confident cannot be attained without a strong religious belief. His policy is one of peace, and education has reached a high level. He is anxious to develop the rich mineral resources of the country. The output from the Bor copper-mine is enormous, and by experts it is considered one of the richest in Europe. Besides copper, iron, coal, antimony, and even gold might be exploited by an influx of British capital. Marmalade and alivovitza spirit made of prunes are amongst the exports. Immense forests are still hardly drawn upon.

Sofia, in Bulgaria, at its present rate of progress, may soon be the Brussels of the East. There is an excellent club with cosy and artistic rooms and good food, as also a tennis and hockey club. There is an orphanage for Macedonian boys, established by Mr Pierce O. Mahony, an Irish philanthropist. It is for the education of orphans whose parents were killed in the raids. Observer gives the story of one boy, and got his photograph, which was too ghastly to reproduce. He lived in the district of Ochrida, and was one day tending his sheep, when some Turkish soldiers asked if he had seen a Bulgarian band pass along. The lad replied that he had seen nobody. The soldiers doubted him, as they knew the Bulgarians were in the neighbourhood; they asked him again, and the boy repeated his denial. One of the Turkish soldiers thereupon smashed in the little fellow's skull with the buttend of his rifle; another took a knife and cut his throat from ear to ear. They then dug a rough hole in the ground and buried him. The lad was found by a passing shepherd, whose dog began scratching the earth above him. He was exhumed, and found to be still living, and admitted to the hospital. Another lad had seen his father and mother tortured and then burnt before his eyes! Neither Bulgaria, Servia, nor Roumania, we are told, can solve the Macedonian question without joint action of the Powers. Never in modern history was Macedonia so bad. A thousand Christian Bulgars were killed in raids last year, and as many more have perished this year.

The products of Bulgaria include tobacco, soap, table-covers, carpets, and otto of roses (there is a valuable chapter on its production). In the Shipka district the whole country is covered with blossom, including the red rose (Rosa damascena) and various species of white rose, of which Rosa moscata is the most used. There are extensive plantations cover-

ing fifteen thousand five hundred acres, and one hundred and seventy-three villages are engaged in the industry. It takes one hundred and sixty to two hundred and fifty pounds of rose-flowers to make one ounce of otto, with about three hundred roses to the pound. There are thirteen thousand native stills, and the average yield is one hundred and twenty thousand ounces a year. Messrs Shipkoff of Kazanlik export about two-thirds of the whole rose-produce. This firm and others make advances to the peasantry upon their growing crops, and the peasant pays these advances in distilled otto. Adulteration is practised by some with geranium oil, made in India and sold at Constantinople. The rose-harvest begins at the end of May, and lasts from eighteen to thirty days. With the memory of Merryweather's rosery at Southwell, Notts, in our mind's eye, we believe our author when he says that nothing can present a more captivating scene than a rose-garden in bloom, with gaily attired peasant girls gathering its roses, and its nightingales trying in most melodious songs to outsing the maidens. The process of distillation is described. The otto rises with the steam, and is condensed in a small pipe; the yellow and the white oily globules of the otto are skimmed off and put into bottles to be tested and prepared for the market. The Bulgarian Commercial and Industrial Museum shows how Bulgaria is growing commercially. Concessions have been made in recent years for mining coal, copper, manganese, and zinc. The country is rich in mineral springs. Bulgaria, with Servia, seems destined to become a power in the Balkans.

Roumania has progressed so rapidly during the forty years of its freedom that in Bucharest, save for Roumanian names, our observer might have thought himself in Paris or Brussels. It is a gay city, with smart cafés and confectioneries, expensive hotels, and shops that charge double Paris prices. The façades of private houses seemed marvels of florid bad taste. Gambling is rife, cabs are in great demand, and every one lives above his income. Jews constitute about one-twentieth of the

population of the country. There are rich saltmines in Roumania, and iron and copper ore remains to be exploited. The supplies of petroleum are very rich; the American Standard Oil Company has established itself in Roumania.

The Queen of Roumania gave our observer an audience, and he describes her as having a tall, fine figure, with sweet silver voice, kindly manner, queenly bearing, dressed in a gown of pale dovegray, with no jewellery save a single gold bracelet and one or two fine rings. 'As she sat before me, the handsome, thoughtful countenance, the white hair brushed straight back, and the soft and very becoming head-dress, Her Majesty was surely the most picturesque, the most interesting, and perhaps the most accomplished and intelligent of queens of Europe.' She is interested in the poor and the blind, and has a scheme for the establishment of a model town to which the blind of every nation may come and work and support themselves.

Our observer travelled in a train de luxe from Bucharest to Constantinople, but has little to praise in the comforts or food. He is eloquent regarding the squalor in Galata; Pera sickened him, with its unswept streets an inch deep in slimy mud and gray wolf-like dogs about; Constantinople, with the most picturesque and beautiful position in the world, seemed the most filthy and uncomfortable of cities. In an interview with Noury Pasha, he was told that Turkey did not aid and abet the Greek bands in massacring the Christians. It was the interest of Turkey to keep order in Macedonia Tewfik Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, he found to be a quiet-spoken, gray-bearded gentleman, with kindly eyes and a fatherly manner. He had interviews with the Sultan and others, and found that Turkey is not in any way afraid of Bulgaria. 'It takes a good deal to arouse us Turks,' said Noury Pasha; 'but when we are aroused we fight, and fight to the death.' But what of Germany, which we are assured intends to wipe Turkey off the face of the earth?

THE GREAT COLORADO DIAMOND-SWINDLE.



HE discovery of the Comstock silverlode of Nevada in 1859 was an event in the annals of mining of scarcely less importance than the gold-find of John Marshall in California ten years previously. It

seems strange that even among mining men and members of the London Stock Exchange there is so little known about the old Comstock, by far the richest deposit of the 'white metal' ever exploited in any part of the world. This ignorance may possibly be accounted for by the fact that Comstock mines were not listed over here; they

never became 'fashionable' among our speculators, but were for many years the favourite gamble among Californians and New Yorkers. It within a few years, however, many new silver-camps were opened up in Austin, White Pine, Eureka, and Pioche, all in Nevada; then came the rich discoveries in Idaho and Arizona. Vast sums of English capital were invested in these districts, and the mines placed on the London Exchange. Some of these ventures, such as the Richmond in Eureka and the Eberhardt in White Pine, paid large dividends; but the Emma in Utah turned out a sad failure, bringing disgrace on the late

'Baron' Grant, the principal promotor, and for years throwing a wet blanket over silver-mining in the States.

In the days of old, the days of gold, The days of forty-nine,

when the great West was 'wild and woolly,' the red-shirted miner, with revolver and bowie-knife on hip, was an inveterate gambler, and would frequently stake his interest in a rich 'placer' claim on a hand at poker or on the turn of a card at faro. By a natural process of evolution, in a few years he had become a law-abiding citizen in frock-coat and top-hat, but with the same old craving for excitement; so, when the San Francisco Stock Exchange was opened in 1862, he was not slow to discover that he could have all the fun he wanted gambling in silver shares, and might make a fortune or 'go broke' in a week without any trouble.

Among the most successful speculators in San Francisco was a man named Ashbury Harpending. He was very wealthy, and a bold and original operator. In 1863, during the Civil War, he had equipped the Chapman schooner as a privateer; she had a couple of powerful guns on board and a picked crew. His plan was to hold up the Panama steamer from San Francisco to the isthmus, capture her with all the treasure aboard, and then play Alabama with American commerce on the Pacific. The passengers and crew of the steamer were to have been put on board the Chapman. Unfortunately for him and his associates, the plot was given away the day before she sailed; a Federal gunboat came alongside the schooner, and sent an officer with a boat's crew on board. Mr Harpending and all hands were arrested and tried before a civil tribunal for attempted piracy. They were all sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, although they claimed to have received a 'letter of marque' from Jeff Davis, President of the Confederate States. A young Englishman named Rubery, the son of a wealthy merchant in Birmingham, had advanced the money for the purchase of the schooner. After a short imprisonment he was pardoned by President Lincoln, at the request of John Bright. Harpending and the others were released at the end of the war.

Mining business had been very quiet on the Pacific coast for a few years; and Mr Harpending, who had returned to San Francisco, confined his operations chiefly to an occasional deal in city property, keeping a close watch, however, on the mining market, and waiting his chance to make a great coup. In 1871-72 several important developments were made at a great depth on the Comstock and some of the mines in outlying districts, and all classes of the community were suddenly seized with a mania for speculation scarcely second to that of the Parisians at the time of the famous Mississippi Scheme of John Law. Brokers' offices were crowded from early morn with clients giving orders to purchase, and an army of extra clerks had to be

engaged. A second Stock Exchange was opened, and all the members were making enormous commissions; each board held two daily sessions in order to supply their clients with silver shares.

Good Mr Harpending, who was nothing if not philanthropic, thought it was a pity that so many of his friends and fellow-citizens should throw away their money on wild-cat mines, and it was painful to reflect that none of those bright twenty-dollar gold pieces with which the brokers' strong-boxes were overflowing were coming his way at all. He felt that it was a duty he owed to himself to make an effort by which the Pactolian stream might be diverted towards the Harpending bank-account. Gold-mines were played out, silver-mines overdone; there was no demand for a big copper-mine. Why not start a great diamond-field? It was, indeed, a happy thought. All rich Americans, especially the ladies, were very fond of these beautiful gems, for which there was a steadily increasing demand, as the output from the old mines of Brazil and India had been declining for years, and Kimberley had not been discovered. But how were the diamonds to be got? That was the question. Had it been the fixing up of a gold or silver mine for an Eastern or English mining expert, there would have been no difficulty in procuring a ton of specimens for the purpose; but rough diamonds cost money, and as he did not care about risking too much in the venture, he resolved to take in a couple of partners.

After deep deliberation Harpending selected two men on whose discretion he could rely-men who were not troubled with any nice scruples of conscience when it came to a question of making money. Knowing that men are apt to be more generously disposed after being well fed, he invited them to dinner; and then, over the walnuts and the wine, he laid before them a scheme by which they might rake in all the spare cash in the country. He told them that the daily transactions on the Stock Exchanges amounted to an enormous sum: and if only a good diamond-field were to be laid before the public, say, in a million shares, he felt confident they could be placed at a fair figure within a few months, and if only a small capital was subscribed, he would guarantee a find that would throw Golconda into the shade. His arguments were convincing, and the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars was put up, and no questions asked.

Mr Harpending's scheme was very simple, and had it not been for the merest accident the promoters would undoubtedly have succeeded in swindling the public out of millions of dollars; but it is always the unforeseen that happens.

Two old prospectors, Messrs Arnold and Slack, with whom Harpending was well acquainted, had just returned to San Francisco after a long trip through Colorado. They had shown him some very fine specimens of gold and silver ore from the mountain ranges of that state, and also some beautiful quartz crystals which sparkled like diamonds. As a matter of fact, these formed the

nucleus of the Colorado diamond-field. Harpending thought if crystallised quartz was in such abundance, why not crystallised carbon-diamonds? It took but a short time to arrange matters with the two old 'honest' miners, and the plan of campaign was laid out to the minutest detail. Arnold and Slack were furnished with fifteen thousand dollars, and despatched to London with instructions to purchase small rough stones to that amount from a firm in Hatton Garden. On arriving in the great Metropolis they went to work at once, and succeeded in securing a large parcel of small stones. They were easily pleased, and would take anything from a half-carat up-anything in the shape of a diamond, in fact, and they did not require any fine

In 1871 but little exploration had been done in Colorado, and it was left to their discretion to select a likely section of country to salt with the stones. Having completed their purchases, they did not waste any time taking in the sights of London, but returned at once to New York, and thence by rail to Denver, the capital of Colorado, where they secured horses and sufficient supplies for a few weeks in the mountains. The locality selected by them was a black, barren plateau, elevated some five hundred feet above the level of the valley, and having an area of some thirty square miles; the forbidding sage-brush being the only shrub that would thrive in the sandy waste. They did not spend much time in this desolate region; probably they were the first white men who had ever entered it. They set to work blocking out areas of a few yards square, and about the centre of each would plant a rough diamond about a foot deep; and so they proceeded until they had nearly exhausted their supply-in fact, they only reserved about twenty of the largest to take to San Francisco as samples of their 'discovery.'

They were glad to hurry away from the wilderness, and their first care on arriving was to report to the promoters of the scheme, who had gathered together in Harpending's office, and to these worthies they showed their samples and a rough map of the field. These two men had played their part well, and could now retire behind the scenes to await further developments. The next step was to get the report of a mining engineer, who must be well known in the state, and then the prospectus might be drawn up, the company incorporated, and shares offered to the public for subscription. Mr Henry Janin was the engineer selected; and, accompanied by Harpending and Slack (who acted as guide), he left the city quietly for Colorado.

Having arrived at the salted plateau in Summit County, Slack, who carried pick, pan, and shovel, went round to each marked spot, and took up a few shovelfuls of sand, which Janin carefully panned out at a little alkaline water-hole, finding, of course, a diamond or two in the pan at every

prospect he tried; and thus for a couple of days the three men remained on the plateau, and Janin had tried about a hundred spots with his prospecting-pan.

Shortly after their return to the city Janin furnished his report to the promoters, and the estimated yield per cubic yard, figured out in dollars, was something colossal; I do not recollect the exact figures, but Golconda was not in it with

the great Colorado field. A good title was secured from the United States Government to several square miles of the plateau, and then all that was lacking was a board of directors whose names would be a safe guarantee to the public that the company was genuine and had actually acquired the wonderful property described in the prospectus and engineer's report. After several lengthy interviews with some of the leading financial magnates of the city, Harpending and his associates succeeded in inducing Mr Milton S. Latham, manager of the London and San Francisco Bank, to become president of the concern, and Wm. C. Ralston of the Bank of California lent his name as a director. The two names were probably the best that could have been chosen, as these gentlemen were men of the highest standing, socially and financially, and extremely popular with all classes of the community. Mr Latham had been one of the best Governors ever elected in California, and Mr Ralston was the founder of many of the most successful industrial, manufacturing, and mining enterprises on the Pacific coast, and they were both managers of great banking institutions. The most lamentable fact connected with the scheme was that when it became known to the directors in London who employed Mr Latham that he had become identified with the diamond-swindle, a meeting was called and his successor appointed. He was dismissed from his post with as little ceremony as would have been shown to a dishonest footman. He died in very poor circumstances in New York a few years later, and Mr Ralston was drowned whilst bathing in 1874.

The end of the great diamond-scheme was not far off, as in an unlucky moment Harpending had approached General D. D. Colton, one of the directors of the Central Pacific Railroad, and tried to induce him to purchase a big block of shares before they were placed on the market. The General, a shrewd man of business, read the prospectus and report carefully, and promised to give a decided answer in a few days. He had learned from Harpending the exact location of the diamond-field; and, amazed at the potential wealth to be acquired as set forth in the report, he determined to make a thorough personal examination of the Colorado plateau. Just at this time Mr Clarence King happened to be in San Francisco. Mr King, who was probably the most eminent geologist in the United States, and the leading authority on mines, had just come down from Eureka (Nevada), where he had been giving his testimony in the great lawsuit between the Richmond and Eureka mining companies. He gladly accepted Colton's offer to visit the diamond-field, and very quietly the two gentlemen started off in the director's private car to Red Desert station, the nearest point on the railroad to the plateau of Arnold and Slack. Horses, which had been telegraphed for were awaiting them on the platform, and after a couple of hours in the saddle they arrived on the ground. Having made a brief geological examination, Mr King pronounced the formation to be non-diamondiferous, and he then went to work carefully with his prospecting-pick at points where he saw the surface had been disturbed. After a little surfacescratching he came on one of the holes into which Arnold and Slack had dropped a couple of diamonds, and right there the gigantic bubble was burst. Truly an inglorious ending; and the curtain might be rung down, for the comedy was played out.

The two gentlemen spent another day on the plateau before breaking up camp. They went carefully over the ground, and found several little salted holes, each containing a diamond or two, and then they started for the railroad, arriving in San Francisco as quietly as they had left. Colton's absence from his office had excited no suspicions in Harpending's mind, for he was a very busy man, as the General's time was fully taken up superintending construction along the line as far as Ogden in Utah.

It was as though a thunderbolt had fallen in the diamond-camp the day Colton came down town. He walked straight into Mr Latham's private office in the bank, and said, 'Look here, Latham; I'm sorry to think that you have lent your name to that swindling diamond-scheme of Harpending's. I don't accuse you of any complicity with him or his gang, or suppose for one moment that you had

any idea that the whole thing was bogus. Take my advice, and publish your resignation of the presidency in all the daily papers, and warn people to have nothing to do with diamond shares. I have requested Clarence King to call on you and tell you the whole story of the supposed diamond-field. By prompt action on your part you may save yourself from having serious trouble with the London directors of the bank.'

In justice to the memory of the late Mr Latham it is only right to add that he did exactly as suggested by General Colton; but it did not save him from dismissal, as he was sharply criticised by the local press. The report of Clarence King, which was published a few days later, produced consternation in San Francisco, and Harpending deemed it advisable to take a trip to Arizona until the storm blew over. He only saved himself from a criminal prosecution by refunding the money to those purchasers who had been permitted as a great favour to secure shares at bedrock prices.

It was probably as well for mining speculators in England that the Colorado swindle was exposed so promptly. In the early seventies a vast amount of English capital was invested in mining enterprises on the Pacific coast, and some sensational articles had appeared in London papers regarding the Colorado diamond-field. When Harpending and his associates had realised a sufficiently large sum of money by the sale of shares in the original company, their plan was to set apart about a hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of another lot of rough stones in London. Fresh areas of desert would have been salted, and a second flotation made on this market.

The great diamond-swindle was soon forgotten in California, as in a couple of years Messrs Mackay and Fair opened up the great Bonanza mines in Virginia City (Nevada), and gave the speculators a fair chance for their money.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A PLANT WHICH STORES WATER.



OME curious plants are under observation at the Carnegie Institute. They are members of the cucumber family, and are known as *Ibervillea sonore*. The natural habitat of these plants is the desert, where a rainy

season coming but once a year furnishes the only moisture with which the growth can be produced. To meet this condition the *I. sonora* produces an organ for the storing of water at the base of the stem. It is covered with a kind of mackin-toah envelope, through which the water cannot escape by evaporation or otherwise, and all through the dry season this curious organ lies on the hot sand unchanged. As soon as the rainy season com-

mences, roots and shoots are produced rapidly, fruit and seed brought to maturity, and then the thin stalks wither and the replenished water-container rests for another year. A number of these storage-organs were collected in 1901 and placed on the shelves at the Carnegie Institute. Every year about the time of the occurrence of the rainy season in their native deserts these curious plants throw out little shoots, which die back again for lack of encouragement. The plants have been doing this for five years, and apparently there is still water enough left to carry them on for several seasons more.

AN INGENIOUS TEAPOT.

Many and grave are the warnings as to the dire consequences of drinking tea which has 'stood.' Tea is thoroughly brewed, they say, in from three to six minutes, according to its kind, and after that it begins to exude a vile poison called tannin. So often have women been told of this danger-not that they are the worst offenders, but they are popularly supposed to be-that one can only marvel at the bravery with which they unfalteringly demand a second cup, although that second cup should, by all accounts, contain more poison than tea. It is true that men and women go on living in spite of this daily danger; but when the modicum of truth has been sifted from the mass of exaggeration, we may take it that they would live a little better if they confined themselves to first helpings. However, that is too much to expect from human nature, and a teapot which provides that the second cup shall be as good as the first should therefore be a boon. The S.Y.P. patent teapot seems to meet the case well. It is like an ordinary teapot with an extra compartment at the top, above the handle, in which the tea-leaves are placed. This compartment communicates with the teapot proper by means of a perforated partition. Certain projections on the sides of the teapot enable it to be laid on its back, where it will stand firmly as long as required to do so. Tea-leaves placed in the upper story and boiling water in the lower will come into the necessary intimate contact immediately if the teapot be stood on its hind legs as it were. After the lapse of the necessary number of minutes to 'draw' the tea properly, the pot is placed erect, the properly made tea draws away from the tea-leaves, and the evil designs of the malignant tannin are nipped in the bud.

MAGIC POLISHING-CLOTHS.

Polishing-cloths which are said to possess magic properties are being sold on the other side of the Atlantic with a success which is gratifying to both vendor and buyer. Popular Mechanics gives a recipe for making these cloths which some may care to try. It is as follows: Take one gallon gasolene, two pounds whiting, and half an ounce oleic acid; mix and shake up well. Pieces of woollen cloth soaked in this mixture, wrung out, and hung up to dry are said to put a fine gloss on any polished surface, silver-ware, &c.; and although the cloths may become soiled and dirty with constant use, they will never dirty the hands of the user or lose their polishing power. A word of warning may be added as to the danger of using gasolene anywhere near a naked light or fireplace. It is obvious, therefore, that the cloths should be dried in the open air; once dried of course, there will be no further danger.

A NEW DUST-PAN.

It is a well-known fact that charity very seldom finds its origin in the place where the proverb says it should begin, and it is said that the inventive genius searching for a field worthy of his operations is likewise seldom content to begin at home.

Perhaps this is the reason why many household appliances are still in a very primitive condition. Among other incongruities, that of using a shorthandled dust-pan with a long-handled broom has escaped its fair share of attention for a long time. A very simple contrivance is described in the Scientific American to remedy this anomaly. This novel dust-pan has a simple attachment by which it can be fastened to the foot of the user. Thus, when the housemaid is sweeping out a room with both hands she can with one foot hold the dust-pan to the brush and collect the proceeds without stooping. Again, the ordinary dust-pan consists principally of a tin scoop so designed as to spill all the dust as soon as it has been collected; the American contrivance, however, is so shaped that all the dust is collected in a pocket behind the scoop, and there it remains until its ultimate goal, the dust-bin, is safely reached. In passing, it may be noticed that the housemaid whose two hands are engaged with the broom, and whose one foot is tethered to a dust-pan, may raise mental visions the realisation of which the prudent householder may not care to risk in face of the provisions of the new Workman's Compensation Act.

A NEW RAILWAY COUPLING.

Despite hundreds of more or less ingenious inventions, the old crude method of coupling carriage to carriage on our railways still obtains, principally because the adoption of any new system would entail such a vast amount of alteration that the railway companies naturally shrink from the prospect. Particulars are to hand of a coupling invented by Dr Arthur J. Gray which is said to be applicable to the present fittings with a little alteration. The device is simple, and the models which have been seen by various people familiar with railway matters are stated to have been highly spoken of. The coupling can be worked from the engine by the driver himself, or when coaches or trucks have to be coupled or uncoupled the operation is easily and simply performed from the side of the vehicles without the necessity of sending a man between the trucks, as is the present dangerous practice. It is to be hoped that Dr Gray's invention may prove all that is claimed for it, and, moreover, may be capable of inducing the powers that be to adopt it.

TINOL

Those amateurs who wield the soldering-iron with more or less success know that the process is beset with little difficulties which often combine in unskilled hands to form an almost insuperable obstacle. One of the greatest troubles is thoroughly to cleanse the parts to be soldered. If all be true that is claimed for the new soldering paste Tinol, its advent will be hailed with joy by a great number of people other than the professional tinker. The paste is a mixture of varying consistency, according to the purpose for which it is required.

Some kinds are so thin that they can be applied with a brush. It contains within itself the metal for the making of the joint, the flux, and the cleansing medium. To make a joint, all that is necessary is to apply a little of the paste to the uncleaned surface, and then heat the work until the solder flows. For very small articles the heat of a candleflame is said to be sufficient. The paste is prepared from finely powdered tin and lead, obtained by projecting a jet of compressed air or steam against a stream of the molten metal. This fine powder is mixed with a reducing substance, such as chloride of zinc, and made up into a paste with glycerine or vaseline thickened with a preparation of cellulose, which burns without ash. These ingredients are so chosen in order that when the paste is heated the metal may melt first and be protected from oxidation by its still unchanged surrounding matter. Then the other ingredients decompose in turn, the flux allowing the metal to run together, while the cleansing material prepares the way for it into the interstices of the joint. The result is said to be a perfectly clean union, with no acid or other impurity remaining to give subsequent trouble.

TWO MORE USES FOR PAPER.

To those who deplore the approaching time when the last particle of iron ore has been extracted from the earth the reply has been made that long before that day every article which man requires will have been made of paper in some form or other, and there will be no further use for steel and iron. However this may be, new uses for paper are constantly being found, and truly its capabilities appear to be almost unlimited. Gear-wheels are now being successfully made of paper compressed in a thousand-ton hydraulic press. Gear-wheels are coming more and more into favour in place of belts and other transmission appliances because of their high efficiency and the small space which they occupy. But the great trouble with metal gear-wheels is that they are very noisy at all high speeds. This has been overcome to a great extent by using pinion wheels of raw-hide meshing with the metal wheels, and now paper is said to be taking the place of the raw hide. It wears very much better, and outlasts the leather many times, while it is quite as silent. The new pinions should commend themselves to all users of machinery to which they are applicable, and among these, of course, motor-cars must be included. The other use for paper—and this hails also from America—is in the making of bottles for the conveyance of milk from the dairy to the consumer. To put new milk into old bottles, they say, is a practice which is fraught with much danger, for bottles are difficult things to cleanse thoroughly. The paper bottles are very inexpensively produced, and consequently when they are used there is no temptation to refill them. In the process of manufacture the bottles are steeped in melted paraffin, and afterwards baked so that the paper sucks up the paraffin to saturation, and the

surplus runs back into vats. The wax absolutely protects the paper from the action of the liquid, and the milk, on the other hand, has no action whatever upon the paraffin.

PAPER CLOTHING.

Here is still another use for paper, which, according to Mr Carl Hurst, United States Consul at Plauen, appears to have a vastly important future before it. This is in the manufacture from wood-fibre of a kind of paper yarn or thread suitable for use in the looms in the same way that cotton and linen yarns are used. The thread is not brittle and has not a hard surface, it has great tensile strength, and is capable of being woven into all manner of cloth, from pockethandkerchiefs to floor carpets. Xylolin, as it is called, neither shrinks nor stretches in any appreciable degree, and moisture has no particular effect upon it. It is susceptible to dyes to a considerably greater extent than cotton, and very much more than linen, while its price is only one-third that of the former and one-tenth that of the latter material.

A NEW LIGHTHOUSE.

The new lighthouse for Cape Race embodies the latest developments in this branch of optics and engineering; hence a few particulars taken from a full description of this work recently published in The Engineer will be of interest. The lantern is over seventeen feet in diameter, and chiefly consists of a glazed steel framework surmounted by a copper dome. This structure, which is thirty-seven feet in height to the top of the weather-vane, rests upon a circular tower built of concrete, strengthened by a steel framework. Inside the lantern is the burner, surrounded by the prismatic lenses whose function is to collect the rays of light and project them in a horizontal direction. This apparatus, which weighs seven tons, is revolved by clockwork once in every thirty seconds; and, to eliminate friction as far as possible, the lenses and framework carrying them are floated in a bath of mercury. But in spite of this device a clock-weight weighing eight hundredweight, and falling fourteen and a half feet per hour, is required to revolve the light. The burner is similar in principle to the ordinary incandescent gas-burner, excepting that it is fed with petroleum vapour and air under pressure, a 300 per cent. increase in the amount of light being thus obtained over the old wick-burners. The light given out equals about two thousand four hundred candles, the consumption of oil only amounting to two and a quarter pints per hour. The lantern is one hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea-level, and the light is visible over a distance of nearly twenty nautical miles.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING BY WIND-POWER.

The old-fashioned four-armed windmill for the purpose of grinding corn has now become almost

extinct in this country, but the circular type of wind-engine is obtaining an extended use for the operation of small machines about a farm and for the provision of private water-supplies. A new use has also been found for this prime mover in the form of providing power for private electric-lighting installations, and at least one successful example of this application of wind-power is in operation. The earliest attempt to use a windmill for this purpose was made by Mr George Cadbury some twelve years ago; and although this plant was very badly proportioned, owing to the lack of previous experience, the lighting was on one occasion kept up for six weeks without a break. Excellent results have been obtained in a later installation by means of the knowledge gained from Mr Cadbury's experiments, and a plant erected three years later for lighting a large mansion in Yorkshire has given the utmost satisfaction to the owner. In this instance a circular wind-engine thirty feet in diameter drives a suitable dynamo, the electric current generated being stored in a battery of accumulators until required. The plant is looked after by a gardener, who devotes about four hours a week to this duty, the windmill being left running for many hours at a time without any attention whatever. Another successful installation for driving electric current from wind-power has been laid down at Askow, in Denmark, where a four-armed windmill of large power is used for the public supply of electricity to four hundred and fifty incandescent lamps, besides several motors and arc lamps. An oil-engine is the only alternative power in country districts; and although no very great saving in cost follows the use of a windmill, the latter is much the more robust prime-mover of the two, as it runs very slowly and the chance of a breakdown is very remote, whereas an oil-engine works at a high speed and is fitted with very delicate mechanism.

ELECTRIC HAULAGE FOR CANALS.

The improvement of our canals and waterways has lately been occupying the attention of a Royal Commission, by whom a great deal of interesting evidence has been taken. It would appear that both in Belgium and Germany electric traction has been adopted for the haulage of canal-boats, and estimates have been obtained with a view to a trial of this system upon a length of the waterway between Leeds and Liverpool. The banks of a canal are damaged by any form of self-propelled traffic; hence traction has been resorted to. A trolley wire similar to those used on electric tramways is carried upon poles along the tow-path, and a locomotive is caused to run along the latter by means of the electric current obtained from the wire. No rails were provided for the locomotive to run upon in the earlier experiments; but practice has shown that although the capital cost is thus kept low, the upkeep of the tow-path more than outweighs this advantage, and rails have been pro-

vided in later examples of this system. As it is impossible for the locomotives to pass each other, they are exchanged when two boats meet, and each motor returns in the direction from whence it came, whilst the boats continue their respective journeys. In one instance haulage arrangements are provided on each side of the canal to avoid this exchange of locomotives, and to enable a larger traffic to be handled.

WIDENING OF THE NORTH SEA AND BALTIC CANAL

According to Engineering, the German Government contemplates the widening and improvement of the North Sea and Baltic Canal, which, if the projected scheme is carried out, will be a work of great magnitude. In round figures, the depth is to be increased from twenty-nine to thirty-six feet, and the bottom will measure one hundred and forty-four feet across instead of half this width, as at present. In two places new cuttings are to be made in order to do away with existing curves, which are objectionable. Passing-places will be provided every six miles, and four of these enlargements are to be still further widened to allow vessels to turn round. The new locks will be eleven hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty feet in width, the depth of water being fortysix feet at the ordinary canal-level. The alterations are for the purpose of allowing war-vessels of the Dreadnought type to pass through the canal.

THE HIGHEST DAM IN THE WORLD.

We are accustomed to look for engineering works of a large magnitude in the United States, and the new Croton dam recently completed fully upholds the American reputation in this respect. This dam is part of the scheme for supplying water to New York, and it is the highest structure of its kind in the world, measuring two hundred and ninety-seven feet from the bottom of the foundations to the crest. The length of this enormous wall is nearly twelve hundred feet, the thickness being over two hundred feet at the base and eighteen feet across the top. Fifteen years have been occupied in carrying out the work, which has cost one and a half million pounds. The reservoir has a storage capacity of thirty-two billion gallons, and a considerable portion of it exceeds one hundred feet in depth. A huge aqueduct capable of passing three hundred million gallons a day conveys the water to the city, some thirty-seven miles distant, this work having been completed in 1890 at a cost of five million pounds, in connection with the old Croton waterworks. The raising of the water-level involved the destruction of three villages and many buildings, in addition to the removal of several cemeteries.

AN UP-TO-DATE SUNDIAL

The old-fashioned sundial as a means of telling the time has long since ceased to possess any value, and it is somewhat startling in these days to witness its appearance in an improved form. The helicchronometer, as it is called, has been invented by Mr G. J. Gibbs, and was exhibited at the Royal Society's soirée. This instrument will give exact Greenwich time within a few seconds whenever the sun can be made use of, and without involving any tiresome calculations, the only operation being the adjustment of two circles. It is not proposed to replace clocks and watches by this device, but it performs a useful purpose in correcting and regulating them, besides possessing a special interest for many scientifically disposed persons.

COALITE.

When coal is burnt in the ordinary domestic firegrate a considerable amount of smoke is produced owing to incomplete combustion. This smoke, instead of being wasted, might be made to yield gas suitable for lighting or power, tar with the various oils which may be obtained from it, and sulphate of ammonia. The makers of coalite claim to effect these results by abstracting the smoke from the coal before it is supplied for domestic purposes, the residue being a fuel which is easily lit, gives out no smoke, and burns with a certain amount of cheerful flame. These claims have been established by practical experiments, and large factories are being laid down to cope with the demand which is certain to arise for this new fuel when its advantages become known. Further tests of coalite with steam boilers have proved satisfactory as far as they have gone, and it seems possible that the production of smoke in large towns may eventually be prevented by the use of this fuel.

MASSAGE FOR DEAFNESS.

Since the appearance of the paragraph in 'The Month' of February last on 'Massage for Deafness,' letters of inquiry have reached the publishers from all parts of the world asking for the name and address of the maker of the akou-vibra instrument for deafness therein described. Further inquirers are directed to communicate with Mr Philip V. Summer, 3 Coates Place, Edinburgh, and 420 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

APPRENTICESHIP IN THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

By Lieutenant D. M'G. NEWTON, R.N.R.



FTER many years of dissatisfaction and fruitless grumbling, it appears that the public are at length commencing to glean some idea of the hard lot of the officers of our mercantile marine. More than one first-

class newspaper has voiced the ills from which this body of men suffer. For the threatened shortage of officers, which is so deplored by shipowners, these papers have not hesitated to point out that the employers have evidently only themselves to thank. Naturally, the poor remuneration and inconsiderate treatment which mercantile marine officers have had, as a body, to endure have been the chief cause of the lessening numbers of young men embracing the sea-career; and it is from this aspect that most of the articles which have appeared in the press have been written.

There is, however, another cause which, if it has not kept boys from going to sea, has at least induced many of them to leave it before the end of their term of apprenticeship, and has thus aided to reduce the supply of officers. This cause is the way in which apprentices are treated in most sailingships. The hardship of the life would not deter many English boys from embracing a sea-career, and those whom it might deter are not the kind we need to officer our ships; but the humiliations and disgusting treatment they receive have prevented hundreds of high-spirited boys-boys who are fitted in every way to uphold the honour of the flagfrom continuing the profession which they had chosen. The conditions of an apprentice's life are but little known outside shipping circles, and I

venture to think that a brief resume of my own experiences while serving my time may enlighten the public as to yet another cause, besides the everpressing one of financial remuneration, that contributes to make our boys shun the sea-career.

After leaving school I elected to go to sea, and, although my parents tried to dissuade me, was allowed to do so. I was accordingly apprenticed to a highly respected Liverpool firm, and in due course was appointed to a full-rigged ship of some fourteen hundred tons. I embarked upon my career full of hope, expecting to find decent quarters, fair living, and to receive some instruction in the duties fitting me for the position of an officer. In something under an hour my illusions were shattered. My first duty was to clean out a pig-sty, my second an undertaking the doing of which would have been refused by any self-respecting domestic. When, after the day's work, we went below, I found that the apprentices' room—there were four of us—was some twelve feet by nine, of which space one-third was taken up by our bunks. This den was literally one mass of crawling cockroaches, and was unspeakably filthy. The meal with which we were to make ourselves ready for the labours of the next day consisted of tea without milk or sugar—the former being unheard of, and the week's allowance (fourteen ounces per head) of the latter having been all consumed before my arrival-and bread without butter, the latter commodity, of which the allowance was the same, having gone the way of the sugar. My illusions respecting the instruction that I was to receive were speedily shattered by the other apprentices. who were all old hands.

After a few days in port, each of which was a counterpart of the first, we sailed for Australia. I soon discovered that the gloomy accounts I had received from my room-mates were in nowise exaggerated. I immediately stamped myself as a 'stuck-up young cub' because I refused to help the steward in waiting on the cabin-table. We were the 'boys' of the ship, and were, in consequence, supposed to do all the dirty work, the least repulsive of which consisted in scrubbing out the officers rooms, &c. We were the messengerboys, and in every respect were worse off than the forecastle hands. Seamanship we picked up from the men as best we could; navigation we were not supposed to trouble our heads about. Our food was filthily prepared, and was served out only in the quantities that the Board of Trade has laid down as a minimum. The biscuits, which were the staple article of diet, speedily became a crawling mass of maggots, owing to lack of care in keeping the tanks in which they were stowed properly closed.

To quote one anecdote about our food. Christmas was approaching, and we wondered what preparations were to be made for our dinner. We had a number of fowls-for cabin consumption-on board, and we had hoped that one of them might be given to us for our Christmas dinner. One wretched bird had been sick; and, though the captain had tended it and dosed it as carefully as though it had been his own son, it sickened day by day, and on Christmas Eve was reduced to skin and bone and could hardly stand. We, in the meantime, hearing of no Christmas treat, approached the captain. He looked very scowlingly at us as we made our request; then his face cleared, and he called, 'Stooard, kill that there sick 'en and give it to them b'ys.' This, with a claggy mass, in which currants played hide-andseek, was our Christmas dinner.

The last year of my time was performed in a bark. We sailed from Liverpool to New Zealand with a crew of seventeen, all told. Off the Cape of Good Hope, when running the easting down, we had one night to shorten sail. By midnight it was blowing so hard that it was determined to keep all hands on deck to furl the foresail. While hauling it up the buntlines and leechlines carried away, and we could not, on account of the water we were shipping, open the forward hatches to get ropes to make spilling-lines of. Consequently all hands manned the yard to try and furl the sail. It took from midnight until 6 A.M., in the most bitter cold, to perform this operation, each time the sail was half-gathered up a fresh gust taking it out of our hands. However, during a lull, the sail was finally stowed, and all hands came down. senior apprentice went aft to the poop and asked if we could have hot coffee served out to us. This moderate request was, with considerable vituperation, refused by the captain. Grog was, in this

From New Zealand the ship proceeded to New-castle, N.S.W., and from thence to Guayaquil, the chief port of the republic of Ecuador. We arrived there at the commencement of the sickly season. The heat was intense, and even the natives would not work during the midday and hottest hours. But no such luxury for the crew could be tolerated. We, including the apprentices, worked at the cargo from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., with the usual rests of one hour for breakfast and dinner. Of the seventen that formed the crew, eight died of yellow-fever and malaria. In a Norwegian ship lying close to us, where the men stopped work from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M., and were better fed, only one death occurred in a crew of nineteen.

occurred in a crew of nineteen.

I have given a few instances, out of the many that I have seen, of the treatment meted out to apprentices. While I was undoubtedly in hard ships, I believe that the majority are not a great deal better. There are, of course, a few firms where apprenticeship is not considered merely as a cheap method of manning ships, firms where the owners are upright, honourable gentlemen who see to it that their apprentices are properly fed, taught, and treated; but such firms are in a sad minority.

The moral to be drawn is obvious. Parents, do minority. not send your boys to sea while the present conditions exist. Should any one doubt these statements, let them consult the representative of the Mersey Mission to Seamen in San Francisco. This gentleman and his predecessors, where they were needed perhaps more than in any place in the world, have seen and know the conditions of an apprentice's life. They know how many apprentices used to desert from their ships and so ruin their careers. That the number of such desertions is less now is not due to better treatment, but to the efforts of these gentlemen, the pioneer of whom was the Rev. J. Fell, w counteract such treatment by sympathy, counsel, and healthy evening recreations. Their work has not been fruitless, for wherever the British flag flies and English keels plough the water one hears 'God bless the Padre in San Francisco!'

THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

No life, no stir, no sound save the sad rush Of the west wind within the trees. Now night Has spread her dusky pinions, and the light Steals from the forest glades, the purple flush Dies on the hills, and a deep roseate blush Fades from the far-flung clouds; all wan and white The slim moon sets; a myriad stars are bright Above this wilderness of virgin bush. Here day is dumb, and night with deep-drawn breath Sighs wearily, as one whose thoughts are cast Rver behind her to a distant past Of tender memories. The burning day Cares not for song nor music; on his way He moves from flaming dawn to fiery death.



SOME SORT OFHERO.

A SOUTH AMERICAN STORY.

By FRANK H. SHAW, F.R.A.S.

IN THREE CHAPTERS. -CHAPTER I.



TE. 35 8-

52. 100

đ ...

in:

10 10

25

3

8

N the night of the 17th of May 1905, the wife of the British Ambassador to the Estrellian Government gave a dance at her house in Calle 19 de Avrile. It was not a particularly elaborate dance, being entirely un-

official; but there were some notables there, and in spite of the fact that the thermometer stood at ninety-five in the streets outside, the dancing was carried on vigorously. There were half-a-dozen officers from a newly arrived British man-o'-war there, and these ingenuous youths threw themselves into the business of pleasure-making with that peculiar energy which is characteristic of the naval officer ashore.

But the outlook was frankly boring to Edward Seymour, the youngest attaché at the Embassy. He sat in a retired corner by an open window, and gazed with unseeing eyes upon the brilliant scene, the flashing uniforms and the swirling crowd of pretty Spanish faces, for he had been coerced into attending that night by the persuasions of the Minister's wife, who had held out veiled threats. In reality, Seymour was a mile and a half away from the Embassy; he was roaming at will through the narrow streets of what has been termed 'the wickedest city in the world, listening unsuspectedly to muttered conversations, watching the faces of men-peons of the docks, muleteers, discharged soldiers-for this was his hobby. He called himself a character-student; but as yet he had made none of his impressions known. He was a man of few words. If he had cared to speak out, it is probable that people would have listened to him entrancedly for half-an-hour, and then shrugged their shoulders and called him an alarmist. Therefore he never did speak out; instead, he watched and waited.

If he had, indeed, spoken he would probably have said that the city was a seething hotbed of anarchy, that revolution was stirring behind the sullen masks of the people in the streets, that harsh words

had been spoken about the President-men saying that he was a fool, a would-be purger of evil, a man who dwelt in the clouds, and who desired all others to share his radiant atmosphere. Therefore, such a man must be removed from office and from life at the earliest opportunity.

'I'll sit out another half-hour,' muttered Seymour to himself, 'and then I'll make my apologies and clear out. I'd give a month's pay to be out of this evening-dress and into my old sombrero and capa. But I suppose duty must be obeyed at times. Anyhow, I hope the poor old President will keep indoors to-night and the next few nights, since that infernal villain Casseras is in the city. With him about and at large, there's no telling when matters may reach a crisis. Although I've never seen the President to speak to, I like the man, and I'd not care to have him wiped out by a knife-thrust between the shoulders. I'll drop him a note and warn him; though I suppose he'll know all about it, and it really isn't my business at all. If it were found that a simple attaché of the British Embassy. were interesting himself in the internal affairs of this rotten city there'd be no end of a row.'

So he ruminated, being bored. He showed his boredom; so much so, indeed, that Lady Clavering smiled behind her fan on one or two occasions, and looked rather anxiously towards the door. In her heart of hearts the white-haired lady loved this cool, nonchalant young man, who reminded her of a certain young soldier who had been buried on the veldt a few years before. Apart from the dead Ronald, Lady Clavering had no children. She, being a judge of men, had long ago decided that Edward Seymour possessed many qualities that did not appear on the surface; and, being essentially a woman, she felt that something would some day give him a chance to show just what constituents went to his make-up.

And then, all suddenly, as these things do happen, **SEPTEMBER 7, 1907.**

No. 510. - Vol. X.

[All Rights Reserved.]

Seymour was arrested in his train of thought, and confronted with a vision from another world. It wasn't that a crown of the most glorious golden hair in existence was piled in careless masses on her head; it wasn't that the regular features of the highest type of Spanish beauty were combined with the creamy complexion of a British girl; it was more than that. There was something in the eyes, some indefinable charm that told of a spirit at war with itself; something in the proud carriage of the neck that told him he was face to face with the most noble woman in the world. He fell in love.

He rose from his seat hurriedly and made his way negligently through the crowds of dancers, on the command of Lady Clavering's beckoning finger. There was a certain pride, mingled with impish glee, in the old lady's eyes as she laid her hand on the white arm of the girl at her side, and spoke. 'I should like to introduce Mr Seymour, our latest acquisition at the Embassy,' she said. 'You have not seen him before, of course; he came after you went to Scotland.-Mr Seymour, Señorita Inez de Fuella, the daughter of the President.'

There was something dream-like about it all, thought Seymour, as he bowed gravely and watched the little flicker of amusement come into those glorious eyes. Five minutes before he had been distinctly out of love with himself; now he was doubly so, but incalculably in love with somebody else. And yet he was compelled to talk inane trivialities to his soul's queen, for how could she dream that he was struck to the heart by the first shot from Cupid's bow?

'Er-beastly hot in here,' he found himself saying; 'can't we find some place where it's cooler?'

But, said Inez with a merry laugh that rippled like golden music-'but you are already bored, Señor Seymour? Ah, you Englishmen! Always bored, always dreamy, always seeking for ease. I have come here to dance only, and I will dance until I grow too tired to stand.

'What beastly energy!' said the attaché sleepily. 'How can you keep it up here? But still-if you

insist-may I have the pleasure?'

The girl looked at him for a moment and took in all the particulars of his faultless evening-dress, his thin, clever face, his air of total abstraction, and the listless hang of his hands. Then she shrugged her white shoulders.

'After all,' she said to herself, 'he is like all the rest -a man of no ambition, of no achievements. And Lady Clavering spoke of him with such pride.' Aloud she said, 'If it is not too much trouble, Señor Seymour, I should like a dance.' He laughed at the thrust, and took her round the waist. Then Paradise opened its doors for him; and for many a long minute he dwelt on the threshold of another life, where love took up the harp of glory, and smote strange, head-turning, bewitching music from the strings. It mattered little that this was the prosaic twentieth century in a warful South American Republic, seething

with crime and petty strife; he was translated into a realm of eternal peace, far above a floor of golden clouds, where such music as can never be heard on earth was pulsating through the radiant ether.

Then the band stopped with a blare and a crash of chords, and he fell back to earth at one swoop.

Other men came or were brought to Inez after this epoch-making waltz, men who were scanned with eyes of hatred by Edward Seymour; for what hatred can equal that which is born in a man at the sight of other men claiming favours from the woman he loves? Swarthy soldiers took her through the mazes of sundry dances, cheerful sailors jogged gaily to and fro with her in their arms, and Seymour sat apart in his corner longing blackly for the heavily carved roof to fall in and crush sundry interlopers. Then a new hope was born in his breast: perhaps, after a time, he would have the chance of another glimpse of Paradise. He caught his breath at the thought. It would be quite respectable of him were he to solicit for another dance, and he did it. This, be it noted, was the man who had looked upon dancing as a waste of valuable hours!

'I am tired,' said Inez when he came to her with his request. 'I am also too hot for more dancing.'

'The patio is cool and refreshing,' suggested Seymour with something tearing at his heart-strings. He had seen from the first that Inez was not a girl to care about violating the proprieties if need were. He had noted, with that keen notice which some men give to small details, that she had come to the ball unattended by any duenna.

The patio was both cool and refreshing. It was also enshrouded in a rich, velvety gloom, and subdued chuckles and titters came to the ears of these two from an out-of-the-way corner, where a gleam of gold lace told of the presence of a naval officer. There were other chuckles also, in a soprano key.

Inez seated herself on the brink of the fountain, and listened to the sweet plash of the falling water. The leaves of the surrounding palms rustled weirdly in a faint breeze that was whispering overhead, and the stars of the South blazed fiercely in the purple vault of the night. Occasionally sounds of the street would come through the open gate of the patio-courtyard, as we should term it. There was the clang of a cable-car, the tinkle of an amorous Estrellian's mandoline, the scuffle of hurrying mules hoofs on the cobble-stones outside.

'You will catch a chill,' said Seymour after a long silence. 'The night air of Caleta Malo'-this is the name of the capital of Estrellia—'is very treacherous; and he wrapped a shawl about her white shoulders, trembling at the sweet intimacy of the act.

'You forget, señor,' said Inez a little pettishly, I am but newly returned from Scotland. I am accustomed to the night air. It is most refreshing

'All the more reason why you should take care of yourself,' returned her companion. 'But you say you were in Scotland. I know some people there. Where were you?'

'In Perthshire. My mother was born there. She was Scotch; that is why I am fair, I suppose, I have been through those glorious Trossachs, and have rowed on Loch Katrine. I have meditated on Ellen's Isle, and have seen the incidents of Scott's novels grow into rich reality as I watched the sunlight fall salant on the purple heather. Oh, those days of the past!'

'Present-day isn't such a bad time,' said Seymour,

who thought so.

'Pah!' No word can adequately express the scorn that made the girl's rich young voice tremble. She was a bare eighteen in years, but Southern women ripen quickly, and Inez was already a woman. 'Pah! This modern day! This effete present! Señor Seymour, listen to me. There are no men now to do things. They are all idlers, men who are bored. They let the days pass without a thought of the glories that have been. I have not yet met a man who stood head and shoulders over his compeers. Oh! there was something glorious and thrilling in the older days, when steel rang on steel, when men grappled with mighty issues, and fought like the heroes they were for the fair name of their ladies.'

'Yes,' said Seymour lazily, 'Scott used to take me like that too. But I got over it. It was rather a bore after all; it spoiled one's digestion. After an evening with Scott, too, I used to have dreams.

No, they were nightmares.'

'Ah! yes, that is too much trouble always.' She spread her hands out in a little gesture that showed her Spanish strain. It was as if she had washed her hands of the entire present generation, and was casting the soiled water away. Seymour was conscious mainly of an intense desire to seize those white hands, with their flashing rings, and crush them to his lips. He was compelled to hold on to the arms of his chair to avert the catastrophe.

'Have you ever read the lives of the men who found this country?' asked the girl after a long pause. 'I have read about them all. They were the men I could have loved. Ah!'

Even in the dimness of the night Seymour could

see the flash of her eyes.

'They took their fortunes in their hands, and with their swords cut their way to fame and high honour,' went on Inez passionately. 'They ventured into lands where all manner of devils and wild men lived; and caring for nothing but their fame and the honour of their ladies, they hewed them paths to the highest renown. Those were the men! Now, what is it? Men resent the very thought of action. If a crisis arrives they shrug their shoulders and say, "It is too much trouble." Señor, are you different from the rest? Have you ever done anything that you are proud of? No, I don't mean exactly that. Have you ever done anything that would cause the world to ring with your fame? Yet, why should I ask? I know what the answer will be.

'To tell the honest truth,' said Seymour, 'I find

doing things an intolerable bore. It is so much better to have a man to do it for you. Those dear old fellows you talk about, señorita, were fine chaps -yes, very fine indeed; but they were rather too strenuous for modern days. If a man were suddenly to start invading a country, and were to take, say, the President, and hang him up before a slow fire while he roasted appetisingly, as some of these old cavaliers of Spain did - well, there'd be a terrible to-do. It would get into the papers, and there'd never be an end of it. No, no, autre temps, autres mæurs. We men nowadays must content ourselves with sitting still. There isn't so much scope as there used to be, and we shouldn't want it if there were. As I said, this excitement of action is an awful nuisance.'

Once more that indescribable exclamation from the girl. The moon exept up over the wall of the patio, and shome down with a warmth that a Northern moon can never show. The sters seemed to blaze still more fiercely, and Seymour's heart had lost its steady beat. They were now alone. They had heard the clank of a sword and the froufrou of a skirt, and their unseen companions had vanished into the ballroom.

'But, tell me, Seeor Seymour, have you never done anything great? Have you nothing to look back on that brings the blood surging to your heart

with the memory of noble deeds?

'Well,' drawled Seymour, with the nonchalant air of a man towards a curious child, 'I once got sixteen not out in an Eton-Harrow match. I think that's about my only claim to fame.' He came of a stock and was the subject of a training that held the lauding of one's own deeds as a more heinous crime than murder. Otherwise, had he been so disposed, he might have told her tales of a wild, mad ride through the night with death pelting at his heels, with dark forms lurking in his path and rising to snatch at his horse's bridle, of red flashes piercing the darkness, of the sharp sting of a hostile bullet. But that was when he was in Russia on a holiday, and had no place in his conversation now.

'Ah! let us go in. I might have known that my dreams were but dreams. Ciel! but how I could love a man who had done some of these great deeds! I would fall on my knees and worship a hero, if there were one to be found. I only know of one man who is really brave. You saw him—Captain Gonzales—he who went down into Patagonia and pacified the rebellious natives there? He is writing a book about his adventures, and we shall then know how truly great he is.'

'Yes, if that man with the Wilhelm the Second moustache and the eyeglass is the man you mean, you'll hear how great a man he thinks he is, no doubt. But I have done something which merits your approval, Senorita Inez, though I should not have mentioned it, perhaps, if you had not dragged it out of me. I love you with all the heart that's

in me.

And on the heels of this astounding declaration, and because of the youth and the love that were in him, he took the astonished girl in his arms and crushed her to him.

She struck at him with her little hand, and a sudden wave of shame obliterated the glowing exultation that had come to him at the pressure of her slim young body.

'Let me go!' she panted; 'let me go! How

dare you? To think that I would allow a mere dilettante, a trifler, to love me!'

Seymour forgot all about his longings for his sombrero and capa that night, as he sat in his room meditating over the events of the evening. He was conscious of a pang of shame; but the fire of that stolen kiss burned his lips to distraction. He did not sleep at all that night.

(To be continued.)

CENTURY. OF HALF A MEMORIES

By R. C. LEHMANN, M.P.

PART VL



HAVE already said in a previous part of these 'Memories' (Chambers's Journal, 1903) that my father and mother had, at an early period of their married life, become acquainted with Charles Dickens through Mr and Mrs W. H.

Wills, Mrs Wills being my mother's aunt, and W. H. Wills being Charles Dickens's right-hand man in Household Words and All the Year Round. Dickens family and ours became great friends. father and mother were Dickens's guests at Gad's Hill on more than one occasion; my father was present at the marriage of his second daughter to Charles A. Collins (the brother of Wilkie), and both he and my mother were amongst those who had the melancholy privilege of being summoned to Gad's Hill to pay a last tribute of friendship and regard to his lifeless body.

The letters I possess from Dickens to my parents extend from 1860 to the 14th April 1870, the year of his death. Four of these have been already printed in the collection of Dickens's letters published by Miss Dickens and Miss Hogarth. Two I have printed in a former article. I have Miss Hogarth's permission to publish a selection from those that remain. I will preface them by a letter from my father to my mother, who was recruiting her health and that of her small family at Vernon Cottage, Shanklin, during July of 1860. The letter describes the festivities that took place at Gad's Hill on the occasion of the marriage of Dickens's younger daughter, Katie, to Charles Collins. In a letter of May 3, 1860, to M. de Cerjat (Letters, vol. ii. p. 113), Dickens says: 'My second daughter is going to be married in the course of the summer to Charles Collins, the brother of Wilkie Collins, the novelist. The father was one of the most famous painters of English green lanes and coast pieces. He was bred an artist, too, and does "The Eye-Witness" in All the Year Round. He is a gentleman, accomplished and amiable.'

My father writes from London on July 18: 'On Monday evening I went to the French play after a lonely dinner at the club. The piece, Pattes de Mouches, is excellently played and very French, a mere airy nothing. I enjoyed it as much as one

can enjoy anything alone. When I got home the butler was in bed, and there was nobody whom I could order to call me at 7 A.M. I regret to inform you that your great and infallible husband overslept himself, and awoke cheerfully at a quarter to nine. Hurrah! To be at London Bridge at 9.40 was impossible. Still, I rushed into my clothes, into a cup of coffee, and into a hansom, and arrived at the station at 10.15, just in time, not for the special, but for another train about to leave for those parts. When I arrived at Higham Station at 11.45 the stationmaster said the wedding would be nearly over, and I had better go at once to the house. So I did, and was overtaken on the road by the whole party coming in ever so many carriages from church. First Charlie and Katie, and didn't I give them a cheer! Then Wilkie, Holman Hunt, Tuck,* and Miss Crawford, who insisted on picking me up When the others joined us at the house the astonishment at my presence was general, as I had been given up, but Mamie rushed towards me and greeted me most affectionately—so I had lost the ceremony, but came in for all the essentials. Katie looked sweet in her bridal dress. There was a little exhibition of presents, the description of which I will leave to Tuck; and, in order to despatch the bride and bridegroom from the scene, I will say at once that they just sat down at the breakfast, to reappear again in travelling dress: Katie crying bitterly on her father's breast, Mamie dissolved in tears, Charlie as white as snow. No end of God bless yous; King John Forster adding in his most stentorian voice, "Take care of her, Charlie. You have got a most precious treasure." Shaking of hands, a vision of a postillion in red, a shower of old shoes, and execut Mr and Mrs Charles Collins.

'The party consisted of Mr and Mrs Forster, Tuck, Chorley [the musical critic of the Athenaum] Miss Crawford, Holman Hunt, Mr and Mrs Malleson, and Mr and Mrs Hulkes (neighbours), Uncle and Auntie [Mr and Mrs W. H. Wills], old Mrs Collins, and Mr Townshend. The house is a perfect gem-not a

^{*} Miss Chambers, my mother's sister, who was one of the bride's maids. She afterwards married my father's brother, Rudolf Lehmann, the artist.

Vernon Cottage for poetry, but a downright pretty, honest, English country house, red brick, and no end of smooth lawn. No great view, but everything that's pleasant and kind to the eye. The breakfast was a gorgeous affair. Everything on the table in the way of decoration was white, flowers and all. After breakfast (without a single speech, and only one toast) we had games on the lawn, and Aunt Sally was the great attraction. About three o'clock we all drove to Rochester, and had a good time in that delicious old ruin, Rochester Castle. . . . Thence to Chatham, where we listened to a military band performing in a park. The programmes handed round being signed, "W. Collins, Bandmaster," exposed Wilkie to innumerable bad jokes. About 6.30 we were back at Gad's Hill, had time for a game of croquet, saw the children of the neighbouring people get tea and cake, and went in to dinner at seven. I sat next old Forster, a most unmanageable, wild man, whom, however, I tamed successfully, at least for the evening. Dinner over at nine; a cigar in the garden; Tuck sings, to everybody's enthusiastic delight; a country dance; and we all fly at eleven to our special waiting our return at Higham.'

I now begin the Dickens letters:

'Office of "ALL THE YEAR ROUND,"

Tuesday, Sixth November 1860.

'MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN,—I have been in Cornwall and have missed your note. Came back only last night.

'It unfortunately happens that I am engaged to-morrow. Don't give me up because of my misfortunes. Have faith in me. Try me again, and your Petitioner will ever pray!

'I hear rumours that Mary is at the present moment advancing towards the Metropolis on crutches!—Ever faithfully yours,

'CHARLES DICKENS,'

Mary Dickens had had a riding accident, which is thus described in a letter from Dickens to Wilkie Collins (Letters of Charles Dickens, vol. ii. p. 129): 'I also found a letter from Georgina describing that Mary's horse went down suddenly on a stone, and how Mary was thrown, and had her riding-habit torn to pieces, and has a deep cut just above the knee—fortunately, not in the knee itself—which is doing exceedingly well, but which will probably incapacitate her from walking for days and days to come.'

When my father was proposing to go to America in 1862 on business he had the following letter from Dickens:

'GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM, BY ROCHESTER, KENT, Tuesday, Twenty Second July 1862.

'MY DEAR LEHMANN,—I write in the greatest haste, being pressed by all manner of business and botheration.

'Here is a note to Fields, who is a capital fellow and of strong English sympathy. So many years have passed since I was at Boston, and so many of the people whom I knew there have gone to that Far Far West which is behind the sun and moon, that I cannot hurriedly recall any other likely names.

'Heaven speed you in that distracted land of troublesome vagabonds!—Faithfully always,

'C. D.'

There follows a series of letters written in 1863, and relating to a family matter about which Dickens had consulted my father. He writes to him about it from Paris, where he had gone to give readings at the Embassy, and adds (3rd February 1863): 'If I had carried out my original intention and had Readings of my own in Paris, I don't know where they would have stopped. The Parisian audiences run away with them in a most astonishing and most rapturous manner.'

In 1865 my father and mother were to have been Dickens's guests at Gad's Hill. I find the prospect of this visit referred to in the following letter:

'16 SOMERS PLACE, Twenty Seventh April 1865.

'MY DEAR LEHMANN,—If I had not settled to go out of town between my two Nos. your kind note would have made sure of me at once. But I had, and settled it these ten days. It is really necessary to the pains I am taking with my book—always was indispensable to my working at my best—and has not become the less so as my botherations have grown taller. I can throw anything off by going off myself. Not otherwise.

'To-day I am going out to dinner for the first time. But whether I can keep a boot on, and get it on again for the Academy Dinner on Saturday, remains to be seen. If I can't, I shall go off on Saturday for a week. If I can, I shall go off on Sunday.

'Mary is going to propound to Mrs Lehmann a certain distinct time early in June for a visit to Gad's Hill, where I shall be heartily glad to see you and walk with you.—Faithfully yours always,

'C. D.'

It seems, however, that this visit did not take place, for on the 13th July of the same year Dickens writes to my father:

'My DEAR LEHMANN,—I was vexed that you were put off from coming here by the inscrutability of Mary's arrangements. But we will try the Fates again when you come back from Heligoland, and I hope they may be propitious. I have no present idea of being away from here for longer than a day or two together, until the Autumn is out.

'So I still hope to see you, and you must undertake to report your return. Meantime all good go with [you] and return likewise.—Faithfully yours always, C. D.'

Dickens's fondness for dogs is well known. Forster (*Life*, vol iii. pp. 191-193) gives an account of his favourites, Turk, a mastiff, 'a noble animal, full of affection and intelligence, whose death by

a railway accident, shortly after the Staplchurst catastrophe, caused him great grief. Turk's sole companion up to that date (1865) was Linda, puppy of a great St Bernard brought over by Mr Albert Smith, and grown into a superbly beautiful creature.' After Turk came Sultan, whom Forster describes as an Irish dog, given by Mr Percy Fitzgerald, a cross between a St Bernard and a bloodhound. It is not easy to understand how, with such an ancestry, he came to be Irish at all. Dickens, however, according to Forster, always protested that Sultan was a Fenian, for that no dog, not a secretly sworn member of that body, would ever have made such a point, muzzled as he was, of rushing at and bearing down with fury anything in scarlet with the remotest resemblance to a British uniform. In a letter to Mr Fitzgerald (Letters, vol. ii. p. 264) Dickens thus refers to him: 'Your mention of the late Sultan touches me nearly. He was the finest dog I ever saw, and between him and me there was a perfect understanding. But, to adopt the popular phrase, it was so very confidential that "it went no further." He would fly at anybody else with the greatest enthusiasm for destruction. I saw him, muzzled, pound into the heart of a regiment of the line, and I have frequently seen him, muzzled, hold a great dog down with his chest and feet. He has broken loose (muzzled) and come home covered with blood, again and again. And yet he never disobeyed me, unless he had Sultan's untamable first laid hold of a dog.' ferocity brought him to a tragic end. seized a little girl, sister to one of the servants, he was sentenced by Dickens to be shot on the following morning at seven o'clock. 'He went out very cheerfully, says Dickens in a letter to M. de Cerjat, 'with the half-dozen men told off for the purpose, evidently thinking that they were going to the death of somebody unknown. But observing in the procession an empty wheelbarrow and a double-barrelled gun, he became meditative, and fixed the bearer of the gun with his eyes. A stone deftly thrown across him by the village blackguard (chief mourner) caused him to look round for an instant, and he then fell dead, shot through the heart.'

The unfortunate Sultan was succeeded by Don, a Newfoundland, brought over to this country in early doghood by my father, and by him presented to Dickens. He and the St Bernard, Linda, another great favourite, became the parents of Bumble and another who survived their master. Here, in a letter to my father, is Dickens's recipe for a big dog's dinner:

'Office of "All the Year Round," Tuesday, Seventh November 1865.

'My DEAR LEHMANN,—The recipe for one dog's allowance is this: 2 pints oatmeal, 1 pint barley meal, 1 pound mangel wurzel, boiled together, and then mixed with pot-liquor, which is poured over it. If there be no pot-liquor in the house, a sheep's head will make it very well. Any bones that

happen to be about may be put into the mixture for the exercise of the dog's teeth. Its effect upon the body and spirits of the creature is quite surprising. I have my dogs fed once a day, always at the same hour.

'I am very sorry to say I cannot take my pleasure to-morrow, having to "make up" the Xmas No. with the printer. Always a tough job.—Ever yours,

The last letter I possess is written to my mother, and relates to a German translation of Edwin Drood, which was being written by an uncle of mine:

'Office of "All the Year Rouse," Thursday, Fourteenth April 1870.

'MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN,—I think the enclosed must have crossed a letter to Dr Lehmann from my publishers, whom I instructed to send—and who, I know, sent—the let No. to Hamburg for translation. All other Nos. will duly follow, and there will be twelve in all.

'If you pay to my account at Coutte's, at any time, £50, you will have done your duty in that station of life in which, &c. (see Church Catechim)

—Faithfully yours always, CHARLES DICKENE'

In Mr C. L. Graves's Life of Sir George Grove there is a letter from Grove (p. 97) referring to a dinner at our house in Westbourne Terrace some time in June 1863. 'On Thursday,' he says, 'we went to a great dinner-party there, followed by a musical "at home." At dinner were Dickens and his sisterin-law, R. Browning, R. Chambers, Miss Gabriel, and ourselves. It was very pleasant. Dickens was very amusing, but not the least forced, and Browning was also interesting. Dickens was full of a ship of Mormon emigrants which he had been seeing: 1200 of the cleanest, best conducted, most excellent people he ever saw.' I wish I myself could recall Dickens at dinner under the influence of cheerful company and pleasant entertainment. All I can remember, however, is our family tradition which has handed him down as the prince of companions, always brilliant, humorous, and delightful. I like to remember that my own father in such feasts of a later date as I can call to mind was haud impar congressus Achilli, even when Achilles was for the moment represented by Robert Browning or James Payn or J. E. Millais or Arthur Sullivan; for he was a man of commanding mind, well read, a fine musician, and of keen artistic sympathy. Above all he had, before illness came upon him and depressed his later years, a special gift of humour which rendered his society attractive to his friends. I may perhaps be pardoned on the score of filial piety if I give one example of that quality which was supplied to me, while the previous parts of these 'Memories' were appearing in these columns, by Mr Thomas Widdows, of Westcombe Park, S.E. Mr Widdows (whose permission I have to make use of his letter) wrote to me as follows:

'I have wondered what relation you were to a Mr Lehmann whom I met a great many years ago,

when an incident occurred which amused me extremely at the time, and which I have never forgotten.

'It must be thirty years ago or more [as a matter of fact it must have been in 1868 or 1869] when I was staying at Enfield from Saturday to Monday with an uncle of mine, an architect, Mr F. G. Widdows. He proposed on the Sunday morning that we should drive over and look at a house where he was carrying out extensive alterations for a Mr Lehmann, and we accordingly did so. The house was between Highgate and Hampstead [strictly speaking, it was a mile or so beyond Highgate, on the way to Muswell Hill]. I do not know whether my uncle wished to see Mr Lehmann on business, or whether, as he always took a great pride and interest in his work, he only wished to have the pleasure of looking at it, as the peasants in, I think, one of George Eliot's novels used on Sunday mornings to go and look admiringly at the ricks which they had thatched during the week.

'Mr Lehmann, however, very kindly showed me the house, and regretted that he could not take me into one particular room, as Wilkie Collins was at work there. We eventually got to the top floor, where we were joined by the builder, a Mr Colls. I suppose the staircases up to the last flight but one were of stone, but from the top of this last flight there was an arrangement for dropping a folded iron ladder which, opening by its own weight, would in case of fire give access to the

floor below. Mr Colls, in a quiet, mechanical way, just to show the perfection and simplicity of the arrangement, opened the trap-door, and had taken hold of the ladder, when Mr Lehmann from a little distance off said in a commanding and serious tone, "Stop! It is above all things necessary that I should understand the working of the arrangement." He then placed himself carefully where he could have a perfect view of the procedure, and, Mr Colls having the ladder ready in his hand, Mr Lehmann gave the word "Now!" Mr Colls thereupon let go, but the machinery did not work. The ladder was to fall easily when he let go, but it did not move; nor did a slight shake or two even effect the desired result. Mr Lehmann looked on solemn and expectant, and after a little time said, "Remember, the flames are roaring and raging around us." Thus urged, Mr Colls shook and shook again, all without result, till at last, when it was evident that it would not work at all, Mr Lehmann cried out, still looking on, "Great Heaven, this is death!" Mr Colls remained perfectly serious, and the whole incident, though I have imperfectly described it, was irresistibly funny.'

Many such scenes I feel that I myself ought to be able to remember. Gleams of them come to my memory, but when I try to grasp them they are gone. It gives me all the greater pleasure, therefore, to be able to set down Mr Widdows's story, which I recognise as highly characteristic of the man to whom it relates.

THE ROMANCE OF A FLOATING DOCK.

By ANDREW MARSHALL, Author of Comedy East and Tragedy West, &c.

CHAPTER VII.



HE sun rose higher, and about eight o'clock the *Vigilancia* swung round into a smaller stream, and, after half a mile of steaming and a prolonged shriek of her whistle, was run along-

side a rude jetty, where many stacks of firewood awaited her. Sandford saw the captain scramble up a steep path and disappear, and after a moment Don Santiago and his daughter also rose. Don Santiago gave her his hand, and they stepped ashore and followed the captain, glancing back as if they expected Sandford to follow, but he turned his eyes away. Soon finding, however, that he was alone on the steamer, he rose and looked about. No one was to be seen. He went ashore and climbed the path to the top of the bank, and found himself in view of some half-dozen palm-thatched huts. Two or three naked children of the same colour as the baked soil stared at him, and a dog barked viciously. Farther off stood a more substantial building roofed with large red tiles, its whitewashed walls discoloured by the damp of past years' rains for a yard above the ground. The door-posts had

been painted blue, but both blue paint and plaster had been rubbed off at the sides by many passers out and in till the brickwork showed naked in patches. Over the door was a weather-worn signboard on which Sandford made out with difficulty the words Tienda de la Santa Fé. He suddenly found that he was hungry, and entered. The landlord, a half-breed in white shirt and trousers, came forward and bade him good-day, motioning him towards the roofed portion of a half-covered courtyard. At a rough table with a white cloth were seated Don Santiago and the captain of the steamer. There was plenty of room. They saluted him politely, and he took a seat. A barefooted Indian girl brought him a bowl of chocolate, and Don Santiago pushed a plate of bread within his reach. He had scarcely begun to eat when a brown woman in a voluminous printed muslin dress and a white sleeveless chemisette entered, ushering in the young lady, placed a seat for her beside her father, and began to wait on her with eager assiduity.

The captain, having breakfasted, rolled and lit a cigarette, and, with the usual request for permis-

sion, rose and went away. Sandford, also muttering a formal 'Con permiso,' followed him, and watched while, with the help of a couple of Indians of the place, the men landed a few packages of the cargo and embarked as much firewood as there was room for. Then the captain sounded his whistle again. Sandford took his seat. Don Santiago came down in leisurely conversation with the proprietor of the tienda, who stood hat in hand as they stepped on board. The mooring-rope was cast off.

'Adios, señores, y buen' viaje!' cried the landlord, waving his hat.

'Adios, Pedro,' said Don Santiago, and 'Adios, Pedro,' said the girl, in what Sandford thought the sweetest voice he had ever heard.

The little steamer swung out from the landingplace, and, making a half circle, flew with the helping current. It seemed but a few moments when she turned once more into the Carrizal, and was again, with throbbing and pounding engine, forcing

her way up its stream.

The sun was high and hot when they set out again, but before long heavy clouds began to come up from the north, and the sky grew dark. Thunder growled, in the distance at first, but drew nearer and nearer till the lightning-flashes were instantly followed by reverberating peals. Then the rain came down in sheets, tumbling like a stream on the wooden awning, and hissing in the funnel, while blaze and crash became incessant and almost simultaneous. The storm raged for an hour and a half, and then ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The clouds in heavy masses floated towards the southern horizon. The sun blazed again overhead. The swollen river rushed along with a strengthening current, and the little steamer, to make better headway, sought the slacker water under the bank. Hour after hour passed as they battled with the rising stream. The country was flat and the riverbanks high, and there was no view beyond them. Now and then their intrusion raised a dove-coloured crane or a pink flamingo that slowly flapped away. Here and there on a muddy slope a crocodile lay basking, to dash into the water with lizard-like rapidity when one of the crew fired an ineffectual revolver-shot at it. Sometimes they saw an iguana asleep on a rotten branch of driftwood, or watched the orange and black orioles flashing round their hanging-nests. The girl read a book. What it was Sandford did not look to see. Her father

The sun had begun to decline from the zenith when the river narrowed.

'We are passing the big island,' said Don Santiago. 'We are taking the east channel to-day.'

'Is this not the usual route?' asked Sandford.

'It is a question of snags,' he replied. 'Sometimes one channel is better, sometimes the other. As we ascend the water gets shallower of course, and so obstructions get more frequent. Big trees brought down by the floods ground here and there, and then all sorts of debris accumulates behind them.

Indeed, this great island was originally formed in just that way.

They passed many such snags, with the brown water foaming over them. The largest of them all was a giant ceiba, which had grounded opposite a bend of the river. Several of its great limbs, partly broken and entangled, stood out above the water, which rushed foaming and roaring through them. Sandford stood up to look at it, and saw the captain at the steering-wheel forward. The captain shook his head and gave the tree a wide berth.

A short way above this bend the ground was higher on the left, and there was an opening in the jungle, where the perpendicular bank gave back and became a muddy slope, over which could be seen the palm-thatched roofs of a village. The whistle shrieked, and the inhabitants came out to look at their unusual visitor. There was no kind of jetty here. A few boys and bare-legged brown men came down the slippery declivity to the mud-bank on the water's edge. A rope was thrown from the steamer, and some of them with clumsy eagerness made haste to tie it to a stake driven into the mud. Then they waded into the water and got the end of a thin plank, which, with splashing and shouting, every one engaged and nearly every spectator bawling directions at once, was established as a gangway between the steamer and the land. The captain immediately went ashore by it, its centre sagging down to the water's surface with his weight. He was followed by the engineer, and they both scrambled up the bank and disappeared.

Don Santiago rose and took out his watch.

'We shall remain here probably for an hour or so,' he said, 'but I don't advise you to go ashore There is nothing to see, and the mud is deep and slippery. I have some business with the alcald, and I see he is waiting for me; and, begging to be excused for a few minutes, he crossed the plank in a gingerly manner and joined a stout man who had been politely waving a broad-brimmed hat from the bank.

As Sandford turned his head from watching Don Santiago's acrobatic passage across the unsteady gangway plank, his eye was caught by a figure on the other side of the river. It was an Indian in a canoe. The man was standing upright in his narrow craft, and, with a slender pole, pushing it up-stream in the shallow water by the bank. Then, choosing a moment, with accurate judgment of the distance and the power of the current, he turned its head slightly out into the stream, so that the current caught it. His calculation was so nice that it was swept downwards and across exactly to the steamer's side, the man holding up his pole, which was useless in the deeper water, and balancing him self easily in his cranky little vessel. As he came in he caught one of the stanchions of the awning and laid his canoe neatly alongside.

'Con permiso,' he said, as he made fast the painter of twisted bark. Then he took up a large fish in his hand and lightly stepped on board.

'Will you buy, señor?' he said with a persuasive smile, holding up the fish and pointing to another that lay in the bottom of his canoe. Sandford referred him to the captain, and, again begging permission, the Indian lightly crossed the plank and went ashore to seek that officer. Sandford was left alone with the girl, for the two hands forward were invisible behind the stacked firewood. He wondered whether he had better go ashore too. But, even while he debated with himself, Don Santiago and his companion and the place where they stood seemed to move slowly away. The steamer was swinging in the rising current. The plank slid from the gunwale and fell with a splash into the water. Sandford looked quickly at the mooring-rope. It had slipped and was dragging loose. Some one ran forward to catch it, but floundered in the deep mud and failed. The steamer's head swung round, and the full strength of the current caught her.

Sandford kept his head. He called to one of the

men to take the wheel, and himself sprang to the engine. But the engineer had opened the escape before going ashore, and had let his wood fire die down. Sandford turned on steam, but there was barely enough to move the screw. A glance at the indicator showed him that for the moment they were helpless.

'Get out the anchor,' he cried, jumping forward. 'Where is it?'

The two men looked stupidly round, for the anchor was seldom used. It might be under the firewood, or under the salt-bags, or perhaps in the hold. Who knew?

But the boat was by this time lying like a straw across the heaped-up flying water in the centre of the swollen river. The shore moved faster away. A dozen confused shouts from the people on the bank were answered incoherently by helpless cries from the two men on board. In a few seconds they were out of hearing.

(To be continued.)

THE INSURANCE PROBLEM.

By R. A. GATTY.



HE extension of the Workmen's Compensation Act to domestic service has sent a flutter of anxiety into every home in the land where servants are kept. Every day the post brings prospectuses of competing

insurance companies offering to take all risks at low premiums, and the mystified householder, to whom the Act is new, has to decide not only which office is safe and reliable, but to what extent he has to cover the risk of accidents to those he employs. For instance, during a spring cleaning he may call in a little extra assistance, and order a man to bring a ladder and clean the outside of his windows. Is he liable to pay compensation if the man slips on the ladder and breaks his leg or kills himself? It would appear that such is the case; and, if this is so, the only course left to him is to insure the window-cleaner before he commences his work, an expensive process for one day's labour.

Then, again, in cases where, more for charity than anything else, an old man is employed for such odd jobs as weeding the garden-beds or sweeping up dead leaves in the walks and carriage-drive, insurance may be necessary, for even in such safe employments old age is liable to accidents, and a slip and fall on the gravel may break a limb, and the responsibility will rest on the kind-hearted employer who gives the extra work from motives of charity. It is true the risks of accident are very remote in well-ordered households; but few, one would think, will be so unwise as to neglect to cover them. In fact, we are promised that very shortly insurance will be made compulsory, as it

is in Germany; and the present Act is only the commencement of a system which will deal not only with accidents, but sickness, total incapacity, and old-age pensions.

It is curious to observe the opinions of workmen themselves on the Compensation Act. It is not universally popular, as might be supposed, for it has already thrown out of employment many who, though they have passed middle life, are by no means incapacitated from pursuing their trade. In a word, employers no longer care to take on elderly men; and as the labour-market is, if anything, congested, there is no lack of young hands. I have come across many instances of this, where men little over fifty have found themselves turned adrift. The men of forty also feel their time is coming, and another ten years or so may find them in a similar position. It goes without saying that small employers of labour limit the number of their workmen as far as they can, and so the Act reacts adversely on the labour-market.

The Germans seem to have solved the insurance and old-age pension problems in a satisfactory manner, and the new Royal Commission is going to study their tactics. The German plan appears rather complicated through the number of different authorities brought into play, as existing friendly societies and others are supplemented by the State compulsory insurance. The entire system as controlled by the Government falls into three distinct categories—namely, insurance against sickness, insurance against accident, and old-age and incapacity pensions.

With regard to sickness, when a workman falls ill he gets from the outset free medical attendance,

and from the third day a sick-allowance of at least 50 per cent. of his average earnings. These privileges formerly ceased at the end of thirteen weeks; but now the period has been doubled. If at the end of that time he has not recovered, the chances are that he will be a suitable case for the incapacity insurance. Women in childbed are supported for a period of six weeks. The costs of the insurance are met partly by the workmen themselves and partly by their employers, who deduct their workmen's contributions from the weekly wages, and add thereto an allowance of 50 per cent. The actual insurance is effected through a number of different agencies. When the law came into operation it found many private associations of the friendly society type already in the field, and wherever possible advantage was taken of these institutions. A noteworthy development has been that these insurance companies have found it to their advantage to erect hospitals and convalescent homes where the sick can be rapidly nursed back to health. In case of the death of a workman, a sum of money is paid to his dependants. The sick insurance is only possible for those men and women who are in more or less regular employment.

By the accident insurance laws, all employes, or in case of death their dependants, are insured compensation for the consequence of accidents incurred in the course of their work. At first the injured man comes on the sick-fund; but after the expiration of the fourteenth week responsibility for his case is taken over by one of the insurance companies to which the employers transfer their risks. Meanwhile, from the fifth week of his disablement, his sick-allowance has been raised to at least two-thirds of his wages. When a workman is only partially disabled, he receives an allowance proportionate to the diminution of his capacity to earn a livelihood. In case of fatal accidents, the dependants of the deceased receive funeral expenses and a pension, which together must not amount to more than 60 per cent. of his wages.

In the case of old-age pensions and invalidation insurance, the object of the German Government is to secure a pension to all who have reached the age of seventy years, or before that age have been incapacitated by illness or bodily infirmity from earning a livelihood. Its provisions extend not only to workmen, but to clerks, shop assistants, and members of the teaching professions, whose yearly income does not exceed one hundred pounds. Certain classes of employés whose incomes are more than one hundred pounds, but do not exceed one hundred and fifty, are also admitted as voluntary contributaries to the scheme. The payments to the funds by employers and employed alike are made by means of stamps, which can be purchased at the post-offices, and which are stuck on a card. Each stamp represents a week's subscription. The stamps are fastened on the card on pay-day, and the employer is entitled to deduct one-half of their face-value from the wages of his workpeople. In

some cases this right is not made use of, the employer preferring to bear all the charge himself. This is frequently done in the case of domestic servants where good relations exist between them and their masters. The stamps required for a person earning a wage of fifty-even pounds amount to threepence halfpenny per week to effect this insurance, but are of course less for smaller wages. The insured must have contributed for thirty years or have been in employment for a specified time to secure a pension for old age, and for an invalidation pension contribution for a period of five years are required.

Such are the main features of the German scheme, which I have taken from the valuable statistics sent over by the Berlin correspondent of the Daily Telegraph. One of its most important provisions appears to be the co-operation of the master and workman in contributing to the State fund. When the onus of insurance is thrown entirely upon the employer it is apt to breed a sense of injustice, especially in the case of small business men who have to struggle along under great difficulties. A quarrymaster whom I know to have suffered severely in the time of bad trade found the ten pounds or so which his workmen's insurance annually cost him a great burden on the top of other hardships. Moreover, when an Act of Parliament enforces a payment of this kind, the workmen who benefit feel no sense of obligation to the master who has to pay. But supposing the workmen took their share of the cost, it would be in the power of the employer to promote kindly feeling between himself and them by taking the whole charge upon himself.

In framing these Acts of Parliament very little thought or consideration is shown for the aftereffects which may be produced, though harmony between employers and employed is the most important factor in all trades. The tendency of social legislation is to become one-sided, and not to recognise that there are two parties to be considered in all these changes of the law. The householders of England will not say 'Thank you' for their fresh responsibilities, and in one way or another those who benefit by the Act will be made to feel its natural consequences. People will do with fewer servants, and there will not be casual employment for old people to the same extent. It matters little what the premium may be which has to be paid by the householder; he will naturally feel that the State has added to his expenditure, and will resent it. This would not have been the case had the burden been shared between the servant and himself, and in most cases he would cheerfully have paid the whole sum.

While considering this question of State beneficence and care for the welfare of the bodies of its citizens, it is extraordinary how utterly regardles the State is of the savings which a workman during his life may have accumulated for the benefit of his children. I quote from a letter written by a

working-man as far back as the year 1898: 'SIR,—I am a working-man, and I was persuaded to invest the savings of a lifetime, nearly three hundred pounds, in 2½ per cent. Consolidated Stock at 111. It is now 108. Is it a swindle?' The gentleman to whom this was addressed wonders what the man's feelings must be, if he is still living, when he finds his interest cut down to 2½, and the value of his stock depreciated and standing at 84. That working-man is only one out of hundreds of thousands of unfortunate people who under trustee settlements were compelled to go into Consols.

Perhaps the transaction effected by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of converting 3 per cents. into 2½ may find its defenders among certain economists of a political school; but, looked at broadly from the standpoint of those who entrusted their substance to the care of the State, it savours very much of downright robbery. It is true that trustees have now enlarged powers, and give Consols a wide berth; but it is too late to save the enormous mass of people who were involved in this financial

earthquake, for it is nothing less. The political economists will say that the State should not pay more interest than is absolutely necessary, and that indirectly even the robbed holders of the stock benefit by less taxation; but this is the only possible defence, and a poor one at best. The inducement held out by the State to invest in its funds was their absolute security and safety, and relying upon these the victims took the bait.

People wonder why Consols do not rise. They would if there was a great demand, but happily trust funds are no longer compulsorily invested in them. No doubt if they were, and if confidence returned to the public, the price would again rise to a fair level, but at present there is no sign of it. Had the State really considered the pockets of those who entrusted their money in its funds, Consols would have been made redeemable at par after a certain period or after due notice; and it appears to me this would have been as important a matter as the consideration of accident insurance or old-age pensions.

A SHIP'S BELL

By W. E. CULE.



THIN two days of her destination, the steamship Northgate, of the Jellocoe Line—Captain Pritchard—Liverpool to Halifax, ran into difficult weather. The wind went dead east, blowing hard and attended by

the thick fog and sleet which invariably accompany easterly gales in that chilly latitude. The ship crept along at half-speed, feeling her troubled way with consummate care and with frequently repeated mournful echoes from her siren. But the fog hung before her like a curtain, stiffing the warning screams and muffling every sound aboard.

The captain and the second officer were on the bridge, chilly in their oilskins, and silent. There was nothing more to be said about the weather, and there was no cheerful influence to encourage conversation. Suddenly, however, an invisible sailor below struck an invisible ship's bell, whose notes broke the silence sullenly and briefly.

A moment later Captain Pritchard turned towards his subordinate. Tired of the weather before, he was now weary of the silence, and the voice of the bell had suggested a theme.

'I never hear a bell,' he said abruptly, 'without remembering something that happened when I was a child. Were you always normal, Gibbs?'

'Normal, sir?' asked Gibbs, an unimaginative young man from Newcastle.

'Yes, normal—ordinary, and not extraordinary.'
The captain did not express himself happily.
Apparently becoming conscious of this, he passed on.

'For my own part,' he said, 'I believe I was not. I must have been curiously fanciful. I remember some of those fancies even now. That affair of the bell, however, was not exactly a fancy; it might rather be called a curious experience. It did not trouble my parents much, so they must have explained it in some satisfactory way. I was too young then to be given the scientific explanation, and I have never troubled to get one since. Probably any doctor could give me one at five minutes' notice.'

What was all this leading to? The mate stood and listened very respectfully. It was sufficient for him that the captain was in a particularly good humour. Things might so easily have been worse.

The captain yawned as he proceeded.

'To come to the point,' he said. 'Two or three times during my childhood, before I was five years old, I suffered severe frights through hearing a bell ring when there was no bell near me, and when no one else heard it. It was either a hallucination or it was a disease; something due, I mean, to some defect in my auditory organs. But I certainly heard a bell ring on several occasions when no bell rang, and was extremely frightened in consequence.'

'Enough to send any youngster into fits,' ventured the mate, not a little impressed.

'Quite so! quite so! But I was, no doubt, a fairly healthy child in other ways. Now, I distinctly remember the last occasion, and the way in which I sobbed in my amazement and alarm.

It made such an impression upon my mind that

I can recall every detail.'

He moved to the end of the bridge and came back, staring intently but hopelessly into the white shroud on every side. The Northgate's siren gave a long, melancholy wail, and then dead silence

'We lived in a country cottage, semi-detached,' said the captain carefully, 'and an old lady who lived next door was a great friend of ours. On this particular day my parents were sitting at a little round table in the cottage of this next-door neighbour, an old woman of eighty. She, too, was sitting at the table, knitting, and I was sitting idly on my father's knee listening to their talk. I was a rather quiet child, and loved the company of my elders. I cannot remember the talk, but I recall the scene very distinctly. I was not facing the table myself, but sitting sideways to it. I can even remember a point like that. Suddenly, it seemed to me, a very awkward and somewhat startling thing happened. The old lady, who was knitting, had her wools upon the little table. As she moved her arm she happened to bring it into contact with a small hand-bell standing near her, and swept it clean off the table. It fell with a sharp doubleclang upon the stone floor, and there lay still.

'That, of course, was to me simply an accident. I had no doubt that the thing had occurred, that such an accident had happened. Under that impression, I turned half-round, waiting to see the old lady stoop from her rocking-chair, pick up the bell, and replace it upon the table. I was simply interested, and on the alert to handle a new toy. Most children, as you may know, enjoy playing with a bell.

'To my astonishment, however, neither of the others present paid the slightest attention to the accident. The conversation went on without a break, and neither the old lady nor my parents so much as glanced at the floor. I was surprised.

'After that came the sensation. I wanted to see for myself what had become of the bell, and in my movement to do so attracted my father's attention. He asked me what I wanted, and I told him I was looking for the bell which the old lady had knocked down from the table. They were so astonished that I had to repeat my explanation, and that more than once. Then I became alarmed, for I saw them look meaningly at one another; and my alarm developed into terror as I realised the truth. They had heard no bell fall, because no bell had fallen. There had been no such article on the table; there was no such article in the house!'

The captain paused, and the second officer pursed his lips in an expressive whistle. He felt that the shrouding fog gave a particularly uncanny cast to a story which was sufficiently mysterious without such a ghostly accessory. He also felt that henceforth the ship's bell, so ordinary a signal under the hands of the thoughtless apprentice, might have a new significance for him.

Captain Pritchard had finished his story, and was satisfied with its effects. 'Well,' he concluded, as he took another turn, 'you can imagine how such an incident would influence a rather shy, quiet child of four or five. It simply terrified me, and it was a long time before I could be soothed. I can even remember the assurances which my parents used, backed by the grandmotherly consolation of our old neighbour. There was nothing wrong, they said, nothing to be afraid of. There was really no bell, and the noise I had heard was caused by nothing more than a little trouble in my ears. Many people had had the same experience, and I would soon grow out of it.

There was a pause. 'I've heard, sir, of people suffering from fancies of that kind, said the mate reflectively. 'But I never heard a case given with so much detail, and so altogether remarkable. Were you ever troubled again in the same way?'

'Never that I know of,' said the captain. 'Appa rently I grew out of it, as my parents expected. The experience, however, made a deep and lasting impression, and I often recall it when I hear a ship's bell struck. Another result is a certain consideration which I feel for the sometimes unreasonable, or apparently unreasonable, fancies of children.'

The captain was a family man, a master-mariner of the best modern British type, with a skill in chess that almost equalled his love for the game, and with several good shelves in his cabin piled with the best writers in colonial and other editions. So the Northgate was a good and comfortable ship, and one of the best of a popular line.

'And that's a very good result, sir,' agreed the second mate. 'But have you ever told your story to a medical man?'

'No,' answered Captain Pritchard, 'I haven't Somehow, the opportunity hasn't turned up, or if it has, I have been reductant to relate what, after all, may be a very simple and easily explained affair. Indeed, I hardly know why I've told the yarn to you to-day. As far as I can recollect, I're never told it to any one else.'

The mate felt not a little flattered, but Captain Pritchard at once tried to cover the compliment with reservations. 'It is the weather, perhaps,' he said. 'It is bad enough to account for anything Six times I've sailed this course before, but never have I seen it so thick—not even in January. One needs to feel sure that there's two hundred miles of blue water straight ahead still.'

'Yes, sir. But I think it won't last much I notice the wind's going round a bit longer.

'Let's hope so. And now, Mr Gibbs, I leave you on the bridge for a few minutes. I'm going to get a cup of coffee.'

So, after another unsatisfactory look round, the captain departed, and Mr Gibbs roused himself to the responsibilities of his position. The Northgate was doing rather less than half her speed, and screaming at every step; but the fact remained that she was plunging along her course with little more than her own length clear before her. Her signals could be heard for perhaps a quarter of a mile, but still there was the element of risk and uncertainty. He stared straight ahead into the dense white wall, and in two minutes had succeeded in forgetting the captain's curious narrative. Almost immediately afterwards, considerably to his surprise, his chief once more mounted to the bridge and joined him.

'Almost as thick as ever,' he said grimly. 'Eh?'
'Yes, sir,' answered Gibbs. 'One might just as
well stare straight into a marble mantelpiece.'

Captain Pritchard made no reply. He glanced at the compass, noted what speed the ship was making, and walked to the end of the bridge and back. Apparently he was uneasy, and he had certainly lost that pleasant communicativeness of the last half-hour.

'He's a bit rawed,' thought the mate. 'In ten minutes, unless it clears a little, he'll put us on quarter-speed. And I sha'n't be the one to blame him.'

With that he descended the ladder, leaving the master alone. He had remembered something that wanted seeing to, and it was plain that Captain Pritchard was inclined to silence. Moreover, one man on the bridge was as good as two, and only half as useless.

When he reached the deck he went forward to speak to Collinson, a seaman who was standing in the bows. As he went he noticed that in all there were about half-a-dozen men on deck, one of them being the third engineer, then off duty. Afterwards he remembered precisely what men these were.

The second officer did not reach Collinson just then, for the incident of the voyage took place while he was yet three yards off. Suddenly and urgently tinkled out the engine-room bell, clear above the churning of the engines. At the same instant there was a hoarse shout from the bridge.

The bell had rung out 'Shut off steam!' but in an instant tinkled again 'Full steam astern.' After a long and fearful pause there was a sudden silence as the machinery halted in its motion; but the Northgate surged helplessly on through the white seas. Another instant and she seemed to be struggling with herself as her huge bulk answered to the engines.

A second afterwards the mate gave a cry. Out of the white wall before him loomed an almost formless mass, a vast black body pricked out in fog and snow. Another breathing-space, and they were on it, the Northgate's bows striking with a slock that threw the men off their feet. The bow-plates crashed in, and there was a sickening noise of rending woodwork. The great ship stood still and shivered as if she had received a fatal blow; but in a moment more her bows were clear, and the

hulking death in her course was drifting away into the mist from which it had emerged. When the first man from below came tumbling on deck there was nothing in sight to explain the disaster which had taken place.

п.

For a few seconds there were signs of panic, but it did not spread. The engines were still, and the Northgate rode shivering in the gray and silent sea. Then the captain's orders rang out from the bridge in straight, plain terms that gave no suggestion of danger, and immediately everything was done in the best order. All hands were on deck in three minutes as a matter of course, and it took no more than five to prove that the ship had suffered little damage. Several plates had been started, but there was no injury that threatened her safety. Just in time the captain had given his saving signal. Otherwise—

'Otherwise,' said Mr Gibbs under his breath, 'it would have been a hole in our bows big enough to build a house in, and about an hour to take to the boats. Captain Pritchard, I'll drink your health. You're the finest man in the North Atlantic to-day.'

'A derelict, I guess,' said the third engineer blankly.

'A Canadian timber-ship,' answered Mr Gibbs, 'waterlogged. Been drifting in these seas since the days of the *Flying Dutchman*, waiting for you and me. And we came.'

Then he turned to stare out into the blank wall of fog which had swallowed up the enemy. 'But it beats me,' he said slowly—'it beats me how the old man could have seen her!'

He put the question aside for more pressing matters during the next half-hour, but it was to come up again in a most bewildering form. That was when things had been made good as far as possible, and the first officer reported the Northgate rendy to resume her voyage. It was then that Captain Pritchard laid bare the secret of his action in a somewhat astonishing declaration.

'Confound it, Mr Bruce,' he cried anguly, 'do you think I'm going to steam away and leave the poor fellow to his fate? What do you take me for?'

The first officer's bewilderment was extreme.

'We're going to stand by,' declared the captain, 'till the weather clears a bit. That won't be more than an hour or two; but if it was a week it would be all the same. That man saved my ship, and I'm going to pick him off before I stir a yard.'

The first officer was a long-headed, cold-humoured Scot, who never lost his temper or his reason. While all the others stared at one another, convinced that Captain Pritchard's brain had been turned by the recent shock, he began to make inquiries.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' he said calmly; 'what man do you mean?'

'Why, the man on the derelict,' answered Captain Pritchard. 'The one who gave us warning of its

whereabouts by striking the bell.'

Again the clustered members of the crew glanced at each other for light. The first officer simply looked thoughtful, and preserved a discreet silence; but the captain, who knew these signs, waxed

'You were below, of course,' he said; 'but every one on deck can tell you all about it. If it hadn't been for that bell, sir, you'd be in command of the lifeboat by this time, with the Northgate settling by the head. That's all !'

But that was not all. A dead silence followed the speech, instead of the chorus of assurance and declaration which might have been expected from the watch on deck. It lasted so long that the captain was struck by its significance.

What in thunder is the matter with you all?' he rasped angrily. 'Where's the second officer?-Mr Gibbs, you were on deck; you heard the bell ?'

'Very sorry, sir,' said the second officer, 'I don't remember it. I didn't hear a sound. I only saw the hulk crowding over our bows.'

There was a pause. Every one began now to realise that there was a sensation afoot. Captain Pritchard turned to the third engineer.

'You heard it, Mr Knight?' he asked.

'I heard your bell ring in the engine-room, sir,' answered Knight. 'That was the first and only bell for me.'

The captain stared from face to face. Not one of the other few men of the watch came to his aid, and he realised what this meant.

'Very well,' he said grimly; 'but it was a good thing for all of us that I heard it, anyway. And we'll just stand by, Mr Bruce!'

Imagine, then, the Northgate, with her voyage suspended, drifting before the wind at the rate the vanished derelict had been seen to drift, waiting for the leisurely clearing of the weather. Imagine the captain, solitary and grim, on the bridge with his still useless telescope, the first and second officers conversing in low tones now and again, and the men attending to their appointed tasks with sly glances at one another that spoke louder than words. And under these strained conditions glances were certainly safer.

The point of it was that they were all dead against their shipmaster. Those who had seen the derelict were unanimous in their decision that there could have been no one on board; and Collinson, an experienced seaman, who had had the best view, was prepared to wager his last half-ounce of tobacco that she had been a sea-washed wreck for at least a year. As for the bell-

The man who thought most and said least was the second officer. He had something to think of, and his paucity of speech was due as much to his good feeling as to his good sense. He realised that the captain's story was really something confiden-

tial, and that he must not impart it to any one else. In this he was undoubtedly right, and his conduct gained its acknowledgment.

That was late in the afternoon, when the sensation was over. Meantime the new south wind gradually thinned the curtain of fog until the telescope could resume its ordinary functions with a good face. Then expectation became keen, every glass was brought into use, and every acre of the tumultuous northern seas was eagerly scanned. And more than a mile to leaward a black spot appeared and disappeared, looking like anything but a ship in the utterness of its ruin. But the engine-room bell tinkled again, and the Northgate steamed triumphantly on her mission of rescue.

During the next half-hour a curious silence held almost every one. They were in the grip of a mystery, but the circumstances were not of a character to encourage free comment or audible speculation. It lay between the captain on the bridge and the derelict on the water; and while no one expected the captain to win, it would not be politic to say so aloud. Indeed, the silence became even more general when they drew nearer, and were able to examine at leisure the helpless hulk which had

so nearly proved their ruin.

Once she had been a ship of some two thousand tons, but it was generally agreed that Collinson's estimate had been over-modest. Of course it was impossible to say when her ruin had come, but she had certainly been the sport and butt of the storms for a long cycle of months. There was no lift in her ghastly hull, but she lay like a log, with the seas breaking over her and their waters streaming through the gaps in her shattered bulwarks. Long ago the last fragment of her deck-houses had been swept away, but the stumps of three lost masts and a bowsprit still reared themselves in tragic mockery out of the ruck of disaster.

There was no sign of a name on her paintless timbers, no hint of life from stem to stern. For many minutes the glasses searched her in vain, and then, at a signal from the bridge, three shrill screams from the Northgate echoed over the water. After that a strained silence fell once more.

In response to another command from the captain, the Northgate moved round to leeward of the wreck, whose hulk was listed over to starboard. Then at two hundred yards they got a square view of her sloping deck, and there was no further question No human being could by any possibility have lived there. As she lay, her whole deck was naked to the seas, and in scores of gales the thundering billows of the wild North Atlantic had hurled themselves upon it and climbed in triumph over it Every fragment of furnishing had long been swept away, and she lay so deep that water could be seen welling from her gaping hatches as she rolled. There was no shelter on that hull for anything larger than a bird, no resting-place for any creature without wings wherewith to fly.

The men glanced at one another cautiously. Only

one or two could see the tragic side of the situation, while its absurdity was apparent to all.

Suddenly the captain spoke. 'Mr Gibbs, come up here.'

'Yes, sir,' said the second officer; and when he reached the bridge he found Captain Pritchard ready to speak.

'Mr Gibbs,' he said curtly, 'I was convinced that this morning I heard a signal from that hulk yonder—a bell. As a matter of fact, it is to that warning that we owe our escape. You follow me?'

'Certainly, sir.'

'Well, Mr Gibbs, I have eyes, and can see what is before me. But you know as much as I do, and I want your confirmation. After looking at that wreck, do you agree with my conclusion that the thing is impossible?'

For an instant they stood eye to eye. Then the second officer touched his cap.

'Nothing but a bird could live there, sir,' he said emphatically. 'It's out of the question.'

'Thank you,' answered the captain in the same curt manner. 'That will do.'

The mate turned and retired. The bell rang again in the engine-room, and instantly the propeller began to lash the gray water. But no man smiled as the Northgate resumed her voyage. That dismal spectre of loss and ruin, drifting upon a still and barren sea, had crept upon their spirits, and they turned their backs upon it with a great relief.

A simple entry in the Northgate's log gave particulars of an encounter with a derelict in a certain latitude and longitude during a fog, and described somewhat minutely the damage to the steamer's bowplates. The entry did not suggest that the escape was miraculous, and there was no mention of the bell mystery. The derelict, however, was duly reported on their arrival at Halifax, and was subsequently sought out and destroyed by a British gunboat.

The second officer went ashore, and one night told his story to a medical acquaintance in the port over a pipe and a glass. This auditor enjoyed the yarn greatly, and was ready with a practical explanation.

'Ringing noises in the head, of course, are no great mystery,' he said, and forthwith explained their origin and peculiarities. 'Nevertheless, I don't believe Captain Pritchard suffered in this way on this particular occasion. He simply imagined it. His early experience was upon his mind, and he was nervously anxious. He was listening, too, with all his ears, and possibly some kind of sound did come to him through the fog. And it adapted itself to his nervous condition of mind—to the peculiar trend of his senses. Indeed, with such a man in such a state of mind the experience is hardly ontside the range of natural phenomena.'

'But,' said Mr Gibbs, 'there's the result of it! It saved the Northgate and perhaps every man-Jack aboard her.'

'Ah,' said the medico reflectively, 'now you are going farther afield. What men call Providence—let us put it like this—what men call Providence has a curious knack of using human sensations—or perhaps we may say the human senses—for the good of the human, and in ways that can only make us wonder and admire. And if you want anything more direct than that, Mr Gibbs, you will probably get it from the first parson you care to apply to. It's their business to put these matters very plainly.'

The mate, however, was satisfied, and presently returned to the harbour and the Northgate. He sailed two more voyages with Captain Pritchard, but neither of them ever mentioned the mystery of the bell. It was just a trifle out of the normal, and could only be explained by a curious conglomeration of science and the supernatural. And as some plain men have an abhorrence of such phenomena, they were probably wise in refusing to discuss the matter at all.

CARRAGEEN.

By J. S. REDMAYNE, M.A.



ARRAGEEN is a substance the virtues of which were more widely known fifty years ago than they are at present. To be exact, carrageen in the raw state is a seaweed of a greenish-brown colour which grows

in bunches three or four inches long, and is found in plenty on the west coast of Ireland, and in lesser quantities on the west coast of Ross-shire, the Hebrides, and here and there on the east coast of our islands.

In its growing stages it is unlikely to attract even passing notice. But when torn up and washed about by the waves it gradually assumes a yellowishwhite colour; and when cast ashore, if left long enough beyond high-water mark, it gradually bleaches and dries into a crisp, shrivelled atom. But comparatively little carrageen ever reaches this dry stage—first, because, under the influence of sun and moisture, carrageen, if covered by other seaweed, quickly dissolves and disappears; and, secondly, because all animals and birds appear to be incordinately fond of it as food. That it possesses some valuable food-properties is clear by the manner in which most animals devour it when they find it.

At Ullapool, in Ross-shire, I have frequently been amused watching the eagerness with which the cows nosed it up out of the larger masses of other seaweed along the shore, and their curious rejection of all other kinds except the dainty bits of carrageen. The hens and chickens, too, search for

it, and even the dogs pick it out and eat it with evident relish. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that carrageen is amongst the number of those substances which are known as 'old women's remedies.' Indeed, amongst the 'wise women' of the peasantry on the west coast of Ireland carrageen was formerly in great repute as a sovereign cure for weak chest, influenza colds, and as being useful in the earlier stages of consumption and after rheumatic fever and all other ailments which are accompanied by considerable waste of tissue. How far the modern patent medicines and invalidfoods have penetrated into these western wilds it is difficult to say; but thirty years ago it was quite a usual thing to see old peasant women at Kilkee, on the west coast of Clare, collecting, bleaching, and drying large quantities of carrageen for use amongst the invalid peasantry. I fancy that the practice must be discontinued and the value of carrageen forgotten there now, because I have tried in vain to procure any when inquiring for it recently.

Carrageen was collected in small fragments (it is never found large), carefully separated from all other seaweed, and washed in fresh running water, and then spread on short grass to bleach and dry. Under ordinary conditions this process will occupy about a week, and cannot be hurried. The weed must be spread out thinly and turned every second day so as to expose every part to the air. To attempt to dry it close to a fire would probably cause it to partly dissolve (such is its nature); but in we weather, after it is bleached in the open air, the drying process may be conducted under cover so long as it is turned over once a day and exposed to the air.

When dry, it will keep good for years if put away in a warm place free from moisture. It is not desirable to store it in a box; a sack or bag is better.

When it is required for use, the mode of preparation is as follows: Take a handful of the dried carrageen and sprinkle it loosely into a jug, pour on it a pint of boiling water, and stir. The water must be boiling, and then the seaweed will gradually dissolve to a considerable extent into a glue-like mass. This should then be placed in a covered pan to stew slowly till the greater part of the weed has A few of the tougher stalks may be dissolved. allowed to remain undissolved. When it has boiled for about twenty minutes, add a quart of new milk and stir till it boils, and then strain through a fine sieve, taking care to rub the jelly-like seaweed as much as possible through the sieve with the liquid, which is then flavoured and sweetened to taste and set aside in moulds to cool. The result is a stiff grayish-white pudding with a curious sharp fracture when broken-quite unlike that of either ordinary jelly or corn-flour. It is eaten in this form, and is an excellent food for invalids suffering from loss of tissue. The undissolved portions of the seaweed left in the sieve may be boiled up and used

My impression is that carrageen supplies just the very elements required by nature to make up lost tissue after any wasting illness, such as influenza, and that herein lies its special value. Without being a professional medical man, I know of many cases where its use has produced marvellous results, and particularly in curing difficult cases of chronic indigestion which no other remedy seemed able to touch. In this twentieth century we are, perhaps, too apt to think lightly of old-world remedies, forgetful of the fact that while the people who have for a long time made use of these simple medicines may have had no scientific knowledge of their constituents, or why they were remedies at all, yet they had, at any rate, a wealth of experience older than the data of many modern pharmaceutical chemists' text-books. On the west coast of Scotland, the money-value of carrageen found there is quite unrecognised at present, and I have had difficulty in persuading small boys that I was not an amiable lunatic in offering them pennies to collect carrageen for me along the shore, and when I did succeed, that one variety of seaweed was not just as good as another. But I never visit the west coast of Ross shire without bringing back with me a large bag of dried carrageen as being the most useful pick-me-up and cure I know of for influenza and such-like ailments. Since writing the above several friends suffering from (1) after-effects of influenza, (2) chronic weak digestive organs, have used carrageen

with excellent results.

[Mr Redmayne has discovered for himself what was fairly well known to a past generation, as the recipes given below demonstrate, taken from a druggist's label of fifty years ago. The label was furnished by Mr W. Gilmour, 11 Elm Row, Edinurished. The old spelling of Carrageen is identical with that of the place Carragheen, near Waterford, Ireland, where it was found abundantly.

CARRAGHEEN OR IRISH PEARL MOSS.

Directions for Making Jelly.—Steep a quarter of an ounce of the moss in warm water for half-an-hour, then take it out, shake out the water, and boil it in a quart of new milk until it is of the consistence of warm jelly, strain, and sweeten it to the taste with white sugar.

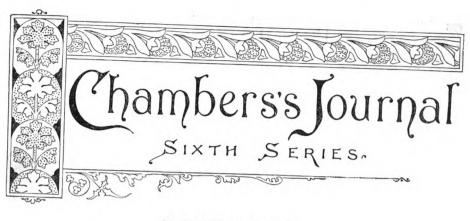
For Consumptive Persons.—A small tea-cupiul should be taken in the morning, and repeated every four hours.

For Catarrhal or Consumptive Cough.—A tea-cupful of the jelly should be taken at any time when the cough is troublesome.

To Make Blanc Mange.—Prepared in the same way, boiling it until it becomes sufficiently thick to retain the shape, and sweeten it with sugar.

To Make Jelly.—After washing the moss boil it in water, carefully straining it, and add the usual flavouring.

For Soups.—Boil the moss in a little water, and then add the strained liquor to the soup.]



MONEY-MAD.

By T. C. BRIDGES.



ie:

*

HERE appeared recently in a London daily paper a letter on the miseries of two thousand pounds a year. Ludicrous as such a complaint seems to most of us, the writer really made

out a very strong case. He pointed out that he had to rent a house in town, to keep a motor, and to entertain. Most of his own circle had from two to five times his income, and spent it, with the result that he found himself the earthen pot among brazen vessels, and lived up to his neck in debt.

The mere fact that any one could consider himself poor upon an income of forty pounds a week is proof-positive of the amazing extravagance of modern life. Incomes are growing so rapidly that a man who twenty years ago was considered wealthy is now only moderately well-off; yet, in spite of the increase of wealth, expenditure is more than keeping pace with it.

American millionaires, with their bottomless purses, first set the foolish example which others with less money but equal lack of sense have since followed.

The American watering-place Newport is known as the town of millionaires, and it is the thing for all the wealthiest New Yorkers to have a house there. Now, New York hostesses are bitterly jealous of one another's claims to social supremacy, and the result has been that when a number of these millionaires' wives find themselves cheek by jowl in little Newport the rivalry becomes intensified to an unheard-of degree. In a recent novel there was a delicious description of guests at a Newport house shrimping in an artificial lagoon for sham oysters with real pearls in them. Fiction here hardly outstrips fact; for American papers are full of descriptions of tramp dinners, snake - weddings, appendicitis - suppers, and every freak - entertainment which the mind of the money-mad can possibly conceive of.

The amounts lavished on performances of this kind are almost incredible. Sums which would No. 511. -Vol. X.

build a steam yacht or purchase a twelve-inch gun are flung away upon a single evening's amusement. Of all the magnificent mansions in Newport, the most splendid is Beaulieu, the home of young Mrs Cornelius Vanderbilt. The brilliant idea occurred to this lady to give at a private entertainment the play Wild Rose, then drawing large audiences at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York. To enable her to do this, it was necessary, first, to buy up every seat in the theatre for that particular night, to pay the expenses of the whole company-more than one hundred in number-from New York to Newport, and to erect a temporary theatre in the Beaulieu grounds. Five hundred guests were asked, and afterwards a dance was given on a floor laid upon the lawn. The grounds were turned into a fairyland by lavish use of electric lights and flowers; there were three bands, and a supper of unparalleled perfection. No outsider knows precisely what the bill was, but five thousand pounds is the lowest estimate.

Mrs Vanderbilt got something for her money. Her guests all vowed they had had a 'perfectly lovely' time; and as no one but royalty had ever previously given a 'command performance,' she herself gained enormous social prestige. But not the most distorted imagination can conceive that the guests at a certain Californian supper, which certainly cost a great deal more than Mrs Vanderbilt's entertainment, got any good out of it. The supper was given by a young millionaire (who shall be nameless) to his bachelor friends on the eve of his marriage. By way of showing his contempt for mere money, he ended the supper by jerking the cloth off the table, and sending a costly dessertservice to smithereens on the floor. Not to be left behind, a guest jumped upon the table and pulled the chandelier out by the roots. Then the fun became fast and furious. Some flung full bottles of champagne at the mirrors; others ripped the carpets and broke up the furniture, which they then proceeded to make a bonfire of. Everything they could lay their hands on was piled on the fire, including [All Rights Reserved.] SEPTEMBER 14, 1907.

costly ornaments and even their host's wardrobe. Finally, having practically wrecked the whole house, they all had a bath in champagne. How well and happy they must have felt the next day!

Please do not imagine that mad expenditure is confined to the United States. London sees extravagances of the most amazing kind, though fortunately our newspapers do not encourage them by double-leaded headlines, as does the yellow press of America. There was, for instance, the 'gondola dinner' at the 'Savoy,' when the 'Savoy' courtyard was transformed into a lagoon, adorned with exquisite flowers and lit by an artificial moon. Within a few minutes after the order for the dinner had been given, one hundred and fifty electricians, carpenters, and scene-painters were at work; and the marvellous part of the performance is that the whole preparations, including even the fancy-dress costumes for the waiters, were completed within twenty-four hours. This dinner cost its giver, Mr George A. Kessler, a trifle of three thousand

Then there was the Kimberley diggings dinner, given to Mr Harry Barnato at the New Gaiety; and the freak-entertainment for the choir of Austrian millionaires, where fountains flowed, in good old fairy-tale fashion, with real champagne.

The ordinary evening parties of London's smart set make money run like water. It is nothing nowadays to pay the principal singer at a musical 'At Home' three hundred pounds for singing a couple of songs. A second will get a cheque for fifty pounds, and a popular actor twenty-five pounds for a short recitation. Flowers, too, cost fortunes. At one such entertainment last summer, the whole house was decorated with masses of orchids—purple, cream, scarlet, and white. The bill for flowers alone was four hundred and eleven pounds; and within the next day or two, four hundred and eleven pounds worth of orchids were swept out and carried away in the corporation dust-cart.

For another entertainment—a dinner-party

merely—the flowers cost three hundred and eightythree pounds. They consisted of pale pink roses of a special kind and lilies of the valley. These roses cost a trifle of half-a-crown a bloom, and the lilies of the valley were one shilling a spray.

For food alone the sums expended are almost incredible. The great idea of the smart-set hostess is to feed her guests upon delicacies as entirely out of season as possible. There are dishes of December green-peas at seven-and-six a spoonful, asparagus at half-a-crown a stick, winter strawberries at two guineas a pound, and marvellous peaches at a sovereign apiece. Another enormously costly dish in great favour just now with those who have more money than they know what to do with is truite au bleu. To secure the absolute perfection of flavour it is essential that the trout shall be alive when they reach the hands of the cook. The fish must therefore be brought, in special tanks laden upon special trucks, from the river to the kitchen, and the water

must be kept constantly aerated or the fish will die. A single dish of truite au bleu may very well cost twenty pounds. Quails stuffed with ortolans, Chinese birds'-nest soup, and kangaroo-tail soup are other items of the modern millionaire menu. Lucullus spent a sum equal to seventeen hundred pounds of our money on a single meal. It is confidently affirmed that a London hostess recently entertained sixteen people to a dinner which cost for food alone thirty guineas a head.

for food alone thirty guineas a head.

The salaries paid to the men who prepare the food are equally beyond reason. Plenty of chefs in private houses receive from eight hundred pounds to fittee hundred pounds a year, and such men are, as a rule, extravagant to a degree. One young English peeres, whose husband has an income of nearly a thousand pounds a day, was so disgusted with the waste of costly food which she found in her country house that she dismissed the chef and engaged instead a woman-cook at sixty-five pounds a year. She declares that her household now fares just as well at one-third the former cost.

There is a story that the Sultan of Turkey once

found a favourite son in tears. Asked the reason, the boy said, between sobs, that his father had made him an admiral; but what was the good of that when he could not see his ship from the nursery window? 'We will arrange that,' said the Sulian, and at once ordered that a man-of-war should be brought from the dockyard and moored in front of the Dolmabagtcheh. He was told that the new bridge, nearly completed, was in the way. Then pull it down, and rebuild it later,' said his Majesty coolly; and the order was carried out at a cost of something like one hundred thousand pounds.

This yarn savours somewhat of the Arabian Nights, but it is merely typical of the power of unlimited wealth; and there are plenty of modern millionaires who indulge their lightest whims with equal carelessness of cost. A young Frenchman who had lately come into a gigantic fortune strolled one day into a menagerie at Cherbourg. The anionals alleviated his boredom for the moment; and, walking up to the proprietor, he asked what he would sell out for. 'A hundred thousand francs' (four thousand pounds), was the reply. Without another word the youth wrote a cheque, and ordered the whole collection to be sent to his country house.

Mr Charles Fleischmann, an American millionaire, is himself the architect of his own fortune; but, unlike most of his countrymen, he has retired to a country house in the Catskills to enjoy his wealth. Being devoted to the American national game, he keeps a dozen of the best baseball-players in the country at his house, pays them thumping salaries, and treats them like princes; and when he feels in need of a little recreation, asks them to play before him on one of the several excellent grounds which he has made near his house.

It occurred to another of these money-kings, Stephen S. Marchand by name, to distinguish himself from other men by the possession of the most self from other men by the possession of

beautiful bedchamber-it would be profanation to call it bedroom-in the world. So in his new house he had a first-floor room constructed, elliptical in shape, seventy-six feet long and twenty-two feet The walls he had panelled with costly carved woods at the trifling cost of twelve thousand eight hundred pounds. The panels were hung with purple-and-gold Genoese velvet at seven pounds fifteen shillings a yard. There are twenty-eight panels, and for each ten yards of velvet were used. To adorn the ceiling special artists were brought from Paris, and these decorations cost nearly four thousand pounds. The chairs are of solid carved ivory, with ebony-and-gold inlay; the chimneypiece cost twelve hundred and thirty pounds; the washstand, seven hundred and ten pounds; one cheval-glass, seven hundred and thirty pounds; and other furniture in proportion! But the crowning glory of this amazing apartment is the bed. This, like the chairs, is of ivory and ebony, marvellously carved; and it is said that in order to procure a tusk large enough to form its head a special expedition was sent to Africa at a cost of four thousand pounds. The carving employed the time of four skilled artists for two years, and the bill for the bed alone reached a total of thirty-eight thousand pounds. The completed room represents an outlay of one hundred and ninety-three thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds, or, say, an income of about ten thousand pounds a year.

Speaking of beds brings to mind a whim of the French Marquise de la Roche Fontenille. When confined to her room by illness, she had the quilt entirely covered with orchid blooms, which were renewed three times a day. The result of this and other like extravagances was that the affairs of the marquise were, according to the wise French law on the subject, placed in the hands of trustees.

A popular craze of the day is the lavishing of small fortunes on pets. Gold collars studded with precious stones are clasped round the necks of lapdogs, and a San Francisco lady's cat named Beauty walked abroad adorned with diamond earrings and a gold necklace. Parisian-cut garments and dainty manicure sets are provided for the delectation of these pampered pets. Pet-dogs have their travelling-costumes, their night-shirts, their boots, and monogrammed handkerchiefs. When washed, yolk of eggs is used instead of soap, lest their tender skins be irritated; and when one of these poor little brutes becomes ill through over-feeding, its dainty appetite is tempted with chicken, partridge, and sweetbreads served on silver dishes.

The record in wasteful expenditure of this kind was probably reached by the American lady who owned three pet-dogs known as the Bat-eared Babies, and valued at two thousand five hundred pounds apiece. They had a special maid to look after them and a footman to exercise them. The former received seventy-five pounds a year, and the latter the comfortable salary of one hundred pounds. The clothing of each dog costs one hundred pounds a

year, and for their food the bill was ten shillings a day. The owner of these dogs had a miniature of them painted by the famous animal-artist Mrs J. C. Chandler, which was set in a gold frame surrounded by diamonds and pearls.

So much has been written of late about the extraordinary sums spent upon dress and personal adornment by the modern society woman that there is little to be added. It is a sign of the times that quite young girls think two hundred pounds a year an allowance upon which it is barely possible to present a decent appearance. Their mothers were passing rich on fifty pounds a year.

Perhaps it is in toilet accessories, more than in any other direction, that the feminine spendthrift lets herself go. The Empress Poppæa used to keep a troop of asses to supply milk for her baths. The ultra-fashionable woman of to-day does not stop at baths of milk. She daily empties whole bottles of costly essences and scents into her silver or marble bath, and pays literally any price for a new and distinctive perfume of which she can retain a monopoly. The wife of a Chicago millionaire has a small factory at work for her distilling scent from a certain variety of water-lily. It takes many tons of these lilies to make a four-ounce bottle of the perfume, which is valued at the incredible sum of twenty-five pounds a drop.

Some people seem literally to have more money than they know what to do with. In February last a young man crossing the Atlantic on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. distributed six hundred pounds in tips among the stewards. One got five pounds for bringing him a cup of coffee, another four pounds for opening a bottle of wine.

Some aver that extravagance of any kind is good for trade and therefore to be encouraged. There may be a modicum of truth in this statement; but if making money 'roll' is good for trade it is bad as bad can be from every other point of view. Nothing demoralises labour worse than the prodigal distribution of money which has not been justly earned. Besides, it is a selfish performance; for others not so well off, or not so extravagant, fail in consequence to get the service which they pay for and are justly entitled to receive.

But the worst harm that the money-mad do is the vile example which they set. Mrs A. does so and so, therefore Mrs B. must do the like. B. is only half as rich as A., but that doesn't matter. And Mrs C., observing Mrs B.'s new motor or sables, must have the same. So it goes on; and presently C. finds himself in the Bankruptcy Court, and B. has to sell his place and go abroad.

The canker runs, spreading lower and lower, through all classes of society. The shopkeeper is no longer content to live over his shop, the maid spends every penny of her wages on her back, the mechanic's wife runs into debt to the tallyman, and the love of luxury and consequent decay of morals affect the whole nation from the highest to the lowest.

FLOATING DOCK. THE ROMANCE A OF

CHAPTER VIII.



HEN Don Santiago saw the steamer moving from the bank he ran quickly forward, but he was too late, and the loose mooring-rope was already beyond his reach. He saw Sandford spring into the engine-well and turn

on the steam, and he also saw the feeble response of the screw. Then he knew that the engineer, on coming ashore, must have let his wood fire die down. He heard Sandford's shouted order to the men to get out the anchor. The piles of billets hid the two men from him, but, as the order was not obeyed, he guessed that the anchor was not available, perhaps not even on board. He saw his daughter standing up. She did not look frightened. The vessel was quickly receding, and presently was too far off to distinguish what was doing on board. He saw her swing broadside to the current, and knew by that that she was helpless. Still he did not think her in danger. The Englishman seemed alert, and was probably clever enough to get the fire going. The wood would burn up quickly, and, steam once obtained, she could be steered and brought back. At the worst, she might drift on the bank and stick there. It was impossible to follow her down the river-side, for the impenetrable jungle began close to the landing-place. He looked round for a boat, but there was not one

'Have you not a canoe?' he said to the alcalde.

'Yes, Don Santiago, of course I have a canoe, but it is round in the arroyo.' This was a muddy brook flowing into the river a quarter of a mile farther up. 'Here, Juan! Pedro!' he cried to two men standing by, 'Run and get the canoe.'

'A dollar to each if you are quick!' cried Don Santiago, and the two men whom the alcalde had called set off at a run with several others of the bystanders. Meantime the Vigilancia drifted quickly out of sight round the first bend of

The alcalde suddenly struck his breast. He the river. remembered that the canoe had been sent to a

planted clearing for a load of corn.

'Carrai!' he said, 'if they have begun to load her, these fellows will dispute whether she should be brought as she is or unloaded again. I will myself hasten, señor. You had better remain here in case they should be already on the way round.' He bowed and hurried away.

Don Santiago was helpless. By this time several more of the inhabitants of the village were standing round him, full of interest and eager to help

and advise. 'Do you know,' he asked, 'if that canoe has oars?

'Yes, señor,' cried several voices, 'two oars.'

'And who are the best rowers?'

They looked about among themselves. 'Juan, señor, and Pedro. They have gone for

He tried to think of what might possibly be the canoe.' needed. Then he took a coin from his pocket. He knew that the alcalde kept a general store.

'Look,' he said to the lad nearest him, 'run quickly to the bodega for two coils of strong

rope.'

'Yes, señor.' The lad darted off up the slope

to the village. It seemed a long time before the men appeared coming down the river with the canoe. The alcaldt himself was in it. It was a big clumsy boat, cut by hatchet out of a great cedar trunk, and had in the bow two heavy ill-balanced oars, each tied with rope to the front of a single thole pin. The men rowed in a short jerky style, making 110 attempt to keep time with each other, and impeding the boat's way at every stroke by their bad recovery. But they were strong fellows, not easily fatigued, and their pulling, uncouth as it was, sent the boat on faster than the current.

Don Santiago got in quickly and they pushed off, the alcalde steering with a third oar put over the side near the stern. The captain and the engineer now came running from the village 10 the top of the bank and shouted, but Don Santiago would not stop. The alcalde skilfully turned the boat to the swift current in the centre of the river, and they sped downwards. Quickly they rounded the first bend, and at once came in sight of the half-submerged branches of the giant ceiba with the brown water foaming through them. But beside them there was now something else. At first they could not make it out.

Then the alcalde cried, 'Dios mio! It is the

chimney!'

It was indeed the funnel of the Vigilancia slanting upwards from the rushing water. Immediately they were able to distinguish the tiltedup edge of her wooden awning with two figures

Rowers and steersman began shouting contraclinging to it. dictory advice, no one listening to another. They stopped rowing, but the current bore them swiftly on, and the alcalde kept away a little. He did not dare to run right on the snag for fear of being swamped, and yet, once past it, it would be next to impossible with their oars to bring the boat up again. But Don Santiago was a man of experience and swift resource. He unwound one of the colls of rope, and, taking an oar from the hands of one of the rowers, he quickly knotted one end of the rope securely round the middle of it, giving it several turns so that it should not slip. Then, kneeling in the bottom of the canoe as they passed the tree, which lay with its head up-stream, he launched the oar, harpoon-fashion, through the submerged branches. In spite of his precaution, his effort nearly upset the canoe. Recovering himself, he quickly gave the other end of the rope a couple of turns round the thwart. As it dragged, the oar, being tied by the middle, was pulled across the branches and held there. Letting his end run a little, Don Santiago brought the canoe up with scarcely a jerk, and it hung in the current securely anchored to the ceiba, while the Indians looked at him with admiring respect.

Then he saw that the figures clinging to the awning's edge were the two steamer hands, and his heart sank. But he did not lose his head. The strain on the rope was considerable, and he uncoiled the other and threw an end of it to the men, telling them to make it fast to one of the awning stanchions. There was nothing to be seen of his daughter or the Englishman.

'Where are your passengers?' he cried.

The men only shook their heads.

The canoe was now cautiously hauled up alongside the wreck, and the two men taken on board. Don Santiago asked again for the lady and the other passenger. The men did not know. They had themselves scrambled quickly to the top of the awning. There was no time, they said, to do anything but try to save themselves. They could do nothing to help the passengers. The steamer had struck the snag, and turned half over and filled in a moment. They were forward, with all the stacks of firewood and cargo between. They could not see the lady and the senor. No doubt they were drowned, said one of the men, and the other, who wore a little picture of the Virgin on a string round his neck, made the sign of the cross.

With despair Don Santiago looked over the side into the brown water which foamed through the sunken steamer. It was somewhat muddy with the first freshets, and he could not see far below the surface. Could his daughter and the young Englishman have been entangled below? Or had they been washed out and carried away by the current?

The Indian of the upper waters of the Moyocuilean rivers, although unskilled in the art of rowing, which on his own account he never practises, being content to go down-stream with the current and up-stream by poling alongside the bank, is nevertheless a perfect swimmer and diver. He is quite at home in the water, in which indeed he spends a large part of almost every day. Juan and Pedro immediately offered to go down and make a search, and, fastening a rope round his arm, each of them alternately plunged in several times. Pedro brought up Sandford's valise, which he found jammed below the seat. Everything not fixed had been washed out of the little steamer. Even the stacked firewood was all gone. She lay canted over in some

ten feet of water. They were certain there was no one in her. Don Santiago looked round. There was nothing in the branches of the *ceiba*, which, besides, lay up-stream. There was no sign of any one on either of the river-banks, on which the rising water had almost reached the matted vegetation. But the strongest swimmer could not have got ashore without being carried far down-stream.

It was hopeless to look any more in the steamer, and Don Santiago, with a heavy heart, ordered the canoe to be pushed to the river-side. Slowly drifting down, he examined the bank minutely, but could find no sign that any one had landed. After going down nearly a mile, he crossed over to the other side, and began the slow process of poling the boat up-river as near the shore as possible, while he scrutinised every yard. Hours passed and no trace of any one was found. One thing was clear. Anybody who had managed to reach shallow water, or to land where some bit of the shelving bank had fallen down (and no one could land anywhere else), must have remained there, unless he had an axe or cutlass with which to cut a path through the dense grassy jungle that came down to the river's edge. There was no such path to be seen.

The sun had almost sunk to the horizon when they got as far up-river again as the wrecked steamer. Nothing more could be done in the dark. They ceased the vain search, and poled wearily up by the bank to the village landing-place again. The captain and the engineer were waiting for them.

The men were tired, but Don Santiago scarcely felt fatigue. He resolved to start again at earliest dawn, and, drifting down the river, to examine minutely both its banks, visiting every snag and tree-stump where anything might possibly be entangled. He had indeed given up expectation of finding his daughter alive. His best hope now was to save her body from the crocodiles.

'It will be useless, señor,' said the captain, shaking his head. 'The señorita could not swim far, and the gentleman had his boots on.' He did not mean to be callous, but only sincere, and so he added, 'In about a week you may find them at Culebras.' Culebras was fifty miles down-stream. 'Don Emilio had his canoe upset last year just above this, where the ford used to be, and he was found there.'

The alcalde nodded his head. 'Yes,' said he, 'I remember it.'

But Don Santiago never thought of giving up the search. Sometimes a glimpse of some possibility would cross his mind. Sandford or his daughter might have clung to a loose plank or to one of the firewood billets. Who could tell? It is the impossible that happens now and then. Ignorant of the river, and foreigner as the young man was, the mere fact that he was an Englishman was favourable. He would not desert the girl anyway. So the father thought. But these sanguine

fancies quickly passed. He felt in his heart that he would never see his daughter again. Yet he would not lose the faintest chance. He could not rest.

Had he been less absorbed he might have noticed, and perhaps understood, a furtive hesitation in the captain's manner. The alcalde saw and comprehended it.

Both were, like Don Diego Lopez, and half the Moyocuilean nation, mestizos - that is, of partly white and partly Indian blood. In them the Indian predominated, with its physical and moral inheritance. The Indian is not only callous about death, but is superstitious about the saving of life. Like the peasant of the south of Ireland, he believes that if you save a man's life he will probably do you a mortal injury. Perhaps the obligation is too much for human nature to bear.

The captain of the Vigilancia, though he did not say so openly, wanted the canoe. He did not wish the story of his careless losing of the steamer to reach the office of the Company till he had got her raised, so that his employers should not learn that she was lost before they learned that she had been recovered. He was not scientifically trained in the laws of hydrodynamics, but he knew that her heavy hull and engine would be lighter under water, and he thought he would go down with his engineer and the two men in the morning, fix ropes to her, carry them ashore, and with the help of a few others drag her to the bank and pump and bale her out. It was unlikely that she was seriously damaged, and he was in hopes that he might navigate her down, with his news, little the worse.

He glanced at the alcalds as Don Santiago was making his plans, but the alcalde would not meet his eye. The alcalde wanted to please the captain, but he wanted to please Don Santiago too. Both were his very good friends and customers. After a little the captain rose and went out.

Don Santiago was giving instructions for the morning, when it struck him that the alcalds was listening with a slightly preoccupied air, assenting to everything and promising everything a thought too fluently. Don Santiago knew better than to place any reliance on his promises. He knew how readily the resolution of overnight evaporates before morning, and how calmly the mestizo offers, and expects to be accepted, an excuse in lieu of a performance.

He instantly resolved that he would run no risk, and, rising, he said, 'My friend, you will pardon me. I cannot rest. Let us get these things ready now. It will divert my thoughts and save time to-morrow.'

'Ah senor, rest. There will be plenty of time in the morning. I charge myself with getting all ready for you,'

'No,' said Don Santiago; 'do me the favour.' He pushed open the door that led from the house into the shop. 'Here, boy,' he said to the lad |

behind the counter, 'get me down half-a-dozen blankets.'

'Yes, señor.'

'And some tinned meat, a jar of aguardiente, a drinking-cup, some bread, candles and a lantern, and a basket that will hold them all.'

He had them brought and laid on the floor, and packed them all in the soft basket of matting. Then he sat and smoked for a while. The alcalde prepared to close for the night.

'What time will you have your coffee in the

morning, señor?'

'Four o'clock, if it will not trouble you.'

'I shall attend to it myself.'

But Don Santiago knew that, this promise notwithstanding, the alcalde and his household would very possibly be wrapped in the deepest slumber at four, and that he might be lucky if the coffee were ready at six. A Moyocuilean promises anything you like for 'to-morrow.' A promise costs him nothing. If you wish it, why should you not have it? It is a polite and meaningless form of words, indicating good-will, but having no relation to performance, which will not be affected by it one way or another, but will depend on the convenience and motives of the moment.

Unable to keep still long, Don Santiago strolled out on the veranda. All was dark, except where, a few yards off to his left, a bar of light shone from the door of the bodega. He walked back and forward once or twice. As he reached for the third or fourth time the darkest end of the pillared walk, he heard a whisper.

'Don Santiago,' some one said from behind one of the pillars. He could see nobody. 'Don Santiago, it is I, Pedro. Do not speak loud, señor. I have something to tell you.'

'Have you any news? Have you found any

He caught at any straw of hope.

'No, señor. It is not that. But the captain and the engineer and their two men are going to take the canoe very early and get away with it to raise the steamer. If you want it you must be before them.

'Have they taken it?' asked Don Santiago, after

a moment's thought. 'No, señor, not till the morning. At three they will take it.'

'Then, Pedro, come with me.'

'He took Pedro into the house. The packed basket lay on the floor.

'Take it up,' he said, 'and follow me,' and he led the way to the river-bank, where the canoe was moored.

'I shall sleep in her,' he said. 'Go you and find Juan and bring him here. Tell no one.

When Juan came, Don Santiago made both men get into the boat with him. Then they pushed her quietly off, and dropped down stream a quarter of a mile, and Pedro stepped into the shallow water with a rope, and tied her up to a tree on the bank.

Then the two Indians wrapped themselves in their blankets, lay down in the bottom of the boat, and went to sleep. Don Santiago lay down also, but he could not sleep. He pondered over every faint chance of his daughter being alive, and went over and over again in detail his plan for searching the river.

As soon as there was light he woke the men, and, after giving them a little breakfast, set out, first to visit again the steamer, then to drift slowly down

the river, examining the banks and every snag on which anything might have caught. Hour after hour they patiently continued the search, often delaying to look more carefully at some possible place. When they found a firewood billet which had drifted ashore, or got fastened in the branches of a sunken tree, they searched much around it.

But night fell and they had made no discovery.

(To be continued.)

A PLAIN TALK TO DEAF PEOPLE.



I is a strange thing that people will receive gratefully all delicate attentions in the way of glasses for the eyes or apparatus for deformed legs or ankles, but will seldom use any

aid for the ears. I really am quite tired of hearing people say to me, 'I do wish we could persuade granny, uncle James, aunty, or my friend Miss Jones, to use an ear-trumpet as you do.' It is so tiring to need to raise one's voice or to shout at them. Yet we find that the old people often prefer their friends to shout at them.

It is so much harder for the young to have to use a trumpet and conversation-tube than for older people who have had their life and pleasure, and whose deafness is the result of old-age! My first advice to all ages, young and old, is to use these aids, which surely come as a boon and a blessing to the deaf. Deaf people should consult an aurist re a speaking-tube, for some forms of deafness, I am told, do not improve with its use. I was recommended by a very well-known aurist to use one while I was losing my hearing, and before I did not, but only laughed scornfully at the idea. Later, I quickly took to one when I found it enabled me to hear again when I did become deaf.

Some of my hearing-power has certainly been restored to me, to a certain extent, and thanks to using a trumpet; and all my friends and many strangers remark how very well I do hear with it. Therefore I am told many little stories of deaf persons, and taken a good deal into confidences, and have a far better time than many other deaf folk that I know and hear of. Many deaf people think that a trumpet looks funny; it's only a prejudice again, and I prefer to look funny rather than not to hear. So, the first thing is to banish the idea that you will look ridiculous when using a trumpet and tube, and don't be sensitive in any way about it! Being young, the amount of fun people get out of my conversation-tube generally keeps me in fits of laughter; they ring me up as if I were a telephone. One young fellow asked some one who was talking to me to 'pass the drain-pipe,' &c. People always talk to me through my tube when otherwise they would look at me sympathetically but say nothing.

Perhaps what helped me a lot was meeting a lady who was quite deaf, and who used a trumpet and conversation-tube. She was then, and still is, I might say, so bright and cheerful that when my time came I followed her example.

I am asked out a great deal. I am always very cheerful. I put this down to the pleasure I get in life through my tube. The excuses generally given me for not using a trumpet or tube is a dislike to the idea, which seems to me due to sensitiveness more than anything; and deaf people seem to think they will make themselves conspicuous, though they are really far more so without an aid to hear. I am stared at a good deal when out, but I only pity those who stare for their very bad manners; it does not affect me at all!

When any one has to raise the voice to talk to a deaf person it usually casts a spell on those around, who stop talking to listen, as in some cases it must be most laughable to hear a totally inappropriate answer given to some question. This greatly taxes the politeness of the company, who strive to contain their laughter, and causes much embarrassment to the speaker, who probably moves off as soon as possible, leaving the afflicted one in an aggrieved state of mind at being deserted so rapidly, for no apparent reason; but if he is sensible and does not mind being told of his mistake, the best thing to do is to join in the laugh. I think we all know the story of the two women one of whom was deaf. They were oblivious to all around, and were conversing upon what appeared to be a subject of deep interest. It was probably the raising of one lady's voice that made the company stop talking, and they were amused to hear in the sudden silence the loudly ejaculated. 'We always fry ours in lard!'

It is a mistake to think that people will not talk to those who use anything in the shape of a trumpet or tube; in fact, I so often hear it said, 'I would go and see her more, but it is really too much bother to have to shout, and it makes my throat ache.' And then a deaf person will remark, 'People are so unkind, they will not talk to me.' I really do not think we can expect our friends to

make themselves conspicuous and ridiculous and wearied out by shouting loudly enough to be heard by every one else in the room the pleasant little commonplaces which make the sum of most of our conversation. Deaf people will find that many friends will talk to them with the help of a trumpet, and they can always comfort themselves with the reflection that those who will not take the trouble to talk down a conversation-tube are hardly worth caring about.

For those who are not accustomed to speaking into a trumpet or down a tube I will own the idea is sometimes terrifying; but in these days the telephone is used by so many that to talk down a conversation-tube is not difficult, and I find I can soon put people at their ease. The great point is for the deaf person to have plenty to say. Some one laughingly said to me, 'You may be deaf, but you will never be dumb!'

It is a good thing to explain to any one who is not used to speaking into a tube or trumpet that it is only necessary to speak distinctly, they can soon judge if they are making themselves heard by the answers given; so many, though, imagine they must shout, others whisper, and I am not sure which is the more aggravating. Also, they think they must say something unusual or startling, and so begin to think what to say, and thus the time lost causes both to become nervous, and only disjointed remarks are the result.

Though one is deaf one is still human, and, like other people, speech need not be elaborate because it has to be spoken down a tube. There is a little anecdote of a young man who on speaking down a tube for the first time was so nervous that he could only gasp the unfortunate inquiry, 'Have you heard the cuckoo this spring?' Had that been said to me I should have laughingly replied, 'Oh yes, the cuckoo never fails to come and cuckoo to me every spring down my tube.'

Plenty of going about helps to keep one cheerful and bright. There is no reason why one should stay at home because one is deaf, or not go about alone. For myself, I ride a bicycle-although I hear nothing coming behind me—always alone, without finding any difficulties. Many people think it very dangerous, and often remark to me, 'If you were my daughter I should not allow you to cycle.' But it all falls, in every sense of the word, on deaf ears. I am much more independent than half the people who go about with full use of their auditory apparatus. Policemen in London, every one I meet, talk into the tube when I say distinctly I am deaf, and I want to find out my way, &c. I am sure this independence, and always having to be on the lookout that one will not be run over, &c., prevents the vacant, unintelligent look that so many deaf people get. I go everywhere, and am always ready for anything; while the great kindness I meet with on all sides both from strangers and friends helps to keep me going and makes me feel how necessary it is to live up

to the character of plucky cheerfulness that many kind people give me.

Concerts, of course, are out of the question, also dances, although I do go to them occasionally. I go to dinner-parties. This reminds me of a dinnerparty I was at when every one suddenly laughed at some joke, except one man who also was deaf. He sat amidst the general laughter with a face of marble, looking thoroughly out of it. That was 110 reason why he should not have smiled. My advice is to look pleasant on all occasions, especially when others are laughing. You can smile until the joke is explained; and, even if it is not, it looks better. Of course, there are many occasions on which one does feel very much out of it; all I can advise is to grin and bear it. I am often told I have not lost much when perhaps a lot of people have been talking together. I generally pick up a book or picture-paper on these occasions. Certainly, though deaf we have some benefits; we can sleep in peace all night through wind, rain, and storms while those who hear come down in the morning feeling weary and cross; we can read, and nothing disturbs us; it is a great thing at bridge, and crying babies have no effect on our nerves. We can be sworn at, and we are perhaps totally unconscious

of it. Oh yes, we have some benefits!

Now, a great many who have read so far may wonder why I do not recommend lip-reading. I do. But it requires perseverance as well as money, for the lessons are expensive. I am afraid I must own to a lack of perseverance. I have not perfected myself in it. I know enough to find it very useful on many occasions, and my lip-reading teacher will not at all agree with the foregoing teacher will not at all agree with the foregoing remarks on trumpets and tubes. But, alas! there are many who cannot afford these expensive lessons, or feel they are too old to begin to learn; and it is for these I am writing this article, because I have come across many who have been advised to use an ear-trumpet and will not.

Of this I am quite certain, that if you are deaf and use a trumpet you can still have a very good time, if only you will be lively and take interest in people and in what is going on; at least, such has always been my experience, and I can hear nothing without a trumpet.

Max O'Rell has a chapter on deafness in one of his books, and he is not over polite about deaf people. He goes on to say, 'Nobody would dare to make love down a trumpet.' This is rather a delicate subject, so I will content myself with saying, 'Don't believe him!'

People who dislike using aids should remember that the strain of trying to hear is extremely had for the ears, and the use of a trumpet will help to sharpen the sense of hearing. By experience, again, I know that one is more deaf than one supposes, and people often say, 'Oh, she is much deafer than she realises.' My aurist told me, too, how little deaf people realise this. So, if you find your friends coming close to you and

speaking right into your ear you may safely come to the conclusion that you are deaf, and perhaps very deaf. Go and consult an aurist about a conversation-tube, which I greatly prefer to a trumpet; the latter I only use in church to hear the singing. The aurist will tell you what kind to use and where procurable. I took to one like a duck to water. I wear my tube round my neck and shoulders much like the stole and scarf of the day, and people pick it up and lay it down just as they please; it is always ready for use, and I am always ready to listen. In church one can follow the service but not the sermon; and, being deaf, I take the privilege of reading a nice book. So, if the sermon is dull, I am somewhat envied, I find, by those who have their

Some deaf people would do well to rid them-

selves of the idea that their relations and friends talk about them and abuse them both in and out of their presence-in fact, at any time. It is a very bad habit, simply acquired because they can't hear, and get suspicious. I am glad to say I do not and have never suffered from this tormenting idea, and I know quite well people are only likely to wish one could join in the conversation, or wish one would use an aid, or feel sorry for one in some way. Therefore, fellow-sufferers, if you cannot lip-read, and friends try to persuade you to use a trumpet or tube-and there is no reason why you should not-do do it for their sakes as well as your own, and don't allow funniness, sensitiveness, shyness, or silly self-consciousness, as I call it, to destroy what pleasure you may still get out of life; and, as I have said before, sensitiveness is the first thing you have to banish for ever.

SOME SORT OF A HERO.

CHAPTER II.



F, after leaving the great Cathedral Square in Caleta Malo, you turn to the right and walk along the glittering Calle Estrellia, you will, on taking another turn to the left, plunge at once into the slums of

that city. They are not a salubrious locality either in atmosphere or in moral tone. The odours rise from the river with peculiar insistence at night; and the smell of rotting vegetation is heavy in the air. The croaking of innumerable frogs breaks through the gloom, for Caleta Malo—the slums at all events—is built on land reclaimed from the river, and the water has a habit of sometimes returning to its old haunts. The consequence is that a wide marsh reaches from the limits of the slums and stretches away into the country.

The riff-raff of the world congregate in the purlieus of Caleta Malo. There is no extradition treaty yet with any of the European countries, and criminals of various hue find safe harbourage there. In consequence, there is much crime, and the sight of a body floating in the river, with a knife-thrust between the shoulders, is no uncommon sight. In this nefarious haunt dwelt one Casseras, already mentioned as forming a subject for Edward Seymour's thoughts on a night we wot of. He had appeared in Caleta Malo about a month after an atrocious attempt on the life of a reigning Sovereign in Europe, and was wont to dilate, when in drink, which was frequent, on the noble part he had played in that ineffective drama. Putting two and two together, it would appear that Casseras and no other was the prime criminal in that case. He had a mission in life: it was to right the wrong. He had told this mission to many other fellowspirits; he told it most frequently when the gensdarmes had passed out of hearing on their patrol.

Casseras was seated in the Café Almeria, a low haunt in the slums of Caleta Malo. He was haranguing a not disinterested audience on the enormity of one man holding supreme power in the enlightened republic of Estrellia.

'This President you speak of,' he was saying, 'what is he? A fool! A man who passes impossible laws by which the hard-earned bread is dragged from our children's mouths! He would have his city the best in the world; he would purge it of its crime! Pah! the man dreams. He is aspiring to become emperor of this land. He will then grind you still deeper into the mud, and will put his spurred heel across your face! I know him. Well, comrades, shall we sit still and let this debonair President crush us?'

There was a mutter of discontent from his audience, and one or two knife-hilts—your true Estrellian would as soon leave off his shirt as his knife—were fingered venomously.

'There is no need to form a revolution,' went on Casseras, who was in the pay of one who wished to become President, and who had instructed the plotter to sound the inhabitants of the city; 'we have but to put the one man out of the way, thus paving the way for the enlightened General La Mancha. Ah, you know him! He is a friend to the people, is he not?' For once again that deep-throated hum had broken out from his auditors.

'It is easy. A knife-thrust in the dark—thus, and the work is done.' He illustrated the suggested action by a quick upward thrust of his right hand, and one or two men smiled significantly.

'It will be done,' he concluded, and turned halfway in his chair to watch a man who sat apart at a small table, apparently engrossed in a winestained paper. This man had sat there during the whole of the conclave. He was in no wise different from the other frequenters of the Café Almeria; his hat and capa were equally shabby, and, in common with the rest, the bright lining of the shabby cloak was picturesquely displayed over his shoulder. His face, however, was in deep shadow, and no one there had ever seen more than a passing glimpse of it. But Casseras's eyes had wandered in that direction many times to-night; many times on previous nights also, and something of a caustic smile curled the conspirator's lip. That one should attempt to hoodwink him, Leon Casseras!

'But the President, he is no chicken,' said one of the men about Casseras. 'To approach him with a knife from behind—ah no, that would never do.' He put out his hand palm downwards, and shook it to and fro from the wrist. It told the listeners and watchers that a man might as well attempt to stem the passage of the Rio de la Plata with a child's spade as approach the President with intent to stab him from behind. 'Besides, he is too well guarded. Who has ever seen him without a squadron of cavalry at his elbow? Answer me that.'

Casseras said nothing of what was in his mind. If any work were to be done in the way of exterminating presidents he was the man to do it single-handed, and would thus reap a rich reward which no man need share. But he never took his eyes from the man in the opposite corner who was still engaged in reading the wine-stained newspaper.

'Pooh! there are other ways as well as the kuife,' he said with a shrug of compassionate pity. 'A little bomb—just such a one as I used at the wedding of the Crown Prince of — That would be enough.' This was said in a whisper so as not to reach the ears of the man in the corner. The conspirators drew back in alarm, for it would appear from Casseras's manner that he had the bomb in his pocket even then.

There was silence for a while, and then the man who was in the corner rose to his feet, threw his cloak over his shoulder, and bade the remainder of the café's guests a deep-voiced 'Buena noche.' He had barely passed the door before Casseras had risen to his feet and was slinking in his wake.

The streets were dark in the vicinity of the café. From time to time the man in the shabby cloak—who was the quixotic President of Estrellia—glanced back, but there was nothing to be seen. He walked on steadily, turning over in his mind the action he must pursue with regard to clearing out that hornet's nest he had just left. Like one or two other dreamers, he had adopted the habit of mixing with his subjects incognito, in the hope of hearing wrongs that he might redress. He had heard more than he had bargained for to-night.

Had the darkness been less pronounced, President de Fuella would have seen a dark figure slinking murderously in his rear, and pausing at every

infrequent light to slink back into the shadow of a doorway. Casseras was primed for murder, and he had the means in his pocket. He was merely awaiting his opportunity. In less than five minutes the President would pass the next patrol, then there would be no other for close on a quarter of a mile. There would be no need to run useless risks with a knife. He saw from the way the President walked that he was a Hercules in physical strength; he had no longing to come to grips with him. The little thing in his pocket should be hurled at the correct moment, and President de Fuella would go out in a flame of blue fire, and shattered limbs would be all that was left to tell the tale.

the tale.

Casseras had recognised the President for the first time that night. He had seen him the day before at a review, and had noted a certain peculiarity of gesture which had been observable also in the silent frequenter of the Café Almeria. He had not the slightest doubt in his mind. Very well, he would remove this President who stooped to spy on his subjects, on his free and right-thinking subjects.

Casseras never looked back as he walked. Otherwise, he might have seen that a third dark form was dogging his footsteps: some one who followed the anarchist's tactics, and crouched in a doorway whenever a lamp was passed. This third person also was attired as a citizen of Caleta Malo, and yet there was a certain springiness in the step that told of athletic training. So the procession of three passed on its way down the deserted streets of the lower city. It was very late, and a sultry stillness brooded over the night; the turgid lap-lap of the river along the banks sounded almost like low thunder. Now and then, afar off, the long-drawn cry of the city patrols, as they called to each other that all was well, drifted down the empty streets. But the men whose duty it was to care for the well-being of the vicinity of the Café Almeria were stowed away in a dozen unlikely hiding places. Nine out of ten of these vigilantes were in the pay of the villains who consorted in these precincts; five out of ten were blacker villains perhaps than the men who subsidised them.

The three men, shadowed and shadowers, had reached an open place—an embryo plaza. A baffling network of dark streets ran in every direction out of the square. A man night perpetrate horrible crimes here, and escape unseen. The moment for action had come.

The President was passing under the wan light of a half-ruined lamp, his head was sunk in deep thought; he heard nothing of the stealthy footsteps that crept in his rear. Casseras plunged his hand into the pocket of his jacket, withdrew it, and stopped, balancing on one foot as an old-time discus-thrower balanced for his throw. There was a certain amount of grace in the movement; but a sudden sound in his rear gave him pause. Like lightning the hand was dropped and thrust again

into its pocket. He paused, listening, but there was no repetition of the sound now. Once more his hand stole into his pocket; he crept steadily forward until he was almost under the lamp. The President seemed to have slackened his pace, and had thrown his head into the air; it would seem that he had at length arrived at a decision with regard to his future actions. Now was the moment for the liberator. Ah! perish tyranny! Perish the man who would grind the faces of the poor! One bold cast, Casseras, and the work is done. But what was this? Silently, even as his hand was in the very act of withdrawal from that pocket, a aleuthlike figure had darted in upon him, had thrown itself on his shoulders, and was bearing him down, down, to the ground.

There was very little sound to be heard, for the new actor in the scene had made no exclamation. Instead, he had grasped Casseras's right hand with his own stronger right hand, and was bending it to and fro at the wrist, until it released its hold of the something in his pocket. With a savage snarl, Casseras felt the wrist-bones crack; he heard the snap, and it sounded to his fearful ears like a pistolshot. The President had heard the scuffle now; but, though he had turned, he advanced no nearer, thinking perhaps that it was merely a midnight fracas, no uncommon event in the streets of the enlightened capital of Estrellia. Yet, with the curiosity of a man who loves to share the intimate life of his subjects, he stood motionless at some little distance, watching the struggle. It was well worth watching.

The man who had thrown Casseras now dragged out the useless hand, and bent it deliberately back over the prostrate assassin's shoulder. A cold aweat grew out on the fallen man's forehead; he writhed in mortal fear, striving to keep his body from contact with the stones. It would appear that he was in danger of being hoist with his own petard, for the slightest concussion on that pocket would blow both conspirator and rescuer into the air. A cold, clammy moisture dropped from his akin; but he fought still like a rat in a corner.

The strong thin hand that had twisted the fellow's arm almost out of joint now let go its hold, and dived into the pocket in question. Finding what it sought, it was withdrawn, and then the man who had arrived so opportunely leaned back slightly, and cast the small object he had secured far out to the water. There was a faint splash, nothing more; and, for the first time, the man who had saved the President's life raised his head. It was Seymour—that could plainly be seen by the light from the uncertain lamp. The President saw the face upraised, but it conveyed no meaning to him. He had not, as yet, met the young attaché. Yet there was something so peculiar in this prolonged struggle that De Fuella was constrained to remain watching. He had noted the direction from which the splash in the water had come, and his eurious mind began to work intelligently on the happening. But he made no motion to advance. Once let him be seen at close quarters, and his identity would be disclosed, his incognito would be no longer preserved, and then, farewell to his dreams of learning all he might about the inner workings of his subjects' minds. So he stood and waited.

In that brief interval that had elapsed since Seymour threw the bomb with unerring aim into the river something had happened. Casseras had managed to wriggle his left hand down to his sash, and now the lamplight flickered on something that shone with a dull, steely shimmer. There was a quick, eel-like twist of the body on the ground, the left hand was wrenched free, and Casseras stabbed upward with a vengeful spite. But he might have saved the trouble. A man who had won the reputation of being the finest athlete at his university was not to be caught napping. The left hand was caught in as merciless a grip as had been the right. Once again there was that breathless straining, then followed the sharp snap of a breaking bone, and something fell to the stones with a tinkle. Seymour straightened himself, and picked up the knife. He looked at it quizzically, and then with a sweep of the arm that too followed the bomb. Then he lugged the prostrate, moaning villain to his feet, looked at him earnestly as though fixing his features indelibly on his memory, and spoke.

'Don't play the dashed fool again, my man,' he said in drawling Spanish, 'otherwise you might get badly hurt. Now, go!' And he turned him deliberately round, kicked him severely on a painful portion of his anatomy, and then turned away from the place. He vanished whistling, while the astounded President made his way cautiously to the bank of the river. He groped about in the mud and shallow water for some time, but that which he found was thrust into his own pocket, while he too pursed up his lips in a soundless whistle.

CHAPTER III.

ADY CLAVERING was fond of giving these little unofficial balls, for she dearly loved to have young and happy faces about her. This one was being held within a month of that other one which had opened the gates of Paradise for Seymour. In the interval he had had many opportunities of seeing Inez de Fuella, had, indeed, made a somewhat nonchalant apology for his conduct on that other night; but though he had been forgiven tentatively, Inez had taken op pains to hide a certain ladylike contempt for the casual, bored man who had kissed her against her will.

'Yes,' she was saying brightly to Lady Clavering, 'my father has been detained. He will come just as soon as he can spare the time. He desires that

you should not wait.-Ah, Señor Seymour! we

meet again.'

Seymour strolled up with a certain masterfulness in his eyes. He held out his arm in invitation, and Inez took it with a little moue. It was in her heart to give this presumptuous Englishman a lesson to-night; he should writhe beneath the lash of her tongue. On the few occasions when they had met, between dance and dance, there had been certain obstacles in the way of giving free vent to her anger. And yet, she asked herself, was she so very angry? Of course it was entirely outrageous that she, the daughter of the President, should have been seized in a pair of strong arms and kissedyes, actually kissed against her will! And still, though she had endeavoured to work up her anger to the sticking-point ever since she knew Seymour would be at this dance, she had felt inward tremors that were half-frightening but wholly delightful. There had been something in the quiet masterfulness of the attache's action that had touched an hitherto unsuspected chord in her somewhat romantic being.

'No, I will not dance—yet,' she said, as the band crashed out. 'I am hot-I wish to be cool. Take me to the patio.' Seymour obeyed, and Inez seated herself once again on the coping of that merry little fountain that seemed almost to chuckle with glee. It had seen many such sights had that old fountain; it was a wise old fountain, one well versed in the

mysteries of love.

It would be time enough to lash him with her anger, thought Inez-afterwards-when they had talked aimlessly. Meanwhile, well, he was certainly an interesting study, if only by reason of his utter contrast to those loud-voiced heroes of fiction whom she secretly adored.

'Still the same lazy, indolent Señor Seymour?' she said archly, tapping his hand with her fan. 'There has been no attempt to win a place amongst

Seymour twisted his watch-chain and smiled

the world's heroes since a month past?'

inanely.

11.....

'Lots of chance of winning fame, and-er-all the rest of it, in Caleta Malo!' he said. 'No, there's nothing to report, I'm afraid. I licked Battersby-he's our junior secretary-at tennis last Saturday though. A jolly good game it was, but a bit of a bore. We Britishers are not a romantic race, I'm afraid.'

Inez sighed a little. After all, there was much to be admired in this man. There was a quiet determination in the gray eyes, at the back of the lazily quizzical glance, that told her he might, in emergency, rise to heights of fame. If she were to be the woman to bring out that latent heroism! The thought set her blood dancing furiously. She had to bend her head to hide the sudden gleam that came into her eyes.

But she raised it again, for now was the time to vent her spleen to the full. She looked him coldly in the face, and began to think of a suitable commencing phrase, but somehow the words failed to

Seymour, as though reading her thoughts, forestalled her.

'I was a cad-that other night,' he said. 'I think I was mad. It was your beauty, your wonderful beauty. It would turn the head of any man. I apologise; and yet if you look at me with those eyes of yours I fear I shall commit the same crime. Inez, I love you!'

Ah! that was her cue. The words came now in a torrent, flowing like barbed lightning from her rich red lips. He writhed beneath her scorn; that she, Inez de Fuella, should have been embraced by a poltroon, by a lackadaisical idler, a trifler with time! It was incredible, unforgiveable, it was-

'Yes, your Excellency, I saw Inez come through into the patio a few moments ago. Ah! there she is, by the fountain.' Lady Clavering was showing the President of Estrellia into the courtyard, and both Inez and Seymour rose to their feet.

'It was nothing, poquita,' said the President, advancing. 'I had a little message for you. It

will wait. But-who is your friend?'

Seymour lounged forward, with a slight smile on his lips. He was perfectly sure that he was unknown to the President. He took no pains to efface himself from the scene.

'My father, it is Señor Seymour, of the British

Embassy. I-I have met him before.'

There was just light enough to enable a man to distinguish another's features, for a stream of brilliance came through the open door of the ballroom. Inez saw her father advance with a formal bow towards Seymour, then he started slightly, and looked intently into his new acquaintance's face. Suddenly the formal Spaniard had become the voluble Estrellian, for he darted to Seymour

and seized his hand rapturously. 'As I live,' he exclaimed, 'it is my brave friend

of the Calle Entrados! So we meet again, señor! It is to you I owe my life, and many other things. But I forgot.—Inez, this gentleman is your friend from now on. He saved my life a fortnight ago. I was in the city—you know where—and an anarchist attempted to throw a bomb at me. He was seized from behind, and a brave man seized him, for the rescuer knew that he had a bomb in his pocket. It might have meant instant death to both. The bomb was thrown away, but I found it in the mud of the river. And my brave rescuer had vanished, as though he had done nothing, by the saints! And now I meet him again.—Señor, von will forgive, but do I not see my gallant rescuer before me?

'Oh-er-that little thing. Well, yes, I believe there was a bit of a tussle; but I never thought you'd seen me, sir. Nasty fellow that Casseras; I'd had my eye on him for a long time; but when I saw you in that café night after night—well, I thought I'd better keep my eye on you too. One never knows what's going to happen, you see. Glad I was in time though; Estrellia can't afford to lose her President yet.'

Inez was standing like a statue, her eyes blazing. Every detail of the occurrence flashed through her mind; she could see that silent, strenuous struggle in the night, with a deadly bomb as the prize. Her hand went up to her throat, for a sudden wave of feeling threatened to choke her.

'I must pay my devoirs to our host and hostess again,' said the President, turning to go; 'but I will see you afterwards, señor. I owe you a debt I can never repay.'

'Then perhaps you'll do it for him, Inez,' said Seymour, when the President had disappeared through the door. 'Not that I want any reward for doing what any fellow would have done, but I must say I want you pretty badly.'

She flung herself into his arms like a passionate child, sobbing and laughing in a breath.

'My hero!' she exclaimed. And then, throwing back her head with a sort of sweet defiance, she said, 'But oh, Edward, Edward, my love! shall I ever be able to understand you wonderful Britons?'

THE END.

THREE DEVONIAN TOWNS.

III.-BRIXHAM.



RIXHAM claims to be the very oldest fishing-town in the land. It also has its boast of having perfected the useful art of trawling, and of being the instructress of the Grims-

by and Lowestoft men, as sons of hers settled on those eastern shores to be within easier reach of the great northern resorts of the sea-harvesters. It has also its glory in the past, for long before steamships hustled and bustled their own, she was a great trading-port with rich argosies, whose white sails were familiar in every harbour in Europe.

No one can question the antiquity of the town—it speaks for itself. The very houses, the ancient church which crowns one of its many precipitous hills, announce its claim to ancient honours. Here, they say, Vespasian and his soldier-son and successor, the noble-hearted Titus, landed nineteen centuries ago, when there was an ancient British settlement somewhere by the creek which now exists no more, the waters having receded, and the town being built over it. They were half or wholly Celtic, those old inhabitants of the place, and it is more than probable there was a dash of the Viking searover in their blood; but they have long since vanished from off the face of the earth, while their conquerors are also gone.

Later—fifteen centuries later, in 'the giant days of great Elizabeth'—a great day dawned for the town, because one of the mighty captains, a Devonian sea-king, brought hither the first-fruits of another ocean reaping and harvesting. How these gray and rosy cliffs must have echoed to the triumphant shouts of the men of Brixham as Drake drove in before him the mighty Capitana, the first prize of that wondrous fight which we now, so many centuries afterwards, can scarcely read of with quiet pulses. Here began the rout of that wast Armada which Philip II. sent out to crush England like a walnut shell. How sorely he was crushed himself let those who care to read find out

for themselves in the pages of England's story. Drake only waited to tear from the great lumbering ship the ammunition which was as the very breath of life to him ere he gave her into the charge of 'sundry fishermen of Brixham,' who towed her into port and made great rejoicing over her, while he sped after the flying ships, eager to fight and conquer. They never dream of faltering or of failure, those great sea-heroes of old, and verily, their faith was justified.

Drift down the stream of time for another century, and again Brixham is alive and awake, for there, in the blue waters of lovely Torbay, are lying the tall ships of another invading fleet, not this time come to trample upon the cherished liberties of the land, but to free it from a bondage bitter as death, from a false man of a degenerate race. The leader of that host which is about to land here, in this quaint old town, is the greatest soldier of the time, who has, with a mere handful of brave men, held his own against all the powers of Europe, and matched his generalship against the famous captains of the day. He is no stranger. He is half a Stuart himself, but of very different mettle to the dastard who could not stay to see the effects of his bad work, but fled away. His mother, the lovely Princess Mary Stuart-what volumes of romance hover round that name !- was elder sister to the gloomy tyrant whom England has cast out; and had he not to wife another Mary Stuart, 'the finest woman of her time,' whose lovely face Lely has left for us to admire, and who died all too soon.

Well, while the Devon gentlemen came trooping to greet the Deliverer, the clouds which had darkened the November day lifted, and the sun came out as he can shine out over that lovely, tranquil bay on any day in the year, and William saw the fair land he had come to rescue smile upon him in all its beauty. Not at the spot where the Brixham men at a later date set a memorial statue of the hero, William of Orange, but much higher up the town, almost where the Town Hall now stands, did the mighty little man set foot on shore. The

shingle sloped so abruptly and the tide ran so fast that the Prince could not reach land dry-shod, so a gallant fisherman, Varwell by name, rushed through the waters, and, hoisting the welcome invader on his sturdy shoulders, bore him safe to land. His descendants are still flourishing in the good town. William rested and refreshed himself in an old house, which was not old in those far-away days, but a handsome mansion owned by one of the 'quay lords' who then held high position amongst their fellow-townsmen. Then, after receiving many of the local magnates, including the Mayor of Totnes and other heads of corporate towns, he rode on to Paignton, where he slept. The house exists to this day; but, alas! it is now tottering to its fall, and in a few years its place will no more be found. Here he held what has been called his first Parliament, while the army he brought along with him was being entertained by the worthy countryfolks, who came crowding into Brixham to welcome them. Never did an invading army meet with such a reception. For bullets they were pelted with rosy apples, and that by fair and possibly dangerous hands; for your Devon lass of to-day is comely beyond most country maids, with rosy cheeks and bright, soft eyes, and she has a very winsome smile upon her red lips. Her ancestresses in the seventeenth century must have been just as pleasant to behold, and be sure, there were nothing but smiles to greet the Dutch soldiers who came to defend their liberties.

Well, the Revolution is a very old story; but the town is a very old place, and the memory of these old things clings close to the daily life of Brixham to this day. It is a retentive place, absolutely untouched by the modern spirit, and not wishing to change its condition. A thoroughly conservative spot, suspicious of strangers, and given to think that old things are best; but it is a town that grows upon you with a tender and old-world charm. While its memories are those of stirring times, it is by no means a lively place, but one in which to rest and dream. What dreams, we wonder, passed the seething brain and bitter soul of the baffled tyrant who had come to the end of his wondrous career and knew, as he paced the deck of the great warship on which he had taken refuge from the fury of the nations, that his race was run. Here lay the Bellerophon, with Napoleon on board, awaiting the verdict of the nations; here tradition says that he stood upon English ground for the first and last time. Here, rocked by the peaceful waters of Torbay, basking in the beauty of the sunshine, and, it is said, gazing in unbounded admiration at the fair and peaceful prospect before him, he may have felt the spirit of the scene and taken in a little of its peace. But the great ship sailed away into farthest seas, and the little man, before whose frown Emperors had quailed, survived the memory of his greatness and died alone. The Brixham fisherman, whose light craft skims the bright waters of his native bay, possesses a treasure

unknown to the man who had set Europe quaking
—the gem of contentment, whose price is above

Brixham stands in a cleft of the rocks, hemmed round on all sides by hills that rise up almost precipitously, while through the green, such of it as can be seen, break stern cliffs of that lovely pinkish-gray so prevalent in Devon when the bluffs are not actually red. Against these bluffs the town clings like a swallow's nest under the eaves. The houses tower one above another in irregular piles, like another cliff formed by the careless powers of Nature rather than built with stone and mortar by the hand of man. At the first glance, these abruptly-rising lanes and narrow streets huddled together on the slopes seem novel and rather startling; but then, a closer acquaintance makes the quaint place grow upon you, together with the quaint inhabitants thereof. There is an apparent spirit of contentment abroad everywhere. The town, with its one industry and all that appertains to it is, in its way, prosperous. It is quite satisfied with itself and its surroundings. Its one trade is a flourishing business—the harvest of the sea, that, gathered but never sown, yields a rich return. It is a beautiful sight to watch the fleet sail away into the distance, some of the larger boats to sweep the bays and inlets of the Irish coast, and some to cross the Channel to the Channel Islands, and all to return home heavily laden to the fine harbour below the houses and the hills. There are nearly four hundred fishing-smacks of various sizes attached to the port. The larger boats are fine upstanding craft, worth one thousand pounds each, and fortunes have been, and still are being made by the lucky proprietors of these beautiful trawlers which go quietly slipping out into the bay, their richly coloured sails making a lovely bit of colour against the blue of sky and sea. Of course, there are tragic tales of cruel losses, of lovers and husbands, fathers and sons who, sailing away in the sunshine, never return again; but these incidents are common to all seafaring populations, and the number of worthy old sea-dogs well advanced into the vale of years that one sees hanging round the quay, looking with longing eyes at the beautiful boats as they go slipping out into the distance, is touching. They have taken their last voyage. No more for them the glorious battle with wind and wave, the snatching of wealth from the bosom of the deep. They are in harbour, laid by until the last great voyage waits them into lands unknown and other conditions; only, they linger round the scene of past delights and joyous enterprise with a regret that is touching to behold. They are quite ready to talk, if one is a little bit tactful and shows interest in their town; but it must be carefully done, for your true Brixham man is suspicious of strangers, and the town is by no means anxious to encourage the influx of foreigners, as all new-comers are called. A selfcentred place, unsophisticated and contented with things as they are, and in everything-except its

flourishing trade—satisfied with the conditions that existed in their forefathers' days.

Upon several mornings in the week an auction takes place, and the sight is worth seeing. The boats are in, their teeming cargoes are on the quay piled in mighty heaps, glittering, snowwhite, and brown, smelling of the brine. Here are glorious turbot and halibut, superb fish that fetch big prices. Here a pile of the far-famed Torbay soles—one hundred of them reached the record price of fifteen pounds the other day. Then the local hake, a delicious fish, is here in multitudes. As to plaice, whiting, haddock, they are simply innumerable; while crabs and lobsters-the delicious Torbay lobsters-are crawling about and nipping and pinching everything within reach. Lo! the catch is parted into heaps, and the work begins. Sharp work this. Pile after pile is put up; and to-day being close to a Lenten Friday, the competition is very brisk indeed. The whole of the prey must be despatched by a certain train-some to Grimsby, some to Birmingham, some to Billingsgate-and there is not a moment to be lost. So the bids follow sharply as pistol-shots. All is animation and bustle. Keenfaced buyers, who in a very short time will lapse back into their native easy-going ways, are all on the alert, while the sellers are just as keen. Byand-by they will lounge against the quay-walls and smoke as if there was nothing else to be done or worth the doing in life; but just now they are as eager as the rest, and in an incredibly short time the hubbub is all over. Not a fish remains on the quay, the corrugated zinc roof no more reverberates to the sound of upraised voices, the packers are blowing on their chilled hands, the last cart-load has gone to the railway station, and the few empty crates and boxes that remain are left to the mercy of prowling cats, who are ubiquitous here-for the place swarms with rats, and grimalkin has her work cut out for her. But if you are a lover of fish you need not come to live in Brixham, because none of the magnificent treasures of the deep that you have seen on the quay are vended in her streets, neither is there a fishmonger's establishment in the whole of the town. You must go to Paignton, Torquay, or Dartmouth—yea, even inland Totnes or Exeter if you want to procure a Torbay sole or crab, and you will be asked London prices for them-or, peradventure, a trifle more, so great is the demand upon the Brixham trawlers and their harvest. There is a special manufactory of ice in the old town, an innovation that has met with the success it deserves.

The formation of the town has altered. Once a deep creek ran in between the old row of houses that look as if they had slipped off the hillsides and tumbled into the hollow; but many years ago the waters receded, and now the market-place stands where once the sea ebbed and flowed. Therefore, when the inhabitants erected a statue in honour of the landing of the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. of these isles, they did well to qualify

the announcement cut upon the plinth of the statue and tell that 'near' that spot the Deliverer set foot upon English soil in the year of grace (or was it disgrace) 1689. The figure is quaint, the attitude suggestive of the pangs of sea-sickness from which the little man with the gigantic mind may have suffered during his toilsome passage across the troubled waters of the narrow seas, and the sculptor has dwelt with force upon the eagle-beak which spoke the great commander. But the figure makes a brave show, and the Brixhamites are proud of it.

Come away from the quays, with their fisher-folk hanging about, looking delightfully lazy and content. Those eager lads who rush about and form a very restless element in the population are not home-grown. They are from distant reformatories, and in their hot hearts there is a strong spice of the 'hooligan.' They are a rough lot; but in many instances the rough life they lead brings to the surface all that is best in them, and in after days they have been known to make good and gallant sailors of the King. But this neat building overlooking the bay does much for the Royal Navy. Here is the sailors' Orphanage, the Boys' Home for the western ports. They are a noble set of lads, these sons of our sailors, to whom the State is father and mother. The generosity of a noble Bristol man gave these orphan homes to the nation. All honour to his name!

And now, here is the way to Berry Head, the most southerly point of Torbay, a lonely, stormbeaten bluff that faces the open waters of the channel and looks across at a lovely land of wooded height and sloping down. For there, facing you, stands the fair, new town of Torquay, beautiful for situation, with her gleaming feet washed by the purest blue water, her houses gleaming whitely in the spring sunshine, her church towers soaring into the blue. She was not there when Napoleon looked upon the bay; she is younger than the story of Waterloo and its results. A century ago she was a mere cluster of fishing-folks' houses, with no name or fame in the world, and now she is the most select, the most aristocratic and reserved of all seaside resorts. Set like a queen upon her throne in the heart of the hills, she is essentially a town wherein to rest. But all Devonia is restful; there is a dreaminess in the air even here, with the wind rushing down from Dartmoor to the sea beating upon your face and plucking at your skirts. Here is a brand-new lighthouse with a very kindly and intelligent caretaker, an old man-of-war's man, who is now in the service of the Trinity Board, ready to explain this newest development in the way of sending a warning light across the stormy seas. But, alas! time presses, and a fiery little Dartmoor pony is dancing about in perilous proximity to some old crumbling walls, eager to prance off home with us behind him. We must not loiter, kind son of the sea. There is not time to hear half the interesting things you have to tell in your quiet, deep-toned voice, neither can we do more than

glance at the ruins of the old encampment-or fort, was it?-made here in the days when the whole country was astir at the thoughts of invasion, and afterwards utilised as a prison for the captive French soldiers, who fretted out some years in this solitary spot. No, something else is waiting for us -as it waited for, let us say, a million or so of years, before the eyes of man rested upon the hidden wonders which Nature held in her bosom. Along this hilly road and back into the town, up a street which the pony climbs with the air of one born and nurtured in such acclivities, and here, under the wing of the most utterly commonplace house, we find a barred door-about the last place in the world where we would expect to discover one of the wonders of the land. The door opens upon some slippery and irregular steps, and behold, a marvel! This is the great cavern accidentally discovered in 1858, when the very ordinary little terrace here was in course of erection. Levelling the foundations out of the steep hillside, for the hills are everywhere, a workman was amazed to see his crowbar vanish out of his hand. Investigation of the mystery followed, and the result was the discovery of this most wonderful cavern, which is more than six hundred feet long, and contains treasures of prehistoric value. Remains of wondrous extinct animals abound in its depths; stalactites and stalagmites adorn it in wondrous variety. It is beyond the powers of any but an expert to say more than that this wondrous discovery added a page to the story of the earth, and deserves a whole article to itself.

It is well to be out into open air and sunshine once again; and here, down a flight of steps so steep that from below the vanishing-point narrows to a span, we reach the church where the fishermen worship-for your sailor-man is a reverent being, and likes a stirring service and a stirring sermon. Well, he finds both here. The church is crowded with men at almost every service, and below the church is the school, out of which a crowd of happy young Devonians comes tumbling as we pass, with such bright eyes and rosy cheeks as does one good to see-sturdy lads and hearty little lassies, wellclad, well-fed, and happy. Long may Brixham flourish! Long may such teeming young life play in her streets, no man making them afraid!

But here is the upper town, with its huddle of ancient houses straggling up the hill to the venerable church, whose list of vicars goes back to the twelfth century, and which has been restored in perfect taste by the present incumbent. Here are the oldest houses in the town, some with the quaint outside chimneys, which ceased to be built about the thirties of the seventeenth century; and here we pause, for this is our rest, this quaint old house, overgrown with flowers, which has been in the hands of the same family for nine hundred years, and now the place knows them no more. So even in sleepy Brixham the old order passeth away, and

It would be impossible to close an article on this dear old town without a word about one of its sons who has left a lasting memorial of a quiet and saintly life behind. Here the Reverend Henry Lyte wrote the lovely hymn which is familiar with all classes and creeds, 'Abide with me,' and here, upon the hillside, a fine church is rising to his memory.

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE ONES.

Sir Francis Tress Barry made it a habit to send to Truth every Christmas a new sixpence for every child in the London workhouses. The identity of the donor was only revealed after his death. These lines to his memory.

FAR removed from sounds of gladness, 'mid the vice and sin and sadness

Of a mighty city's commerce and its care,

There are little children crying, little homeless outcasts dying,

And abroad the world is gay and bright and fair. But these little eyes have never watched the ships upon

And the little ears have never heard the sounds Which are sweetest to the hearing-Nature's music soft and cheering-

Never known the joy in which the earth abounds!

Little sisters, little brothers, without fathers, without mothers.

Little faces pinched with want and deathly pale, Young in years but old in sadness, all in gloom and none in gladness,

Little hopeless mites of sorrow, weak and frail. Unrequired and unrequited, little blossoms sadly blighted, Which the sunshine might perchance revive awhile;

But they languish there unsightly, while the sun is And the eyes are filled with tears which ought to shining brightly,

smile.

You have children whom you treasure, and your heart is filled with pleasure

As you watch them chase the sunny hours away; And you love to hear them calling when the evening shades are falling,

And you go to lead them homeward from their play. Do your thoughts, then, ever wander to the mighty city vonder

Where the little hearts are lonely and forlorn; Where the little ones are sighing and the little eyes are

And the little lives had better ne'er been born?

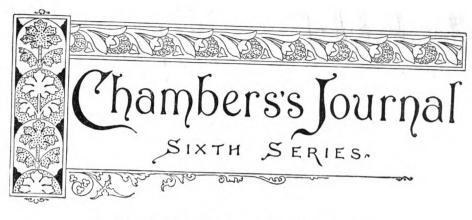
And when night has fallen later, and you thank the great Creator

That He gave your children happiness and love, Do you send a prayer in pity, for the sad ones in the

To the footstool of the mercy seat above? Then may God your heart awaken, in your cry for the forsaken,

To the sorrows that surround these little lives; And remind you, in your grieving, they are happy in

But a double blessing rests on him who gives.



A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.

By Major-General W. TWEEDIE, C.S.I.

PART I.

Arma virumque cano.



1

1

TORIES of the Indian Mutiny and of the Sepoy war that proceeded out of it are 'ever fresh and ever new,' to borrow the refrain of a song of Hàfiz. The other day the revolving years brought round the fiftieth anni-

versary of one of the most memorable episodes of that historic drama—namely, Havelock and Outram's forced passage through a part of the revolted city of Lucknow in order to save the defenders of the British Residency. And hence the thought occurs that if I can succeed in putting on paper a slight sketch of what I witnessed when, as a young ensign carrying the regimental Colours of the 'Rossshire Buffs,' or Seventy-eighth Highlanders, I took part in that romantic feat of arms the labour will not be wholly wasted.

It lies apart from the present object to notice the extraordinary train of circumstances which in the early months of 1857 changed the Bengal Sepoys from useful servants of the East India Company into incarnate demons, so that they shot down hundreds of their attached and confiding British officers, ruthlessly murdered Christian men, women, and children wherever they could find them, and afterwards transferred their fealty to the titular and phantom representative of the Mughal emperors, whose seat was at Delhi; thereby imparting at least the semblance of a political or dynastic struggle to what was in its inception nothing more than one of those passionate outbreaks to which all mercenary armies,* and especially those composed of inflammatory oriental material, must be regarded as more or less subject. The episodical character of the present writing will not, however, be too much broken if,

*Bacon says: 'As for mercenary forces, all examples show that whatsoever estate or prince doth rest upon them, he may spread his feathers for a time, but he will mew them soon after.'—In Greatness of Kingdoms and

instead of going straight into what the Arabs significantly call 'The Day'—that is, day of broil and battle—the 25th of September 1857, I go back a very little, and the while that Havelock and Outram's small field-force of about three thousand men, after fighting a pitched battle the previous evening with the flower of the Oudh insurgents, is halting near Lucknow, try to show to the reader the situation, or, as one of our captains called it, 'the really good thing' awaiting us on the morrow.

THE DAY BEFORE.

The 'really good thing,' then-the 'oyster' having to be opened with the bayonet-was this. Lucknow, forming as it did the latest of the East India Company's territorial acquisitions or 'annexations,' had been stirred to its depths by the revolt of the Bengal army. In a surprisingly short space of time the 'saddle-cloth of submission,' to use a Persian figure, had 'slipped from the back of its existence.' The wholly inadequate body of white troops had, after a calamitous effort † to dominate the situation, been forced to evacuate its cantonments, and, throwing itself into Lucknow, take up a defensive position on a gentle acclivity, some thirty acres in extent, which had been fortified and provisioned beforehand. On the slope of this, the last stronghold for the time being of our race in Oudh, there stood up amid innumerable subsidiary bungalows and other buildings an imposing château, the seat before the annexation of the Company's political Resident, as afterwards of the 'Chief Commissioner,' whence the name 'British Residency' by which the position as a whole is known to history; and room having been made within the same enclosure for a great company of ladies, soldiers' families, and civilians, it is easy to imagine the terrible hardships suffered - the pathetic commingling of men's resourceful exertions with

[†] Affair of Chinhat, June 30, 1857. SEPTEMBER 21, 1907.

women's courage and devotion—during the close besiegement, from the lat of July onward, which had thereupon followed. Throughout that long period the urgent necessity of relieving the entrenchment had pressed heavily on the mind of the Governor-General, Lord Canning; but the only force up till the middle of September available for that duty, having proved far too slender to fight its way over more than a third of the road—forty-two miles long—separating Cawnpore from Lucknow, had been fain to fall back on its starting-place.

To-day, however, the doughty deed of succouring our people-a deed recalling the times of chivalry -is half-accomplished. The seizure on the previous evening of the palatial country residence of A'lambagh * has given us a point d'appui of the highest value. The domes and minarets of the princely city, chequering the horizon, mark where the Residency lies hidden; and, indeed, it was only the interposed palaces bristling with batteries, and bazars swarming with trained soldiers, that prevented the operations of yesterday from carrying us right up to the goal of our enterprise. Best of all, the dull boom of the cannon at once of the besieged and the besiegers is fraught with the assurance that the words 'No surrender' whispered by Sir Henry Lawrence after he had been mortally wounded through the bursting of a shell in his room in the Residency continue to inspire the garrison. Major-General Sir James Outram, having been appointed to the combined command of all troops serving in that division and Chief-Commissionership of the province, accompanies the force in a not too well-defined capacity, with Henry Havelock as his 'fighting General.' Such were the words in which this arrangement was spoken of round the camp-fires by men fresh from service under both these commanders in Persia; but, to state the case accurately, the 'Indian Bayard,' content with the laurels already won by him both in peace and in war, had assigned to his junior officer-junior in rank but not in years-the glory of raising, if that might be, the siege of the Residency. Noble, great-hearted James Outram, when shall there be seen another like him? This moment I have him before my mental vision, as for the first time I saw him, when after a brush with the enemy on the Oudh bank of the Ganges he was driving his lumbering blue-gray Cape charger 'Peter' at the heels of a light-footed matchlockman, across whose swarthy shoulders he was laying his stout malacca, the only weapon I ever saw him wielding.

THE DAY.

On the 25th my experiences began early. Before it was morning the adjutant entrusted me with a message relating to a suggestion which had been made and promptly rejected that the Colours of regiments should be left at Alam-bagh, after the example of the commanding-officer of the Second

Madras European regiment—that Neill whose strenuous qualities had been displayed so remarkably at Benares, Allahabad, and Cawnpore, and who, ahead in this particular of his contemporaries, had lodged his standards in a magazine. With the monsoon at its worst, tents of course were carried; but on the belated camels bringing in their burdens the previous morning, no sooner had the officers of the Seventy-eighth set up a mess-tent than the Sepoy gunners, not too badly beaten to indulge in bouts of distant cannonading, had thrown a shell into it, the missile bursting in the thick of us without doing any harm, after knocking over the major's charger at its pickets.

at its pickets. Either to escape such favours or for coolness, the torrential rain of the past few days having now spent itself, the Highlanders were sleeping, as slept their forebears on the morn before Culloden, under the vault of heaven as I passed by on my errand. Early as the hour was, the hum of life and motion had begun. At, Cawnpore the encumbrances of the column had been put on a scale of lightness till then, I suppose, unknown in the annals of warfare in the burning plains of India; and yesterday had seen the stripping process carried even further. Every personal attendant, every horse and transport animal not on the strength of regiments, and every pound of dead-weight had been sent into the A'lam-baghen closure; but many preparations had still to be made

In picking my way among the tent-ropes I suddenly came on a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Within a small tent a candle burned; and beside it Henry Havelock, with his blue frock-coat rigidly buttoned, was engaged in his devotions. A little buttoned, was engaged in his devotions. A little later the same war-worn veteran, and Outram with him—par nobile fratrum—rode slowly past the tree under which we were breakfasting. Naturally, we all saluted, and company after company sprang to attention; but so preoccupied were the two men attention; but so preoccupied were the two men entire frates of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that the lines of anxiety on their faces of history that his history history and history hi

According to the Indians, it is September's sun that gives to the black-buck's back its intensity of colour; and none of us would have questioned it as we stood in column of route in the eight o'clock sunshine awaiting the order to step out Kilt and feather-bonnet had long ceased to distinguish the ranks of the Ross shires. Both of these stage-properties—if it consist with due respect so to call them—had been left behind in different places, as detachment after detachment of the regiment passed swiftly from the gulf of Persia towards the theatre of the Mutiny. The former vesture—or cincture rather—had been replaced by honest trousers of the commonest cotton stuff, dyel A turbaned helmet of either blue or khaki.†

[&]quot; 'World's Garden.'

[†] Khàk, an Aryan word (our 'chalk') used in Persian and Hindustani, = earth; khāki = earthy, or earth-colourd.

alight canework, made in the Cawnpore bazar, and costing only about a shilling, warded off the sun's rays. In lieu of the perished coatees, free and easy body-coverings, not all of the same cut or colour, but chiefly khaki, showed how surely peace establishment uniforms go by the board on active service. Something must have happened to the razor-cases, for the faces of the men, many of whom were gravbeards, retained their natural fringes. The martial inspiration of the national music was wanting; for, tell it not in Assynt, the pipes lay dormant in Cawnpore, while the pipers carried stretchers for the removal of the wounded. Cooked rations for three days lay in every man's haversack, the theory of the advance being that within that time we should return, bringing our sheaves with us. But alas for our forecasts! To take a single glance forward, twenty times three days were numbered before A'lam-bagh was seen again; not so much the stars in their courses fighting against us as the tremendous advantages held by the enemy, the objections to the taking of the guns off the made roads with the surrounding country so saturated, and, sooth to say, the divided manner in which, both on the 25th and before it, the chief command was exercised.

And now the 'drum's stormy music'—meet prelude to the din of the conflict—is sounding, and the three thousand, their ranks not unthinned, are advancing. Very little of the 'pomp and circumstance' is present. The only bits of colouring are where the radiant sunshine is reflected back from the silken folds of standards emblazoned with the records of past victories. The whole array is 'magnificently stern;' a resolute step, a high-strung air, and a solemn silence well becoming men who have set their teeth firmly, and in many cases even bared their arms, for the rescue of women and children. The force marches in three brigades.

The artillery brigade will always be identified with the names of the captains of its two light batteries, Maude and Olpherts, the Castor and Pollux of the hour of peril. The first infantry brigade, consisting of the Fifth Fusiliers, the Eighty-fourth Regiment, with a detachment of the Sixty-fourth added, and the Second Madras European Regiment, has been given to Neill. In the second or left brigade, the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, the Ninetieth Light Infantry, and a battalion of longlimbed, turbaned Sikhs-brave among the bravefollow Walter Hamilton, a Scottish gentleman and soldier of a type no longer extant. For mounted service about a hundred volunteers of our own race, and half that number of Indians-faithful among the faithless-draw sabres at the word of command of a captain of the Madras Cavalry. The Sepoys seem never to have doubted that we should choose the main road to the Residency, now only three or four miles distant; and the result is conformable with their anticipations, an opener route favoured by Havelock having been pronounced

impracticable. Thus the line of advance is precisely that, up to a certain point at least, on which preparations for resistance have been made beforehand. A large bungalow by the roadside only a few hundred yards past A'lam-bagh gives cover to cannon; along both skirts of the road field-pieces well supported by musketry are posted in stretches of tall elephant-grass and in garden enclosures. Neill's brigade holds the place of honour, with Maude's battery, drawn by teams of nimble white oxen, patient under fire, acting as escort. By the side of Maude rides Outram, still serving as a cavalry volunteer. Hamilton's brigade, in which, as already noted, is his own regiment, the 'Ross-shire Buffs,' follows; and with it Havelock, as erect on his chestnut Arab as if his threescore and two years meant nothing.

The first step forward, and indeed the previous day and night, had brought their foretastes of the coming entertainment; but it is not till the force arrives within close range of the enemy's positions that the running fight begins in earnest. A storm of round-shot and of grape-shot, variegated with musketry fire, is filling the air with hurtling, hissing noises, when a halt is called by Havelock to let the rear close up. This stoppage, however necessary to prevent the advance from assuming a helter-skelter or 'devil take the hindmost' character, is hard on troops formed in column of sections; but it yields to Maude a signal opportunity of developing the prowess of his battery. It is a goodly sight to see this ideal gun-captain bringing his two leading pieces into action, and pitching into the enemy's heavier ordnance like a hawk into a bird of five times its bulk. Havelock had written in one of his Cawnpore despatches that 'Maude's fire electrified the enemy.' Doubtless the same officer's feats of gunnery are equally effective to-day also. And yet, in the course of the short artillery duel, the Sepoy gunners, standing more or less under cover, while Maude's gun detachments are absolutely in the open, can hardly be catching it so hot and heavy as ours are. Outram, too, has received a bulletwound, which, however, serves only to whet the keen edge of his ardour. Altogether, it is not a moment too soon that the order to go on again is

Of the occurrences witnessed at this time some are too moving to be needlessly recounted, while others have found their way into print already, despite the absence of war-correspondents. But there also happened one of those picturesque incidents which occasionally brighten War's grim visage. The Seventy-eighth had been ordered to lie down behind a piece of shelter, and was afterwards falling in again, when a staff-officer—a Scot of Scots—rode slowly past. Raising his hand and flourishing a pair of gloves which he carried in it, he quoted:

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled! Scots wham Bruce has afttimes led! That was all. Possibly he thought that, with the 'gory bed' so near to many of us, the less that was said about it at that particular moment the better. But however that may be, the response was a fervent cheer-and it took a good deal to make the Ross-shire men cheer. The familiar lines seemed to get into our hearts and circulate with our blood. And if, as some have it, the strength of a country is closely connected with the quantity and quality of its national thoughts and feelings, then, truly, Scotland's greatest treasure down to this day is Burns.

(To be continued.)

FLOATING DOCK. ROMANCE OF THE

CHAPTER IX.



HEN Sandford, on the drifting Vigilancia, saw that there was no steam to drive the engine, and that the anchor was not available, he glanced at the water-gauge, and found that there was plenty of water in the

boiler. So he quickly thrust wood into the furnace. A wood fire dies down quickly, but is quickly revived. He knew that as soon as he could raise enough steam to get steerage-way on the boat he could get her head up-stream; but meantime they were rushing down towards the bend where the grounded ceiba lay in midstream, with the water foaming over its giant branches.

As they swept round the two men shouted and pointed to it. Sandford saw, but could do nothing. He looked at the girl. She was sitting quietly, her eyes fixed on his.

'I fear we may possibly be upset,' he said, trying to speak without any excitement. 'Can you by chance swim a little?

It was a forlorn hope, but he thought if they were thrown into the water he might perhaps manage to keep himself and her from sinking till they could reach the bank somewhere. It would probably be far down-stream, but he was a good swimmer and by himself would not have despaired.

'Oh yes,' she answered, 'I can swim a little.'

'Then please,' he said, 'try just to put your hand on my shoulder if we slip into the water.'

'I shall try to do as you wish, señor.'

The possibility of his wishing to save himself independently of her did not occur to either. They did not think of being separated. She had spoken calmly, showing no panic, and the calmness of her voice and the steady, friendly look in her eyes made him calm also and even confident. It was as if he had beside him a comrade on whom he could

depend.

He turned towards the fast-receding group on the bank. They could not help. He looked downstream again. The protruding knees of the big tree and the ridge of angry water over its trunk seemed to rush at them. The little Vigilancia touched, slid, swung broadside on, and leaned over. A torrent of warm, brown water poured into her. He held out his hand to the girl, and she took it. He paused an instant to see how they could best leap so as to get clear of the boat as she went down.

Then he noticed the Indian fisherman's canoe. It had floated lightly over the tree, and still held to the stanchion by its cord. He dragged it quickly to them.

'Can you get in?' he cried.

In the roar of the water she could not hear, but she guessed.

'Yes,' she said, nodding her head. She did not hesitate. She evidently knew how to get into a canoe, and stepped lightly and quickly, placing her foot in the very centre and instantly sitting down in the bottom of the boat. He looked round for the two men, but could not see them. The steamer continued to sink, canting as she did so, and threatening to turn over on the canoe. He scrambled into the little craft on his knees, and crouching low, leaned forward, cut the rope with his knife, and pushed free. A moment later they were a dozen yards down-stream and Sandford saw the two men. They had climbed up and were clinging to the upper edge of the awning as she fell over more and more, the water pouring over her hull. They had not observed the canoe, or had forgotten it. They were looking up-river for some help, and neither of them noticed the little 'dug out' and its occupants as it passed swiftly down the river and out of sight.

The cranky bongo (as the Indians call such a boat) needed guidance, and there was no time to think of anything else. It was but a narrow log of cedar, hollowed by fire and shaped by axe, and was worn and cracked, and black with long saturation. It had neither thwarts nor keel, and was liable to upset on the slightest excuse. It avoided the next snag on its headlong course by mere good luck Then Sandford got hold of the pole which the Indian had used. The girl really knew better than he how to manage it. She had often seen it em ployed. He could only trust to his wits. But he had some experience of boats and the general handiness of an engineer and an active young fellow accustomed to athletic exercise. Yet the first movement he made nearly upset them, and he looked to see his companion shrink. But she only and the with only smiled encouragement and confidence. With much anxiety and perspiration he managed to feud off a sunken log that only showed its presence by the swirl of water over it. He discovered that area

that even with the bladeless pole he could steer

They were running down with the sudden floodwater from the higher country which had caught the Vigilancia from her careless moorings. The river was rising fast, and the pace was increasing, but their motion, though undulating, was smooth. No dash against opposing waves, no throbbing, coughing machinery, jarred the little vessel. She did not seem to advance. It was the banks that rushed by, while she lay easily oscillating in one spot on the dancing water. And when she passed over a broad shallow, where the stream was almost clear, they saw over the side the river-bottom flying backwards, as one may see a road from the rear seat of a dogcart. Their journey was noiseless, except for the murmur of the water in its friction on the banks and bottom, and the continuous grating of the stones, large and small, which it rolled along. All Sandford's senses were at a strain. He was conscious of these sounds, and wondered he had never heard them before. Sometimes they sped through narrows, where the water was jammed and heaped up in the centre of the stream, and he held his breath as they rode on the flying ridge.

The river gradually broadened, they grew almost accustomed to the situation, and Sandford began to feel more comfortable in his mind as he felt more cramped in his seat. He looked at his watch. It was five o'clock. They had steamed up-stream in the Vigilancia for ten hours, and during the last few of these their progress had been slow against the strong current. They were now going down much faster than they had come up. But where were they going? The sun was already low. In an hour it would set. They must land somewhere before night. To remain on the river in the darkness, unable to see and to avoid obstacles, was to court certain destruction. Sandford had not seen any landing-place since they had left the place where they had breakfasted at the Tienda de la Santa Fé.

'Señorita,' he said, 'do you know of any ranch or village near which we might try to land?' She shook her head.

'No, señor; I think there is no place till we get back to Santa Fé. I believe the country is all swamp and jungle.'

'I am afraid we must try to land,' he said.
'We could not go on without great danger after dark. And your father will come down to look for us.'

'Yes, señor, he will come as quickly as he can.'

For a long time he could see no sign of a possible landing-place. Then all at once the channel widened greatly, and there appeared what looked like the mouth of another river. The girl was looking at it as well as he. In a moment or two she said, 'We have come to the Great Island.'

The main current and the larger volume of water seemed to flow to the right. They were carried into it, and saw on their left hand a long gravelly beach. It had a point which stretched out into the river, and Sandford tried his best to turn the canoe towards it. They were swept past the point, but floated into an eddy behind it. He felt bottom with the pole and pushed into the shallow water. As the boat touched he stepped out, and, holding it with both hands, drew it close to the shore. Then he gave the girl his hand and helped her to land. But he took care not to let go the canoe. He lifted its bow up; she took hold also to help, though he protested, and together they dragged it high on the gravel.

They stood and recovered their breath, and she looked at her clothes. Her dress was bedraggled and her shoes were soaked. That did not much matter, for the air was very warm though the sun was low, and the stones under foot were dry and hot. Sandford turned the canoe half over, emptying out the water it had shipped. The Indian's second fish remained in the bottom.

'We are safe for the moment,' he said. 'You say this is an island in the river?'

'Yes,' she answered. 'We went up on its other side, where the current is not so strong.'

'Do you know if any people live on it?' he sked.

'I do not know,' she said. 'I do not think so. I have heard that *Indios bravos* sometimes come here.'

Sandford knew that *Indios bravos* meant 'wild Indians' of some kind. Just how wild they might be, in the sense of being dangerous, he did not know, and did not wish to ask her. But he thought it would be well to find out, while daylight lasted, whether any were present.

'If you will wait here for a little,' he said, 'I shall go and see if I can find any path or house.'

Then, on a sudden impulse, he unbuckled the belt which held his revolver.

'Do you know how to fire it?' he next asked her.

'Yes, señor; I have fired one.'

'And I think you would have courage to use it if necessary?'

She hesitated. 'I—I think so, perhaps. Why?'

'I shall leave it with you. You see it is loaded.'

He showed her the cartridges in the cylinder. Then he laid it on the canoe beside her.

'You had better put it on,' he said.

She did not look at it, but, with evident anxiety, which she tried ineffectually to conceal, she said, 'You are going away, señor, to leave me here alone?'

'For half-an-hour only. You see the beach extends beyond the point there. I may find signs of people. If you fire,' he added with an after-thought, 'I shall hear, and shall come back instantly.'

'But I do not'- She stopped with a little,

half-hysterical laugh. She raised her hand to her throat, and then, controlling herself, said softly, 'Está bueno ['It is well'], señor. Go, and I shall await your return.'

He wished to examine the place, but he also wished to be alone for a little that he might think of what he should do if he could not find

'He meant me to feel that I could defend myself against him,' she said to herself. 'He wants the poor native girl to know that he is a gentleman, and not like her countrymen.'

She laughed again, but her laugh was almost a

sob. She watched him till he passed out of sight. Then she turned away and sat down on the cance and cried a little over the pistol. But soon she dashed the tears from her face and walked down to the river's edge. She tried to see herself in the water, but did not succeed very well. But she washed her face and hands, and wiped them with her handkerchief, and spread it out to dry, and arranged her hair a little, and shook and pulled about her dress. And then she went back to the canoe and sat down on it again, for she too wanted to think.

(To be continued.)

RAILWAYS IN ICELAND.

By D. A. WILLEY.



HE builder of the steel highway has cut through the jungles of Mid-Africa, he has laid the metals over the tops of mountains high above the snow-line, and has bored through the backbone of Europe in piercing

the Alps. But probably he never ventured into a stranger country than the little group of islands washed by the waters of the North Atlantic and the Arctic Oceans. Odd as it may seem, the tramway-builder is to invade Iceland. Its great waterfalls will generate the magic current of electricity which is to carry the traveller in modern coaches from one end of this little Danish colony to the other. Already the engineers have made their way through its valleys and over its ice-capped hills, and have found a route for this road of steel which is to take the place of the patient ponies, the only means of going from place to place except one's feet.

Truly, the people of Iceland are fully a thousand years behind the rest of the world's people in their life and customs. It is a quaint, old-time civilisation that will be transformed and lost when the modern spirit enters. As everybody knows, the purest of Teutonic tongues is spoken in Iceland; and the same isolation which has kept the language from contamination has preserved society in much of its pristine simplicity. If the twentieth century finds men living as they did in the tenth anywhere in the world, it is in Iceland. There each byre or farmstead is still a little commonwealth in itself. The head of the family sees his sons and grandsons living around him, tilling the ancestral fields. Through the summer they till the hayfields together, and through the long, dark winter they feed their cattle and sheep, and spin and knit, and read aloud. All is in common, for a journey to the nearest town is a serious matter, occupying several days.

But a journey in Iceland is one of the most picturesque of adventures. With no railways, and indeed no roads of any sort, all travel and

transportation must be carried on by means of ponies. And every conceivable thing does the sturdy pony carry. You will see them linked together in a group of twenty, each hidden by a heap of hay or bulging with great packs of dried fish. Or you will see them on the homeward march from town bearing a stove or dragging beams of lumber. In fact, these little beasts frequently carry a load greater in bulk than themselves.

It is a sorry day for the traveller when he leaves his ship and starts inland on a pony. First there is the rainy weather. A testy wanderer once asked his guide, 'Does it rain here every day in the year?' 'No,' replied the honest guide; 'some days it snows.' Sooner or later, every day, you have got to face a storm, and a drenching one. Then there is the gait of the Too shrewd to gallop over the rough, dangerous paths, the little beasts trot; and as they have no more resilience than milking-stools, the first eight or ten hours leave one in a state of collapse.

But homely comfort ends the day, for every farmhouse is the home of hospitality. Just when you feel you can stand it no longer and must 'shoot' your pony and proceed on foot, you find yourself entering a peaceful vale. It is perhals ten o'clock in the evening and the sun is low. Men and women in long rows are raking up the fragrant new-mown grass—it is the chief labour of the farm, for grass is the only forage crop; flocks and herds are coming home, ducks swim in the stream, and chickens are scratching in the flower-besprinkled turf on the house-roofs. But the farmer is never too busy to give you supper and a bed—and that of the best-brook-trout, most excellent coffee, delicious skeer (a sort of junket), and a mattress of eider-down.

One's first approach to an Icelandic farmhouse is disconcerting; the building seems so tiny and so dark, its few windows are so small, and its stone and-peat walls look so prison-like! One believes

one's self to be entering a hovel, and is surprised at the cleanliness and the evidence of culture presently to be disclosed. Indeed, it may be said that poverty is the mark of Icelandic life that makes the deepest impression on the visitor. But how can it be otherwise? Nature has shut up the activities of men to so few avenues. They have no lumber, for trees grow only to the height of twelve or fourteen feet; for lack of coal they cannot develop the little beds of iron ore that have been discovered; the summer is too short for the maturing of any grain except a poor sort of rye. So nothing is left but the pastoral life, and that all Iceland has pursued from time immemorial, except the fishing and the gathering of eider-down. These are the industries of the coast. The richest man in Iceland is one who owns some islands suitable for eider ducks. His income is said to be as much as twelve hundred dollars (two hundred and fifty pounds) per annum.

Yes, poverty is the mark of life in all its aspects. An Icelandic kitchen tells the story. It has few utensils and no stove. For chimney it has a hole in the roof, through which the smoke slowly and reluctantly makes its way. And such smoke! It is the stinging, pungent smoke of the peat. The range consists of a heap of rocks in the middle of the floor. On top of this heap the fire smoulders between three or four boulders. On the boulders stand the iron pots. As one dries one's clothes in the bitter smoke it looks most unpromising. But the result is unexpectedly good. The mutton, prepared in every fashion, is incomparable. So, for some reason, is the coffee. The bread, however, is among the food curiosities. Made entirely of rye, it is so hard that if a lad is sent to the village baker's for a loaf, and wishes to rest himself on his way home, it is a common thing for him to place the bread on the ground and use it for a seat; but after you have cut into it you find it soft and palatable, although the outside may be a crust which seems as hard as iron.

There is many a reminder of the early ages in Iceland in the rooms of one of the farm-homesevidences of an ancient culture which indicates plainly the standard of civilisation from which it must be said the people have little degenerated. First one observes the carvings. Every little butterfirkin has its carved lid; grotesque or graceful figures adorn the beds and bread-boards; the horn spoons have intricate designs running up the handles; the harness of the ponies is studded with little lions' heads or rosettes of brass. Then there are the famous belts. Every girl and woman rejoices in a beautiful belt of silver or silver-gilt adorned with lovely carved work. Some of them are very ancient, having been handed down from mother to daughter for many generations. Among them are belts ornamented with engravings on the silver which are indeed strange considering that these people are nearly all followers of Martin Luther. Upon the metal is wrought pictures of masses and other ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, proving that the ornaments must have been made long before the Reformation.

Strange as it may seem, the poverty of Iceland has not resulted in sloth or ignorance. In no country in the world is the percentage of illiteracy so low. Actually, the whole population is educated, and well educated. Around the fires of the long winter nights the sagas are repeated, and the old tales retold, and the old songs sung. Every community boasts its poet or essayist. One man in ten, they will tell you, is an author. Thus the humble, pastoral life, so cramped by poverty, is not sordid or base, but full of romance and cultivation. It is not easy to say what is the exact relation between the study of literature and the state of morals. But a story they tell in Reykjavik, the capital, sheds some light on the subject. Many years ago, when modern ideas were being introduced by scholars who had travelled abroad, it was thought proper to erect a prison. So the jail was built-a large structure of stone. But year after year passed and the prison stood empty. There were no criminals to put in it. Finally, some practical person suggested putting it to use. 'Let us turn it into a school,' he said. And the thing was done; and there it stands to-day in constant use as a school for girls, the only prison ever erected in Iceland.

In a country where the only murder in a halfcentury was committed because the victim interrupted a man who was reading, it is not strange that its inhabitants should desire independence. Although but seventy thousand souls have their homes upon this bleak point of the world which sticks out of the Northern Ocean, they have had a Parliament which has made their laws and administered the affairs of the people for over nine centuries. It is perhaps the oldest body of lawmakers in the world. Iceland is practically a little republic in itself, although considered a part of the Danish possessions. Situated as it is, a thousand miles from the mother-country, and five hundred miles from the British Isles (its nearest civilised neighbour), the very isolation of this Arctic colony causes it to be independent. In short, it is in such an out-of-the-way corner of the globe that one forgets its existence until some extraordinary occurrence causes the fact to be remembered that here is a centre of humanity which has survived the rigours of the frigid zone for over a thousand years.

With the advent of the whizzing and whirring trolley car we may expect that the island community will awake from its slumbers of the ages, for the metals are to be laid across the largest island, so that Reykjavik, the metropolis of Iceland and its principal seaport on the west coast, will be connected with Eskifjorhr, its chief eastern seaport. For a distance of not less than two hundred and fifty miles this railroad line will traverse not only the valleys deep down between the snow-clad peaks, but in some places will pass

over glaciers so hard that even the summer's sun does not melt them. The tourist who ventures over it will thus see formations of ice which have been in existence since the days when the world

was first created, for Iceland well deserves its name, being partly covered with masses of the substance gray because they have been millions of years in the making.

тнЕ LINE.

By OWEN OLIVER.



HAD come off the dog-watch about an hour, as I reckon, and was sleeping hard, when we struck upon the reef. The jerk pitched me out of my bunk, and I lost my bearings, and couldn't think where I was till

I heard Tom Hands swearing. It was generally a few words and a lot of swears with Tom; but this time it was no words and all swearing, and I sat up on the floor and laughed at him.

'Must have struck a whale,' I said.

'Whale!' roared Tom. 'The cargo's shifted. That's what it is; and we'll be working double

shifts till it's right.'

And then the cook's mate rushed in snivelling and crying that we'd run on a rock and were going down; and Tom flung him outside, and said we weren't going down to that tune, anyhow.

We scrambled into our clothes and ran on deck; and the first-mate told us off to get out a boat for the passengers. We had about a boatload aboard, though we were mostly cargo. Tom and I climbed into the cutter on the starboard beam; but as soon as we were in her the ship gave a lurch. We hung farther and farther over the water, and I saw the deck tilt and tilt till it was like a wall, and the people went sliding down it and clung to the bulwarks. Little Mrs Williams, that had always a pleasant word for us common sailors, was just beneath us; and Tom cut off a life-buoy and flung it to her, but she missed it.

Then the sea seemed to rise up at us, and we were doused with a crash just as I grabbed an oar. I was whirled about underneath the water till my breath was gone; and when I came up I went spinning round and round in a sort of whirlpool, and bobbing under and up again till I was nearly choked. I stuck to the oar. But something had hit me on the head and half-dazed me, and I never remembered what happened properly, only that I saw the ship had broken in two, and left a bit of the bows sticking up on the reef; and a woman swept by me, and I grabbed at her but didn't catch her. I heard one or two cries from the water, but none from the ship-what was left of it -and judged no one was there. And the cries soon stopped, and I tucked the oar under my chin to keep my head up, and floated about in the dark. I kept saying to myself as it was 'a bad business, a bad business;' but couldn't think about anything properly, except that I'd like to smoke if I had a

pipe and matches and tobacco. And soon I began to feel drowsy, and thought it wasn't much good holding on any longer. And perhaps I shouldn't have, only the moon came out between some black clouds, and I saw land ahead, and so I stuck to the oar. When I dozed and half let it go I got the water in my mouth, and that woke me. Presently something knocked my legs, and I found it was the land, and got ashore like a half-drowned rat, and squeezed the water out of my clothes. Then I tumbled down on the beach and went to sleep.

When the sun grew hot enough it woke me. My clothes were dry, but stiff and musty with the salt, and I ached all over, and was hungry and thirsty. I saw some fresh water running down from the land, and lay beside it and lapped it like a dog; and found some shellfish like whelks, and ate them. Then it occurred to me that some of the others might be left. I went and looked out to sea, and saw the bows of the old ship on the reci about a mile away; but it was plain enough that no one was there. So I started along the shore to look for them.

I came across some of them on the beach-what used to be them. I'm not a man to make trouble over things; but I took it a bit hard finding them like that; and when I found little Mrs Williams, with her fair hair all loose, and looking like & young girl instead of a woman of five-and-thirty, I broke down and cried like a baby. She spoke to us common sailors just as if we were anybody else, and if you did anything for her she smiled at you and thanked you.

Five washed ashore altogether, and a quantity of wreckage. I dug five graves in the loose earth with a bit of plank for a spade; and I dug hers deepest. I cut five strips off the plank with my knife-hers was the widest-and stuck them up and scratched their names on them; and on hers I put 'In loving memory,' and I said a bit of the

service that I could remember.

That took the morning. I had dinner off shellfish and water, and thought I'd look round the island. It was about a mile each way, mostly flattish, with a few trees and lots of bushes and birds, and no animals. I found some eggs, and liked them better than the whelks, never caring for shellfish.

There was a strip of sand all round the island, and the land rose up a bit inside it, mostly loose earth, but here and there lumps of rock. In one

of them, near where I came ashore, I discovered a big cave, with an entrance like a low doorway. I thought I'd make a house of it, the same as Robinson Crusoe, and call it 'The Moorings,' because that was the name of our little house when I was a boy; and now I was thirty or thirty-one-I wasn't sure which. I took two empty boxes that floated aground into the cave for a seat and a table, and thought I'd make it cosy in time.

Next I walked along the shore, looking for more wreckage; and presently I came round the corner of a sandhill, and had a turn, seeing a woman rolling a little cask up the beach! I didn't recognise her at first without her gold eyeglasses; but when she stood upright and stared at me, I saw it was Miss Horton, that we called 'Miss Haughty' because she was so high and mighty. She had a bit of money and a lot of book-learning, and she was about eightand-twenty. She was good-looking in a scornful sort of style, and turned up her mouth, and hardly looked at you when you spoke to her. So I'd rather have seen any of the others. 'Howsomever,' I thought, 'she'll be better than nobody; and she's a woman, and not used to roughing it, and I'll have to give her the cave; and I walked up and touched my head with a friendly grin.

'Glad to see you, miss,' I said. But she backed away from me with her eyes wide open and her hands going as if she was swimming, to keep me off. It was plain enough that she was in a mortal

fright of me.

'Bless you, miss,' I told her, 'I sha'n't hurt you. I'm Thompson-Jack Thompson-off the old ship. It's a bit of rough luck, this wreck; but we'll be more comfortable than you'd expect. There's eggs and shellfish and fresh water; and I reckon we'll get no end of things from the wreck; and I've found a nice little cave that will do for a house, and'-

She gave a shrick and clenched her hands.

'If you touch me I'll kill myself,' she declared.

I drew myself up, and was near turning on my heel and leaving her to shift for herself; but I saw that she was off her head with fright, and no wonder, poor thing! And I was unshaved and dirty, and a fierce-looking, hulking chap at the best, so it wasn't surprising that she misdoubted

'You've got wrong ideas of me, miss,' I said. 'I wouldn't hurt you on no account. You shall have half the island to yourself, if you like."

'Swear it!' she cried, in a great state of excitement. 'Swear it!' As if the word of a common sailor wasn't any account!

So I made as if I kissed a book, to pacify her. 'The truth, and the whole truth,' said I. 'S'welp

'Draw a line,' she screamed, as if she was going to have hysterics. 'Draw a line across the sand. That will be your side, and this will be mine, as if it went right across the island, to those

'Very well, miss,' I agreed, shrugging my shoulders. 'I'll draw a line and I'll keep to it; but you'd best change sides first. There's a cave this way'-I pointed to where I'd come from-'what will come in useful to you. The weather don't make so much odds to me.'

She crossed over without even saying, 'Thank you,' and I made a deep furrow in the sand, leaving the cask on her side.

'There you are, miss,' I said; 'but I've got to have liberty to go just there and back.' I pointed to where the graves were.

'Why?' she asked sharply.

'Well,' I told her, 'I don't want to give you cause to fret; but you'd soon see for yourself. It's graves. Five of them.'

'Very well,' she said with a shudder. 'Now go, please, so that I can fetch the cask.

She evidently wouldn't trust herself within arm'slength of me, thinking that a common sailor hadn't the feelings of a man to a helpless woman.

'Well,' I said, 'I'll go. You'll find most shellfish on that little spit; and there's a freshet of water just opposite; and there's birds' nests in the low bushes, but they're prickly. You'd best take a bit of plank to open them; but don't beat them down, or they'll not lay there again. And some day you'll know that you thought wrong of me.'

Then I turned round and walked off, and when I got out of sight I sat down with my face in my hands. For I wasn't my proper self yet, through weakness, and I'd never expected to be taken for a blackguard; and the line on the sand seemed like a great wale across me. Howsomever, I didn't blame her, thinking that she was upset and would soon come round and know better.

I slept in a hole in the sand that night; but the next day two boat-sails washed ashore, and I dried them in the sun. Then I cut out the middle of a big prickly bush, and a doorway into it; and I laid the biggest sail over the part that was left, like a round hedge, and made a sort of tent, and put in reeds for a bed, and some dry grass on top. I expected the other sail would come in useful to her for a curtain at the door of her cave. So I took it up to the line, and threw it over. I saw her out on the spit gathering whelks, or whatever they were, in the afternoon; and in the evening I heard her singing. I fancied it must be very lonely for her, being a woman, and I was half a mind to shout to let her know that I was there; but I thought it would only frighten her more.

There was a high wind on shore the next day, and the bows of the poor old ship rocked on the reef till I thought they would topple over; but they didn't. A lot more wreckage was blown ashore, and mostly on my side of the line. In particular there were two barrels of salt pork, and one of biscuits (rather soiled by the wet), and a case of tinned beef. It was wedged cornerways in a big grating, and that had floated it. I noticed she'd

taken away the sail I threw over. So I rolled one barrel of pork and one barrel of biscuits over the line, and carried some tins of beef there; and I scratched a note on a plank that if the biscuits were salt with the sea she'd better put them in the freshet for a bit, and that would make them all right. I knocked in the heads of the casks with big stones, thinking she mightn't be able to open them. I went up to the line in the evening and listened to her singing, and joined in under my breath, so as she shouldn't hear.

The day after I saw her near the line, and wanted to call out and ask how she was getting on; but I noticed that she'd stuck a chopper—that must have come ashore-in her belt, and knew that she was going armed, as if I was an enemy. I took it rather to heart, and kept well away from her part of the island in the daytime for a fortnight; but I always crept along to hear her sing in the evening, feeling

Except for the lonesomeness I didn't do so badly. At first I lived mostly on the biscuits and tinned beef, not fancying the raw pork or even the eggs, though they were easy enough to get. But after a while it occurred to me that I could cook them up a bit in the sun; and I did, and liked them better that way. I thought she might not have hit upon it, so I scratched a message on a bit of wood, and left it for her: 'If you want eggs I've plenty. You can cook them in the sun. On a white stone is best, and another behind them.'

She scratched an answer underneath, and left one of the glasses out of a telescope beside it: 'Thanks; I've plenty. You can light a fire with this lens. I 've another.'

I thought it showed a neighbourly feeling, and I'd hail her next chance; but I happened to go to the graves, and found she'd been there and put up a new plank for Mrs Williams, instead of mine. I learnt long afterwards it was because mine had cracked with the sun; but I thought then it was to correct the spelling, because I saw she put two I's in the name, and only one 'm' in the middle of memory, and I'd put two. It annoyed me as you wouldn't think, and I spent three afternoons cutting a cross with proper spelling, and put it there instead. And after that I didn't try to speak to her; but I knew she got on all right, because I saw her cooking things in big shells. She used them for plates too, and a corned-beef tin for a cup; and I took the hint for myself.

One day I saw that she dragged herself about, as if she wasn't well; and she didn't sing in the evening. The next day she seemed worse. The day after I didn't see her out at all. I was afraid to frighten her by calling after it was dark; but I sat down by the line to watch if she came out in the morning; and when she didn't I decided that the promise had got to be broken, and went along to the cave and called to her.

'Don't be afraid, miss,' I shouted. 'I thought perhaps you weren't well.'

'I am ill,' she answered in a hoarse voice. 'It's some kind of fever. I-I'm so thirsty!'

I picked up the can that was lying outside, and

ran off for some water. 'Shall I put it round the corner?' I asked.

'I can't stand,' she said with a groan. So I went

She was lying down on the sail I'd thrown over to her, and her teeth were chattering like ague; but she tried to laugh.

'Don't be afraid of me, miss,' I said. 'You needn't be; ' and I held her up and gave her some water.

'No,' she said. 'I've seen that for some time. I beg your pardon.

It made me go red to have a lady beg pardon of a chap like me, and I turned and looked about the cave.

'A bit hard, those stones,' I suggested; and she fetched a great sigh.

'They make me ache,' she owned.

So I fetched a lot of grass, and rolled up my coat-I didn't want it, having a jersey-for a pillow, and lifted her on to it, and covered her up with the sail. Then I boiled her an egg in the tin, but she only ate half of it. The next time she wouldn't eat any, and I couldn't get her to touch anything else, though she kept drinking

'If only I could have some milk,' she was always 'There was such a lot aboard!' She saying. meant the tinned stuff.

'Well,' I said, 'there might be some in the bows now. Perhaps I could float out with a plank when the tide's going that way, and back again when it turns.'

'No, no!' she cried. 'Don't leave me! Don't leave me! Those horrid little goblins will take me if you do.' She was light-headed, off and on, and I had to sit beside her and pretend that I kept the goblins off.

'Don't you worry, miss,' I promised. 'I won't

leave you. 'Tisn't likely.' I did't leave her for four days, except to get fool and water; and then she was generally crying after me, like a child, when I came back, and half the time not in her right senses.

She got worse and worse, and at last she was so bad that she only moaned and didn't open her eyes, and couldn't swallow anything but water, and kept clutching as if she wanted to hold something and I had to give her my hand to quiet her. Then she went off in a stupor, and I thought the end was coming. I didn't believe it was the fever that was killing her so much as having nothing she could take except water; and at last I made up my mind that I'd try to get her some milk from the ship.

I'd noticed the tide set that way when it was going out. So, about an hour before the turn, I took a plank, and floated with it, swimming and guiding it as well as I could, though I wasn't much of a swimmer. It was slack water by the reef, and I managed to steer into a little cove and climb up the rock, where I could jump on the side of the old ship, as it lay over, and crawl in at a porthole; and then I slid and clambered about inside till I got to the galley and the bunks and lockers in the forecastle, and I found a lot of things there. I tied up several bundles of clothes and blankets and other articles, and lashed them to spars and boxes, and threw them over, thinking some of them might chance to float ashore; and I put a lot of milk in boxes, and some tools; and then I fixed up a grating with some planks, and fastened the boxes on, and some more blankets, and let it into the water with a rope, like a raft, and slid down the rope, and cut it with my knife, and floated off. It seemed as if I was going to miss the island altogether; but I stuck two marline-spikes through the grating for rowlocks, and sculled with an oar I'd taken. And, after about two hours going backward and forward with the contrary currents, I got into a useful one; and at last I fetched the island, just at the corner, and ran ashore. And then I walked knee-deep in the water, towing the raft till I was opposite the cave, and hauled it up on the beach there.

I opened a tin of milk, and mixed it up with water, and gave her spoonfuls (I'd taken a spoon); and then I gave her some brandy that I'd found aboard; and afterwards I covered her up with some blankets, so that she would get hot and sweat out the fever. And she breathed harder, and I hoped she'd be all right. And I fell asleep unawares, being dog-tired; and when I woke she was lying with her eyes open, looking at me, and she said, 'I'm going to get better.' And I said, 'Thank God!' And she said, 'Yes,' and smiled and went to sleep.

When she woke up I gave her some more milkaud-water; and when she'd drunk it she looked surprised and asked me where it came from; and I told her about my trip to the wreck, and she lay staring at me with her eyes looking big in her pale face.

'If you hadn't reached the island again!'she said with a shudder.

'You'd have been no worse off than if I hadn't gone,' I explained.

'Oh!' she cried, 'I wasn't thinking of myself; I was thinking that you risked your life for me!' She held out her hand, and I shook it. 'I wish we were—the same side of the line,' she said; and I felt as if I'd been doused with cold water.

'Ah,' I said, 'the line! I know I am a rough sort of chap, and not fit company for the likes of you; but you needn't be frightened of me.'

'I'm not frightened of you,' she told me. 'I think you are good and brave and honourable. I know you are. I trust you entirely. Only, I wish there wasn't any line.'

'You can rub it out with your foot,' I said with a laugh.

'No,' she said with a choke, 'I can't. It is you who must remove the line.'

But I shook my head.

'No, missie,' I contradicted. 'You set it betwirt us, and you must take it away; and if you don't I stay my own side, once you're well and strong; but till you are I'm going to look after you.'

She put her hands behind her head and lay there and laughed.

'I shall take my time getting well,' she declared.
'I like being looked after.'

And I grinned.

'Come to that,' I owned, 'I like looking after you; and you can take your time and welcome. And now you go to sleep, while I go along shore and see what's washed up.' And off I went, and managed to knock down a bird with a stone and cooked it for her dinner.

I fed her up all I could, and after two days she was able to sit up for a bit of the time in a chair that I'd knocked together now I had tools and cushioned with blankets, a big bundle washing ashore, as I had hoped, and some men's clothes. I hadn't found any clothes for women, but I'd brought needles and thread, and she started making a new dress for herself out of sheets, and sat and talked and laughed very pleasant; and I made a door for her house so that she could shut herself in when I went to my tent at night, and I always waited outside for her to call that she had 'locked up' before I went. And she used to say, 'Good-night, and God bless you! And be sure you come early.'

Soon she got well enough to take little walks, and began to do the cooking, that she was wonderfully clever at, while I hunted or made things; and one evening she said she was 'almost quite well,' and we'd have another walk after tea. It was bright moonlight, and we walked along the beach; and we came to the line, and she stopped and looked at it.

'The line that separates me from a good man!' she said with a catch in her voice.

'It's easy to rub out, missie,' I told her; 'but it's for you to do, not me.'

'This line?' she said. 'Yes. It's gone.' She brushed her foot over a little bit. 'But not—not the line between you and me. Don't you see it—the line between our lives; the line that will be, if we are rescued?'

'Why, of course, miss,' I agreed. 'You're a lady born and bred, and I'm a common sailor. You can't rub out that line.'

'No,' she said. 'I can't; but you can. If you tried you might rise. You could try, anyhow. I wish you would.'

I looked at the moon a bit and considered. I saw what she meant well enough, and that I wasn't the sort she could introduce to her friends, and so on; and I didn't blame her, though I thought it bit hard that a man should be judged by his booklearning and way of speaking and dressing, and how he'd been brought up, and not by himself; and I

thought I'd like to be as good as anybody else, and her to think so. But if she didn't think so, now she knew just what I was, I didn't see what odds a bit of education would make. And besides, I didn't think it was in me.

'It's no use, miss,' I told her. 'I'm what I was brought up to be, and what I am; and there's the line between us, and there it's got to be.'

'It hasn't!' she cried, stamping her foot almost in a passion. 'If you wanted to be friends with me—wanted badly—you'd cross it. You'd try, anyway.'

'Come to that, miss,' I said very quiet, 'if you wanted to be friends with me, there wouldn't be any line; leastways you wouldn't trouble about it.'

'That is nonsense,' she said sharply. 'There is a line, and I do trouble about it. Won't you let

me teach you spelling and grammar ?'

And then I thought about the plank that I'd set up to little Mrs Williams—not yet knowing the real facts about it—and felt as if I boiled up, and I just drew my toe along the line and made it deeper.

'There's the line of spelling and grammar,' I said, 'and I'll never step over it on this island or off it unless you ask me; leastways, not without good cause, like I had. Well, now you'd best go to sleep and keep those roses in your cheeks, missie; and it'll be good cause enough to step over when I can do things for you.'

For I didn't want to upset her, having a liking for her, when all was said and done. But she stamped her foot and looked at me with her eyes blazing.

'You have made the line now,' she cried, 'and I'll never set my foot over it;' and she turned and ran.

For three days neither of us crossed the line, though we spent most of our time talking, one on each side, and were friendly enough, both wishing we hadn't said what we had. Then a ship came and took us off; and when we got aboard the line was plain enough!

The captain gave her his cabin, and I went into the forecastle. She wanted to pay for a first-class passage for me, but I wouldn't have it; and I wouldn't go and talk to her, only just enough to show that there was good feeling between us. We were both anxious that every one should know that; and I always told everybody as she was a lady it was a pleasure to be shipwrecked with, and I heard from the captain as she had nothing too good to say for me.

She wanted me to go to her friends when we landed, but I wouldn't; and I stayed at the port to look for a ship, and got a job meanwhile from my old firm, who were very good to me. And then her solicitor came to see me. He was a pleasant, gray-haired old gentleman, and wanted to lend me money to start in a business.

'A man with your abilities,' he said, 'my dear Mr Thompson, ought not to be content to pursue

the calling of an ordinary seaman, respectable and —er—honourable as that calling may be.'

'That's all I'm fit for, sir,' I said, 'thanking you kindly. And I know who sent you, and you can tell your client, as you call her, that I'm much obliged, and take it very friendly and nice of her, and like I'd expect. But what I did for her was what it was a man's duty to do, and his right; and I don't look to be paid in one form or another. And my best wishes to her, and it isn't that I wouldn't like to see her; but I don't care to go and feel that things are different from when we were on the island and good friends. But I know she was right when she spoke about the line what was between her and me, and I'm off on Saturday week.'

'Ah!' said the old gentleman. 'Umph! Your feeling of pride does you credit, Mr Thompsongreat credit. But—er—you are too chivalrous a man to—er—to wish to hurt the feelings of a—a woman. You see—women have their duties and their rights too, and—er—my client naturally desires to show her gratitude for you; and I think you ought to consider her a little in the matter. Really, now, my dear Mr Thompson, you wouldn't think so well of her if she didn't desire to be of friendly assistance to you. Now, would you?'

'No, sir,' I said; 'that's so. She's quite right to make the offer; but I'm right, according to my ideas, to refuse. Please give her my very grateful thanks, and say I shall think more kindly of her for it—more kindly than ever.'

'Umph!' said he. 'Umph! I think you would show your appreciation better by sinking a little bit of your pride and going to thank her yourself. She'll be very hurt if you go off abroad without seeing her.'

'I'll come up to-morrow,' I said very prompt; for I wanted to see her badly enough, and was glad of an excuse, though I told myself I was a fool to think so much of one who was the other side of a line that there was no crossing.

I was a bit nervous when I saw her fine house, and stammered when the servant opened the door and stared at me; but Miss Horton ran out and caught hold of my hand, and pulled me into the drawing-room, that was all ornaments and pretty things, when I came to remember afterwards. But I didn't think of that then, for she looked so lorely that she took my breath away; and I made a line in the pattern of the carpet for a warning to myself, and felt as though there was sea-spray in my eyes.

I choked down a lump in my throat and began telling her about the berth I'd got, and how she wasn't to worry about me, because it was what I'd been used to, and rather better. I was carrying it off very nice and cheerful, when, all of a sudden, she put her hand in mine.

'Dear friend,' she said, 'won't you let me offer you the least thing—when you offered your life for me?'

And I took my cap and staggered to my feet and

turned to go, feeling that I couldn't stand it any longer.

'I'd do it any time,' I said—'a dozen if I had them. Don't think it's because I don't want to come that I won't come any more. It's just—just the line, missie—the line. God bless you!'

I turned and was going. I couldn't see her for the mist in my eyes, and then I found her clinging to me.

'I've come—over the line,' she sobbed. 'Because I love you! And you love me!'

And I kissed her and held her at arm's-length; and then I kissed her again.

'My girl,' I said, very solemn, 'before God, I do. Now, listen to me, my dear girl. Love isn't a matter of lines; and I'm not going to let my pride come between us. I've took you for my sweetheart; and my sweetheart you're going to be, and some day my wife.'

'Yes,' she said-'yes!'

'But first,' I told her, 'I've got to cross the line. I'm going to educate myself, and make myself a bit fitter for you; and I'm going to do it by myself, without your help; and when I've done it I'm coming to you. Well, I'm not going to wait till then, either. I'm coming to see you every time I'm home; and you shall tell me how I'm getting on, and when I'm over the line.'

She agreed that was right, and so we settled it.

I went to the head of my old firm, that my father served too, the next morning, and told him the whole story; and he wouldn't have me go to sea yet, but gave me a shore-job, so that I could go to night-school; and the young governor had me to his house sometimes, and taught me to speak properly; and I got on faster than I expected. And when I'd learned arithmetic and got to algebra and geometry I found I'd a gift for mathematics; and they sent me to their place at Havre for a bit, and I picked up French in a way that surprised everybody; and then I passed some examinations, and went for a voyage as a sort of supercargo; and I did some very good business for the firm, and when I came back I went straight up to see Violet. That is her name.

'I don't speak of the line now,' I told her with a laugh after we'd got over the first excitement and I'd sat down with my arm round her. 'I call it the equator.'

'Couldn't you cross the—the equator—now,' she whispered—'and stay with me?'

'It will be very nice,' she said.

So we crossed the line of matrimony, and ever since we've sailed in smooth waters.

THE INTERNAL-COMBUSTION ENGINE AS A SOURCE OF POWER.



O one whose lot is cast in a modern hive of industry, surveying the myriad whirring factory-wheels, the question arises, Will the sources of energy so utilised always be available, or will a time ever come when

these wheels will cease to revolve by failure of energy-producers? And would this mean national disaster, affecting every one; even the man of sesthetic temperament, who would welcome the disappearance of forests of factory chimneys, unsightly heaps of smoking refuse, and the palls of black smoke which becloud the light of heaven? Such failure might paralyse us as a manufacturing people, doing besides the chief carrying trade of the world.

The sun is not yet a source of practical energy, although it has stored potential energy ages ago in our coal-seams, oil-wells, and shale strata, upon which we are drawing at present with extravagant haste. Wind, tides, and waterfalls are only partially exploited. Our main sources of energy are derived from coal, oil-wells, shale, and the vegetable kingdom. Coal is our chief source of energy, and we are assured that there is no likelihood of a dearth in Britain for many a decade to come, although it

is obvious that such supply is not unlimited. This fact cannot be too strongly impressed on our minds, as well as the necessity for its economical use, especially in the United Kingdom, where, for long periods, power-users all over the world have drawn only too freely. Not entirely from fear of future days of scarcity, but rather to secure a diminished coal-bill, power-users are beginning to adopt the means with which science and mechanical skill have equipped them for extracting the maximum amount of energy from every pound of coal.

It is to some modern sources of power, including producer-gas and the gas-engine, that we would direct attention. The day of the internal-combustion engine has hardly yet come; but it is close at hand. We ask, What, then, is an internal-combustion engine, and what is producer-gas?

In an internal-combustion engine, fuel in a gaseous condition mixed with air in definite proportions is introduced into a cylinder, compressed to a high degree, then exploded behind a piston. The consequent motion of this piston is transmitted to a shaft, the turning of which can be usefully applied in numberless different ways. The constituents of producer-gas are carbon monoxide, hydrogen, and traces of methane occasionally, when

the gas is made from coal. These are the heatgiving constituents of the gas, but it contains inert elements as well whose presence is due to the process of manufacture. These inert constituents are carbonic acid gas and nitrogen. When coal, or more generally carbon, is heated to incandescence in a retort, say, in a vertical cylinder, and air and steam are blown forcibly through this mass of incandescent carbon, chemical reactions take place between the carbon and the oxygen of the air on the one hand, and between steam and carbon on the other; reactions which give rise to a combustible gas -- producer-gas -- composed as already mentioned. The heat necessary for the above reactions to take place is obtained by the burning of part of the fuel, the reactions requiring heat to be supplied them as a condition of their occurring. The gas is of very low heating value as compared with illuminating gas, but it is produced at a very cheap rate, one ton of bituminous slack giving, on the Mond system of production, one hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet of gas, with a calorific value of one hundred and fifty British thermal units per cubic foot.

The combination of gas-engine and producer-gas plant has furnished a means of extracting more of the heat-energy from every pound of coal burnt than that pound of coal could have given up burnt under a boiler in the cylinder of a steam-engine. A well-known pioneer in the field of producer-gas, J. M. Emerson Dowson, recently tested a steam and a gas power plant, each of two hundred and fifty horse-power. This comparison showed a saving in fuel of 53 per cent. in favour of the producer-gas plant and engine. Two smaller gas and steam plants, each of forty horse-power, were similarly compared, and the saving in favour of the gas-plant was as much as 70 per cent. The producer-gas plant has, however, other features to recommend it. An ammonia-recovery process can be readily worked along with the producer-plant, and sulphate of ammonia, much in demand as a manure, manufactured therefrom. Very poor qualities of fuel may be used in the producer. The Mond producer uses bituminous slack; lignite and peat may also be used as fuel in modified Mond producers, and the latter often contains as much as 2 per cent. nitrogen convertible into ammonia, and gives a gas of a comparatively high heat-value. The Power Gas Corporation (Limited) is now constructing at Stockton a two thousand horse-power ammonia-recovery peat-gas plant worked on the Mond principle for a central electrical distribution station, and this plant will probably be in operation at the end of the year. It is interesting to note in passing that the utilisation of peat for power and furnace purposes was worked out in England and communicated from England to Germany, where peat as a source of power is now being exploited to a considerable extent.

Waste products from many industries may be used in the production of producer-gas in plants

modified to suit the nature of the material to be gasified; tan-bark, sawdust, rice-husks, and sugarcane refuse may be mentioned as examples of such waste products. On the estate of M. de la Ville in the south of France, where non-alcoholic wines are being so successfully produced, vine-prunings are chopped into lengths and fed to a retort, where they are distilled, giving off a gas which is utilised in gas-engines developing about one hundred horse-power. It is said that four pounds of prunings give one horse-power for an hour.

Petroleum of various specific gravities, from volatile petrol to heavy, viscous oil-refuse, can be applied for the generating of power. If the petroleum is to be used in an internal combustion engine, it is first vaporised, then exploded in the oil-engine cylinder with the requisite quantity of air. In the United States, where denatured alcohol for industrial uses can be bought for forty cents per gallon, it may be expected that alcohol manufactured from grain and rendered unpotable by the addition of wood spirit and benzene will become a formidable rival to petrol in the uses to which petrol is at present applied. It has been completely proved that alcohol is perfectly adapted for an engine-fuel; but in this country its use cannot become general till denatured alcohol for power-uses is made duty free.

With these facts before us, perhaps we may attempt an answer to the question as to the constancy of a fuel-supply for power purposes. Any thing, however, of the nature of prophecy in the domain of mechanical science should be guardedly made. The late Sir Benjamin Baker used to instance the fallacious forecasts of eminent engineers and statesmen in this direction. Watt, for instance, used to rest his claims to immortality upon his parallel motion, now almost obsolete; Smeaton condemned the crank and flywheel as inefficient and clumsy; Lord Brougham advocated a law restricting railway speeds to a maximum of thirty miles per hour, arguing that rapid motion must be dangerous. In his presidential address to the Institution of Civil Engineers, Sir Alexander Kennedy discussed, among other things, mechanical evolution - whether definite laws could be traceable in the development of mechanism. He said: 'As a species, machines may certainly be said to represent a "separate creation." One species after another starts suddenly into being, sometimes through the inventive talent of a single man, perhaps through the joint endeavour of many minds directed to one special point by some requirement of practical industrial life. With the warnings, it might be dangerous to imitate Mr H. G. Wells in his Anticipations; still, were the world's supplies of coal, of oil, or of peat to give out, we have the inexhaustible products of the vegetable kingdom to press into the service of the power-user as long as the sun shines and the rain falls. That period of dearth of coal must be remote; and before it comes some means will doubtless have been devised for using directly the energy which the sun is constantly giving out. The thought of a country dependent for powersupplies, as well as food-supplies, upon the soil is

surely a pleasant one. It suggests a more even distribution of population, which our cry of 'Back to the land' is less likely to bring about under present conditions.

SNAKE-VENOM AS A COMMERCIAL PRODUCT.



N Australian employment—at present in a small way, but capable, it will be seen, of great expansion—is that of collecting snake-venom for sale. The demand for this curious product

is growing rapidly. It is found useful in medicine, and has a valued place in several departments of the mechanical arts and sciences. There is a constant call for it among naturalists and experimenters generally; and when it is known that it can be bought in the open market additional uses for it will certainly be discovered. The value placed upon some small quantities lately exported from New South Wales was so high that during the last warm season, when snakes were numerous, a boom in the collecting business set in, and the industry promised to swell to considerable proportions. Valuing the venom by weight, we find that it fetches more per ounce than any of the precious metals. The market price at present is from twenty to twenty-five shillings a grain, or something coming up to six thousand pounds per pound troy; that is the rate quoted on the Sydney side. But even these huge figures fail to bring to the market a quantity to meet the demand in more than a partial way.

The difficulties and dangers connected with the collection of the venom largely account for this. The inadequacy of the appliances used in capturing the snakes prevents many from undertaking the work; other causes also contribute to deter persons from adopting the employment and following it in a systematic manner. The venom-bearing snakes near the large centres are mainly found in swamps and morasses, and have to be sought for in early morning or at twilight, when a slight inadvertence might have bad results. The snake whose venom is wanted for the market must be captured alive. Almost any one acquainted with the bush can kill a snake; but capturing it alive is quite a different matter-that needs nerve, dexterity, and certainty of touch. Snakes, as a rule, try to get away from the person who attacks them; but exceptions have to be taken into account. At the nesting season a snake may develop unusual courage, and even advance upon the person attacking. Even, however, with snakes retreating, the capturing act must be swift, neat, and perfect. It seems easy to an onlooker, but it is because the capturer has begun with a superb nerve and has practised his art till his hand moves as rapidly and noiselessly as his eye. Some men depend on their fingers alone with many kinds of snakes; others use a

batten to hold the head down till the fingers obtain the requisite grip on the back of the head. The fingers must grip tightly and hold firmly till the reptile is deposited in a bag or box. If it were struck with a stick, or held down with a forked stick, as is the usual process when a snake is captured for show purposes, it would empty its venom-sac in the fight, and perhaps break its poison-fangs, thus seriously reducing or destroying its market value as a venom-producer. It is, therefore, necessary to capture it in its natural state, and preserve it in that state till it goes into the hands of the operator.

Some operators extract the poison by cutting out the poison-bag in its entirety. They cut into the snake's head, and, having detached the glands, fasten the valves and store them away in bottles; others goad the snake to bite through india-rubber bands and eject its venom on to a glass plate beneath. Either way secures the venom; but in the latter case care must be taken to prevent the intrusion of impurities. A venomous snake has two poisonfangs in the upper jaw; and when goaded by the operator it pierces the india-rubber band and pours on to the glass below two streams of poison, just as if it had penetrated the human skin and injected the venom into the human body. The venom is afterwards scraped off the glass, placed in hermetically sealed tubes, and becomes forthwith a marketable product. The operator's work is, it can be seen, in some respects more dangerous than that of the capturer, as the reptiles are handled alive under both processes, but in the second are goaded to anger and generally restored in that state to bag or box for further treatment. Though proportionally few Australian snakes are deadly, most are venomous, and are therefore marketable in the sense considered. The ringed-snake, the whipsnake, the banded-snake, and a number of others do not fatally injure, but carry enough venom to make them worth pursuing. The more venom, however, and the more deadly it is recognised as being, the better the reward to capturer and operator.

The death-adder is probably the most deadly of Australian reptiles. In comparisons made during the past year it puts up the largest proportion of deaths to bites. In one hundred and ninety cases of snake-bite recorded over a period, the death-adder is credited with ten cases, and in five of them death resulted; the tiger-snake figures in thirty-three cases, with fifteen deaths, and the brown snake in thirty-two cases, with sixteen deaths. The

dreaded black snake is credited in this official list with eighty-seven cases, of which not one was fatal. But the much-dreaded snakes have larger poison-glands, and, apart from the potency of the poison, are valuable for the copiousness of the supply. Four of the six families of fresh-water snakes are venomous, and all Australia's marine snakes are so. The area over which the snake-venom industry may be pursued is, therefore, taking the small with the large, extremely extensive.

Presently attention is concentrated on the snakes whose bite is fatal or reputed to be fatal-these are the basis of the enterprise. The venom of the non-deadly snakes, though desired in some chemical processes, does not command such wide or profitable patronage as that of the deadly. Hence the worst dangers are encountered at the very threshold of the enterprise. The price per pound for venom takes away the breath; but such a quantity as a pound is hard to collect. All so far collected in Australia falls considerably under a pound. A robust snake of the most deadly class, treated with the greatest care and the best apparatus, will not discharge more than a grain at a bite. This grain will sell on the market for a little over twenty shillings; that is, supposing the venom has reached its tube free from all impurities. The twenty shillings has consequently to be divided among all who have contributed, from the catching of the reptile to the selling of the poison. Those who work in the swamps and gullies must camp in these places to catch their prey morning and evening; they have to shift camp frequently to keep in touch with the best varieties; they must keep their snakes alive till they deliver them to the operator in town, and must then lose them if their fangs have been broken accidentally or otherwise. A fair estimate is that the capturer gets five shillings for every snake of high-class venomous order he delivers safe and sound to the operator. The operator has to divide the balance of the twenty shillings between himself and those who help him to negotiate

The calculation is based on the assumption that each snake is valued at one discharge only. That used to be, and is still, except in rare cases, the snake's value; but already a beginning has been made in what some call snake-milking; that is, the snake, after discharging its stock of venom, is put away and called upon after a time for another and another discharge. A snake's discharge after a long rest differs in quality and quantity from a discharge on a second bite immediately after the first one. On this ground the bites of a snake fatal in one case and non-fatal in another are easily explained. The poison in the second bite was simply less in quantity and quality than in the first. But with time to rest, the poison-glands refill and the original degree of potency is regained. This principle being recognised, the deadly snake is treated as a valuable pet. After intervals of a couple of days it is taken again to the apparatus

with the india-rubber and glass slide, and once more delivered of its supply of venom. This, it is obvious, can go on indefinitely; but it means the housing of the reptiles and a systematic form of management not yet thoroughly understood. If adopted on a large scale, the system will lead to a pronounced change in the commercial value of the reptiles. Whether it will increase the value of the services of the capturer and operator, or lead to a reduction in the price per ounce of the commodity, remains to be seen.

What is absolutely necessary for the cultivation of the industry on satisfactory lines is a classification of the venoms. This work is proceeding, but much remains to be done. The official paper published recently by Dr Tidswell, of the New South Wales Health Department, states, as the results of laboratory experiments on rabbits, certain conclusions which may be taken as the beginning of a classification system. The experiments referred to place tiger-snake venom first. It was found fourteen times more deadly than that of the black snake, and four times deadlier than that of the brown snake and death-adder. The average amounts yielded at a bite show that the death-adder gave three times more than the tiger, seven times more than the black, and almost seventeen times more than the brown snake. These computations are scientifically interesting, but most valuable from the commercial point of view, and when carried over the venomous snake-field will enable those engaged in this industry to turn their time to the best advantage.

TO MABEL.

OH, sing to the heart that is lighter than laughter!
Oh, sing to the heart that is beaten with pain!
To the eyes that are bathed in the glory of summer.
To the eyes in which hope lies shattered and slain.

Oh, sing to the toiler whose brow, deeply chiselled,
Is lined with the furrows life's battle has ploughed!
Oh, sing to the idler who sits in the noondsy,
And laughs with the sunshine and frowns with the

cloud!

Oh, sing to the footsore on Time's rocky pathway
A song that shall cheer them and banish their fear!
Oh, sing to the lips smitten dumb with swift sorrow
A song that is liquid with sympathy's tears!

Oh, sing to the youth whose long, deep horizon
Is fearlessly met with a vigorous gaze!
Oh, sing to the aged, their way dimly groping
Through the shadowy vale to the river's dark haze!

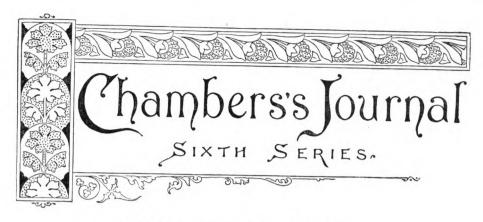
For yours is a heritage rich in possession,

That wealth cannot purchase nor jealousy spoil:

So give to the poor or the rich of your treasure,

To lighten their burdens and sweeten their toil.

JOSEPH FRANCE.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, September 20th.



Le:

115

NI NE

195

18

112

55

12

13

13

ORE emperors and kings are coming to London soon, and already the town is abuzz with interest and eager anticipation concerning the early visit of the Kaiser William,

for the importance of the meaning of this visit is understood by all people; and it is certainly the fact that of all the brilliant achievements in diplomacy and statesmanship by King Edward, surpassing those of any Minister, and being of incalculable service not only to the State but to the world-of all these achievements none can be more splendid and none more popular than his fine success in improving relations between Great Britain and Germany, and making it easy for the Kaiser to come to see us as a friend. With the exercise of his superb tact he has at one stroke neutralised the bad feeling that many industrious and misguided persons both here and in Germany have been engaged in fostering for years past. Think of the difference in our situation now and what it was only two or three years ago, when neither France nor Germany was our friend; and little wonder that when one goes about on the Continent now one hears King Edward referred to everywhere most affectionately as 'Uncle Edward' as the result of all his famous pilgrimages of peacemaking. What some pessimists say, that at some time or another a war between Britain and Germany is inevitable, may be true; but the time may be so far distant that for many practical present-day purposes the contingency may be overlooked; and it is surely true that this possibility has not brought the general public of this country to any universal dislike of Germany, as some would have us believe. Germany's naval policy is, of course, a menace, but a better understanding may bring about a modification of it. The spirit of peace is everywhere abroad; and the people, because they are tiring of so much distrust and so many sinister innuendoes, rejoice exceedingly in the coming of the Kaiser, many of the points in whose character—his masterful independence, No. 513. -Vol. X.

his enormous energy, business-like kingship, and common-sense-are such as appeal strongly to them, and for which they are prepared to overlook occasional errors of tact in the past. It may be taken for granted that the Kaiser's visit in November will be one of the greatest visits of its kind that have ever taken place; and assuming that a part of the programme will include a visit to the City, without which no sojourn of a foreign sovereign in this country would be complete, we may be prepared for something quite exceptional in the way of civic entertainment and hospitality. Some of the City's greatest feats in this respect have had connection with the visits of German sovereigns. One recalls the wonderful hospitality accorded to the Emperor and Empress in 1891; and then, a long way farther back, the famous banquet that took place at the Guildhall in 1814, when three kings sat at the Lord Mayor's table, these being the Czar of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Louis XVIII. of France. On that occasion the banquet was served on plate that was valued at two hundred thousand pounds, and the entire cost of the entertainment came to about twenty-five thousand pounds. Nowhere are the results of King Edward's diplomacy more highly appreciated than in the City, where they 'spell hard cash,' and nowhere is the importance of a good understanding with Germany more desired. It will be with a full and a happy heart that the City will go forward to the entertainment of the Kaiser, and one may be very sure that there will be nothing but sincerity in all the nice things that will be said.

There is a little of sadness in the fall of the leaf, even for many a Londoner who is confined unceasingly to the town, and who, it might be supposed, is little enough acquainted with the changes in the fall of the leaf, even for many a Londoner who is confined unceasingly to the town, and who, it might be supposed, is little enough acquainted with the changes in the fall of the leaf, even for many a Londoner who is confined unceasingly to the town, and who, it might be supposed, is the curious fact that it is the slightness of his acquaintanceship that leads him to an effort towards intimacy whenever the chance comes his way; and [All Rights Reserved.]

therefore it comes about that of trees and their peculiarities many such town-prisoned folk know more than the people who live their whole lives in the country, and claim to a full knowledge of what is going on about them all through the year. It was once said by Leigh Hunt that there was scarcely a street in London but could boast of a tree. That, unhappily, is no longer true, and the exigencies of modern conditions, it is to be feared, will prevent the busy thoroughfares from ever again showing verdure in the summer-time. But here and there, only just a little removed from the arteries of traffic, there are trees about which are clustered many traditions and long histories and much affection on the part of the Londoners who pass them by on six days of the week almost every week of the year. And it is wonderful how in the most uncongenial surroundings, with but a minimum of sunshine to feed upon, and built in all round, these cockney trees do thrive, and in the summer-time make such a show of the greenest leaves and new wood as would do credit to the trees overhanging a country lane. The plane-trees that are to be found in the busiest parts of the City are wonders of their kind. There is a splendid one in the garden at the back of Stationers' Hall, and that one which flourishes just off Cheapside is quite famous in its way, and has been the most beloved tree of some generations of Londoners, to say nothing of many more generations of London birds, for long ago its branches were inhabited by rooks, who eventually deserted it, leaving their nests behind them to be at once taken possession of by sparrows, while in course of time a new era came about with the advent of pigeons to the tops of the tree. At the very centre of the whole world of commerce, the point round which the business of two hemispheres chiefly revolves-in the Bank of England itself-there is a garden, and trees and shrubs and flowers and creeping plants give of their best in the summer-timea pathetic contrast, this, between the simplicity and the unapproachable charm of Nature and the fiercest and ugliest complication of civilisation. Here and there round about the City there are mulberry-trees to be found, which for the most part have the sudden zeal of King James in 1609, in the interests of the silk-trade, to thank for their present existence. In an age when there was much fine dressing and extensive use of silk, the King thought it would be well if it were produced at home, and he therefore sent out a notice offering packets of mulberry-seeds to all who would promise to sow them, whilst he further recommended his courtiers to plant the trees, and offered young ones to them for the purpose at the modest price of two farthings each. Of almost every old tree in London now there is a story to be told, and there is even romance in connection with some of the trees in the more public places, as in Hyde Park. Here, near the superintendent's house, there is a stump of an old oak, covered with ivy now and needing much artificial support, which, it is said, was grown

from an acorn taken from the famous Boscobel oak in which the second King Charles hid himself from his enemies after the battle of Worcester. And as the leaves fall down, so also are the migratory birds departing, and another of the reminders of the beautiful, simple world outside is being taken away from the pent-up Londoner, leaving him more entirely to his stones and bricks and electric lights and petrol-and to his various comforts. Observers of such matters find much to interest them in the bird-life of London, and it would surprise other people to know how varied is this life. Why do the wild birds of Nature haunt a place like this? It used to be that even the heron lived constantly in the heart of London, and even now he is to be found at Richmond Park and Wanstead, and a few months ago both herons and barn-owls were noticed passing over Kensington, making probably for some destination not far away. The kite, the raven, the robin, spoonbill, jackdaw, snipe, jay, and magpie were at one time all to be found within the four-mile radius of London; and though these have gone, there are many other varieties remaining, the list of surviving cockney birds including the rook, the blackbird, the wood-pigeon, the sparrow, the black-headed gull, the black-backed gull, the misselthrush, the moorhen, the dabchick, the crow, the blue tit, and the guillemot, and in the north-western outskirts, as at Wembley Park, the nightingale may be heard at the time of his song in the spring.

The country will soon be following the lead of London, and to a further extent the horse will be displaced by the motor as a means of traction, for the taximeter cab is a proved success; and, with so much money evidently in it, we hear almost every week of some fine new scheme for placing on the streets hundreds more of these new vehicles. They are clearly a great gain in convenience; and not ior that alone, but because they are tired of some of the ways of the modern cabman, are the public taking eagerly to them. It may not be long before the cab is a rarity; and, with all its faults, it will not be without a sigh that the old Londoner will regard the passing of such a prominent feature of the life of the town. It is a little over a hundred years since cabs were first seen in the streets, for it was in 1805 that a member of Parliament of the name of Rotch, in partnership with a man named Bradshaw, obtained licenses for nine cabriolets which were something after the style of the modern gig, and could only accommodate one passenger at a time, and he had to sit next to the driver. So many restrictions were placed by the authorities as to the places in which these cabriolets might ply for him that they proved a failure from the business point of view, and were taken off the streets, and nothing more was seen of such horse vehicles for another eighteen years. Then, however, licenses to ply for hire with practically no restrictions were granted to the owners of a dozen vehicles of a new design, made so that the driver was on a separate seat, and two passengers could be carried. Owing to the peculiar shape of these cabriolets they came to be called 'the coffin cabs,' and eighteenpence was charged for a journey of a mile in one of them, and fourpence for every half-mile afterwards. From the day of the introduction of these affairs, April 23, 1823, it was—and the promoters declared they were introducing them to the public in honour of the King's birthday-London has always had its cabs; and though we have been complaining daily about the system for many years past, their position as a necessary convenience, with no alternative, seemed to be unassailable until lately. Despite his often annoying ways, one will regret to see the extinction of the London cabman, if he is to be extinguished, just as one sympathises with him in the bad times that he has had lately; for he is a distinct type, and a most interesting one. It has always to be said in his defence that his occupation is very precarious and very hard, while the skill and intelligence of the driver of the hansom are of a high average—how high one can only appreciate after a little experience of the cabmen in the chief Continental cities. It has often been said, and is certainly true, that there are to be found among the ranks of the London cab-drivers some men of first-class education, who at one time held good social positions, but who through bad luck or fault of their own have been driven to this mode of earning their living. The late Lord Rosslyn used to tell a story of how he encountered such a cabman on one occasion. One night he hailed a hansom, and told the man to drive him home. When he got out at his door the cabman touched his hat and said, 'I think you are Lord Rosslyn?' 'Yes,' said his lordship in reply; 'but why do you ask?' 'Do you not sometimes sell Gordon setters, my lord?' 'Yes,' was the answer, and then, with some asperity, 'but I do not sell them to cabmen.' In an easy and gentlemanly manner the cabman then proceeded to observe that that might very likely be true; but, at the same time, if he might say it without offence, he thought that he (the cabman) had the advantage in the matter of education, and he stated that he had been educated at one of the universities, and could speak several languages fluently, one of them being Italian, of which he knew his lordship could not understand a word. Then he explained that an Italian nobleman who had once been his intimate friend happened to be in London at the time, and was in need of a brace of Gordon setters. The whole story turned out to be true, and eventually Lord Rosslyn sold the setters to the Italian nobleman for fifty guineas, and at the same time he made the cabman a present of a five-pound note.

* *

The autumn publishing season is upon us, and the publishers are saying that they expect it to be brisker than for some time past. Certainly the autumn

crop of novels seems to be unusually large; and, despite all the stories that have been told about the damage done to book-fiction by serials, and so forth, the public demand seems to be at least equal to the supply—the supply of good writing, that is. The making of a novel and the publishing of it is not always such a lengthy and anxious business as it was once regarded; perhaps from one point of view it is a pity that it is not. The present writer was assured the other day that a man who is by way of becoming popular as a novelist wrote his latest book-which was only recently brought out and received some very flattering reviews for the 'deep thought' that it bore evidence of-in the very short period of three weeks, and that it was actually in the libraries within three months of the plot having been conceived. Whatever a writer's capabilities and temperament, few men of any experience in such matters would agree that it is possible for him to produce anything like the best work of which he is capable at such a high rate of speed. But many other marvellous feats in literary production have been accomplished in late years. Though it is becoming quite a long time since he died, new novels by the late Mr Guy Boothby are still making their appearance; but by this time the stock of this prolific writer's posthumous work must surely be exhausted. The secret of the wonderful literary fruitfulness in his case is, of course, very simple, although it is none the less curious and unique. Mr Boothby made no pretence of being a great artist in fiction. He wrote a kind of story that pleased his own class of readers very well, and he got into the way of turning them out literally by machinery, for he dictated them at lightning rate into a phonograph, and from that his secretaries wrote them out afterwards. It used to be said that in this way he regularly turned out ten or twelve thousand words in a day when he really regarded himself as at work. That rate of production means about a novel a week! You will generally find that a literary man who takes any considerable pride in his work does not produce more than about fifteen hundred words in a day—that is, if it is imaginative work. I was told by some one who seemed to know, that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once wrote a complete Sherlock Holmes story, running to about twelve thousand words, at a single sitting. It is hard to believe, although the circumstances are said to have been exceptional. Generally he is a slow writer, and thinks he has done very well indeed if he writes a couple of thousand words in a day. Mr Hall Caine, I believe, when busy on a book, produces about fifteen hundred words in a day, and does that on four days of the week. Generally women are faster writers than men, and I have heard it unkindly suggested that it is because they do not think so hard. It is said that Miss Marie Corelli works for three hours a day, and writes three thousand words in the time, which is remarkable if true; but, on the other hand, the late Mrs Craigie, one of the most brilliant womenwriters of recent times, used often to say that she thought she had done very well indeed if she could turn out a thousand words in three or four days.

* * *

For a sustained period, as against a particular day or two, such as at Christmas, there is more travelling of one sort and another at this time of the year than at any other. On the one hand, there are so many people just finishing their holidays and going home; and on the other, all the people who have finished holiday-making have a leeway of work to make up, and, feeling unusually energetic, they go forward eagerly to it, and in a large proportion of cases this obviously means extra travelling. But people of all kinds travel much more now than they used to do; and this is not altogether because it is necessary for them to do so, or because travelling is so much cheaper than it was only a few years ago. Another reason, which is almost as good as either of these, is the increased comfort that the various steamship and railway companies now afford their customers. Instead of its being a trying ordeal, a long journey in these days is often enough a distinctly pleasant experience. Think of the difference between a journey from Edinburgh or Glasgow to London by either the East, Midland, or West Coast routes and the same thing twenty years ago! Once a week a 'theatre-train' is run from Clacton-on-Sea to London, and supper is served on the return journey. On the celebrated luncheon-trains that run between Penzance, Plymouth, and London, ladies'maids are carried. An interesting circumstance in connection with this particular feature of the Great Western Company's arrangements is that it cost the company a hundred thousand pounds, besides the price of their trains, to start this luncheon-service

at all; for it happened that in 1842 they made an arrangement with the Swindon Junction Hotel Company to stop all trains for at least ten minutes at Swindon Station for the special purpose of the refreshment of passengers there, and the sum mentioned had to be paid in order to cancel the agreement. On some Midland trains chess and draught boards are provided free of charge for passengers who ask for them; and before long we shall, no doubt, have telephone installations on long-journey trains, which can be instantly connected at all stopping places with the local exchange by means of wires brought on to the station. Such an arrangement obtains on both the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific Railways in America. Then think of the luxury of ocean-travelling in these days, and do not be surprised when it is said that, chiefly because of the return of the holiday-making Americans to their own country, there was not a passage to be booked on scarcely any steamship sailing to New York between the middle of August and the end of September, the crush on the vessels this year being phenomenal. It would not have been so if oceantravelling in these days were not such a pleasant thing. The wonderful Adriatic is fitted with passenger lifts, Turkish baths, electric baths, photographers' dark-rooms, a gymnasium, and a variety of other such 'extras;' and I am informed that Messrs Harland & Wolff are building a new ship at Belfast for the Hamburg-America Line, which will be the largest twin-screw steamship in the world, and which will contain a tennis-court, a swimming-bath, and a shooting-gallery! The tennis championship of the Atlantic Ocean is evidently a possibility of the near future. Will the deck-golf, with which we have been wont to amuse ourselves hitherto, not soon give way to the real thing?

THE ROMANCE OF A FLOATING DOCK.

CHAPTER X.



EÑORITA CARMEN VELASQUEZ had rightly divined part of Sandford's motive in giving her the revolver to keep. He had in his mind some vague recollection of girls in romances who kept daggers con-

cealed in their bosoms for defence in the last resort, and who found comfort in doing so. It has been explained that his knowledge of feminine character was not experimental. He meant well. He wished her to feel safe from Indios bravos and from him too—as safe as possible in the circumstances. The pistol was to be to her what the daggers, or stilettos, as they were sometimes called, were to the girls in the stories. She was to be practically convinced that he meant her no harm, and had placed in her hands the means of defending herself against him as well as others. 'She won't think it melodramatic, as an English girl would,' he said to himself. 'How can

she know that I am different from her blackguard countrymen who look on every woman as fair game, and would no more spare one who happened to be in their power than they would a partridge?

What was he to do next? He had no hope of finding any house on the island. If he fell in with natives, would the girl be safe with them? He did not know. He explored the gravel-beach. It was not know. He explored the gravel-beach. It was the river rose. It would be covered as the river rose. And where the gravel ended the jungle began. He walked along its margin as far as it was possible to go, but found no opening. In some places the tall, sword-like grass was as high as his head; in others the trees were festoned to the top with a thick wall of creepers sprinkled with purple and white flowers. Here and there he saw a blaze of scarlet blossom, and once he came upon a clump of bananas, with large bunches of fruit

hanging on them. Choosing the one that seemed ripest, he managed easily with his knife to cut through its soft trunk and bring the tree to the ground. When he turned back he brought the bunch of bananas with him. He had seen no sign of human presence.

As he came in sight of the girl she was moving about and gathering something. She saw him immediately and came to meet him. She had laid aside her scarf. Her clothes, like his own, had already dried in the warm air, and she had almost banished the traces of their rough journey.

'I have found nothing, senorita, except some bananas,'he said. 'There is no sign of people either here or across the river.'

She turned and went with him towards the canoe. Her arms were full of dry grass and scraps of driftwood. She had left the pistol lying where he had placed it. It did not seem that she was afraid of him.

He looked at the sky.

'It is nearly sunset,' he said. 'I think we must stay here till daylight. We should probably be upset if we tried to go down the river in the dark.' He thought she choked down something like a sob. 'But if you think we ought to go on I am entirely at your orders.'

She looked at him but said nothing, though she seemed as if she tried to speak, and he went on: 'If we were sure your father would come straight down here, we should of course only wait; but we do not know. The question, then, is, should we wait here—provided the river permits us—or should we try to make our way down as quickly as possible to some settlement, if not to Garapatas itself?'

'Señor, I am sure my father will search the river. I am afraid he will not think of the bongo. He will think that if we have not been drowned we have perhaps got ashore somewhere, and he will search very carefully. I do not think he will imagine we have got so far as this—alive. He will have to search both banks.—Oh, poor papa!' And she burst into tears. But she immediately checked them, and, drying her eyes, said, 'You must forgive me, señor, and not think I am ungrateful.'

He felt all his resolutions about her becoming as water before the look she gave him.

'Do not think about it, senorita. To-morrow evening I hope we shall be in Garapatas, and then we shall find the quickest means of sending word to Don Santiago. To-night we shall make a fire, so that if he comes down-river he will see it.'

'I do not think he will come down in the dark, for he will wish to examine the river all the way. But I do not know.'

'And if he has not arrived by daylight we shall set up a signal on a pole and leave a letter for him.'

She smiled. 'How good you are, señor! And papa will have only one night of anxiety, but it will be bad enough.' She turned away to wipe her eyes. 'Excuse me; I am very stupid. Now I will be of

use. You see I have found some dry grass and sticks, and perhaps you have matches?

'Of course; and I shall make the fire.'

'Oh no,' she cried; 'you will let me do it.'

She placed a stone or two cleverly to support the sticks, and quickly arranging them in star-form with the dry grass beneath the centre, she took the matches from his hand and struck one and lit the grass. Then she knelt down and blew the flame with very serviceable lungs.

'I shall get you a fan, señorita,' he said, looking

round for some big leaf.

She stood up smiling and a little red and breathless.
'It goes nicely,' she said. 'It will help to drive

away the mosquitoes. But now, if it will not trouble you, would you get me one or two of the large leaves of the pozol?

He looked an interrogation.

'It is a thing with soarlet flowers,' she said; 'you are sure to find some. And, señor,' she added after he had turned away, 'have you a knife?'

She laughed a little as he gave it to her.

'Now I have all your weapons,' she said.

When he came back, besides the pozol leaves, which were two or three feet long and proportionately broad and thick, he brought as much as he could carry of withered jungle grass.

She was kneeling at the water's edge. She had taken the other fish which the Indian had left in the canoe, and had cut it into pieces and washed it.

'I am going to try to cook it, señor, and if I do not succeed very well I hope you will be indulgent.'
—'He will take me for an Indian squaw,' she said to herself; 'but never mind!'

She wrapped the pieces of fish in the thick leaves of the pozol and laid them in the fire. He watched this with great interest. Neither of them, it will be remembered, had had any dinner.

'I must do something to help,' he said. 'I shall make knives and forks out of this piece of stick.'

'And I shall lay the cloth;' and she spread one of the great leaves on the upper side of the canoe. 'This will be our table, and also our chairs.'

He gave her two of the bits of wood. 'They have points at least,' he said.

'What a beautiful knife and fork!' she said as she took them and carefully lifted the blackened parcels from the fire. 'Iron or even silver would have quite spoiled the flavour.'

They both laughed. They felt very hungry. He broke off some of the ripest bananas from the bunch, and they sat down.

'Really,' said Sandford, 'for a thoroughly satisfactory supper, give me baked fish and bananas, the fish, of course, baked in pozol leaves.'

She was ready to laugh again.

'With a little salt, perhaps,' she said.

'You forget, señorita, our conversation.'

They concluded their supper with a draught of water, which he brought from the river in the cup of his pocket-flask. By this time the short tropical twilight was passing, and it was nearly dark.

'Señorita,' he said, 'I do not offer to go for help, leaving you here.'

'No, señor.'

'I should probably-indeed certainly-get lost. That is of no consequence, but it would do you no We shall start together at daylight, and

meantime you must have some sleep.'

He went and hauled the canoe farther up, turning it on its side so that it lay open towards the fire. He put on his belt with the pistol, for he saw by this time that she understood and trusted him. After a little consideration, he turned the canoe still farther over, supporting it on stones at the ends. It would now form as nearly a complete shelter as he could make it, in case it should rain. He spread a quantity of the withered grass in it, and laid his coat on that. He placed some for himself at the other side of the fire. Then he set about collecting all the driftwood and dry sticks he could gather, going farther and farther away and labouring on till it was almost quite dark. She had gone down to the river to wash her hands after the cooking and eating. She had had to help the wooden fork a little with her fingers. When he came back with his last armful she was sitting on the canoe.

'You see,' he said, 'I have tried to make some kind of couch. I hope you will lie down and sleep as comfortably as you can. I shall keep up the fire.'

'You have made a beautiful place. But you have given me your coat. You are too good to me, señor. If I have the canoe, you must at least have your coat.'

'I beg that you will keep it, señorita. I should not use it at any rate, the night is so warm. Do me

the favour to keep it.'

'Oh no, señor. You are very, very good. But you must wear it yourself, or you will perhaps-I am afraid you do not know the danger-you might have a calentura.'

She seemed so much in earnest that he answered, 'Very well, I shall wear it. As they say at home,

obedience is better than sacrifice.

She laughed with pleasure. 'Yes, yes, it is,'she said. The night had come quickly down, and the stars, at first sparkling points in a gray-blue vault, were soon blazing lamps that seemed to hang, some farther, some nearer, in a black abyss. They threw a faint gleam on the moving water. The fire made a little circle of brightness with an undefined periphery, the canoe and Sandford on its opposite sides casting dark shadows whose edges wavered in the flickering light. When one cannot see, one listens instinctively, and the gurgling and lapping of the river, not noticed in the daylight, were now audible, as well as a soft, thin rustle that never ceased in the jungle; but no other sound broke the stillness. Sandford heaped more wood on the fire and sat He hoped the girl would sleep, but she down. seemed inclined to talk.

'There is the Southern Cross, señor,' she said. 'It is just over your head. You do not see it inin your country perhaps?'

He rose and turned round. 'No,' he said, 'I have never seen it before.'

'Perhaps your country is too far north,' she said, 'and it belongs to the far south. Even here it does not rise very high. And it is not a very good cross. You see one of the stars is out of place.

'Yes,' he said, 'it is disappointing.'

'That is perhaps because you have expected something very splendid. For me, I like it because it is an old friend. I used to see it at Valverde when I was a child. The window of the room where I slept looked to the south, and I could see it as I lay in bed. All the fine constellations are away in the north, or high up in the sky and out of sight from a window, and I used to be almost sorry for the poor thing down there all alone with its broken arm.

By the firelight he could see that she was looking

rather wistfully at the sky.

'They are all heathen, too, you know,' she continued, 'or mere animals-bears and lions' She was smiling, and yet spoke with nervous eagerness 'And they are all so splendid. This is the only Christian one, and the only one imperfect! Is it not rather pathetic, señor?'

'Oh, as for being imperfect,' he said, 'I think the others require a little imagination too. But the Cross: ought we to associate any splendour-in its appearance, I mean-with that?

'No,' she said softly; 'you are right.' Then with a quick afterthought, 'Not here. But, senor, that is in the skies!'

They both looked at it a while in silence, and then he said, 'You live at Valverde, señorita?

I was born there. We were on our way to the hacienda.'

'And is the hacienda near the town?'

Valverde, where the steamer is going. I was going to Valverde.'

'You were going to Valverde? But that is the hacienda. There is no town. And you were going to our house? But papa did not know. Ah, you did not know who he was? How strange it is!

A warm colour rose in her face and she turned

her head away. Sandford once more felt himself a straw on the tide of fate.

'I am very stupid,' he stammered. 'I wanted to go as far up the river as the steamer went. As she was taking cargo and passengers I supposed her destination would be a town, and I did not doubt there would be a hotel of some kind. But I came away hurriedly and never inquired.'

The girl was silent. He looked across the fire, All at once he felt but could not see her face. as if something had come between them. She was perplexed. On an impulse he instantly resolved to trust her entirely. He forgot that she was the probable wife of Don Diego. The frustration of his plans was nothing compared with the loss of her confidence.

'Let me tell you how I come to be here,' he said.

'I am the engineer of the dock that is to be built at Garapatas. I required some timber of a certain kind for scaffolding. A man wished me to buy from him some that was—that was unsuitable.' (He would not charge with fraud the man whom he supposed she was likely to marry). 'I,' he went on—'I had reason to believe that I might find what I wanted somewhere up-country, but that if I permitted my purpose to be known in Garapatas obstacles might be put in my way. So I did not intend to make inquiries till I had got as far upriver as possible. I took a passage for the whole journey, and here I am.'

She nodded her head. 'I understand,' she said. 'But it is a pity you did not speak to papa. I am sure he could get you what you want if it is to be got. You will speak to him when we get home, will you not? He will be so happy to help you.'

Sandford hesitated. He knew very well why he had not spoken to the prospective father-in-law and doubtless intimate friend of the man who was trying to cheat him, but he could not tell it to her. She waited for his answer, and when none came a light seemed to dawn on her.

'Ah!' she said, 'you thought he was one of'——She did not finish. He saw that she had guessed at least part of his motive, and he expected her to be deeply offended. He looked across at her face, and was surprised to see that she was smiling. But the firelight might have deceived him.

After a moment of silence she said very gently, and without any sign of annoyance, 'Of course you did not know him, señor. But perhaps you will ask him when you meet.—I am sure,' she added earnestly, 'he will help you to the utmost of his power.' He said nothing, but it still seemed that she was not offended, for presently she went on: 'Would you like me to tell you something of Valverde?'

'Very much indeed.'

'It is a beautiful place. It is on the falda—the skirt, as they call it—of the Cordillera, away behind these hot jungle-lands of the coast, and just where the high land and the low land meet. No maps have yet been made of that part of the country, and there are no roads to it but bridle-paths through the swamps and forests, and no bridges over the streams. It is a hundred miles at least from the nearest town.'

'Is that Garapatas?'

'Yes. Perhaps you have seen our house there. It is almost as much a fortress as a dwelling-house. That was necessary, you know, in the good old times. The tobacco and coffee go down to it by the river, and the vaqueros bring the cattle down by tracks that only Indians and native cattle could use or even find.'

'Then the river is your highway?'

'Yes; and it is rather an uncertain one. Till the company began last year to give us a steamer, we had nothing but the big canoes to travel in, and to bring up our supplies and take down the crops,

except the timber, which goes down in rafts. The canoes go down in a day or two, but take two or three weeks to come up.'

'That must have been tiresome.'

'Oh no. It taught us to be rather lazy perhaps. But there is something charming in never feeling that there is any hurry. And it was interesting. The canoes are very large, you know. The canoas grandes are eighty feet long, bigger, papa says, than the ship in which Columbus discovered America. And we had a nice awning, which made a little house by itself, and a stove to cook with. And we stopped at the Indian ranches to buy eggs and chickens. And we fished, and the men caught the river turtle, and papa shot birds and sometimes a big alligator. Then often, when mamma and I worked, papa used to read aloud. He read Don Quixote to us. And all day the men poled the boat in a leisurely way along the banks where the current is not so strong, and at night we moored comfortably to a tree, or, if there were no trees, the men carried the anchor ashore and fastened it in the ground, and we slept as safely as at home.'

'Did you make the journey often?'

'Since I was a little girl, once a year. We only go to stay a few weeks. And mamma does not go any more. She says she grows old, and likes to live in a house and sleep in a bed, so she remains at Garapatas, and I go with papa. I like to go. And I can inspect the kitchen at Valverde and see what the cook is doing. That is very important.'

'True,' said Sandford.

'Ah, you laugh at me.' She laughed herself. 'But it is true. The people at the hacienda are very good, and are my dear old friends. But they put too much garlic and lard in every dish, and they boil the eggs in the coffee, and they do not wash the pots very well.'

'I do not laugh,' he said. 'It must indeed be good for your father to have you there. But do you not find it dull?'

'Oh no. There are all the old servants, and the manager and his wife, and the Indian women, and the babies, and the horses. I am always renewing old friendships and making new ones.'

'And for the rest of the year you live at Garapatas?' She did not reply for a moment, and then, before she could speak, a wild, startling, long-drawn-out cry came pealing across the river. It seemed to come from almost close beside them, and Sandford felt his hair stand on end, but the girl said calmly, 'It is the tiger.'

Sandford knew there were no tigers in America except in wild-beast shows, but he said nothing. The cry was repeated from farther away. The girl settled herself down among the dry grass in the shelter of the upturned canoe.

'Good-night, señor,' she said.

Sandford put another piece of driftwood on the fire. The girl's face was now in shadow. Soon he supposed she was asleep. Clearly she did not feel any nervousness about the 'tiger,' which he now thought might be a jaguar or a puma. He suddenly realised that there was an imperfection in her language. His own knowledge of the Spanish language was by no means perfect, but he had been well taught, and had been accustomed to converse with educated Spaniards. It was not her pronunciation that he judged by. Though she did not use the lisp of Spain, she talked with fluency and ease.

Yet he had noticed that both her idiom and her vocabulary were defective. 'She speaks as a child might speak, or perhaps an Indian,' he said to himself. 'She has not read. No doubt she is uneducated like other girls here. How could it be otherwise?'

Well, it made no difference. She was herself.

(To be continued.)

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.

By Major-General W. TWEEDIE, C.S.I.

PART II.



HAT the poet says of Rumour, that it 'grows through moving and acquires force by going,'* equally applies to battalions; and we had not gone far when a truly refreshing piece of work offered. It rather seemed as

if a newly brought-up battery would smash our rear and cut into our centre, when out there dashed upon it the Ninetieth Regiment. In a trice the guns were taken; and William Olpherts-the Rupert in his day of the artillery arm-harnessing to them horse-teams of his own battery, carried them off in triumph, thereby winning the Cross of Valour. But this was as nothing compared with the superb deed of arms which about the same time fell to the share of Neill's brigade. Midway between A'lam-bagh and the Residency, just where the open country lost itself in the 'blackness' + of bàzàrs and buildings, a ravine crossed by a narrow bridge came between us and the city; and this crucial passage had been made into a veritable deathtrap. The Lucknow end of the bridge was blocked by an earthwork, behind which five guns showed their muzzles. A group of tall houses, barricaded, loopholed, and occupied by marksmen, commanded the thoroughfare. The onslaught by the relics of Maude's battery at a range of one hundred and fifty yards, and by infantry at the point of the bayonet, which gave into our hands, at the cost of a heavy loss of life, this entry into Lucknow, was heard by me rather than closely witnessed; and it were idle here to introduce a description taken from the chroniclers of how the fateful bridge was carried. When the regimental Colours of the Seventy-eighth came forward the situation stood somewhat thus: the guns had been captured, the dusky forms behind them bayoneted, the fortalicelike buildings opened, and the crooked places straightened; less through the genius of Generals than through the fell and hard-bitten qualities of the rank and file, the 'noble rage' of the staff, and the dash and forwardness of the regimental officers. After a halt to gather its skirts together, the

column was again advancing; no longer, however, by the main road, but—as a point had now been reached whence every route led to the Residency—along an opener way of approach. And, lastly, it had been ordered that the Seventy-eighth should hold the bridge till the rest of the force should have passed on, and then form the rear-guard.

Here begin some stirring experiences. One of those talented Bengali graduates who are produced in shoals annually by the Government colleges, without there being much scope in India for them, is said to have put it in an essay that 'the army is in peace a noble and distinguished profession, but in the time of war a damned dangerous department. Precisely so, Mr Babu. † Your representation is as accurate as your language is idiomatic. Had an ambitious father never sent you to the Calcutta University, and had you been posted as a commissariat purveyor to the Ross-shires, this would not have been a day of happiness. But to proceed. On the point of how long it was before the Sepoys began to assail the bridge position my memory is hazy. If the case was that we remained unmolested all the time that the column was passing, and only were attacked after becoming isolated, that is intelligible. If, on the contrary, other regiments were still within hail the while that we were being pressed so closely, it is difficult to account for our being left unassisted. But this is a small matter; and in connection with it there will here be noted only one point: which is, that before we found ourselves free to follow our comrades the sun was long past its meridian. Certain it is that after a longer or shorter interval overwhelming numbers of Sepors came down upon the bridge-head, and with them motley bands of curiously armed swashbucklers naked to the waist, and dancing like savages, their tawny skins glistening with palm-oil and begrimed with gunpowder. A fire both fast and furious was poured in from the four quarters During several hours the hurly-burly seldom slackened; and had it not been for the shelter afforded by the loopholed houses it is hard to say what would have happened. To make the fight

^{* &#}x27;Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.'— Eneid. † An Eastern word, meaning the 'obscurity' which hangs over a town.

[‡] Lit., 'master,' &c: a kind of generic title (meaning but little) of the Hindù 'gentleman' of Lower Bengal.

the more unequal, the barrels of the new Enfield rifles grew too hot for handling, partly from the sun's rays and partly from incessant firing. Some of them also became lead-clogged, so that it was impossible to ram down the cartridge; while others split towards the muzzle—with all the time their makers purchasing great demesnes in England. Owing to the exertions of the younger Havelock—his father's chief staff-officer, and a death-defier if ever there was one—we were kept supplied with ammunition.

The reader may take it for granted that there are degrees of courage, just as there are degrees of the opposite quality. If there are soldiers who love fighting for fighting's sake, as the bull-dog and the game-cock loved in their day the battle, there are others who, although they do not run away, * anxiously desire to live till the honours are gazetted. Seldom have men been tried more highly than were the Ross-shires during the long-drawnout episode now under notice; and signs were not wanting to connect their perfect steadiness with the circumstance of their ranks being full of soldiers of many years' service. About a hundred yards up the road there stood a small pagoda in and around which our assailants swarmed. So harassing was their musketry fire that it was necessary to storm the temple; and splendid was the stubbornness with which it was defended. Its occupants were not so much driven out as slain where they fought, or taken up in brawny arms and thrown through the windows. Defeated in numerous attempts to regain possession of their strong place, the Sepoys afterwards brought into play three brass cannon. To pass on leaving our rear to be followed and lacerated by these pestilential pieces was out of the question. By this time the men's blood was on the boil with hand-to-hand fighting. The spectacle of their wounded comrades being dealt with by the surgeon in a corner thick as the pit itself with sulphureous vapour added passion to their courage. Short and swift was the charge that gave to us those brass cannon, to be afterwards hurled into the great ravine already holding in its depths the armament of the bridge battery. Writers like Froissart are apt to suggest the idea that 'gentle blood' can alone produce the martial virtues. There could hardly be a greater error. Scott was true to the life when he sang of Flodden:

Groom fought like noble, squire like knight, As fearlessly and well.

And so it was at the bridge that day.

The reader must not wonder if a thread of floundering—by which word is not meant blundering—here began to be perceptible. The circumstances in which the Seventy-eighth became separated from the rest of the column have been seen already. The same regiment, after setting out again, un-

pioneered by any staff-officer, chanced to strike into a different route from that of the main body. This deviation in no way affected the day's operations: but as it is from the Seventy-eighth's standpoint that I am filling in my picture, the line taken by the Highlanders is that which has here to be followed. The limits of space begin to be realised, however; and, besides, there are scenes associated in my mind with this stage of our progress which I would gladly think that in the course of years I have imagined, rather than feel sure that they were ever actually witnessed—a reference more particularly pointing to scenes connected with the abandonment of some of our wounded. This apart, the reader's interest will perhaps be sated if I thus suggest, rather than try to describe, the situation.

At first the way proved tolerably open; but gradually the plot thickened. As we neared the great regal palaces of Kaisar-bagh† and Farhatbakhsh, the deep bellow of big guns and the reverberations of musketry-fire rendered the words of command inaudible; and it was easy to understand that some desperate conflict was in progress. But enough for us was our own immediate encompassment. From behind solid walls, from shuttered windows, and from housetops, marksmen of whom we saw little or nothing beyond the muzzles of their pieces were taking aim deliberately. The very women were girding at us; for as yet Oudh loved not the British rule. Twice at least the Queen's Colour went down; once when Lieutenant Kirby received his death-wound under it, and again when a colour-sergeant shared the fate of his officer. The adjutant, Herbert Macphersona typical fighting Highlandman-had his 'gallant gray' 'Hyæna' shot under him, only to be replaced the next moment by a horse that chanced to come up riderless, when many a man of moderate mettle would gladly have remained dismounted. What more words are needed-unless it be to mention the sense of having lost ourselves that came over us when the afternoon began to pass into the evening? The patter of bullets does not particularly favour the revolving of abstract questions. But when I saw the paladins among us apparently courting death, and not finding it, the while that the less conspicuous were falling, I remember marvelling what it was that determined these matters. Was it a 'special providence' in each particular instance? Was it that which was 'written beforehand' in the individual's 'book of destiny'? Or was it merely blind chance or accident? The road that we had taken proved to be a kind of short-cut. After a time it brought us out slightly ahead of the column, which either then or soon afterwards was halted.

Overflows, so to call them, into the labyrinthine courts and purlieus of the stately palaces skirting the route had meanwhile been occurring. Over the spaces thus opened, as well as on the road itself,

^{*&#}x27;You are afraid,' said one man to another during an engagement. 'Yes; and if you were half as afraid as I am you would run away,' formed the ready answer.

^{+ &#}x27;Cæsar's Garden.'

[&]quot; Pleasure-giving garden, or 'Pleasaunce.'

combatants and non-combatants, guns and wagons, maddened horses, recalcitrant camels, and sullen bullocks, with wounded men in dulis* or on the backs of staggering comrades, were all jammed together. Parts of regiments had become mixed up with other regiments in the surging tide of confusion. The great outstanding fact was that every man had his face set firmly in the right direction-vultus ad hostem; but a chance spectator might easily have mistaken us for an army in full retreat. In the thick of the turmoil sat Outram on his charger, as cheerful as if he had merely been waiting at the jungle-side for the 'boar of the sounder' to issue. Havelock, too, was there, dismounted; his horse having been shot under him -the seventh time, it was said, that this misfortune had befallen him, or his horse rather, in his countless battles. The Seventy-eighth was lying low because of the round-shot.

Less than four months previously a musket-ball had passed through my right shoulder, + and the part was as yet hardly equal to the strain of the Colours, the pole of which, having been broken in Persia, had been replaced by one of greater weight. Utterly exhausted, I threw myself down on an earthen bank, and for the first time that day tried my haversack. But, alas! the outfitter's flask within it, instead of being of metal, belonged to the interminable series of 'ineptitudes,' or 'sensuous appearances,' on which the Seer of Craigenputtock expended so much of his elephantine humour in the 'clothes philosophy.' The glass part, broken in fragments, was working its way through the leather, and the oozing tea was soaking into our messman's dainty sandwiches. Just then the commanding officer, Colonel Stisted. whose heart was like a woman's, chanced to pass that way on foot. Putting his hand on me, he said, 'The poor boy has fainted, but the Colours are in his arms;' and so sealed up for the time being were the springs of life within me that I did not take the trouble to undeceive him as to the fainting. Nay, when, a few minutes thereafter, a shot from a twentyfour pounder came and buried itself with a thud in the earth, it failed to excite the smallest feeling.

At last, however, a stimulus was imparted to which only the dead could have proved irresponsive. When it was getting dusk, the magic words 'Seventy-eighth to the front' were suddenly given by Havelock's staff-officers. How far we then were from the head of the column has escaped my memory; but our first steps were through an avenue of cheering, if jealous, comrades. Thereafter the 'nettle of danger'—the very throat of the enterprise—came fairly within the clutch of the Ross-shires. The path of death—barely half a mile long—led through narrow streets running zigzag into one another, intersected by alleys, and gaping with trenches.

There was a hot and telling fire from balconies, roofs, and lattices. Many of those behind the loop holes, as I learned long afterwards from one of them, were of those unsexed and beardless creatures who in the king's time had guarded his Majesty's most sacred treasures, and who had learned to strip the mango-tree of its unripe fruit with their 'Sam Smiths' and 'Lancasters,' and knock the necks off glass bottles careering down the swollen Gumti.; On our part a rush rather than a charge carried us onward; and the rest must be left to the imagination of the reader. Keeping in touch as best we could with the mounted officers in front-and mounted officers sometimes forget that they are mounted-we let nothing stop us till the archway over the entrance to the entrenchment rose up in the twilight. The massive wooden gates that closed the passage were sealed up with loads of earth well compacted; but another way of access offered. Outstretched arms from within a battery on one side of the gatehouse helped our soldiers to scramble through an embrasure into the Residency.

Thus at last did the two forces come within mutual hand-clasp; thus went down the curtain on the first act of a drama unique, I suppose, in military history; the closing scene of which was not, howerer, witnessed till some days later, owing to the difficulty experienced in bringing in the wounded (about forty of whom were diabolically burned alive in their dilts), the heavy guns, as much of the impedimenta as escaped the hands of the enemy, and the rearguard. About one-third of the force got into the Residency somehow that night. During the next day another third or so followed. But reckoning from the date of our crossing the Ganges, there still remained about one in every three to be written down as killed, wounded, or missing.

Naturally, I saw less than did the senior officers of the demonstrations of welcome—the means of showing hospitality were much restricted-which our arrival evoked. Private servants, as already seen, had been left at A'lam-bagh, and the privilege of employing soldier-servants was in abeyance. Without any other supper or refreshment than a draught of river-water, without bedding, and without even my haversack, which had somehow caught fire and been burned, I took up my night's quarters in one end of a veranda. Soon afterwards a spent bulki came and flattened itself against the ground outside Bravo! I thought, there is at least one Sepoy on the hover who does not know when he is beaten. But the truth was somewhat different. In the whish and the whiz of that piece of metal the history of the next two months was adumbrated. In reality, no 'relief' at all had been effected, in the technical military sense of that term. Every minute make it more and more apparent that we had entered, not to raise, but to share the leaguer of the Residence.

^{*} Dùll='litter,' a cruder form of the palanquin or malkl.

[†] Vide Blackwood's Magazine, August 1904, pp. 184-204.

[‡] Gumtl = 'serpentine.' What the 'links' of the Forth are to Stirling, the windings of the river Gumti are to Lucknow.

To us it had merely been given to throw in a strong reinforcement, by means of which the defence was rendered possible till, towards the end of November, there appeared on the scene General Sir Colin Campbell, who, having the flower of the British army at his back, was able to extricate from their perilous situation at once the reinforced and their reinforcement.

Far be it from me to pose as a military critic. In the course of thirty-five years of tolerably varied service, a Sandhurst professorship never came my way. Fifty years after the event, it would be easy to expatiate on what might, could, would, or should have happened, had this course or that other course been followed; but this would be unprofitable. There is, however, one point to the clearing up of which the corner of space still remaining may be usefully devoted, lest any reader should be left under the impression that Havelock and Outram's deed of daring savoured more of knight-errantry than of sober nineteenth century strategy. Every operation has to be considered in the light of its determining circumstances; and in the present instance some of these were as follows. Only the old can now remember the profound sensation caused by the news of the Cawnpore tragedy.* And did not the entrenchment on the Gumth contain all the elements of a similar catastrophe, involving the lives of some fifteen hundred women and children? The tension, and the pressure, and the outcry for prompt action which the thought | little sketch now presented to the reader.

of this produced all over the Empire is an oft-told Moreover, the means of communication between the Residency and the outer world had fallen to a very low point indeed; and there was only one messenger who could contrive to carry, for a reward of five hundred pounds every time, a scrap of writing between Lucknow and Cawnpore. The result of this was that the information possessed by the chiefs of the relieving force as to the conditions prevailing in and around the entrenchment was neither full nor accurate. And there is no doubt that, from the very day of Outram's arrival at Cawnpore, down to that supreme moment when Havelock gave the order that an impetuous advance, headed by the Ross-shires, should be made on the Residency, both Generals, and especially Havelock, were more or less under the impression that even the briefest delay on our part might have the effect of adding yet another page of horrors to the book of Mutiny-history.

The lapse of fifty years, I find, has made no difference in the feelings of unbounded admiration which I cherish towards those heroic figures whose shadows have seemed to flit around me during this recital. Just as it is natural for the flowering plant to shed its seeds in autumn, so does it beseem the veteran, when for him the stage is darkening before the fall of the curtain, to write down his experiences for the use of those who are to follow. And this is just what I have tried to do in the

APPARENT DIFFICULTIES WHICH BROUGHT GOOD FORTUNE.



R some years past a Chinese Roman Catholic resident of Tientsin, belonging to the Tung family, has lived by stocking each winter a large quantity of ice in a pit dug in the ground in

a part of the French settlement there. A little while ago, and at a period which was inconveniently near the time when his stock of ice would have to be laid in, he received notice from the French Municipal Council that the land occupied by his ice-pit would be required for another purpose, and that he could no longer have the use of it. There being little enough time to argue the point, our friend Tung arranged, by the aid of the usual 'palm-oil,' to hire another plot of ground in the Japanese settlement. However, when the authorities saw that he was digging a pit of considerable dimensions they informed him that he could not be allowed to disfigure the ground in that particular spot, and insisted upon his at once filling up the hole. He thus lost the outlay upon the digging, as well as incurring still more by filling in the pit. The Japanese made no objection to his using the ground for packing ice on the surface; but as a pit is necessary to keep the ice from melting, the privilege was of no use to him. He was consequently glad enough to avail himself of their permission to dig to his heart's content in another part of their concession.

Now, no time was to be lost, and Mr Tung engaged many labourers to expedite the digging of the pit so as not to let slip the opportunity of stocking it whilst the ice was at its best.

However, the navvies gave him so much trouble and worked so slowly that the elder Tung became quite ill, and could no longer superintend the work. He had several sons, and one of them, Tung Sextus, who is a vigorous and strongly built young fellow, determined to see the job through. But after a while he too was well-nigh worn out, not only by the idleness of the ditchers and delvers in his employ, but also by the unmanageable nature of the ground, for the farther they went below the surface the more the water accumulated.

On June 25, 1857, General Sir H. M. Wheeler, commanding the Cawnpore garrison and entrenchment, after a three weeks' besiegement of perhaps unparalleled severity, capitulated under a solemn promise of safety. Of the hundreds of women and children contained within the entrenchment, every one was afterwards butchered by the myrmidons of the infamous 'Nana.'

Determining to get a fresh supply of labourers, when he came to pay the old hands in the evening he gave them notice that he was going to do the work himself, and should not require them the next day. The workmen accepted the notice, but they persuaded the other workers in their craft not to take the job at less than fifty cents (about a shilling) a day.

As this price was more than the market value of their labour, and quite prohibitive, Tung Sextus set to manfully, and continued the digging himself. Very fortunate, as it turned out, was it that he did so, for in the course of the morning he came across a large coffin of very thick and heavy wood. At first he looked upon this as an aggravation of his difficulties, for the relatives of the dead man might easily come and prevent his prosecution of the work.

After resting a while to think the matter out, he determined, as no one was in the secret but himself, to break up the coffin, and, mixing it with the mud, to throw it out without any regard to what it was. On his applying his spade to the coffin, the affair assumed another aspect when he discovered that it contained, not grave-clothes and bones, but shining bars of silver, Mexican dollars, and other articles of great value.

Rushing home, he informed his father and brothers of his lucky find; and after he had with some difficulty disabused their minds of their impression that he was practising a little pleasantry upon them, the brothers went in a body to the place. Congratulating themselves that the workmen were not there to noise abroad the discovery or to claim an exorbitant share of the spoils, they determined to hire a jinrikisha for the day, and gradually to remove the pelf in sacks to their own house.

This they succeeded in doing with perfect safety, until the last sack was being conveyed, when a wheel of the jinrikisha slipped into a hole and the whole concern was overturned. As the sack had been burst open by the fall, the neighbours had their curiosity satisfied as to what the brothers had been carrying all day, for they discovered that what the sacks had contained was of no less value than pure silver. This circumstance soon came to the ears of the Japanese authorities—whose senses are quick to discern the sound of the clinking of the precious

metals—and their representatives were not long in appearing at the Tungs' door and putting in a claim to treasure discovered in their concession.

Tung Sextus, in anticipation of some such eventuality, had made a timely offering to some of the subordinates in the French Municipal Council; and when the claim put in by the Japanese was not backed up by the French, in whose concession the Tungs live, young Tung was able to make light of the affair by insisting that it was a question of only a few ounces of silver, and our friends the Japs had to make the best of a bad job.

However, a few days afterwards an old woman of seventy, attended by several sons, all belonging to the Te'ai family, appeared, and informed the Tungs that it was themselves who had hidden the money at the time of the Boxer outbreak, and they gave such an accurate and circumstantial description of the contents of the coffin that there can be no quetion that their story was accurate. Acknowledging their own ill fortune in not being able to find the place in which the treasure had been hidden, and bowing before the extraordinary good fortune of the Tungs in being led to the spot by such a series of what appeared at the time irritating disappoint ments, they begged that they might have some small portion of their property restored to them.

However, it is not known in what spirit their request was received, as it was most important that the whole transaction should be kept in as much obscurity as possible. To this end, and ere against the advice of his elder brothers, who are in respectable employment, Tung Sextus continued the digging of the ice-pits—but now with a sufficient of coolies to lighten the burden—with the object of throwing all persons with ulterior motives of the scent.

A strange thing has happened to the elder Tungfor he is now quite recovered of his bodily ailment, only he never speaks a word to any one, but laughs and rubs his hands continually, apparently without realising any cause for his joy. The boys in the street amuse themselves by asking him, 'How are you, Father Tung?' 'Have you had your rice yet!' and similar questions, and the only response he even makes is to chuckle inanely and to rub his hands quietly the one against the other!

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE TURNER DICTOGRAPH.



N ingenious device, the dictograph, evolved for the purposes of facilitating and expediting office-work, has been exhibited in London by its inventor, Mr K. M. Turner. This apparatus, which is simplicity itself,

is intended to supersede the ordinary private telephone installation with which every modern large

business house is equipped, whereby it is possible for the controlling heads to be brought into direct communication with any department in the building for conversation, dictation of letters, &c., without requiring the members of the staff to leave the sown rooms or to cease in their tasks. There is a small box, about twelve inches in length by six inches wide and four inches deep, having two recessed orifices on its outer face, and with a row of switch-buttons along its base corresponding to

the number of departments within the building. One orifice corresponds to the transmitter and the other to the receiver of the ordinary type of telephone, the box being connected through a flexible wire with the ordinary wiring system on the premises. A notable feature of this invention, however, is that the box may be placed in any position that is convenient, or even covered with papers, without impairing its efficiency in the slightest degree. This is due to the fact that the transmitter and receiver are fitted with special microphones of great sensitiveness, whereby the sound waves are collected, focussed, and then intensely magnified. Thus one can converse as easily with the person at the other end of the wire when walking round the room, or from a distance of ten or fifteen feet, as when seated at the desk on which the instrument is lying, and in all cases speaking in a purely normal tone. Similarly, the sound-waves transmitted along the wire are projected into the room in a strident tone, dispensing with the necessity of holding a receiver to the ear. Consequently, while the speaker is engaged in issuing instructions through the instrument he can still pursue other operations at his desk. If secrecy in conversation is desired, however, the depression of a lever at the side of the box throws the loud-speaking attachment out of gear, and a small receiver hung on the side of the box is placed to the ear in the usual manner. The advantages of the system are obvious, while, moreover, absolute privacy between the speaker and listener is ensured, as the line cannot be tapped at any intermediate point. The loud-speaking attachment, we may point out, however, is no distinct novelty, there being several telephonic fire-alarms in the country so equipped; but its application in such a novel direction as this is a decided advance in the scientific time and labour saving equipment of the modern commercial office.

THE FERTILISING PROPERTIES OF HOUSE-REFUSE.

At first sight it does not appear that the contents of the domestic dust-bin, in view of its heterogeneous character, can have many serious claims to value as a fertiliser for agricultural purposes. Hitherto the most generally adopted means of disposing of the mixed assortment of cinders, broken glass, empty cans, paper, rags, and decomposing organic matter has been by cremation in a dustdestructor, and the subsequent utilisation of the vitreous clinker thus produced for the manufacture of concrete paving-slabs, blocks for house-building, &c. An ingenious machine, however, has been devised, and is now being experimented with by a London borough council, whereby the garbage can be turned to more profitable account, and yet in a perfectly hygienic manner. This apparatus combines the three operations of disintegrating, pulverising, and mixing in one. The assorted garbage is discharged into a hopper, through which it falls into a small compartment in which revolve four

fifty-pound hammers at a speed of one thousand two hundred and fifty revolutions per minute. This is equivalent to five thousand strokes for a cumulative weight of over two hundred and fifty thousand pounds per minute, irrespective of the impetus produced by the centrifugal force of the machine; and under this treatment the incongruous mass of rubbish and filth is turned out of the machine in one operation in the shape of a uniform black mould. Tins, bottles, ashes, slates, vegetable refuse, and other garbage are completely reduced to powder in the apparatus, and so assimilated and intermixed as to constitute a new substance of great value. The rubbish requires no preliminary picking over before being dumped into the machine, since there is an automatic device whereby those articles which cannot be pulverised, such as pieces of steel or wrought-iron, are thrown out without the machine stopping. The plant occupies but little space and can deal with some five tons of rubbish per hour. The operation is effected at a low cost, and is perfectly hygienic, there being no dust, smoke, or noisome effluvia, while the resultant manure is entirely odourless. This latter point is a distinct advantage when the substance is distributed over the land. The rich value of the fertiliser has been quickly realised, and the demand at present easily exceeds the supply from the destructor works of the above municipal authority where it is in operation, and the results show that the process can be carried out upon lines showing a substantial profit on each ton produced.

AN EASY METHOD OF DETECTING ADULTERATED COCOA.

Cocoa is possibly more liberally adulterated by the unscrupulous, especially in its powdered form, than any other beverage of the household table. The substance generally utilised for this reprehensible practice, especially in the cheaper qualities, is starch. The presence of such adulterant, however, can be easily and simply detected. Dissolve a small quantity of the cocoa in water so as to form a paste, and to the mixture add a few drops of iodine. The starch is instantly betrayed by the mixture turning a deep-violet colour.

DENATURED ALCOHOL FROM PEAT.

The attention of the motoring world has recently been directed to the possibility of producing alcohol direct from peat as a fuel for internal-combustion engines at present using petrol. The process is both simple and inexpensive, consisting in the breaking down of the cellular construction of the moss by the addition of sulphuric acid in enclosed vessels under pressure, whereby the peat is converted into a gummy substance. This is then subjected to fermentation, the acid being partly neutralised by the addition of carbonate of lime, and the alcohol distilled from the resultant liquid or wash. This is not the first attempt to produce alcohol from this vegetable material, and if it could be made com-

mercially practicable it might be possible to turn our thousands of acres of peat-bogs and wastes to distinct commercial advantage. Unfortunately such fuel cannot compare in power-efficiency with petrol, and the experiments that have been made in other countries with alcohol as a fuel for the petrol-motor have not been attended with very conspicuous success. In Germany the Government endeavoured to stimulate the efforts to produce alcohol from various products, including peat, of which there are immense tracts in that country, by the imposition of a heavy duty upon the imported petroleum spirit. Moreover, when motor-cabs were first placed upon the streets of Berlin, the authorities stipulated that alcohol was to be used exclusively. It was soon discovered, however, that this fuel was unsuitable, so the authorities so far relented as to permit the engines to be started up on petrol and then switched over to the other fuel. Even this remedy proved abortive, and at last the embargo upon petrol had to be removed, and now alcohol is not used at all. A similar result has attended experiments with alcohol-fuel that have been carried out in the United States. The cause is due to the fact that certain modifications in the design of the motor are necessary before success with alcohol can be achieved, and until such alterations are effected, in which direction the manufacturers appear somewhat lethargic, probably for ample reasons, the application of alcohol will not become very extensive.

FERRO-CONCRETE MASTS FOR WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

An interesting development in the application of ferro-concrete is in course of being carried into effect for one of the companies at present interested in the problem of transatlantic wireless telegraphy. Hitherto the mast for carrying the overhead equipment has been built of steel, the production, erection, and maintenance of which is an expensive operation. At the same time, a high degree of strength at the top of the mast is imperative in order to carry the heavy weight of the gear, which approximates some three tons. The ferro-concrete masts will comprise a tubular monolith with the reinforcing steel-work carried vertically up the sides in the concrete, and additionally armoured horizontally by circular hoops placed at frequent intervals. Arrangements have been completed for the building of such masts up to a height of one thousand feet, and they are to be of sufficient internal diameter to permit of a man ascending from the ground to the top of the structure from within.

THE PROLIFIC FECUNDITY OF THE RAT.

The rodent, against which an exterminating war is being waged in all countries, is one of the most fecund pests with which mankind is afflicted. They breed from three to six times a year, the females having their first litter when about three months old. The average litter numbers ten, but often it will aggregate fourteen or more. If three litters of

ten each are produced every year, a single pair, if permitted to breed unchecked and no losses from death were experienced, would in three years have a progeny of ten generations, numbering twenty million one hundred and fifty-five thousand three hundred and ninety-two. The eleventh generation, due at the beginning of the fourth year, would number over one hundred millions. The United States, like India and other oriental countries, is now confronted with a rat-plague which has grown to such proportions that the Department of Agriculture has found it incumbent to prepare a bulletin setting forth extermination remedies for the benefit of the assailed farmers. This rodent is more destructive than any known mammalian pest. In France rats and mice are responsible for damage to the tune of over eight million pounds per year. A single rat will eat two ounces of com a day, but destroys and spoils more than it eats. The greatest indictment against the animal, however, is that it is one of the most dangerous mediums for the dissemination of disease, due to the parasite with which its fur is thickly infested.

AN ECONOMICAL FIRE-GRATE.

Some months ago the Prince of Wales, during his inspection of a block of tenements in London, drew attention to the advantage and possibilities of a more economical grate for the working classes than that in vogue, especially in the direction of enabling the fire in the cooking-range to be used for warming the sitting-room after the duties in the kitchen have been completed, and thereby avoiding the necessity of maintaining two separate fires. The royal suggestion was duly acted upon, and in the course of a recent visit to a new block of similar buildings a grate fulfilling the requirements advocated by the Prince was shown. The fireplaces of the sitting-room and kitchen are placed back to back, and the grates—in reality only one divided centrally by a sliding partition which can be moved up and down—are served by one chimney. While the range is in use the fire only suffices for the kitchen. Cooking completed and the range no further required, the sliding partition forming the back-plate of the grate is raised, the fire tilted into the grate behind belonging to the sitting-room, and the partition once more lowered. For such purposes where economy in fuel-consumption is an important consideration, this grate has been warmly appreciated.

PURIFYING THE AIR OF RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

The provision of some more efficient means of ventilating railway carriages, especially those of the separate compartment type, when carrying a full complement of passengers, has long been urged. The ordinary cowl ventilators in the roof and the shutters over the doors are quite inadequate for the removal of the vitiated atmosphere from within especially in wintry weather when the windows have to be kept closed and the warming apparatus is in action. The system that has now been evolved for the supply of a constant refreshing, cool current of air without any accompanying draught is of a simple character. There is a water-tank through which the contaminated air is drawn by the suction of an electric fan actuated by an electric motor fed from the dynamo carried on and driven by the axle of the carriage. In passing through the water the air is purified, and it can then be recirculated through the compartment. If necessary, the water can be decomposed by electrolysis during the operation, the oxygen thus liberated by the process being mixed with the cleansed air.

PAPER THREAD.

It is announced that a French inventor has discovered a cheap and easy process by means of which thread, similar in texture to cotton or linen, and possessing great strength, can be manufactured from paper. No details of the method of production are vouchsafed, but the thread is stated to be suitable for a variety of purposes such as dress materials for ladies' costumes, being impervious to damp and non-inflammable. It can also be used for the manufacture of bags, towels, hats, and so forth. It is claimed that the thread can be made at a cost 90 per cent. below that of linen, and some 60 per cent. less than that of cotton.

THE DANGERS OF LEMONADE.

The popular and refreshing summer beverage lemonade is evidently not so harmless as it is generally opined to be, according to the recent report of the medical officer of health for the borough of Poplar. He relates that cases have come before his notice in which the drink has been impregnated with metallic impurity, the contamination in one case amounting to 01 grain of tin in ten ounces of liquid. The presence of this impurity in lemonade, and also in other saccharine beverages, is attributed to the use in manufacture of glacial acetic acid obtained from the distillation from acetate of sodium and sulphuric acid, and also acids which are secured from the dressing of calcined bones with sulphuric acid, or by boiling phosphorus and nitric acid with water. The last-named acid is also made with sulphuric acid, which is liable to contain arsenic and other metallic impurities.

OXYGEN MADE AT HOME.

The increasing and varied purposes to which oxygen is now being applied, combined with its frequent use in cases of illness, has resulted in a process being evolved for its production in a concentrated form similar in nature to many other medicaments, and ready for instant use whenever desired. For many years past the only practicable means of securing supplies of this gas has been in a compressed form in steel cylinders, quantities being drawn off as required by the simple turning of a tap. But the weight and cumbersome nature

of these cylinders, combined with the difficulties in transport, has proved a deterrent factor in the more extensive use of the oxygen. With the gas preserved in its concentrated form, however, the most isolated country house or cottage can always keep a sufficient supply of the gas for use in a case of emergency. This new substance, known as oxylithe, is oxygen in a latent state, and is sold in the form of small cakes. To produce the gas it is only necessary to add quantities of cold water in precisely the same manner as that in which acetylene gas is produced by dissolving calcium carbide in water. Directly the water comes into contact with the substance gas is emitted with great violence, generation ceasing immediately the supply of water is withdrawn. Oxylithe will keep for an indefinite period without any signs of deterioration, no gas being given off until it is brought into contact with water. One pound of the substance will supply approximately three cubic feet of oxygen. Even the residue which is produced, being soda lye, can be profitably used for washing, bleaching, and other purposes. The gas obtained by this method contains 100 per cent. of oxygen, and consequently is chemically pure. No especial precautions are necessary in its production, since it is perfectly harmless and cannot explode, so that it can be prepared by any one when required. For respiratory purposes, such as cases of illness, a special vessel is provided, comprising an outer glass receptacle containing the water, in which is immersed a cage carrying the latent oxygen, and the gas as it is generated is drawn off by a nozzle fitted with a tap passing through a rubber tube to the inhalation-bag.

PLANT CULTURE UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Some years ago the late Sir W. Siemens, by his experiments, demonstrated the possibilities of assisting plant-culture by means of the electric light, investigations which have since been followed up in the United States. In this country, however, no further researches have been undertaken until recently, when Mr B. H. Thwaite once more resumed operations. His system is now being practically tested at the Royal Botanic Gardens in Regent's Park, London, but upon more advanced lines than has yet been attempted. The electric light is so arranged that it traverses the whole of the greenhouse in which it is installed, and returns. The light before reaching the plants passes through a glass trough of water so coloured as to resemble the density and character of our atmosphere through which the sun's rays have to penetrate, so that the conditions are made as similar as possible. The current is generated from a dynamo driven by a gas-engine of special design, and this not only furnishes the requisite energy for the actinic light, but also the heat and chemical gases necessary to stimulate growth. The experiment is one of great interest to those concerned in the problem of intensifying plant-growth under glass, especially in view of the fact that the Thwaite system is

based upon novel lines, since in addition to the light the economic use of the waste gases and heat generated in the water-cooling circulation for the engine dispenses with the necessity of the usual heating arrangements. The inventor claims that the whole cost of his apparatus and its operation represents an expenditure of only one penny, as compared with threepence per hour for the general system of assisting propagation by heat. The progress of the plants under the influence of his culture at the Botanical Gardens will be closely followed by horticulturists during the next few months, especially in those periods of dull, foggy weather when plant-growth is almost reduced to stagnation.

GAME AND GAME-COVERTS.

Mr John Simpson, author of the New Forestry, which was commended in the paper on 'Forestry for Beauty and Use' in Chambers's Journal for 1900, has written another work of much practical value for landowners, gamekeepers, foresters, and all interested in making the most of game upon land, entitled Game and Game-Coverts (Sheffield: Pawson and Brailsford). The book, which is copiously and beautifully illustrated, was suggested by the number of queries asked of Mr Simpson as to the best gamecovert. Here he answers that question very fully, and in the process discusses the importance of gamepreservation in these days of worry and losses connected with landed property, pheasant disease (which is more prevalent amongst artificially reared birds), and the best trees and shrubs for forming covert for game. He says: 'The most excellent sport for guns that we ever knew of was afforded by a small or rather thick mixed wood, on a rising ground, about one hundred and fifty yards long by one hundred yards wide, with a field on one side and a wide glade on the other. On each side most of the guns were posted, the beaters bringing up the centre in a line. The pheasants, wild ones, usually rose at once, and the hares bolted through the hedgerows. The shots were constant, mostly high in the case of birds, and hardly one escaped good shots.' Coverts should be laid out so as to afford protection from cold winds and wet, and should afford sunshine and shade, natural food, and water. As to position, he says: 'Dry slopes and knolls or rising grounds on sunny aspects are the best spots on which to form coverts; if in the vicinity of water so much the better. Indeed, water is an absolute necessity in or near coverts on dry soils, and in dry localities where streams or brooks do not exist means should be taken to provide a supply of water —if in the form of a natural runnel all the better. Sometimes a supply of water may be secured in connection with a hydraulic ram where one is employed on the estate, and sometimes small pumping windmills might be employed for the purpose. In any case, a constant supply of water in some form throughout the year ranks next to food in keeping game on the ground.' The best roostingtrees are the common spruce, silver fir, and Douglas

fir. In certain woods in Scotland where there was much fir, capercailzie and blackcock were more plentiful than anywhere else. Every wood and copse upon an estate should be a covert. Under natural conditions, pheasants and other kinds of game distribute themselves rather thinly; and converting old and thin woods into good coverts is much easier and less expensive than planting new ones. Rank bracken is no cover, as it kills the grass. Rhododendron is neither a good roosting-tree nor a good covert plant; it may be a harbour for rabbits, but suits neither pheasants nor hares. Good marginal trees for coverts are hawthorn, crab, plum, yew, myrobalam, mountain-ash, holly, spruce, deodar, with barberry, snowberry, wild rasp, bramble, furze, and blackthorn, which are good examples of natural covert and natural food-producers. Birds and pheasants prefer sweet fruits. There is a list of rabbit-proof plants, and Mr Simpson says there are woods on almost every estate, practically useless for any purpose but harbouring game, which would produce an income from rabbits alone if the rabbits were allowed to breed and have access to pasture The whole book is of the most practical nature, and affords sidelights of an interesting and instructive kind upon the habits of our wild animals, and the best methods of rearing and protecting them.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

THE branches of the mountain-ash are showing Their heavy-berried bunches red and gold, Down country lanes the tinted leaves are blowing, The grain is garnered in, the year is old. The childish eyes, that laughed to find the flowers, Bend over slates and weary lesson-books; The lone wood slumbers through the quiet hours Bereft of birds in its sequestered nooks.

Across the moor September's breath is bringing Rose to the lip, red to the tinted face; And heather sprigs and blue harebells are springing 'Midst ferns and grass, arranged with Nature's grace, Purple and mauve and amber-regal splendour; Gulls wheeling wildly o'er a churning sea; Soft sunset hues no earthly touch can render-Summer's farewell is Nature's harmony.

So summer passes as a dream, as day dies, Haloed with light, circled with queenly crown. May we have just such memories when life's new ties Speak to our hearts, 'Lay June's red roses down. RDITH RUTTER-LEATHIN.

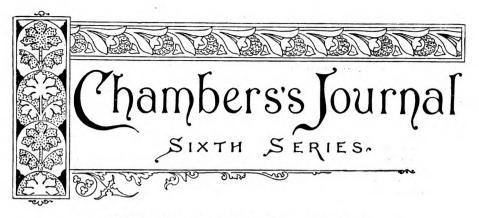
* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage stamps should accompany every manuscript.

Srd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MASC SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice of otherwise, should have the writter's Name and Address written upon the

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accom-panied by a stamped and directed envelope.



VENGEANCE IS MINE.

By COMMANDER E. HAMILTON CURREY, R.N.

IN TWO PARTS .- PART I.



OME away, Jack; surely you've had enough of this tomfoolery.'

The man addressed turned halfround from his seat at the gamblingtable, and laughed as he tore open the last rouleau of fifty napoleons

left to him. 'Just one more flutter to get rid of this, dear old boy, then I'm your man.'

The scene was the gambling-room at the Cercle Mahomet Ali in Alexandria, where, in the days we now speak of, some two and a half years after the bombardment of that city, play was abnormally high; also a strong residuum of the scum of the earth, who had unfortunately not been hanged for arson and robbery, still remained in the streets and preyed upon the unwary.

Jack O'Farrell and his brother Jim had arrived in Alexandria a week before, and the latter, who was no gambler, had hoped to keep his elder and more reckless brother away from the tables; but it was not to be. Dining at a military mess the night after they landed, they had been taken by their hosts to the Cercle, and since then they had not missed a night among the rich and reckless Alexandrian Greek habitués, whose gold was poured out like water every night on the discreetly shaded green tables of the club. Jack O'Farrell had been losing steadily. He was a rich man; but two thousand three hundred and fifty pounds in six nights was a staggerer, and he had come that evening determined, as he put it, 'to make it three thousand pounds or get a bit of my own back.'

Jim, who never touched a card or made a bet, smoked cigar after cigar, and frowned discontentedly over successive cups of Turkish coffee. He was a strong, very quiet, self-contained man, a fine sportsman, an expert boxer and fencer, but withal well read and a buyer of books and rare engravings. The brothers had been shooting tigers in the Terai and lions in Somaliland; and the younger and infinitely better man of the two was filled with

No. 514. -Vol. X.

vexation when he saw that two years away from temptation had not in the least weaned the brother he loved so well from his all-absorbing passion for gambling.

To-night Jack O'Farrell seemed possessed with an incarnate spirit of gaiety; he was not drunk or anything approaching to it, but he had had his fair share of champagne at dinner, and had just called for and opened another bottle. The silent attendant filled a huge glass to the brim, and the laughing blue eyes of the gambler sought the steel-gray ones of his brother.

'Come out of the corner, you old owl,' he shouted, 'and drink luck to the last rouleau.' He had been losing steadily all the evening, and the fifty napoleons that remained to him were the remnant of the six hundred and fifty pounds with which he had sat down.

'Make haste and get rid of it,' retorted Jim, pointing with his cigar at the freshly opened rouleau, 'and then we can get aboard the steamer and have some sleep before she starts. No, I don't want any champagne after all this coffee I've been drinking.'

'So much the more for us, Maxwell,' laughed Jack, turning to a colonel in the Egyptian army sitting next to him. 'Here's to the luck that's coming!'

As he finished speaking he drained the glass to the dregs, and, looking backwards to see that there was no one behind him, tossed the goblet over his shoulder on to the parquet floor, where it fell and was naturally shivered to atoms. The reckless act and the light laugh with which it was accompanied drew general attention to the man who had done it, but he seemed in no way put out.

"You will now observe, Maxwell,' he said to the colonel, 'that I am going to win. I can't make my unnatural brother take any interest in my luck, singer and liled with left and the colonel, 'that I am going to win. I can't make my unnatural brother take any interest in my luck, so I'll ask you to watch me. Now, since, I have been here everything has gone against me; I must begin with something unlucky to break the spell. [All Rights Reserved.]

Observe, I back the red and the number 13.' As he spoke he put five napoleons on the number 13, and the balance of forty-five on the red-the game was roulette.

'Le jeu est fait-rien ne va plus,' droned the croupier as he spun the wheel. 'Rouge gagne, le numéro treize.'

'I win exactly two hundred and twenty-five naps, which ain't so bad for a beginning; and once more I back 13 and red.'

Incredible as it may seem, 13 and red turned up three times running; and then began such a display of recklessness as even the Cercle Mahomet Ali never saw before, and those who remember the club in the eighties know what went on there at times. Jack O'Farrell seemed unable to lose, and when he rose at the end of an hour and a half's play he had recovered all his previous losses, with eight hundred pounds to the good. The sum of six hundred napoleons in gold he put into a wash-leather bag; the remainder was left to be paid into the bank in the morning.

Play was over, and men scattered about the club animatedly discussed the events of the evening. Jack O'Farrell went up to his brother and hit him on the shoulder. 'Confess now,' he said, 'that that hour and a half was worth a cycle of Cathay.'

Jim smiled. 'It may be so, old man, and I'm glad you won. Should be more glad if I thought you'd never gamble again.'

'Well, perhaps I never shall,' laughed the other. Quien sabe? as the Spaniard says.

The night was very dark, and it was raining heavily as the brothers came downstairs. slipped into a waterproof coat, while his brother flung a heavy boat-cloak around him, which fastened at the neck with a metal clasp; the clasp was refractory, but at length closed with a snap which caused Jack to look round and say, 'Sounds like the crack of doom. You'll never get that blessed thing off again.' To which Jim replied, Well, it will still be keeping me dry when that flimsy waterproof of yours is done for, anyhow.'

At the harbour they had a boat awaiting to take them to the steamer leaving for Malta at daybreak. No conveyance could be obtained, and together they stepped out into the pelting rain.

If high play was the rule at the Cercle Mahomet Ali, it was none the less so at 'La Gata Negra;' but the gamblers who frequented the inn with the sign of the black cat were not in the habit of breaking open rouleaus of napoleons. In the circles in which they moved the possession of even one gold piece had its dangers, and of this they were well aware. All the same, play ruled high for the somewhat exiguous finances of the punters, and the francs and occasional five-franc pieces which figured on the board represented perhaps more to their owners than did the gold of players in more aristocratic resorts.

'La Gata Negra' was squeezed in at the end of a

filthy blind-alley turning out of one of the big streets which gave on the Place Mahomet Ali; it possessed a very strong and sufficient front door, heavily bolted and barred, into which was let a small shutter by means of which any one wishing to enter could be inspected, while he in his turn could see nothing, his reflection being cast on an ingeniously arranged mirror. Miguel Tenorio, the proprietor, had so far had no dealings with the police; but he had taken a full-and lucrative-share in the robberies which had followed the bombardment, and had bought this house and set up a gaming table on the proceeds. Having, however, seen the stern justice meted out to thieves and house burners in those strenuous days, he had, with great good sense, retired on what he had been able to secure before the British blue-jacket and marine routed out his companions and handed them over to the provost-marshal, by whom they were promptly

and incontinently hanged.

Miguel was a Spaniard from San Lucar de Barnmeda. He had been first a labourer in the vineyards around Xeres, then a smuggler of tobacco from the Rock into Spain, a dock-labourer at Gibraltar (where he learned this trade), and he had then further graduated in the school of blackguardism in a cuadrilla of bull-fighters, attaining to the rank of a picador; but a furious quarrel over a woman in a venta at Almeria had ended in a fight, in which Miguel's great navajo de Sevilla had sunk haft-deep through his adversary's collar bone down to the heart. This was too strong even for Andalusia; and, taking to the woods, aided by friendly charcoal burners, he had evaded the Guardia Civile, and eventually turned up penniless and desperate in Alexandria, a hardened ruffian with no object in life but to prey upon his fellows. He was a genial blackguard, however, and to 'La Gata Negra' gravitated a scum of criminals who enjoyed the freedom and license of the house, but they made no mistake as to who was master inside these doors; for Tenorio, to do him justice, was ready to fight the father of evil himself had he a dispute with him, and there were maimed and disfigured creatures in Alexandria who, having had the temerity to stand up against him, had been scientifically carred to their own great discomfiture and the deep delight of those privileged to witness these duels a outraine with the knife. Just over middle height, strong and active as one of the fighting bulls of his own land, Tenorio—beyond a few shrewd scratches in his numerous battles—had passed through his adventurous life comparatively unscathed save for a terribly mutilated ear. Once, while he was in the bull-ring as picador, his horse had been the first to feel the fury of the charge of the bull. Horse and man had been lifted and flung aside, the rider's head coming into contact with some hard substance in the sand. He had been rendered insensible, and the right ear crushed and torn out of all shape and semblance. What remained after healing was little more than a vivid scarlet lump, unsightly to behold; but, curiously enough, the hearing was not in any way affected.

There came a faint tinkle of a bell at the door of 'La Gata Negra;' and Miguel, who was presiding over the roulette-board, stepped from his chair. 'Here, you, Lorenzo,' he called to a villain-ous-looking Brazilian-Portuguese with whom he was in partnership over the gambling proceeds, 'take my chair, so that the senores may not be disturbed in their game.'

Lorenzo did as he was bidden, and Miguel stepped over and turned up a lamp which illuminated the mirror; he then slid back the shutter and looked at the man's face which he saw reflected. 'Bueno,' he said; 'the little François! What can he want so late?' He opened the door and admitted a small man in a rough overcost.

'Nom d'un chien, mon cher Miguel, but it is a pig of a night!' he ejaculated as he stripped off the coat and shook the water from the brim of his hat.

'Por dios,' answered the innkeeper, 'you did not come to tell me that.—Here, a cognac for Monsieur François.'

The brandy was brought and swallowed, and François talked earnestly for some minutes.

At the time of which we speak it was by no means an easy matter to get servants at all—to get servants with characters was flatly impossible-in Alexandria; and therefore no blame could attach to the steward of the Cercle Mahomet Ali that François was on the strength of that establishment as a waiter. The latter was a capable man in this capacity, but he was a robber by nature, a gambler upon every possible opportunity. Dismissed from a Messagerie Maritime Liner at Port Said for peculation, he had drifted to Alexandria via Cairo, and spent his time and his earnings—as much, that is, as possible—at 'La Gata Negra.' Robbery from the club or from the persons of the members, who often carried large sums both to and from the Cercle, had frequently been discussed by François and Miguel; but no opportunity had ever occurred. Men were cautious, went armed, and were ready to use their weapons, and far more frequently drove than walked.

François called for more brandy and pulled out a cigarette. Miguel struck it out of his hand with an oath. 'Madre de Dios, would you sit here smoking when there is work to do? Repeat that again.'

François, looking daggers, complied. He hated this man, with his masterful, imperious ways; but he feared him far more than he hated him.

'It is thus, then,' said Miguel when François finished speaking. 'See that I have it correctly. Two senores, Ingleses, leave the club for the harbour. One carries six hundred napoleons in a bag; he is the taller of the two, and wears a light waterproof coat. The other has on a big cloak and a sombrero hat, with a light stick in his hand. Neither of them carries weapons.'

'Bien; that is quite correct.'

'When did they leave?'

'Five minutes ago, by way of the Square.'

'There is a police patrol to-night at the far end of the Square?'

'Ves

Miguel rose and called, 'José!' A man came from the gambling-room.

There was a whispered colloquy; then Miguel spoke again. 'Listen, you, François, and I will tell you how it will be. Men fight for six hundred napoleons. The man who carries these shall fight no more after to-night; him I settle.' François nodded, and shuddered a little as Miguel hitched the pommel of his great knife farther to the front of the silken faja or sash which he wore round his waist. 'José here is as strong as an ox, but stupid; but he will be with me; he will have his instructions. The other man will be knocked out with a sand-bag.' Here José affectionately stroked a green baize roll he carried over his arm. 'He may be killed, but I hope not, as there will be no necessity. Now for you.'

'Moi! Mais, mon dieu'- began François.

'Silence, son of a rat! For you—you will go to the cross street where they, the Ingleses, turn to the left to gain the harbour. You will turn to the right, walk up one hundred yards, turn to the right again where there is a garden-gate you can get through, and so over a wall into the main street, you know?'

François nodded.

'Bueno! You will take this revolver, will fire three or four shots from it, and scream murder at the top of your voice. The police patrol will come to rescue you. You will not be there. Entiendes puerco?' ('Dost understand, pig?')

'But you—the revolver?' stammered François.

Miguel bent his great black brows together and glared into the face of the other.

'Dost understand, pig?' he repeated once more. 'Yes.'

'Art ready, José? Yes! Bueno; we have plenty of time.' He poured out three full glasses of brandy, which were tossed off by the trio. Then from a peg he took his circular cape, which, with a familiar swing of the right arm, he sent across his mouth and the lower part of his face; he pulled a broad-leafed sombrero down over his brows till nothing was visible but the tip of his nose and the fierce eyes, shrouded but flashing. José made haste to don a similar costume, and the traitorous waiter struggled once more into his rough overcoat. They did not pass through the gambling-room, but by a back kitchen, from which a door gave upon an open space; this was seldom used, and was, indeed, only known to the inhabitants of the house.

Miguel called Lorenzo to him and muttered some instructions in his ear, opened the door, pushed François and José out in front of him, and closed and locked it. They went across the open space and dived into a labyrinth of streets, while the gale hooted, lightning flashed, thunder bellowed, and the rain descended in a pitiless cataract.

(To be continued.)

THE CONQUEST OF AUSTRALIA.

By Albert Dorrington, late of N.S.W., Australia.

THE WHITE AUSTRALIAN'S UNEASINESS.



the Roper River to the Gregory, sometimes halts and gazes across the endless expanse of spinifex country towards the Gulf of Carpentaria. If he is Australian-born his

eye will be somewhat dulled to the half-terrifying perspectives, the illimitable folds of thorn-covered land and poison-weed that decimates his stock and cripples his old camp-horse. As his eye rests on the sullen brown haze that merges into the skyline, a question flashes through his brain which may be answered to-morrow or a century hence; and across his mind moves a picture more terrifying than the sandhills and poison-weed country—the picture of an invading army streaming south from scores of Japanese transports and convoys. 'Who will oppose them when they come?' muses the stock-rider. 'How can our forces quartered around Sydney and Melbourne ever hope to reach them?'

The stock-rider, like the majority of Australians, has been taught by a section of his press that in the next naval war Great Britain will suffer to such an extent as to compel the withdrawal of the squadron stationed on his coast, leaving him at the mercy of the Asiatic invader. Such a theory, put forward by our democratic press, has its origin in the fact that the Home Government considers India of more moment than the more isolated continent of Australia, holding as it does a comparatively mere handful of white settlers. The Britisher in his turn may well ask the sturdy Australian what he is doing to prevent his ultimate effacement or subjugation by an Asiatic Power; and the Britisher will discover that his Southern relative has no direct answer available. the land there is not a single factory capable of producing an ordinary fowling-piece, much less a modern rifle. There are not a score of Australianborn men who understand the mechanism of a torpedo or submarine, and apparently they do not want to. It is possible to excite their enthusiasm on any conceivable subject save that of national defence. Few will deny that the Australian is physically capable of holding his own in every branch of sport against all comers. During the late South African war he proved himself an intelligent guerilla-fighter, and won for himself the admiration of Continental military critics; yet in his own land he regards himself as unfit to take a part in the planning of his own defences. Minus ammunition factories or a single military college worthy of the name, he spends his life and leisure hours in sport and games. At present there appears one gleam of hope for my country in the

matter of repelling a foreign invader—the plentiful use of the stock-whip. After travelling from one end of the continent to the other, I can declare with truth that the stock-whip was the only weapon of defence I saw among the people of the far north

Innumerable theories are put forward, mostly by the dwellers in the cities, to prove that Japan will inevitably attack Australia. One set of thinkers argue that, Australia being a land of milk and honey, it only requires a series of strained relations between England and Japan to give the Children of the Rising Sun an excuse for invading our unprotected north. Others argue that Japan lacks the financial resources necessary to carry out so gigantic an undertaking. Despite the Australian's general apathy in the matter of arming himself, it is understood that he would fight 'for ever and ever' rather than forgo a square mile of his continent; and in view of this assumption, it is asserted that Japan would be forced to keep open a long stretch of sea-communications between Port Darwin, say, and Nagasaki, a distance of nearly three thousand miles. Others declare that Japan's unprovoked attack upon White Australia would bring upon her the wrath of France and the United States. The latter argument is much in favour among the sentimentally inclined, and they are numerous enough along the shores of the lazy north, where the low-caste white already salutes the well-to-do Chinese.

Another section of Australians preach the gospel of the open door, and are persistently urging the Government to allow the better class of Hindus, Chinamen, and Japanese free admission into our ports. They claim that the educated Asiatic is our equal, and that his ideas of citizenship are as good, if not better, than the average European's. But Australian Democracy will have none of it. We have set ourselves the task of preserving the white man's caste, we are to become the whitest of white nations, even though millions of black and brown peoples are pressing upon our northern seaboard; and, strangely enough, our mandate has been accepted by China and Japan almost without

protest.

The latter circumstance suggests two things: either the Children of the Rising Sun are patiently biding their time until a favourable excuse for bursting open the shut door presents itself, or Japan and China are utterly indifferent to tracts of uninhabited land practically adjoining their own. It would be difficult to find a politician within the Commonwealth callous enough to uphold the latter suggestion. Within the brains of every Australian is the fixed idea that every acre of his country has been mapped and portioned

off by his wily brown neighbour. The quality of the soil, its stock-bearing capacities, the value of its mineral deposits, and the possibilities of Australia generally as a revenue-raising country—that all these facts have been ascertained by the ruling powers at Tokyo goes without saying. Having satisfied himself that Nippon is crouching, pantherlike, for a spring, the Australian writes to his newspapers pointing out that Great Britain will offer up his country to Japan as the price of peace during the next great war.

AUSTRALIA THE GRAVEYARD OF JAPAN.

When the desire for national defence rises to a prolonged murmur some one is sure to state that the very physical formation of our country would render an invasion extremely hazardous and costly; and that, although we might be unable to concentrate large bodies of troops at a given point, there are possibilities of a prolonged guerilla war serious enough to compel a richer nation than Japan to hesitate before committing herself to a desultory struggle with a race of skilled horsemen and athletes. The bombardment of Sydney and Melbourne, and their occupation by foreign troops, would not mean that Australia had succumbed. It is only reasonable to predict that the white bushman, with unlimited supplies in his rear, would fall back in great numbers towards the interior. A thousand miles of country means little to the well-mounted bushman. Stock would be driven from one state to another as circumstances dictated; and if the railways survived the first year's struggle they would certainly be rendered useless to the invaders, it being assumed that an army of six hundred thousand men would be required to guard them. And the invader would have to face a nation-breaking struggle similar to that which England undertook during the Boer

Japan, says our critic, would certainly flood our eastern and northern coast-lands with a huge coolie population. But what of the million unconquered white men flung back upon their bush-lands and sheep-runs, men absolutely independent of supplies, who would perforce of circumstances arm themselves to the teeth, for money begets arms, and the gun-runners from Europe and the Pacific slope would attend to such affairs as long as Australian gold was forthcoming? The fleets of Japan, continues the critic, could hardly hope to watch even a very small portion of our eastern seaboard.

Our exports to Japan are insignificant. It is to Great Britain, Germany, and France that we look for our markets; and the maritime transports utilised in the carrying of our raw materials are owned and controlled in every instance by European companies. Any attempt on the part of Japan to paralyse our deep-sea trade would certainly bring about a violation of the law which governs the conduct of neutrals.

Many of our younger men argue that Japan has

weighed her chances of success and failure in her attempt upon Australia, and the world can only speculate upon her final attitude towards us when the psychological moment arrives. But in justice to Japan it is only fair to ask if she has ever included Australia in her scheme of territorial expansion. Would the acquisition of the Southern continent repay her after the spending of incalculable treasure and lives? The Ministers at Tokyo have doubtless answered the question emphatically and with no uncertain voice. Until the present year it may be asserted that the prestige of Great Britain has maintained for Australia her independence and immunity from aggression.

JAPAN AS A COLONISING POWER.

The displacement of Great Britain from her present position among the Powers might not mean the overwhelming ascendency of another European nation or Japan. The prestige of Japan, no matter how great her ascendency, would not uphold her undisputed right over a vanquished Australia. There would be partitions and annexations by other Powers, and the fight for its ultimate suzerainty might rest with three or more white nations, including Japan. The far-seeing rulers at Tokyo have looked well into these things; and although Japan is sure of her military strength at home and in Manchuria, she is not likely to spread her wings over perilous distances to satisfy the cravings of her ambitious youth. Her colonising powers have yet to be tested. Under their own government, surrounded by their ancient traditions, the samurai and coolie alike are ideal citizens; yet something more than mere citizenship is required in the making of new empires, something which the homeloving German and Frenchman have failed to discover. Under new skies and other influences, young Japan may develop tendencies not in keeping with the spirit of successful colonisation.

AUSTRALIA A HALF-MADE CONTINENT.

Another unconsidered factor in regard to Japan's attitude of silent toleration of our Aliens Restriction Act lies not in her attachment to England, but arises from considerations of a purely economical nature.

It is always assumed by the over-enthusiastic Australian that his continent is the cynosure of Asia's eyes. The thought appeals to his vanity. He likes to imagine himself the owner of unlimited territory while the North is echoing with the sounds of overcrowded cities and land-hungry peoples. It has not yet occurred to him that the business-headed Jap and Chinaman do not consider Australia a sufficiently good investment to warrant an expensive invasion. The three million people gathered mostly on the eastern seaboard of Australia care or know little of the vast Sahara-like expanses that go to the making of their continent. If the habitable regions were carefully mapped out, with reliable rainfall statistics appended, it would be

found that the fertile regions could be crowded into a ridiculously small area. Scientific agriculture has done much to improve the desert places of the earth when their vicinity to populated centres warranted the pains and expenditure. Unfortunately the desert places of Australia are more adjacent to the South Pole than to the immediate centres of civilisation.

The writer of this article has travelled through Japan, and he knows of no syndicate or combine in that country yearning to acquire the uninhabited spaces of our continent. It is safe to say that if five hundred million acres of our best northern lands were put up for auction we should not get a single bid from Japan. The reasons are not far to seek. Since the discovery of gold in Queensland the north and north-west portions of the continent have suffered from the irruptions of inquisitive Japanese shellers and prospectors. The vast regions extending from Port Keats to the Batavia River are practically uncontrolled by the Commonwealth authorities. Malays and Bughis men, Japanese and Kanakas, enter unbidden and depart silently as they come. From Hannibal Island on the eastern shores of York Peninsula, round to Cape Leeuwin in the far south-west, the country offers small inducement to would-be invaders. The pearlinggrounds of Torres Strait have been denuded of shell and spat by avaricious divers; the creeks and gullies of the northern inlets have been prospected by white and yellow men to a greater extent than any other portion of the continent. The day of big gold discoveries is apparently at an end; the country west of the Flinders and Fitzroy has been pot-holed and tested in a way that would make the Transvaal gold-seeker gape in astonishment.

These facts, combined with the absence of great rivers, have had a deterring effect upon the irrigationloving Chinaman and Japanese husbandman who have already visited these shores; and that the northern limits of Australia have been exploited by bands of Asiatics we have ample proof. In August 1896, while crossing from Port Roper to the

Nicholson River, I came upon a party of blacks in a pitiful state of disease and poverty. One of their number escorted me to the edge of a dry streambed, and pointed to hundreds of naked footprints which followed the sun-blighted depression for several miles to a place where water was still obtainable. As I stooped to examine the tracks, the aboriginal informed me that an overwhelming body of Chinamen had passed south only a day or two previously. Three weeks later I came suddenly upon their camp-fires in the M'Kinlay Ranges. They were evidently pressing south towards the Diamantina Valley in the hope of finding gold. No one knows what became of them afterwards. In September of the same year I wrote to the Queensland authorities in reference to the matter, but received no reply.

The Northern Territory is the graveyard of innumerable Asiatics, who enter by way of the Gulf of Carpentaria in quest of gold. Death from thirst and starvation accounts for thousands. The few who survive return to China to spread the fame of Australia's relentless solitude and hunger-

tracks.

If China and Japan were in earnest about Australia as a suitable country for their overflowing population, we should have to patrol our seaboard with gunboats and water-police, for the Chinaman, at least, would come even though we pinned our Aliens Restriction Act on every stone and mangrove-tree north and west of Rockhampton.

It seems to one who has travelled far over the desert places and hunger-tracks that Australia's fight must be with her arid regions and bush-lands, her unpeopled spaces and drought-ridden west.

Japan has measured and weighed. Let us be sure that neither our strength nor our weakness has escaped her. That she will take no fresh leaps, even towards the brilliant sunlight of Australia, is certain, for she recognises that her failure to control the vast spaces separating her from the great Southern continent would imperil her national existence, for which she fought so strenuously.

THE ROMANCE OF A FLOATING DOCK.

By Andrew Marshall, Author of Comedy East and Tragedy West, &c.

CHAPTER XI.



OM time to time Sandford put more wood on the fire. When he felt sleepy he rose and moved softly about to keep himself awake. Twice he heard again the cry of the 'tiger'

from the other side of the river, and

once he was startled by the flapping wings of some invisible night-bird which passed. But the fatigue and excitement of the day and the monotonous murmur of the water gradually made him drowsy, and at last sleep surprised him.

He woke with a start, feeling cold and stiff. It was almost dawn, for there was a faint clearness in the east. His clothes were drenched with dew, and he felt grateful to the girl for having made him wear his coat. She might be uneducated, but how wise and kind she was! The fire still smouldered He stirred it up and piled on more wood. At the noise the girl moved, and he turned away. He picked up his knife and went off to cut a thin sapling he had observed the night before. In half-anhour he returned. The girl was busy over the fire 'This is our flag-post,' he said, 'on which we shall leave a message for your father.' With the help of some stones he set it up after tying his handkerchief to it. 'He will be sure to see it.'

She received him with a smile. 'Yes, he will be sure to see it,' she said; 'and you see I am making breakfast, señor.' She had placed the rest of the fish on the fire to broil, and stood up with an air of expecting commendation.

What an invaluable housekeeper you are!' he said: and they both laughed.

They were young, it was morning, their breakfast was ready, and care had flown away. She picked out the blackened parcels of the fish from the embers and laid them with some bananas on one of the big leaves. There was still a good deal more than they could eat.

'I have cooked it all,' she said. 'I am sorry it is a little burnt.' She did not say that she had burnt her fingers also.

'All fish ought to be a little burnt,' said Sandford.

'And all bad cooks,' she said, pressing her fingers surreptitiously on the cool stones.

'The best cook,' he said, 'on this or any other island is going to write a letter on this pocket-book leaf which shall be her testimonial, and it shall be fastened to this flag of the island for all the world to see. Please take the pencil and write, señorita. If Don Santiago passes on this side of the island he will see this signal and will learn that you are safe so far, and that you are on your way to Garapatas. If he passes on the other side we cannot help it. It is impossible to get across to set up a signal there. You see I have cut another branch for a well as I could with my knife. It will serve to steer with—in a way.

'Now I have been thinking about our voyage. Judging by the journey we made yesterday in the steamer, I think we may feel sure that we shall reach Garapatas this evening if we have no accident. I am afraid we cannot go to that place where we breakfasted. It is some distance up another stream, and you know we can only go down-stream.'

'Yes, señor; and I should not like to go there. We will try to reach Garapatas.'

'Let us go, then,' he said.

She pinned the paper on the fluttering handkerchief, while he righted the canoe and made a seat for her of the grass with his coat spread over it.

'We must take the rest of the fish and bananas for our dinner,' she said, 'and some of the largest leaves of the pozol. We can make sunshades and umbrellas of them.'

When he had got some leaves, they dragged the canoe together to the water's edge. The distance was much shorter than the night before, for the river had risen. They embarked very cautiously, Sandford holding the boat while she seated herself. Then he set it afloat and stepped in himself, kneel-

ing down. In this position he had to remain. He poled gently out from the shore. The current caught them, and soon they were in the centre of the stream. Their quick motion made a refreshing breeze, and the mosquitoes were gone.

It tried all his skill, and sometimes all his strength, restricted as his movements were, to keep the canoe in the centre of the river and her head straight, and to clear the snags, generally halfsubmerged trees, which frequently threatened them with destruction. The girl, who, as he believed, knew better what to do than he did, yet committed herself to his care with an absolute confidence that was exquisite flattery and encouragement, and was indeed the best help she could have given him. In the most headlong swirls she kept her seat and never moved a muscle. But his arms and his back were aching, and his nerves had been severely tried, before they floated with gradually lessening pace out of the swift Carrizal on to the broad Mariposas. Then he was able to rest a little and take breath.

The great river was deep and smooth, and though its current was swift it did not race like the Carrizal. Their movement no longer created so strong a breeze to fan them. They had now been sitting for a good many hours in the narrow, cranky dug-out, having no room to change a position, and scarcely daring to move for fear of upsetting. They were sitting in water, too, for a wave-top had lapped over occasionally in spite of Sandford's care, and the old cedar was a little leaky. They were both sore and cramped. The sun had long been high in the heavens, and its heat, both direct and reflected from the water, was almost overpowering. They had each made sunshades of one of the big leaves which the girl had had the forethought to bring, but Sandford had soon found it impossible to hold his up and at the same time use his paddle. The girl was looking white, and he saw that she often shut her eyes. It was becoming physically impossible to endure the heat longer in such conditions. He knew she was used to the climate, and in some measure to roughing it, but not to strains like this. She looked deadly fatigued. If she should faint they would probably be upset, and that would be the end. Either one or both of them might have sunstroke. Remembering a device he had learned in Spain, he scooped up water and drenched his head and the back of his neck and ears; and the girl, at his suggestion, soaked her handkerchief and wetted her face and neck. But they could not bear the situation much longer.

They had now reached the region of the sandy, swamp-intersected, treeless region of the coast-belt. Behind them in the far distance they could see the mountain ridge of the interior. In front and on each hand the river-bank was their horizon. Now a feathery excrescence came into view, which soon showed itself to be a solitary clump of palms. Sandford resolved to make for it in the hope of

being able to find a place of rest in its shade. It turned out to be close to an opening in the bank where a sluggish brook joined the river. He pushed into this creek and found a place where they could land. He first got ashore himself stiffly enough, and then helped her. She tottered and would have fallen but for his support. But she recovered immediately, and, after he had made the canoe fast, they slowly clambered up over burning sand to the level ground and the shade of the palmtrees. Not far off stood a hut, and after they had rested a few moments Sandford went over to it. He made a sign that it was empty, and the girl followed him. It was built of uneven saplings laced together with vines and roofed with palmleaves. Through its sides there was a view and free ventilation in all directions, but its shade was thick and perfect. The plain around was arid and brown, with a dry tussock of thin grass here and there. No living creature was to be seen, and no sign of any road.

'It is a hut of the vaqueros,' said the girl. 'They come here with the cattle after the rains

when the grass is good.'

The hut had no door, and its only furniture was a billet of wood polished by much use as a seat and perhaps a pillow. But the floor had been baked hard by many cooking-fires, the traces of which remained in white ashes and bits of charred sticks.

'I think you should rest here for an hour or two,' said Sandford. 'I will go and wait where I can see the boat, in case it should drift away. If you come out and call I shall hear you.'

He was really rather afraid to leave the boat, their only hope of deliverance, long out of his sight, lest by any accident it should drift away. But he also felt that he must carry out his resolution, and see no more of her than he could help. In her presence he could not trust himself to keep his soul his own. Her innocent confidence, her sweet intelligent helpfulness, every way and look she had, undermined his vow and weakened his decision, appealing to him as the one woman appeals to a man. So he left her alone.

It was afternoon when they embarked again.

'We should keep over towards the northern bank,' she said. 'There is a road on it which leads to Garapatas. We have sometimes ridden up there. I do not know how far it goes up.'

Sandford worked steadily at his paddle, gradually finding out how to use it to the best advantage. After a while signs of cultivation became visible, patches of maize, clumps of banana, and in an hour or two the sugar-cane in regular rows on the top of the high bank. Soon they saw the top of a high chimney. It bent like the leaning tower of Pisa, looking as if it would fall over. As soon as the girl saw it she said :

'Ah, I know where we are. That is the sugar plantation of San Feliz. It is only a few leagues

from Garapatas—seven perhaps.'

- 'Are there women there?' he asked.
- 'Oh ves.'
- 'Would you like to land there, señorita ?'
- 'Oh no,' she answered impulsively. And then in a changed tone she said, But if you think it best, señor.'

'But do you think it best, senorita?'

'No,' she said, her eyes meeting his fairly and a brilliant colour rising in her face. 'I will be frank with you, señor. I do not know these people They are half Indian. I would rather stay with you if you will take me home.'

Without his will she read his answer easily in his face. But he only said quietly, 'Very well; we

shall not separate till you are at home.'

He did not trust himself to look at her any more, but devoted himself to keeping the cance in the strongest part of the current, and helping its progress as much as he could. They floated quickly

Once she said, 'There is a large canoe behind

He looked round. A trading-canoe with piledup bales and a large canvas awning at the stern, her big sail set and two long sweeps out, was slowing overtaking them. It offered a chance of a quicker passage to Garapatas, and he glanced at the girl's face. Neither spoke. But he understood, and quickly turned the bongo's head shoreward They crept along under the bank, and were taken for a couple of fishing Indians. The great cance passed. They heard its crew singing an unmelodious chant. Sandford paddled out again into the main current, and they glided on.

The Mariposas winds towards the sea for its last fifty miles through an alluvial plain. On its banks great stretches of pasture-land alternate with cane and maize fields and banana grores. Late in the rainy season the river rises almost to the plain's brim, but now the banks were twenty feet above the heads of Sandford and his companion. She had begun to recognise each hacienda by the big chimney of its sugar-mill and its row of huts shaded by tall coco-palms. But the land was too flat and the river too far below its level for them to see the road, or anything of the houses except their roofs. It would have been impossible to land, except where a sloping way had been made for cattle to get at the water to drink, or rough steps cut where people came down to draw water or to bathe. At some of these children were playing and women washing clothes Sandford carefully kept too far from them for recognition.

Night came upon them suddenly. The bank on their right fell dark, and its shadow ran across the water and covered their boat and them. Then the left bank faded from below upwards into gloom. A planet dawned above it. In a few minutes the sky was set with all its stars, and the river banks became but a black border round the skirt of heaven. The restless water faintly reflected the starlight in oily glint and ripples.

They drew near the side, and gladly found a place to land. There were steps cut in the firm sand, and a canoe was moored near their foot. No one was about. Sandford caught the edge of the moored canoe, and held it while they both slowly and painfully got into it. Then they let their own drift away.

They were forced to rest for a little when they were safely on shore. Then he took her hand and helped her up the steps. It was darker than on the water, and they had partly to feel their way. On the top they rested again. A narrow pathway led to the road through growing maize which rose high above their heads. Sandford felt among the stalks and leaves till he found two ears. They were full though scarcely ripe, and he plucked them and thrust them into his pocket. They reached the road, and felt with their feet that it was deep with dust. It ran parallel with the river, and on the other side of it, across some dark foliage, they could make out the steep, pitched roof of a house against the sky.

They turned at once down the road. Their feet made no noise, for there were no stones. A faint whisper was breathing through the high maize, and they could hear the distant murmur of the river. But neither sound seemed much louder than their own breathing. He still held her hand, and she did not wish to let his go. Both felt as if they might lose each other in the dark.

'Do you know how far we are from Garapatas?' he asked her.

'I am not sure, but I think that house may be the ranch of José Domingo. If it is, then we are about two leagues from home, and so we shall be there before they have gone to bed.' They instinctively spoke in whispers.

When they had gone a long way without meeting any one, he drew one of the cobs of the Indian corn from his pocket.

'I think we might have supper now,' he said.

He let go her hand to strip off the husk, and she put her arm gently through his. They stopped, and he broke the cob in two and gave her half. The grains of the young maize were soft and juicy. She began to eat, biting them off with her teeth and laughing softly.

'If we could have boiled them and had a little butter and salt,' she said, 'how good they would be! But they are very good, and I am very hungry.'

Sandford could not help knowing by her voice that she was terribly tired, notwithstanding her effort at gaiety. She leaned on his arm as they marched along the road. It was perfectly level, dry, and dusty. The heat no longer oppressed them. Sometimes they passed through open ground, and could almost make out the line of the river in the starlight, sometimes through sugar-cane or tall maize, and occasionally by trees sheltering a house.

When they came in sight of the lights of the town she was so utterly worn out that she could go no farther, and he made her sit down on the ground, seating himself beside her. Her head fell against his shoulder, and in an instant she was asleep. He struck a light, carefully concealing the flame, and looked at his watch. It was eleven o'clock.

For about twenty minutes he kept quite still, supporting her with his arm. Then she awoke.

'Oh!' she said, 'forgive me. I am very tired.' She resolutely sat up. The sleep, short as it was, had done her good. 'Now I think I can go on,' she said. 'We are very nearly at home.'

He helped her to rise, and placed her hand in his arm again.

They crossed the bridge and entered the long street of Garapatas. It was almost deserted, and nearly all the houses were dark. Lights, however, still shone in the Café Frances, and on the pavement outside it two or three men still sat at the little iron tables sipping cool drinks and smoking. As Sandford and the girl passed on the opposite side she dropped his arm and walked respectfully behind like an Indian woman.

'To complete our disguise, you should give me a heavy bundle to carry on my back,' she whispered.

(To be continued.)

LONDON IN THE TIME OF ROMNEY.

By W. ROBERTS, Joint-Author of Romney.



EORGE ROMNEY is so much in evidence nowadays, in exhibitions of pictures by old masters, in public and private galleries, in print-shops and in the saleroom, that it becomes increasingly difficult to realise that

one hundred and forty-five years have passed since he came up to London, friendless and unknown. He was doubtless animated by the hope which Dr Johnson has declared to be a 'species of happiness,' but he little thought that it would be his good

fortune not only to assist in the formation of the Early English school of painting, but to be one of its three chief glories. With English art it was just the parting of the ways. Reynolds was breaking down the traditions of Hudson; Gainsborough was establishing his fame as a fashionable portraitpainter at Bath. Reynolds settled in London in 1753, and almost at once monopolised the patronage of 'the town.' There seemed, indeed, to be no room for a second great painter, and yet as a matter of fact the times were singularly propitious. The

gradual increase in the wealth of the country; the accession of George III., an English king by birth and sympathies, and one who, in spite of his failings, had a friendly feeling for what one of his ancestors described as 'boets and bainters,' all these and other conditions, unthought of by Romney, contributed towards the success of what looked like hopeless failure.

The London of Romney's first years was the London of the Middle Ages, a congeries of narrow, picturesque, and dirty streets, with a few fine architectural monuments scattered here and there. Goldsmith had just taken 'respectable lodgings' in Wine Office Court, passing rich on the three guineas which he had just received from Newbery for the pamphlet on the Cock Lane Ghost, and fourteen guineas for the copy of the life of 'Mr Nash.' He was on the point of cementing that lifelong friendship with Dr Johnson which is such a fragrant chapter in the Grub Street literary history of the period. Johnson himself had passed through the early vicissitudes of his life as a literary hack; he was a more than middle-aged man; he had done most of his work, such as it was, and had just come into unexpected wealth in the shape of a pension of three hundred pounds a year. Boswell was still thirteen years in the distance; The Vicar of Wakefield was not yet written; Henry Fielding had been dead eight years, and Samuel Richardson about twelve months. Reynolds and Johnson were doubtless discussing the tour to Devon on which they started in August; Baretti was in Italy, receiving the long newsy letters from Johnson. English painting was not quite neglected, for among the officials of the year 1762 we find 'Joseph Shackleton, Esq.,' as 'Principal Painter' at two hundred pounds per annum, whilst the 'Sergeant-Painter of all His Majesty's Works' was one William Hogarth, who appears to have been satisfied with the honour. Whitehead, as poetlaureate, on the contrary, was receiving a pension of one hundred pounds; the official 'rat-catcher,' John Gower, received forty-eight pounds three shillings and fourpence, apparently computed at so much per head; John Mason, as 'Master of the Barges,' was enjoying one hundred pounds a year; Mark Akenside was one of Her Majesty's physicians; there were also official pin-makers, comb-makers, 'distillers of milk-water,' whatever that may mean. The Duke of Devonshire as Lord Chamberlain was in the receipt of 'wages one hundred pounds a year,' with 'board wages eleven hundred pounds a year' thrown in. Cornwall returned forty-four members to Parliament, as against four for Cheshire. John Wilkes was sitting for Aylesbury, Soane Jenyns for Cambridge, Henry Pye for Berks, and a Sir Wilfred Lawson for Cumberland. Henley was Lord High Chancellor, Secker Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir John Cust Speaker of the House of Commons, and the elder William Pitt had only, in 1761, resigned the long-held premiership of the Cabinet.

In a less exalted sphere we have the names of Jeremiah Bentham, father of the celebrated Jeremy Bentham, and Henry Woodfall, of 'Junius' celebrity, acting as directors of the 'Amicable Society for Perpetual Assurance,' and Mr Jonathan Buttall, jun., doubtless the father of Gainsborough's famous Blue Boy, one of the directors of the Handin-Hand Fire Office. John Udney, the famous picture-collector, was English Consul at Venice, Richard Cumberland, to whose enthusiastic and poetic 'log-rolling' Romney owed so much, was English agent in Nova Scotia; Cadwallader Colden was Lieutenant-Governor of New York, Thomas and Richard Penn were 'proprietors' of Pennsylvania, and Benjamin Franklin was also an official in America. Louis XV., 'le bien aimé,' was still reigning, but going down to the grave unwept and unhonoured by his people, from whom England had wrested their colonies in the East and West Indies, and Canada, the long feud between the two nations being concluded by a peace signed a few months after Romney reached the Metropolis Clement XIII. was Pope of Rome with a large and powerful military organisation; Venice and Genoa were governed by a Doge; and the political map of continental Europe showed no signs of the radical change which commenced at the later part of the eighteenth century and concluded with the Franco-German war of 1870.

Letters to New York cost one shilling each, or ii one ounce in weight four shillings was the charge; to the East Indies a letter cost one shilling and sixpence. The journey from Kendal to London was then a matter of several days; it is now accomplished in a few hours. In London the fare by boat to Gravesend was four shillings and sixpence, to Woolwich two shillings and sixpence, and from all the stairs between London Bridge and Westminster sixpence. London itself was almost as dangerous as the wilds of Africa; the narrow footpaths were separated from the carriage-ways by a line of unconnected stakes, and were constantly blocked with 'chairs,' wheelbarrows, coaches, and so forth The life of the pedestrian was held cheap indeed; he or she had to submit to the wilful splashings of the chair-men, to their filthy retorts, and to the dangers of a total absence of all traffic regulations Thieves abounded, often aided and abetted by swarms of link-boys. It was to this London of the good old times' that George Romney came in 1762

Yet another interesting point may be mentioned; a glance at the list of the members of the House of Commons of 1762 will show that quite a remarkable number of them were in after-year associated with Romney, and either sat for their own portraits or gave him commissions—for example, Richard Neville Aldworth, George Amyand, Henry Bankes, William Beckford, Charles Bone, Richard Wilbraham Bootle, Thomas Calcraft, William Cartwright, John Chaplin, Francis Child, Henry Curwen, the Dashwoods, W. De Grey, Gilbert Elliot, John Evelyn, the Fanes, Nicholas Fazakerler,

Sir Richard Glyn, T. Grosvenor, Charles Jenkinson, Augustus Keppel, Sir William Knatchbull, William Lawrence, Owen Meyrick, Sir Rodger Newdigate, the Pitts, the Townshends, Sir George Warren (the large picture of whom with his wife and little girl was Romney's first great success)—all these and many others entered later on into the artistic life of George Romney.

THE CONVERSION OF CONKY.

ARCOURT!'

'Etheridge!'
'Why, what in the name of all that is wonderful, old chap, are you

doing in this benighted locality?'
'On guard, Hal—on guard!'

'What! Doing duty hereabouts?'

'Nothing else, I assure you.'

'Marvellous! Harcourt of Balliol—old Blue—Silver Sculls man—first on the "pitch"—No. 1 racquets—parsonising in the East End! Sir, as an ex-O.U.B.C. member myself, I demand instant and complete explanation.'

'Very simple, old man. In seeking a curacy in this, as you truly term it, benighted quarter of the Metropolis, I was actuated by two notives: a strong desire to know the East Ender by personal contact and experience; and secondly, being, as you know, a very glutton for work, I came where there is plenty of it and to spare.'

'Well, my dear fellow, of course it's all very noble and self-sacrificing, and so on, on your part; and equally, of course, I congratulate you upon and admire your pluck; but will it last, do you think? I mean, shall you be able to stick it?'

'I hope so—I believe so,' smilingly responded the Reverend Cyril Harcourt. 'At any rate, I am going to have a right good try.'

'Bravo! Good old Cyril! May I be somewhere about at the finish, to see the win!'

The Reverend Cyril Harcourt, B.A., smiled again at the other's good-humoured badinage; though beneath the laughter of the eye a close observer could have detected a curiously deeper something, the thinly veiled evidence of a high and strenuous purpose.

Just over six feet in height, with shoulders broad enough to have carried with ease a typical suit of armour of his forefathers, the ex-Oxford athlete, with his clear blue eye, his mop of tightringed fair hair, and a general expression—especially about the mouth-corners—of will and determination, which might on occasion become obstinacy of the better, if more pronounced, type, looked as perfectly equipped a champion of the Church to which he belonged as could well be found in any quarter of this, the capital of His Majesty's dominions.

Canning Town—the neighbourhood, that is, of the Albert Docks—is, to say the least of it, a trying battle-ground for the average fighter for the faith. The docker, for instance, is, from the very fact of the precarious nature of his unskilled occupation, difficult and often dangerous of approach. Because of his surroundings he is, with few exceptions, given to a morose, almost aggressive, state of mind and manner, and as a rule regards the black coat and white neck-band of the genus parson as a hostile flag, to be fired upon wherever found and upon every opportunity.

Cyril Harcourt accepted a commission in these waters with his eyes open, and with a full know-ledge of the shoals and rocks ahead, but also with his back straightened and his spirit braced to tension-point for anything and everything that he might encounter.

With the female element in his district he was already an attractive personality. They waylaid him in his vestry, at the door of his lodgings, at the entrance to multi-populated culs-de-sac where escape was impossible, and where, therefore, their domestic joys, sorrows, and particular tight corners might, without regard to their reverend listener's time and patience, be poured into his sympathetic

The long-suffering wife of a noted local 'bruiser,' one 'Conky' Collins—so nicknamed from his abnormally developed nasal organ, the bridge of which, by its broken condition, bore irrefutable evidence of many a hard-fought fight—was an especial and enthusiastic admirer of our athletic curate.

'My dear,' she said once to Mrs M'Kinlay next door, ''e's a hangel, strite! The w'y 'e stands quite respeckful-like, wiv 'is 'at in 'is 'and, a-torkin' ter me that pleasant, my dear, any one 'u'd fink I wos a bloomin' duchess wiv a dimon' tarara in me 'air!'

'Yer right there, girl,' agreed Mrs M'Kinlay; 'I allus says ez if any one ever deserves ter go up ter 'eving in a charit o' fire, Mister 'Arcourt does, an' no bloomin' errer!'

'Well, well, there ain't no knowin', o' course; but I on'y 'opes ez 'ow 'e'll live ez long as that ole bloke 'e was a-tellin' us abaht t' other d'y—Methusylum, er some sech nime ez that.'

Now, it was for the abode, in Shepherd's Court, of this identical Mrs Collins that the Reverend Cyril was bound when he met his quondam Oxford friend hard by the West India Dock gates, in the Barking Road.

The court, as a place of residence, is, from the average citizen's point of view, anything but an enviable one, its malodorous atmosphere, its tumble-down, not to say dilapidated, tenements rendering a visit by an outsider somewhat of a trial to be borne as patiently as circumstances may permit.

Hitherto the curate had congratulated himself upon having escaped coming into contact with the redoubtable Conky. In fact, the personal appearance of that aggressively pugnacious gentleman was altogether unknown to him. When, therefore, on this occasion, the entrance to Shepherd's Court hove in sight, the young clergyman, to his annoyance, saw that the familiar iron post was acting as a leaning-place for a burly, sinister-looking man with a short pipe in his mouth.

The nose of this individual was of giant proportions, but damaged to the extent of a broken bridge. This latter fact placed his identification

by the curate beyond all manner of doubt.

Eying the approaching clergyman with an air of truculent and contemptuous dissatisfaction, Conkyfor it was he-removed his pipe, sniffed warningly, and prepared for business.

'Mr Collins, I believe?' said the Reverend Cyril,

politely persuasive.

"Oo sed I wasn't?' hoarsely demanded the bully. 'Oh, no one, I'm sure,' hastily returned the curate.

- 'Well, then, wotcher gittin' at wiv yer "Mister Collins, I believe"? Fink I'm a bloomin' waxwork figger, wiv a label'—he said "libel"—'on? Never ast yer your nime, did I? Wot's it got ter do wi' you wot mine is?'
 - 'My dear man'-

'Wot!' roared the enraged Conky; 'your dear man? Well, strike me fat !- 'Ere, Bill !- 'Ere, Nobby !'-this to a couple of dirty-looking loafers, who, with their hands shoved into the nethermost recesses of their pockets, and diffusing a distinctly unpleasant perfume of bad beer and worse tobacco, lounged up to see the fun.

'Twig this 'ere bloomin' sky-pilot believin' my moniker is Mister Collins! 'Specks 'e's arter my ole woman-that's abaht the size o' it!-Aht wiv it, nah,' he went on, addressing Harcourt and winking expressively at his two 'pals;' 'that's wot

you're arter, ain't it?'

The curate was one of the best-tempered men to be found in a long day's march, but he was rapidly forgetting everything except that he was distinctly and above all things human, and that his sacred office would not much longer be a bar to his trying conclusions with his tormentor.

'Kindly allow me to pass,' he said, restraining himself with an effort.

'You ain't answered my questions yet.'

'Are you going to let me pass, or must I make you?' said the curate, the flush on his face testifying to his now rapidly rising wrath.

'Oh lovaduck! 'Ear that, you blokes? 'E's goin' ter mike me! Wonder 'ow 'e's a-goin' ter set abaht it, and w'en 'e 's a-goin' to mike a stawt?'

This with our clerical friend was the very last straw. Casting discretion, priestly dignity, and every shred of conventional consideration to the four winds, Cyril Harcourt, without more ado, rammed his soft wide-awake well down upon his

head with his right hand, and drawing back his left, with a lightning-like movement he let drive at Conky's prominent and already damaged feature, with the startling result that the local champion promptly found himself on his back in anything but a satisfactory state of mind and body.

With the usual celerity of the rat-tribe, the two 'pals' of the fallen hero disappeared and left him to his fate.

Not so did his reverend opponent.

The blow struck, Harcourt instantly repented of his action, and, instead of entering the court to fulfil his mission, stooped to ascertain the extent of the damage.

Conky still lay inert and helpless.

Then ensued an incident which is talked about in the neighbourhood to this day.

Buttoning his coat and bracing himself to his self-imposed task, the clergyman, with a mighty heave (for Conky was no light weight), hoisted the unconscious pugilist on to his shoulder, and setting his teeth hard, as much from shame and remorse as from physical strain, bore his bulky burden through the court, up the rickety stair of his dwelling, and deposited him upon the bed.

Possibly the inevitable shaking of the journey, short as it was, helped materially to pull Conky together; anyway, as the parson turned to leave the room a voice, hardly recognisable as that of the redoubtable Collins, hailed him.

'Hi, mister! Jest a word afore yer goes.'

'Yes,' said the curate, much relieved, 'what can I do for you? Beginning to feel all right?'

'Never mind abaht that,' Conky went on, his voice gaining strength as he proceeded; 'wot I wants ter s'y is this 'ere. You're a gentleman, ain't yer?'

- 'Well, I suppose so.'
- 'An' a parson ?'

'Yes. Well?' 'Jest this 'ere. You're a gentleman an' a parson; but let me tell yer ez yer somefin' more'n thatyou're a man! That's wot you are, a man, an' Conky Collins don't bear yer no malice 'cos yer flopped 'im aht fust pop. I gives yer credit for it, sir; an' ef so be as yer wants a little job done at any time in my line—knockin' the stuffin' aht o' anybody, or some sech bit o' business-why, jest gimme the wheeze an' I'll do it for yer wiv a good 'eart—yus, ef it comes ter layin' aht the Archbishop o' Canterbury for yer, I'd do it!'

This, as coming from Conky, meant volumes, and Cyril Harcourt was quick to perceive it. Every trace of annoyance and righteous anger had disappeared, and he somehow divined that this man, this sometime bully and picker of quarrels, was to be given into his hand as the spoil of his bow and

his spear.

'Very well,' he responded, with a cheery smile; 'I will certainly come on you if the need should arise. Meanwhile, I observe you are a bit of a bird-fancier.'

Cyril had been gazing with interest at a wicker cage hanging outside the window, in which energetically hopped about, with an occasional whistle, a plump and volatile thrush. On the other side of the window were half-a-dozen linnet-cages, each with a well-cared-for occupant.

'I want you,' he went on, 'to come and see my birds. I am a fancier myself. I promise you that I won't preach to you, although I tell you straight that I shall do my level best to try and convince you that your old way is anything but the right way, and that if you'll let me, as man to man, I'll put you on the right track.'

'Right-o, guv'nor! 'ere's my 'and on that;' and Conky extended a ponderous and not over-clean paw, which Cyril shook cordially. 'I'll come an' 'ave a look at yer birds, an' listen ter wotever yer likes to s'y, even ef I goes ter sleep over it!'

Thus was the compact sealed between Conky and his new friend; and when Mrs Collins arrived home from a hard day's charing, her astonishment at her partner's mild, and even affectionate, reception of her was such that she actually, in sheer bewilderment, put a whole ounce of tea into the teapot.

Two days afterwards Conky, clad in his best, and with, round his neck, the choice silk 'bird's-eye' he was wont to sport on state occasions, knocked at the door of the curate's lodgings.

The house was that of a builder, who at the back had put up a wooden erection with a loft above. The lower part he retained for the purposes of his business; the loft he let to his reverend lodger, and the latter had transformed half of it into an aviary, while the remaining section he had fitted up as a gymnasium.

Conky's introduction into this sanctum of the curate was in the nature of a revelation to the tenant of No. 6 Shepherd's Court.

His first attention was paid, as was only natural, to the birds. Canaries, linnets, siskins, were all there, together with finches without end, and, king of the collection in Conky's eyes, a certain cockredpole, than which he had never, so he averred, seen a more beautiful bird.

The curate duly noted the intense admiration displayed by his new friend for the redpole in question, and, after showing Conky round the gymnasium and playing the host at 'high tea,' took the wind out o' him' (as his visitor later on expressed it) by proposing a bout with the gloves, Conky to have the bird on condition that he succeeded in knocking his antagonist 'out.'

Then awoke the spirit of battle in Conky's soul, not to say the hope and desire that such a glorious and coveted prize might be his. There is no need to give a detailed account (à la sporting paper) of the historic encounter. Suffice it to say that in two rounds, the second of which was of but momentary duration, the curate's scientific methods and superior weight of metal once more induced Conky to assume a horizontal position, and elicited from him the forcibly expressed opinion that the Reverend Cyril Harcourt could, if he felt so disposed, knock the great Gunner Moir himself into the middle of next week. After which emphatic declaration Mr Collins arrayed himself in coat and hat, preparatory to departure.

'But abant this 'ere bird,' he remarked persuasively. 'I s'pose yer don't feel like sellin' 'im, do yer? 'Cos if yer do, an' yer figger ain't too big—well, I'm a buyer.'

'No, I'm not selling Rufus,' said the curate, a curiously enigmatic smile visible about his eye and mouth-corners; 'but I'll tell you what I will do. If you will accept the redpole, as from one bird-fancier to another, it will give me the greatest pleasure.'

Hardly believing his ears, but at the same time alive to the fact that possession of the treasure was within his reach, Conky whipped out an enormous red handkerchief, and in a couple of minutes the redpole was securely knotted up in a small cage for transport to Shepherd's Court.

Conky's gratitude took its usual form of an energetic handshake and a somewhat halting valediction.

'Mine ain't much of a plice,' he said, 'but sech ez it is, parson, you're allus welcome—allus welcome, mind that. Course yer bahnd ter look in ter see 'ow the bird's a-gettin' along. I'm prahd o' 'im a-cos—a-cos—well—you jest come an' see 'ow 'e's a-gettin' along, anyways.'

As he banged-to the street door the smile on the curate's face expanded till it became almost a beautiful expression of intense and complete contentment. It was the whole-souled satisfaction of the victor after a battle to the death.

A month ago the parish magazine of St Enoch's, Canning Town, contained the following announcement: 'Mr and Mrs Charles Collins have been appointed care-takers (with a residence) of the schools connected with St Enoch's.'

It is impossible to get right down into any man's 'holy of holies,' but the Reverend Cyril Harcourt is often heard to declare, with reference to his new care-taker's sincerity of reformation, that, so far as one human being may safely judge another, he (the Reverend Cyril) would rather be inclined to doubt the fact of his own faith and belief than that there could be anything, however infinitesimal, in the shape of a twist in the 'Conversion of Conky.'



THE ROMANCE OF WILD ANIMAL COLLECTING.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR CARL HAGENBECK, THE WORLD'S ZOOLOGICAL PURVEYOR



HE most famous wild animal exchange to-day is to be found at Stellingen, a pretty little suburb of the busy port of Hamburg. It is presided over by Mr Carl Hagenbeck, who has rightly earned the title of the King of Animal

Dealers. But his depôt is something more than a mere exchange for the sale of all kinds of wild beasts and birds; it is in many respects a zoological institution. Here you can not only purchase any animal you care to name, but note how a twentieth-century zoological garden should be laid out and constructed, inspect many new animals in the way of hybrids, and receive valuable hints as to how tropical beasts may be brought to withstand a European winter.

It was the writer's privilege recently to spend a few days with Mr Hagenbeck as his guest. I stayed with him at his beautiful home in the centre of his great zoological park, which is virtually an animal's paradise. The collection of wild beasts and birds in this one garden is larger and more valuable than the animals in any one zoological garden the world over. To enumerate them here would occupy too much space, although I might add that the collection included forty-two lions, fifteen tigers, two lion and tiger crossbreds (an entirely new animal), twentysix jaguars, leopards, snow-leopards, and panthers. There were some fourteen elephants, sixteen Polar bears, thirteen Japanese bears, thirty-one zebras, twenty ostriches, seventy-six various species of deer, and a host of other giant creatures, birds, monkeys, and reptiles. It costs over five thousand pounds a year to feed this enormous stock. The carnivorous animals alone consume seven hundred pounds of fresh meat every day. Last year the camels, dromedaries, and other hay-eating animals disposed of one hundred and fifty tons of hay and one hundred and thirty tons of straw. Mr Hagenbeck keeps lions and such rare animals as zebras in large numbers, just as a horse-dealer keeps a large stock of horses. He is always selling them to zoological gardens, circuses, and other similar institutions in all parts of the world.

Some idea of the trade done in this curious merchandise may be gauged when it is stated that the proprietor disposes of in the course of a single twelvemonth to zoological gardens alone over eighty lions, tigers, leopards, and other big cats; over sixty different sorts of bears; as many as seventy elephants, fifty camels and dromedaries, and nearly one thousand monkeys; besides a host of other animals and birds. Last year Mr Hagenbeck received a cable from Coney Island, New York, asking if he could ship immediately twenty-eight elephants. He replied in the affirmative, and the animals were duly delivered. Recently the German Government asked him to supply two thousand camels, with the

necessary paraphernalia, such as saddles, halters, &c. They required them to be delivered within eight months from the date of order to a port in German South-West Africa, and were wanted for transportation purposes by the German army. The animals were collected by his agents; saddles, halters, ointments, &c. made; and a special steamer chartered, which left port with the first portion of the consignment within fourteen days. The whole two thousand beasts were delivered at their destination within five months and twenty days from the receipt of the order. There was a loss among the animals of only 4 per cent.

'How do you manage to keep up your stock?'I said to Mr Hagenbeck one morning as we wandered from house to house, from paddock to paddock, and

pond to pond.

'From my depôts,' came the answer. 'I have depôts everywhere—six in Asia, three in Airion, several in Europe, two in America, as well as depots in Siberia. I have over sixty travellers working for me all the time, whose sole business is to collect animals and ship them to me here. They employ thousands of natives to help them. Then I buy up everything that comes into Hamburg, and I may say that if anybody abroad wishes to dispose of his animals he invariably writes to me. I then tele graph to my agent in the neighbourhood, who goes and inspects the stock, and usually purchases it For instance, the other day I received a letter from a resident in Rhodesia saying he had got a large collection of African deer and birds, and wished to get rid of them. Within three weeks I had secured the whole collection, and they are now on the way to Hamburg. I have at present several travellers on the way home, some of them with very large consignments of animals. Next week I expect one of my men from Siberia. He is bringing me deer, sheep, and other animals. Then I expect shortly some young gorillas from Africa.'

Here I asked the great dealer if he could tell me the reason why the zoological gardens made such a failure in their attempts to keep these animals.

'The general idea that the gorilla dies because he cannot stand the climate is all wrong, he said. 'The gorilla can be acclimatised like all other tropical animals. The fact is, young gorillas have died because their nature is such that they cannot stand captivity; it breaks their heart. I hope to get over this difficulty by importing baby gorillas They will be taken from their mothers when but a day or two old, before they have learned to know what freedom is.' All gorillas, of course, must be taken when quite young. The mothers are shot and the babies carried off to camp, where they are 'I have enough lions,' said the great dealer, 'to brought up on milk.

breed from for some time to come. Most of them have come from Nubia. Then the Egyptian Soudan, Abyssinia, and Senegal are the great lion-hunting countries of to-day. My agents secure the king of beasts by first killing the mothers; this work is carried out by the natives. The cubs are then removed, and brought up on goats' milk and fowl until they are a few months old. They are then conveyed down to the coast in little baskets on the backs of camels, and shipped to this depôt.'

The matter-of-fact way in which the dealer spoke took away the romance one attaches to such an enterprise. One could easily imagine the roars of the desperate mother, the cries of the young lions as they are carried across the desert to the port of shipment in order that a zoo in Europe might possess a specimen of this wonderful beast. Tigers are obtained in much the same way as lions, though many adult ones are taken in large pitfalls.

'The two animals which are exceedingly scarce just now are the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros. They are taken from their mothers when quite young—no easy feat, as you can imagine—and then brought up on milk. The feeding of them when you have finally secured them is no light undertaking. A baby hippopotamus will drink thirty pints of milk a day and bellow for more. To arrange for such a supply in the desert means that a large number of tame goats have to be taken along with the hunting-party. Thirty years ago I supplied the London Zoological Gardens with an African rhinoceros. It was the first rhinoceros brought to Europe since the days of the Roman amphitheatre.

'Another animal which is also getting very scarce is the giraffe. They are caught by the natives, who hunt for them on speedy Abyssinian ponies. When they come across a herd of giraffes they drive them forward as fast as they can, at such a pace that it is impossible for the young ones to keep up with the mothers. When the little ones are exhausted they are caught, halters are fastened round their heads, and they are taken to the camp. They are principally fed on goats' milk, corn, and various kinds of plants. It would be practically impossible to secure an adult giraffe. If you did manage to capture one, I doubt whether you could hold it. It is the same with most adult wild animals. Although you might surround them you cannot hold them, for the moment you attempt to do so they commence struggling, and in their efforts to get loose only strangle themselves. This is why we have to take the young ones. You may be surprised to learn that between the years 1880 and 1900 only three giraffes were imported into Europe, two coming from South Africa and the other from Senegal. This was principally owing to the wars in the Egyptian Soudan. Recently I have imported quite a number, though the venture has been rather a costly one. For instance, this year, out of six giraffes which were sent to us from the interior of Nubia, only one arrived alive. The remainder all

died on the way. Last year out of eight only two reached Hamburg.

'Zebras are caught by driving a herd into a corral, just as they do elephants in India. How plentiful these animals are in some parts of Africa may be gathered from the fact that at a recent drive which my traveller organised in German East Africa fully four hundred zebras and a number of antelopes were surrounded. As the corral was not large enough to take such a number, the greater portion were allowed to escape. Finally, eighty-five zebras and fifteen antelopes were secured. Snakes are caught in various ways. Those of the boa-constrictor type are captured by the natives of India and South America by means of trap-nooses. The smaller varieties are often taken in nets, into which they are driven by setting fire to the grass where they are known to be in hiding.

The various species of Siberian deer, of which Mr Hagenbeck has imported a large number, are taken when young. A herd is driven by the natives into deep snow, in which the young ones sink and are unable to extricate themselves.

The catching of these animals and transporting them to Europe entails more labour and patience than the general public imagine. When the Russian traveller Prjevalsky startled the zoological world a few years ago by the announcement that he had seen in the deserts of Sungaria, in Central Asia, a new species of wild horse, Mr Hagenbeck decided to secure some, and an expedition was at once organised. His travellers penetrated to the northern border of the Gobi Desert, where they found themselves in the land of the Kirghiz, a tribe noted for its horses and expert horsemanship. Engaging the services of nearly two thousand Kirghiz horsemen, and taking with them fifty brood-mares in foal, the collectors sought the desert home of the wild horse. After a series of exciting adventures, the travellers succeeded in capturing fifty-two young colts of the wild horse species. They were nourished by the domesticated mares that had been taken with the expedition for that purpose, and after a proper interval the homeward journey was begun. It took three months for the caravan to reach the Siberian Railway and depart for Hamburg. During the journey twenty-eight of the wild colts succumbed, and only twenty-four reached Hamburg alive. The expedition was in the field nearly eighteen months, and its expenses totalled some ten thousand pounds.

Naturally, a man who has been constantly handling all kinds of wild beasts for close upon half a century has had a few exciting moments. Mr Hagenbeck's elephants particularly have given him a few anxious moments from time to time.

'I was once laid up for three months,' he said,
'through the bruises I received from an old circus
elephant. On another occasion a freshly imported
troop of elephants ran away in Vienna. I was upon
one of them myself, the others all hugging close to
him. I lost my elephant-guiding hook, but I stopped
him by biting his ear with my teeth, when all the

others, which were closely bunched round him, stopped with him. Once I got six elephants, as I thought, all safely tethered by a rope in a railway car, but the rope broke, and there was I with six loose elephants boxed up in a closed car. When I got out I was uninjured. Another time a big African elephant got frightened at the railway station at Hamburg, and ran away with me; but I held fast to his ears, and finally brought him back to the stable. Again, I was packing animals away in a large packing-case, and was standing with my back to a six-foot tusker-elephant. This animal had been badly treated, but I was unaware of it. All at once the elephant made a rush at me, and literally pinned me to the packing-case. One tusk grazed me on my right side; the other grazed my left. My clothes were cut, and the skin on both my sides was grazed. Finally, I fell down, and escaped in a miraculous manner.

'In Suez, some years ago, a full-grown giraffe ran away with me. The rope I held him by got entangled round my arm, and I could not get free. I was dragged along the streets and fearfully banged about. When I at length got loose I was so exhausted that I was obliged to lie down for a quarter of an hour without moving. In unloading a hippopotamus, on another occasion, the animal got loose and started after me. I ran into his den, and managed to escape through the bars at the other end just as he was upon me. What I regard as my narrowest escape occurred while I was superintending the lowering of a large alligator into a pit. Suddenly, with a sweep of its tail, it knocked me right into the middle of a dozen large alligators. I jumped out in an instant, or I must assuredly have been torn to pieces.'

These adventures, too, have not been without their humorous side. Not long ago Mr Hagenbeck took a large elephant down to the docks to place it on board a steamer bound for New York. refused to go up the gangway. To assist him the captain placed forty men at his disposal. Two ropes were secured, and one fastened to each of the elephant's front legs, twenty men hanging on to each rope. They then pulled alternately, and in this way induced the giant creature to go on board. But the animal had hardly stepped on deck, when, with a quick movement of one of its feet, it sent the twenty men hanging on to that particular rope sprawling in every direction, much to the amusement of the captain and those who were watching the scene from the bridge.

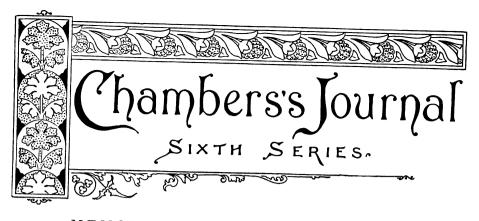
Mr Hagenbeck has been very successful in doctoring sick beasts. He narrated to me many instances of how he had purchased animals which their owners had decided to kill on account of their wounds or through disease. He secured them for a very small sum, and after having successfully treated them, sold them at the full market value. Not long ago, for instance, he procured a jaguar two years old from the proprietors of a zoo. The animal was suffering from a large and deep wound on one of its hind-

quarters. It was decided to kill the poor brute, but the dealer purchased it for three pounds fitteen shillings, the value of the skeleton. He took the animal away, fed it twice a day to get up its strength, gave it a warm bed of peat to lie down upon, washed the wound with an antiseptic, and then put oitment upon it. In ten weeks the wound was closed and the animal in the best of health and condition. It was sold to a zoological garden some weeks later for sixty-five pounds.

On another occasion Mr Hagenbeck purchased a Bengal tiger for fifteen pounds. There were no less than one hundred and fifty sores upon its body. It had undergone a sea-voyage in the middle of the winter, and had been left on deck, and the sea-water allowed to flow into its cage. The animal was placed in a darkened compartment and given a bed of peat six inches deep. It was fed twice a day, the menu being varied, consisting of beef, horseflesh, sheep, and rabbits. In less than four months all the sores had healed, and the animal had a most beautiful coat and was in the best of health and condition. It was eventually sold for seventy-five pounds.

At present Mr Hagenbeck is being much discussed in zoological circles, for he has now completed what has been the one ambition of his life-namely, the erection of a zoo after his own heart. It is, indeed, the most original garden ever conceived and carried out. Briefly, it has been erected on this plan. The animals are placed in surroundings as natural w their native haunts as is possible, and all devices such as iron bars and cages that give a prison-like appearance are almost entirely done away with For instance, Mr Hagenbeck's lions and other big cats are kept in a great open enclosure, and are separated from the public by a deep ditch which the latter cannot detect. One, therefore, looks into a den of lions from a footpath, with no iron bars, netting, or other obstruction interfering with the view. Standing at a certain spot in this wonderful zoo, the visitor can see at one time six hundred animals and birds without detecting a cage or iron bar.

The famous dealer and erecter of zoos-for one can hardly name a public zoological garden in the equipment of which he has not assisted—has received many public decorations, including the diploma De L'Officier de l'Academie Française, the French order La Croix, D'Officier de Merite Agricole, the Golden Star of the Imperial Russian Zoological and Acclimatisation Society of Moscow, besides a score of diplo mas from various scientific institutions. Standing about six feet in height, and possessing a pair of broad shoulders and a muscular frame, Mr Hagenbeck is a striking personality. If you casually met him and did not know his profession you would take him for a country gentleman, not a dealer in wild bests Mr Hagenbeck was born in Hamburg in 1844, and succeeded his father in the animal business, and is now busy writing a book on his experiences, which when published, will certainly be one of the most entertaining works of modern times.



MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN, M.P.

PART VII.



parents became acquainted with Robert Browning soon after Mrs Browning's death, when the poet settled in London at 19 Warwick Crescent, and from that time forward until his death his friendship

with us never varied. My own memory of him, even in the early days, is very vivid. I can remember something of the awe with which at first I looked upon the man of whom I had been told that he was a great poet, but his extraordinary cordiality soon banished that feeling. He had the happy knack of making even a small boy feel that it gave him real pleasure to shake that small boy by the hand or to pat him on the back and talk to him about the little interests of his life. No man was ever more free from bardic pose, and, indeed, from affectation of any kind, than Browning. His dress was simple, his manner was genial, and his appearance, though he was by no means a tall man, was in the highest degree manly and impressive. His massive, noble head was splendidly set on a strong neck; his shoulders were solid, and his chest was deep, a fit generator for the resonant voice with which he held you in conversation. A vision of him standing four-square and firmly poised rises before me as I write, and I can still feel the grip of his hand and see the kind light in his eyes as he looked into mine. Then my mind's eye follows him to the dining-room table, where his special decanter of port had been set by his place, and I can hear him, 'while the great poet rolled us out his mind,' throughout the dinner. Of such dinners I have only one note written by me in a fit of (unfortunately) brief enthusiasm for the task of keeping

'17th Nov. 1887.—Dinner at home [15 Berkeley Square]: F. L. [my father], Robert Browning, H. N. Pym, Bancroft [Sir Squire], A. Shand, Sir James Hannen, R. C. L. Much good talk, though at first Hannen and Browning seemed at issue over a No. 515.—Vol. X.

question as to whether Browning had dined and spoken at the Inner or the Middle Temple on a certain occasion. Browning told us that the Waring of his poem was Alfred Domett, who was afterwards first Prime Minister of New Zealand, "a man who always impresed me," said Browning, "as capable of greater things than he achieved." Speaking with reference to the present disturbances and the calling out of special constables, Sir James Hannen told me that, at the time of the Hyde Park Riots, he, as Attorney-General's devil, attended a conference at the Home Office, at which Spencer Walpole (Home Secretary), Holt (Attorney-General), Karslake (Solicitor-General), and Disraeli himself were present, and that it was then and there decided to close the Park and prevent the meeting. He (Sir James) ventured to say that it was not by any means clear that the public had not a right to meet peaceably in the Park; but his objections were overruled, Disraeli assenting, and he was unable to make any impression on Karslake, though he argued with him up to the very doors of the House of Commons. The result everybody knows. Comyns Carr was brilliant as usual. In a reminiscent humour he afterwards mentioned a certain festive occasion, years ago, on which, in making a chaffing speech, he had spoken of M. (who was then present) as "a clown without the colour, a pantaloon without the experience, hovering midway between the cradle and the grave, not yet having lost the folly which is associated with the one, and having already anticipated the dullness which is inseparable from the other"-a remark to which M. replied in perfect good humour. Speaking of X., Carr said he had recently met him, and that X., after imbibing freely, had passed into the didactic stage, "the stage in which," Carr added, "he first lays down the law, and then falls upon it." Altogether a most cheery gathering.

gh at first I can remember how heartily Browning enjoyed to e over a these sallies. It must not be supposed, however, [All Rights Reserved.] OCTOBER 12, 1907.

that Browning was always in a state of indiscriminating good temper. I have myself seen him flash into anger at some story of meanness and wrong, and I may add an account of one of his rare explosions as related in my father's uncompleted reminiscences, from which I have previously quoted:

'The third and last quarrel [he had already related two others, one between Sir Edwin Landseer and Sir A. Cockburn, and the other between Lord Houghton and the fiery Lord Chief-Justice] was between Robert Browning, the poet, and John Forster, the well-known editor of The Examiner and biographer of Dickens. These two men had lived for years in the closest intimacy. Forster's great literary judgment, his willingness to take trouble, and his passionate desire to be consulted about all the ventures of his literary friends made him for many years a kind of Court of Appeal on all literary matters. I believe he had, during many years, prepared all Browning's and Mrs Browning's works for the press. However valuable such aid and interference may have been to Browning while he was living in Florence, it may have become irksome when Browning took up his domicile in London. Forster exercised a kind of patent-right or ownership over Browning. It was an understood thing that on Sundays Browning had to dine with Forster, and that any one wanting Browning to dinner on Sundays could only secure him after some diplomatic negotiations, of which one of the fundamental conditions was that Mr and Mrs Forster were to be invited together with Browning. Forster was kind but ponderous; Browning was nervous and sensitive, and had, no doubt, grown restive under this kind of literary bear-leading. There may have been other combustibles, but at any rate a mere nothing brought about a sudden and violent conflagration. At a dinner at 10 Kensington Palace Gardens, the house of my brother-in-law, Mr Benson, Browning and Forster began to mag at each other, and so continued for some time, till Browning spoke of the incredible neglect which had lately occurred at Marlborough House, where, when the Princess of Wales had suddenly been taken very ill, no carriage could be got for the purpose of fetching a doctor. Forster at once ridiculed the story as a foolish invention. Browning gave chapter and verse, adding that he had it from Lady ----. Forster retorted that he did not believe it a whit more on account of that authority. Suddenly Browning became very fierce, and said, "Dare to say one word in disparagement of that lady "-seizing a decanter while he spoke-"and I will pitch this bottle of claret at your head!" Forster seemed as much taken aback as the other guests. Our host, who had left the room with Sir Edwin Landseer, on his return at this moment found Browning standing up in great anger, with a decanter in his hand ready for action. He had the greatest difficulty in realising the situation. I soon made him hurry every one from the room, but all attempts to bring about an immediate apology or reconciliation were in vain.

A kind of peace was, however, patched up before Forster's death.

My budget of Browning letters begins with the following three to my father about a pony which was to have been given to me, then aged seven This kind intention was frustrated, as it appears, by the size and ferocity of the animal, which was afterwards, I believe, given to Elwin, the editor of the Quarterly:

'19 WARWICK CRESCENT, UPPER WESTBOURNE TERRACE, W. June 19, '63.

* DEAR LEHMANN,-Pen and I think we cannot do better for the pony than give him to you. He will be happier as you will treat him than if we parked him up prematurely-for he is not above six years old—during four of which Pen has ridden him. Being an entire horse, he is abundantly spirited; but your boy rides well, I am told. Of vice, or fear, or anything unpleasant to a good rider, he has not a particle.

'I know you will never put him to any other work than that to which he has been accustomed, and that if from any cause he should not suit, or become invalid, you will return him to me Consequently, at the end of next month he is your with all the heart of-Yours faithfully,

ROBERT BROWNING.

'All kind regards to Mrs Lehmann.'

'19 WARWICK CRESCERT, UPPER WESTBOURNE TERRACE, W. June 23, '63.

'MY DEAR LEHMANN, -It will be best for you to have the pony at once. Robert is far too heavy for him, and you may just as well take him at his best and while fine weather lasts. You can there fore send for him on the earliest day convenient to you—the sooner the better, since a parting must be!

'The more I see of you, the greater delight to me, be certain. Next two Saturdays, however, we are engaged. I shall remember, however, where I may go so pleasantly, and meantime we'll talk about it ere long.—Ever yours most truly,

> '19 WARWICK CRESCENT, UPPER WESTBOURNE TERRACE, W. June 25, '63.

'MY DEAR LEHMANN, - You are quite right. 10 tell you the truth, I don't know by what stopid misconception I had got into my head that your boy was some four years older. The pony has always been abundantly spirited even with Robert's weight and required his strength, unless more steadily worked than was the case of late. I would not have had an accident spoil Rudie's pleasure for the world.—Ever yours faithfully, ROBERT BROWNING

^{*}I have to thank my old friend 'Pen,' Mr R. Barrett Browning, for permission to publish here these letters from his father.

The next letter to my father, a delightful example of Browning's friendly gift of hyperbole, has already appeared in Mr C. L. Graves's Life of Sir George Grove. My father was not himself at that time a member of the Athenæum, but became one a good many years later. My own sponsors at that club were Browning and Lord Houghton, but both had died before I came up for election in 1890:

> '19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W. Feb. 24, '71.

'My DEAR LEHMANN,-I wish I could fairly promise to oblige you by voting for Mr Grove, as your friend; but it happens that I simply oblige myself in so doing, and that I have already signed his certificate in the rooms as earnest of my purpose to do all in my power on Monday next. You must, in justice to the extreme desire I cannot help feeling to make you some slight attempt at return for the manifold kindness you have shown myself-you must tax your ingenuity to pick out, among your acquaintances, some really unpleasant and ineligible person; you will have difficulty enough, I knowbut find him, and, for your sake, be assured he shall have the vote of -Yours ever truly.

'ROBERT BROWNING.'

The next two letters are to my mother:

'19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W. Dec. 16, '73.

'Dear Mrs Lehmann,—Nothing would give me so much pleasure as forgetting sad old Christmas Days in your house, where sadness never yet came to me; but we have an engagement to receive that day, our very selves, a "lone woman" friend, now abroad, with whom it is impossible to make another arrangement. My sister feels your kindness deeply, and bids me return you the truest thanks that ever were. Pen also, who would be so happy to join your party, is only able to be abundantly grateful along with-Ever affectionately yours,

'ROBERT BROWNING.'

'19 WARWICK CRESCRET, W. Feb. 22, '83.

'DEAR MRS LEHMANN,-When I say that I am already engaged for the 28th I might leave off, so unnecessary is it to add another word about the vexation. I feel that it should be so. Do give me a second chance—have you an afternoon as of old?

I am now a hunger and thirst to see you again, and your Husband, who was so dear and kind to go and see Pen at Dinant, and all of you-such friends as you always have been and will be to yours affectionately ever. ROBERT BROWNING.

The next two are again to my father. He had in 1876 bought one of 'Pen' Browning's first pictures. Robert Browning's feelings on that occasion were expressed in a delightful and characteristic letter, which was printed in the Cornhill Magazine of April 1892:

'29 DE VERE GARDENS, W. Nov. 8. *87.

"MY DEAR LEHMANN,-I have been troubled of late with a cough which made it as necessary for my friends' sake as my own that I should stay at home of an evening; but the sight of you againand, it may be, of Mrs Lehmann-is an altogether irresistible temptation, and I joyfully yield to it, accepting your kind invitation for the 17th with all my heart. Yes, Pen was immediately informed of the exceeding goodness in the matter of the present. He acknowledged it in a letter from Venice. which I hope reached Mrs Lehmann, and on arriving here last Saturday week, he was able himself to appreciate the very beautiful clock. . . .

'With true love to Mrs Lehmann, keep me ever in mind as you have hitherto done, and believe me most affectionately yours, ROBERT BROWNING.'

> '29 DE VERE GARDENS. April 2, '89.

'My DEAR LEHMANN,-I am bound to inform you-Pen's very earliest patron-that in case you pass this way any day in the course of the week, Pen's portrait of myself will be on view. Don't be at any trouble, as you may see it at the Grosvenor. but I could not leave you unapprised that the picture may be seen. With all regards to Mrs

On the 31st December of this year my father and I were present when the great poet who had been our friend was borne to his place in Westminster Abbey, while the choir sang Sir Frederick Bridge's beautiful setting of Mrs Browning's poem, 'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

ROMANCE OF A FLOATING DOCK.

CHAPTER XIL



HE house of the Velasquez family in Garapatas is a square building of two lofty stories. It stands close on the street. The windows on the ground floor are few and small, and are protected by thick iron bars.

But the upper windows are many and large, and have shaded balconies, with flowers trailing over their

The entrance is by an archway which parapets. leads into the patio, the unroofed inner court surrounded by open corridors on both floors. The ground floor, used as a storehouse, is generally half-filled with sacks of maize or coffee and bales of tobacco, and sweet, heavy odours from it float in the warm air. In the corridor at the farther side of the patio a broad stone staircase

leads to the upper story, which is the family dwelling house. A dark, cool room, entered by a door in the thick wall of the archway, is the office.

The high doors of the archway were shut for the night when Sandford and Carmen Velasquez reached it, and the house was quite dark except for a light in one of the balconied windows above. They stood still in the deep shadow. She was now dreadfully tired, and in the relief of her arrival at home she leaned slightly against him and began to sob hysterically. He stood steadily, though his heart was beating fast, and in a moment or two she controlled herself.

'We must knock,' she whispered. 'If only mamma or Teresa could hear!' She glanced up at the lighted window. 'I don't think they have all gone to bed. If we have to wake up the porter we shall rouse the whole street first.' She laughed a feeble little laugh.

They heard a step on the pavement, and a man wrapped in a zarape passed under the electric lamp at the corner and came slowly along on the opposite side of the street. As he got out of the circle of light they could only hear his footsteps. Thev both stood quite still in the shadow of the archway till he should pass. Sandford knew that it would deeply compromise the girl to be found alone in the street at night with a man, no matter what the circumstances, and he wished her to get into the house without being seen. But the man stopped in front of the house, and stood where the light from the upper window shone on him across the street. They could see him, and see that he looked at that window, not attempting to conceal himself, but rather appearing to court the chance of being seen from it. The window was directly over where they stood. The man threw back his zarape, and they saw that he held some large object in his arm. Immediately his purpose became plain. They saw his right hand move and heard the tinkle of a guitar. He had come to serenade some one in the house. He struck a few chords, played over a pretty air with some skill, and then began to sing. At the first words the girl whispered close to Sandford's ear, 'It is Don Diego Lopez.' In a good baritone, accompanying himself on the guitar, he sang:

> 'The dusky swallows will return To hang their nests upon your eaves, To twitter at your window-panes, And dart among the whispering leaves. But those that paused upon the wing To hear my love told o'er and o'er And see your dear averted face, Those will return again no more.'

As he paused there was a slight sound at the window. A blind was cautiously moved. Then a voice said, 'Carramba! That insolent one! But he does not sing badly.' And there was a laugh.

The singer heard the voice, but he could not have made out the words. He continued to sing:

The honeysuckle will return To climb upon your garden walls; Its buds, as lovely as before, Will open when the evening falls. But those on which I saw the dew Hang trembling, like the gems you wore, To fall like tear-drops of the day, Those will return again no more.'

'It is Teresa who is at the window,' whispered the girl. 'If I could make her hear me she would come down and open the door. Perhaps it would be better to wait till he has gone. Oh, but then perhaps she will be gone too. I must risk it.'

Don Diego went on, putting more passion into his voice as he proceeded:

> O let my burning words of love Pour all their passion in your ear! O let your too-long slumbering heart At last, at last awake to hear! For, true in faith to you alone, As Heaven itself I do adore! As I love, ah! believe, believe, You shall be loved again no more.

As the singer prolonged the last notes with a dying fall, the girl whispered, 'Teresa!' But Teresa did not hear. Again and louder she spoke: 'Teresa! Teresa! It is I, Carmen.'

'Valgame Dios!' ('God guard me!') they heard the old woman exclaim under her breath.

'I am here at the door. Come down quickly and open. Do not alarm anybody. Oh, come down quickly!'

'Jesu Christo! It is truly the senorita!' The old woman hurried from the window.

Meantime Don Diego across the way had heard the voices, although he could not make out the He had fondly imagined that the figure at the window which had slightly opened the blind was Carmen, and that she had listened to his song He was amazed to hear the voice below. There must be some one at the door in the dark. He saw the blind close and a shadow spread over it and disappear. He slipped backwards into the darkness, at the same time slinging the guitar round to his back, and watched the doorway. A hot surge of shame and fury rushed over him. Had the girl been laughing at him? And was there some rival at the door with whom she had whispered? The primitive instincts of the animal are very near the surface with the Moyocuileno, and Diego's hand went quickly to his knife.

In a moment the door was opened.

'Ave Maria Purisima!' gasped the old woman subduing her voice with instinctive discretion 'Is it you, señorita?'

'Yes, Teresa. Let us come in quickly.

They entered, and Teresa, mindful of the serenader across the way, shut and fastened the

Don Diego could not see very well. He only knew that some one had been admitted stealthill. He crossed over softly and came near the door. Within, Carmen leaned panting on Teresa's shoulder for a moment. Then she raised her head.

'You must get the señor some food quickly, Teresa,' she said. 'And then he must see mamma. And oh, Teresa, I am tired!'—She turned with a smile to Sandford. 'You will come up and see mamma, señor?—Has she gone to bed, Teresa? Well, we must waken her.' Sandford shook his head. The girl misunderstood him. 'Quick, Teresa,' she cried. 'You must get some food for the señor, and some coffee. Light the fire. And then you will prepare a room.'—She turned again to Sandford. 'I was thoughtless. You will see mamma in the morning after you have rested. Now, come and sit down.'

But Sandford would not, 'Señorita,' he said, 'you too are tired. My lodging is but a short way off. You will pardon me. I would rather go there. And to-morrow I hope to hear that you have not suffered.'

He bowed and turned to the door. Teresa went to open it. Carmen seemed for a moment about to remonstrate with him. Then she checked herself. But she took some steps forward and held out her band.

'Then you will come to see mamma to-morrow after you have rested?'

He did not reply, but he took her outstretched hand, and on an impulse he could not resist, bent and kissed it. Teresa looked her amazement, and a dark flush covered Carmen's face. As he went out she swayed with fatigue, and Teresa ran quickly from behind the door and put her arms round the girl.

Sandford, without looking round, turned to walk to Doña Concha's. But as the door shut Diego Lopez sprang behind the Englishman, threw his zarape over the latter's head, and with lightning rapidity and tremendous force drove his knife into Sandford's back. Sandford fell heavily forward on the pavement without a groan, and his assailant fled away quickly along the street.

CHAPTER XIII.

HEN Don Santiago gave up hope of finding his daughter alive, he was already nearly as far down the river as the island on which Sandford and Carmen had passed the night. Nobody remembered the Indian fisherman's bongo, or doubted that the two young people were drowned, and their bodies, if not taken by the alligators, carried by the rapidly rising flood away down-stream many miles. Don Santiago, however, would not give up the search. He relinquished it for the moment to return to it better equipped.

'My friends,' he said to the men in the boat, 'we can do no more here to-day. I know you are tired, but you will not fail me. We shall put the lantern in the bow, and the man who knows the river best will go there and look out. We shall row straight down. As soon as we get into the Mariposas we shall have a clear course. We shall be at Garapatas before morning. Then there will be five dollars for each of you, and as much sleep as you like.

'Many thanks, señor,' and 'A million thanks, señor,' said the men with enthusiasm.

'At Garapatas I shall get one of the Compañia's other steamers. There is now plenty of water in the river, and there will be no difficulty in getting up. Then we shall search the banks thoroughly. You will sleep on the steamer, too, and get back by her to your village.'

'Yes, señor.'

'Then a copita for each, and let us be off. You will take turns at the oars.'

The little measure of aguardiente was served round. The men obeyed readily, the canoe sped down the widening river, and Don Santiago sat aiding the lookout, and sometimes thinking how he was to tell his wife. They arrived before dawn.

The boats at Garapatas lie moored at night by her river quay in rows many deep, and Don Santiago and his men tied up theirs on the outside, and made their way to the bank over this floating bridge. They walked across the grass to the silent street. The moon had risen.

'Go on to my house,' said Don Santiago to the four men.—'Juan, you know it.'

'Yes, señor.'

'Knock at the door till the porter opens. Do not make more noise than you can help, and if possible do not let them wake the señora. Go in and wait in the patio till I come. I shall not be long. I am going to rouse the manager of the Compañia, and make him get ready one of his steamers.'

The barefooted crew marched up the street, Juan carrying the lantern. Under the colonnades where the moon did not shine there were dark shadows.

But there was no colonnade before Don Santiago's fortress-like mansion, and there, lying on the pavement in the moonlight, was the body of some one half-huddled in a zarape. The men started as they came upon it, and swerved aside into the middle of the street.

'Holy Saint Joseph! a dead man!' said Juan, changing the lantern into his left hand, and crossing himself with his right. He knew the attitude was not that of a sleeper. The others also made the sign of the cross and fingered the cheap amulets, one or more of which each of them wore on his neck.

'Vamonos! Let us be gone! Let the police get him,' said Pedro; and the others repeated, 'Let us be gone!' and, with scared glances up and down the street, hurried to the door of the house.

When they had roused the porter and got admission, they told him of the accident to the steamer

and of their search on the river. But, by common consent, they said nothing of the body outside the door. The Indian is rather callous in his feelings about physical suffering or death, and a dead stranger was not of much more importance to them than a dead mule. But they had a strong motive for silence.

The law in Moyocuil, made in the revolutionary times when every second wayfarer was a brigand, permits no one to move, or even to touch, a dead or wounded person found on the highway until the authorities have been summoned and have investigated his condition, lest valuable circumstantial evidence should be tampered with or destroyed. If a wounded man, who might have been saved by timely help, should die before the proper official finds it convenient to arrive, so much the worse for him. This occasionally happens, but it is considered one of the natural risks inherent in a sublunary existence. the authorities do arrive, their first act generally is to arrest the people found nearest the scene, as the most probable authors of the crime, or at least accessories or witnesses. These are promptly committed to jail, and kept there to await developments, and 'meantime' inquiries are prosecuted with ardour or with languor, as bribery or fear of the friends of the victim or of the culprit may prevail. And if innocent and unwilling witnesses can invoke neither the cupidity nor the terror of the officers of the law, they remain in the jail, a single, unfurnished, windowless cellar, lighted and ventilated only by the grating in the door, filthy and noisome, and shared by innocent and guilty, rude and refined, without distinction. People of decent, not to say delicate, life generally prefer death.

The men who had seen Sandford's body were justly afraid of getting entangled, however inno-

cently, with the law.

Don Santiago, having roused the local manager of the Compania de Navigacion, told him of the accident to the Vigilancia, and persuaded him, by a bribe for himself and an extortionate charge for his company, to let Don Santiago have the use of their remaining steamer, the Cristina, due to sail at nine for Arenas, on the understanding that she should also engage in the salvage of the Vigilancia. This arranged, he hurried towards his house.

In his haste he nearly stumbled over the body on the pavement. The upper part was covered by the gay-coloured Indian blanket, but he instantly noticed that the lower was dressed in European riding breeches and boots. He stooped and drew back the zarape, and was astounded to recognise the young Englishman.

He saw at once that Sandford was alive. He breathed. There was blood on the pavement and on the zarape. Don Santiago turned the unconscious body slightly over into an easier position, and placed a fold or two of the zarape under the head. He

feared to move it much without help, lest bleeding should break out afresh. Leaving it, he hurried to the house. He had to knock loudly, for the porter was listening open-mouthed to the tale of the boatmen, who squatted full of importance in the open corridor near the kitchen waiting for their coffee. As Don Santiago crossed the patio his wife, in her dressing-gown, came running downstairs to meet him.

'Oh,' she cried, seizing him in her arms, 'Carmen is safe, my dear!' It never occurred to her that good news needed to be 'broken.'

'Safe! Thank God! And she is here!'

'Yes. She says the Englishman brought her. I don't yet know how, or why, or who he is But she is well. She's all right, only awfully tired. She is asleep. But come upstairs and rest, and tell me about it all.'

'Wait,' he said. 'That Englishman, he has got hurt, I fear. He is lying outside on the pare ment. I want a mattress quickly. We must bring

him in.' 'Hurt,' she cried; 'and he must have been lying there ever since! Oh yes, I'll get a mattres;

and she turned and ran up the staircase. Don Santiago went across to the men. Ther

rose up respectfully as he came forward. 'Children,' he said, 'are they getting you some

'Yes, señor; a thousand thanks,' they answered coffee ?'

'Chucha is just boiling it, señor,' added the in chorus.

porter officiously. 'Very good. But first you will come with me and carry into the house a wounded man who is lying on the pavement outside.'

'Ye-es, señor.' But the words came with hesita tion and reluctance, and the men held back.

Pedro cleared his throat. 'Pardon us, señor,' he said; 'we saw the man as we came in. We think he is dead.'

'Not at all,' said Don Santiago; 'he is only wounded. Come along!'

But they still shrank back. 'It is dangerous,' muttered one of them, 'and'-

'Yes, it is dangerous,' the others repeated in

And the porter had to add, shaking his head wisely, 'It is very dangerous.'

'Pardon, señor,' said Pedro again, 'would it not be better to wait till the Alcalde has seen him They will put us in prison if we touch him. He is dead. It is better to know nothing.

Two women-servants who had brought the maitress downstairs were now listening with mouth

'Look here,' said Don Santiago, 'it is the English man who was in the steamer. I cannot leave him in the street.'

'The Englishman!' said one of the men, shuddering. 'The drowned man!' He had seen the overturned steamer, and had been active in the fruitless search in the river. 'The drowned one! He is in the street!' he repeated in an awestruck whisper.

'It is the drowned one!' the others said, looking at each other doubtfully.

'The man is not drowned,' said Don Santiago. 'His clothes are dry, and he is alive. And the senorita is not drowned either. She is up above with her mother.' Then he saw that he must try to turn the current of their childish minds. He knew them by long experience. Accordingly, lowering his voice, 'Yes,' he said, 'it seems a miracle. The saints have had him and my daughter in their keeping.' He took off his hat. 'Well, if you will not help, my lady and I will bring him in.' And he turned to his wife, who had returned downstairs.

Pedro stepped forward. 'It is well, señor. I will help,'

'And I also,' 'And I,' cried the rest, their minds quickly diverted.

'Come, then.'

The men took up the mattress and followed Don

Santiago. The porter unfastened the door, and they went out into the street.

Fortunately for Sandford, Don Diego's swift and powerful blow had missed its aim. Had he not thrown the zarape over his victim's head he would have struck sure and straight between the shoulderblades. But as the blanket fell over his head Sandford had made an instinctive spring aside, and the knife had passed along his ribs under his left arm. But the blanket prevented Diego from seeing exactly where he had struck. And the force of the blow was such that Sandford, already half-tottering with fatigue, was knocked violently to the ground. His head struck the edge of the pavement, and he lay stunned. He would have probably come to himself sooner than he did but for the stifling zarape. When Don Santiago uncovered his face and moved his body, the cool fresh air entering his lungs and the sharp pain in his side partially brought him to his senses.

But he still bled, and he was hardly conscious when he was lifted up from the pavement.

(To be concluded.)

THE EVOLUTION OF THE DEER-FOREST.

By C. H. SHARP.



EER-FORESTS in the Highlands of Scotland, as they are found to-day, are almost entirely the products of the last sixty years. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was but one regular forest in

Inverness-shire, where now there are fully forty; while as late as 1871 the rental of the deer-forests on the mainland of that county was no more than twelve thousand pounds, as compared with thirtyseven thousand pounds a quarter of a century later, and a further steady appreciation has gone on during the last decade. Whether the limit that can be drawn as rent from a deer-forest or a grouse-moor has now been reached may be doubtful; but certainly during the last two seasons there has been something of the nature of a reaction that would seem to indicate this. The rapid appreciation in value of these bare hillsides and bleak glens has been one of the most amazing developments in the history of land tenure, and an account of it would read like a chapter from some novel on modern finance. A forest that could be rented annually fifty years ago for less than one hundred pounds will now bring its owner as much as twenty times that amount, while the modern lessee will find himself hedged in by estate regulations and restrictions that did not harass the earlier sportsman. Only, it must be remembered that the deerforest then was but the early prototype of the present carefully preserved and stocked range of moorland, and that it frequently had to serve as pasturage for sheep and cattle as well as for deer.

From a very early date, under the clanship régime, there were tracts of hill-ground more or less reserved for deer, and there were the strictest laws against indiscriminate poaching. The forest was not so much the private property of the chief as a kind of general larder for the behoof of the clan in straitened circumstances, and it required to be zealously protected. The fine for killing a deer was usually the same as for stealing a horse, and refractory offenders were subjected to mutilation or were even summarily put to death. It is on record that a notorious poacher in the forest of Ben Alder had first an eye thrust out, and subsequently, when that proved ineffectual, had his right arm struck off, and that even then he failed to live above suspicion, but was granted a certain amount of latitude as a moving testimony to the rest of the clan of what a breach of the forest laws might entail. The chief who had always a haunch of venison to present to a friend was deemed fortunate. In 1716 a Yorkshire company of wood-merchants bought the great pine-forests on the slopes of Cairngorm from the Duke of Gordon; and when their managers-among whom was the poet Aaron Hill-went north they were presented with a fine stag for their entertainment from the royal forest of Glenmore.

With the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions by the Act of 1747, an immediate and far-reaching change came over the social and economic conditions in the Highlands. The old sense of mutual obligation between chief and clansman was snapped for ever, and the great wave of emigration known as the Highland clearances set in. The glens and corries were turned into sheep-walks, and game began to be preserved as it never had been before. In 1776 the Earl of Fife publicly advertised his intentions, and warned off his land all with 'gun, dog, or net.' A few years later, in December 1791, a reward of three guineas was offered to informers against poachers, 'particularly during the present inclement weather.' But although ground was preserved, it was long before a system of letting A license to shoot at large was easily obtainable by any of the proprietor's friends or farm-tenants, usually with a restriction as to the vicinity of the castle or principal seat. Up till that time the deer were confined to the more inaccessible mountain-corries, and were few in number and exceedingly difficult to stalk. At the close of the eighteenth century the Earls of Huntly possessed two hundred square miles of the best deerground in the country, a tract of hill-land comprising the backbone of the Grampians, seventy miles long, stretching from Ben Avon in Banff to Ben Nevis in the west of Inverness, but none of it was preserved wholly for game. It is true, there were many herds of deer in the recesses of these hills, but all the best pasture was let out as sheepruns; and as the red deer either cannot or will not share his feeding-ground with any other animal, the herds were being confined to very narrow limits, and were in consequence diminishing in number. Few more striking instances could be quoted to show the extraordinary relation there is between Immediately the population and food-supply. sheep and cattle were excluded from these glens the number of deer increased in a very remarkable manner. At first it was supposed that they had crossed from some of the Perthshire and Aberdeen forests; and while that may have been true to some extent, there can be no doubt that the more favourable conditions for living created the increase in the numbers.

The introduction of quick-firing guns and better facilities for travelling to the north marked the transition from the older to the more modern The craze for record grousestate of matters. bags began, and deer-forests were now rented by southern sportsmen. Colonel Thornton, who spent several weeks grouse-shooting in Badenoch at the end of the eighteenth century, and used the flintlock gun, tells in his journal with pride how he had shot as many as twenty brace of grouse in a single day. Now it is a common remark among sportsmen that a grouse-moor will cost in rent alone about a sovereign for every brace of birds killed, so that the appreciation in value has been in proportion to the increase in the capacity of the moor to carry game. The most favoured arrangement at present is a deer-forest with grouse-moor attached, and fortunate is the proprietor who holds such a tract of hill and moor. A rent of two thousand pounds will not seem exorbitant for such a possession, which for agricultural purposes is possibly not

worth as many pence. When the affairs of the last Duke of Gordon became seriously involved at the beginning of last century, his trustees resolved to sell off those lands in the upper Spey valley which had been held by his family from time immemorial. With a fine dash of sentiment, in which he was a great master, the Duke requested that the mountain of Cairngorm, with its slopes, which had winnessed so many of the stirring events in the history of his noble race, might be reserved, and the request was at once respected. It was only a question of a barren and almost sterile hillside of the smallest value. To-day, however, that mountain brings in a rent beside which the return from adjacent agricultural land pales into insignificance.

Grouse and deer do not form a happy combination on the same land, but if grouse be confined to the low ground and the deer kept in the higher glens the arrangement is ideal from the sportsman's point of view, because deer-stalking and grouse-driving can then be indulged in without interruption. But there must be very little overlapping. To have grouse promiscuously through a deer-forest would prove fatal to many a day's stalking. The startled cry of a cock will alarm a whole herd very effectively, and there are few things more difficult than to get within shooting-range of a stag that has once become suspicious of danger. Even the springing of a lark with its trilling note is often sufficient to upset all the calculations of the sportsman, so that where deer-stalking is to be successful it is well to have the ground as far as practicable entirely reserved for the animals. To have the lower ground, however, moderately well stocked with grouse greatly enhances the value of the forest, if it does slightly increase the stalker's difficulties. Deer-stalking, if indulged in day after day, would call for more energy and enthusiasm than most wealthy sportsmen can command, and an occasional day among the grouse on the lower grounds lends that variety and novelty which is so essential to any full enjoyment. Moreover, deer, especially in the inland forests, are frequently not in a condition to be shot on the 12th of August, their new set of horns not being quite hardened of 'clear of velvet,' as the stalker says. But the majority of sportsmen like to reach the Highlands for the Twelfth. There is an infection in the very word, and the whole Highlands seems to be waiting nervously for the moment to arrive. The entire community, whether interested directly in sport or not, is seized by the atmosphere of expectancy, and the tension finds relief when the guns echo across the moors in the early morning of the day. To miss being out on the opening day is to lose half the pleasure of the whole season, and it is here that the little strip of attached grouse-moor adds so enormously to the value of a deer-forest.

To speak as if the creation of deer-forests was the primary cause of what is termed the Highland clearances shows a lack of historical knowledge

The immediate cause was the conversion of the hill-glens a hundred years ago into sheep-walks, together with economic changes that were inevitable in the newer state of social life that arose in the Highlands after the '45, particularly after the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions. It is true that the creation of deer-forests has done nothing to retard the exodus from the land-in many cases it has precipitated it; but the final result has been remarkable in another direction. In those districts where there are deer-forests the most prosperous village communities in the Highlands are to be found to-day, for, as a matter of fact, the deer-forest and the grouse-moor have gone far to make the Highlands the most fashionable summer resort for the time being in this country. Within the last quarter of a century in the Spey valley alone there have sprung up a dozen villages and little towns, all exceedingly prosperous and dependent almost entirely on summer visitors. Modern airy cottages and villas have supplanted everywhere the older types of dwellings, whose romantic exteriors were but poor substitutes for perfect sanitation and comfort; and if the ground proprietors have benefited by enhanced feu-duties, the general community has shared in the new prosperity. As a rule, the jerry-builder and the speculative contractor have received scant encouragement, preference as to building sites

being given to natives of the various localities. Life in these villages is very different from the lone existence in the glen crofts; it may have the appearance of being more effeminate, but it is none the less healthy, and it produces a class of virile and intelligent citizens that will compare well with any in our islands. Nor has the small farmer been left out in the general distribution of good fortune. His dwelling-house has been rebuilt or enlarged for him, and he now lets it for two or three months in the summer and autumn, and finds at his door a lucrative market for his surplus dairy produce, and in this way clears the rent of his whole farm. Considering the extraordinary communal benefits he enjoys in the way of education, roadways, and the like, his rates are very low. In one of those fortunate parishes the lessees of the deer-forests pay three shillings and fourpence for every one shilling which the farmer contributes to the local rates. Economic changes that affect large sections of a community almost invariably begin by seeming to be entirely baneful. So with the institution of deer-forests. For long they were decried bitterly, but subsequent events are demonstrating that the initial ill is likely to be forgotten and lost trace of in a new and permanent means of prosperity which is proving quite in harmony with the genius of the Highland people.

VENGEANCE IS MINE.

PART II.



T was a night which comes but rarely in Egypt, which is practically a rainless country; a night more like one in the south-west of Ireland than in the land of the Pharaohs, and in consequence the streets were abso-

lutely deserted. Overhead the lightning flashed in huge jagged forks, and ever and anon the bellow of the thunder drowned the vicious shrieking of the wind. A quarter of an hour's swift walking, and Miguel Tenorio and José arrived at the spot where they awaited their victims. Here a shell had completely gutted and partially thrown down a house at the corner of that street leading to the harbour along which the brothers O'Farrell were bound to pass. The door was gone, but on the ground floor one gaping, glassless window commanded a view of the direction from which they were approaching. The two men flung off their streaming cloaks and dashed the water from their hats; then, dragging a bench which remained in the room over to the window, sat down upon it and peered through the darkness up the street. On one knee José nursed his sand-bag, while Miguel unsheathed his knife and ran the inside of a horny thumb over edge and point. There came a tramping of heavily booted men, and the police patrol (a corporal and two privates heavily armed) passed, bending their bodies against the storm. When they had gone a hundred yards, faintly above the tumult of the elements came the sound of pistol-shots and wild shouts of 'Murder!' and the watchers saw the patrol double down the side-street, and smiled grimly at the spectacle.

The brothers had left the club intent on reaching the harbour and getting on board their steamer. Their baggage had preceded them; their hotel-bill was paid; but as they walked along they discussed whether it would be possible to get on board in such terrible weather. Eventually they decided to go on and see what it was like when they reached the seashore. From the dark lurking-place in which they sat the assassins saw them coming.

'Curse this lightning, José!' muttered Miguel. 'There's a deal too much of it. It's as light as day.'

'Que importa?' ('What matter?') answered the impassive ruffian. 'There's all the more light to kill them by.'

By this time the brothers were approaching, and Miguel whispered, 'It is the one on the outside that I will take—the one in the coat. Strike you heavily, José, at the man in the cloak.'

'Si, si, patron,' answered the latter.

As the O'Farrells reached the door Jack was a

little in advance of Jim. Miguel, crouched in the doorway close against the jamb, had Jose immediately behind him; both wore alpargatas, the ropesoled shoe of the Spanish peasant, on which a man moves silently as a ghost.

The brothers walked on, and as they did so Miguel sprang past Jim O'Farrell like a panther, brushing the latter's cloak in the act. Instinctively Jim raised the stick in his hand to strike, and in its swift upward passage the point caught under the brim of the man's hat, jerking it from his head; then came a flash of lightning, vivid, prolonged, appalling, and what Jim O'Farrell saw in that instant remained with him as a memory to his dying day. He had shouted as he had raised his stick, and Jack had turned half-round, necessitating his assailant doing the same if he wished to keep behind his victim; and, burned for ever into his brain, this is what Jim saw: his brother's blue eyes turned towards him absolutely unaware of danger, and behind him the figure of Miguel Tenorio silhouetted in that ghastly shimmer as if the limelight of a theatre had been turned upon him. Jim noted the fierce black eyes, the lowering brows, the drooping moustache, the pent-up vigour and terrible strength of the man; but, principally, that where his right ear should have been was a scarlet knob of twisted flesh. He saw a great knife flash in the baleful glare; he saw it ascend and then drive home to the hilt at the base of his brother's skull. Then there came a crash, and he also fell senseless to the ground.

The involuntary movement made by Jim O'Farrell on witnessing the murder of his brother saved his own life, as the direct blow of the sand-bag wielded by the brawny José would have crushed his skull like an eggshell had it descended in a straight line. As it was, it struck him on the side of the head, rendering him completely insensible, but the greater force of the blow descended from the head to the shoulder, breaking his collar-bone. When the two prostrate figures were found an hour afterwards the police patrol discovered that one was living, the other dead. A month in hospital put Jim O'Farrell on his legs again, but he came out a changed man. He had henceforth, he declared, one settled purpose in life, and one only: to find the man who had slain his brother.

The police, newly raised and unacquainted as yet with the criminal classes, which had been kept so well in hand subsequent to the bombardment, knew nothing of the man Jim O'Farrell described. decided to find him for himself-how, he frankly admitted that he did not know; nevertheless, such was his determination.

On the other hand, Miguel, José, and François were completely off their guard. The two former were firmly convinced that both men were dead, and being completely illiterate, could not read the newspapers. François could read, but took no interest in matters unconnected with his personal well-

being. They were also, all three, of the rare type of criminal which knows how to remain silent-José from a natural born gift in that direction, Miguel from shrewd politic determination, François from an innate cowardice and fear of detection.

Silently, relentlessly, with a purposeful force hitherto undeveloped in his character, did Jim O'Farrell search Alexandria for the man who had done him such deadly wrong. He was rich, and a huge reward offered privately stimulated the police to unwonted exertions; but though he adventured himself in disguise into the stews and purlicus of this semi-European, semi-Eastern city, never did he or his emissaries catch a sight of the man with the disfigured ear. Months passed; but, unresting unhasting, he pursued the search, until, weary and sick at heart, he was fain to confess to himself that he was beaten. One night, on returning to his hotel, he received a letter which had been left in the hall by an unknown person. It contained the following words laboriously printed on cheap, common paper:

'You seek the man who slew your brother. He has left Alexandria, but whither he has gone I know not. Did I know I would tell you, as I wish to see his body on the gallows and to know that his soul is in torment. His name is Miguel Tenorio, a FROM A WELL-WISHER Spaniard.

This epistle had been concocted by François, the reason being that he considered himself cheated in his share of the spoils of the murder. The day following that event a furious quarrel had occurred between him and Miguel, as the latter had given to him and José one hundred napoleons apiece, retaining the balance-four hundred-for himself. There is no need to enter into the details of the incident, eare to state that Miguel, blind with rage, had sworn that if ever François set foot again in La Gata Negra' his life should pay forfeit. François, know. ing of what his enemy was capable, and being a born coward, kept very carefully out of his way, but in prowling about the city one day came face to face with Jim O'Farrell. He knew him at once, and the shock to his nerves was considerable, imagining as he did that Jim had been murdered on the same night as his brother. But the man was cunning and revengeful, and instantly set on foot inquiries concerning Miguel. He discovered that the day subsequent to his last interview with that worthy he had disappeared; that he had sold 'La Gata Negra' for a small sum to his partner Lorento, the Brazilian-Portuguese; and that from that der onwards none of the frequenters of the inn had seen either him or José. François, mad with spile, had then written the anonymous letter to which reference has been made.

'A Spaniard,' the letter had said; 'his name is Miguel Tenorio; and so through the length and breadth of the Peninsula did Jim O'Farrell wander like an unquiet spirit. The lust of his rage against his brother's murderer could never be appeased, he told himself, until with his own strong hands he

had choked the dastardly life from the murderer, or had feasted his eyes upon him writhing in his death-agonies on the gallows. All his life, his strength, his intellect, went into the search which he prosecuted; but now, two years after the event, he seemed as far from success as ever. But Jim O'Farrell, an Irishman, had a strain of Celtic mysticism in his blood, and to himself he said that somewhere or somehow he would meet this man, this murderer, for whom he searched. He found himself in Madrid on the eve of a great bull-fight, and he determined to go, not from any love of the sport—which he had seen and detested—but because in so vast a concourse of people who could tell that he might not find the man he sought? Two years' journeyings in Spain had made him fluent in the language, and through his hotelkeeper he managed, by what the latter considered to be the most extraordinary good fortune, to secure a place next the barrier of the ring itself. To O'Farrell it was simply annoying, as he would have his back to the people, and it was they whom he wished to see, not the bull-fight; however, there was no other seat to be had, and he took it perforce, carrying with him a powerful pair of field-glasses.

The first bull of the day was one of the very finest of its species; but there is no intention here to set down any description of a bull-fight. Suffice it to say that the programme was gone through scrupulously; horses were disembowelled, darts were planted with an unerring accuracy into the shoulders of the bull, and when eventually came the time for the espada to do his work and slay the bull the aficionados—the cognoscenti of the bull-ring—shook their heads. 'Even Miguelito will have his work cut out with such a bull as this,' they said.

And then a door opened in the ring at the side opposite to which sat Jim O'Farrell, and the thousands of spectators rose to their feet frantic with excitement, cheering and crying, 'Miguelito! Miguelito! Viva, viva, Miguelito!' This is no place in which to discuss the ethics of the bull-ring; but if it has a redeeming feature it is in the skill and courage of the aspada, the man who, armed with a sword and a red cloth, steps out and slays the strongest and fiercest animal to be found in Europe.

'Miguelito!' roared the crowd in unison, and the man stepped daintily forward into the arena. Traditionally magnificent as is the bullfighter's costume, this man surpassed them all; his fine linen shirt was fastened with diamond buttons; his breeches and jacket were flame-coloured satin shot with gold; the very red cloth with which he was to play the bull was of the richest silk. Just above the middle height, lithe, alert, the man scemed the embodiment of strength and grace as he bowed to the roaring multitude. But Jim O'Farrell was staring at him in bewilderment. He had seen that man before, somewhere. Where? Turning as he bowed, O'Farrell saw that the man's right ear was not visible; it was hidden by a flesh-coloured shade. Then he knew.

The matador was Miguel Tenorio. He had found his man!

But the great company of spectators had roared itself into silence now, and 'Miguelito,' the darling of the public, was facing the bull. O'Farrell asked himself the question: Did he wish to see this man impaled upon its horns? No, a thousand times no; let him win, so that he, Jim O'Farrell, should get his vengeance upon him. 'Vengeance! Vengeance!' The word possessed him, as presently it should when he had laid hands upon this man.

The bull charged, and the crowd held its breath; but Mignelito shifted one pace and let the mighty animal go by. Twice, thrice, this happened, and then the sword flashed in the sunshine, sank home to the cross-hilt, and with a strangled sob the great bull rolled over dead. Three bulls did Mignelito kill that day, and the aficionados swore that never in the history of bull-fighting had such masterly strokes been given; and then it was all over.

Raging with impatience, O'Farrell found himself blocked by the gigantic throng, and it was threequarters of an hour before he could make any inquiries; then he found a police sergeant. 'Did he know what had become of Miguelito ?' 'Why, of course, señor, all the world knows that. He could not stop to kill that last bull-a poor beast-so, after all, no matter; but after the third bull he just caught the train for Cadiz, where the steamer is which sails to-morrow to take him to Marseilles. Ah, those Frenchmen! they want to see what our Miguelito' Without a word O'Farrell glared at the sergeant, turned on his heel, and ran like one possessed to the railway station. 'An Inglese,' said the latter to himself, 'and all the world knows that the Ingleses are mad.'

At the station O'Farrell found cold comfort. 'Yes, the train to Cadiz had gone; and Miguelito—yes, of course he had gone in it; a great honour to the railway company.' When was the next train to Cadiz? 'Maŭana, por la maŭana' ('To-morrow morning'). 'Yes, it is a slow train; but, God willing, it gets to Cadiz in the end. A special train? Such a thing was only heard of for Royalty, and the Minister of the Interior might grant permission; but many papers would have to be signed, and the señor would understand that on a day like this, flesta, with the offices closed,' &c.

Baffled and frenzied, O'Farrell sought a shipping office to find out concerning steamers leaving Cadiz for Marseilles; but he had to give it up. No one either would or could attend to business.

However, he had a certainty to go on; he had made no mistake. The drooping, heavy moustache was gone, but directly he had seen that ear-shield he had known his man. If he could get to Marseilles in time! But then, when he perforce came more to himself, he argued that now it was merely a matter of time; he was no longer seeking a needle in a bundle of hay, but he was following 'Miguelito' ('little Michael'), as the Spaniarda, with their love of diminutives, had christened their most famous

matador. He could no more hide than could a crowned head-nay, less so, as every man in Spain knew him by sight. That night O'Farrell ate his dinner with grim satisfaction, and 'mañana, por la mañana,' found him in the train for Cadiz. When he arrived there he found a steamer on the point of sailing for Marseilles, and discovered that owing to a delay on the line 'Miguelito' had only twenty-four hours' start of him. The steamer, an English cargo-boat of some two thousand tons, got away promptly, and the weather held fair till they passed Gibraltar, when it began to blow hard from the east; at midday it was blowing a whole gale, and the short, steep Mediterranean seas were climbing over the bows at such a rate that the engines had to be eased, and the speed of the ship came down to something like three knots an hour.

Jim O'Farrell, who had never known what it was to be seasick in his life, was smoking a pipe abaft the deck-house, and, cursing the delay, consoled himself with the reflection that the steamer in which his quarry was travelling, a smaller ship than the one he was in, would be more retarded than they. The captain, who was on the bridge, suddenly called down to the mate, who in passing had stopped to make an observation about the weather to O'Farrell, 'Come up here, Mr Macdonald. I want you to bring your glass and see if you can make out what that object is.' Macdonald bounded on to the bridge, and steadying his glass against the shelter of the weather-side, took a prolonged stare. Then he slowly said, 'That, sir, is a boat, and, if I'm not greatly mistaken, a ship's boat.'

'Steady, starboard, quartermaster,' said the captain.

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'See that boat?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Steer for it.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

Soon the boat came close; she was pulling five oars. A man standing in the stern sheets was steering with an oar, keeping her head up to the sea; the men rowing had seen the steamer, and one took a hand from an oar and waved his cap. The steamer drew level and stopped, willing hands were waiting to get her alongside, a boat-rope was in readiness, life-buoys were handy, when a giant sea caught the boat and turned her completely over, leaving the men struggling almost alongside.

'No,' said the captain curtly, 'I daren't lower a boat and drown more men. We must do what we

can from the ship.'

'Here, Macdonald,' shouted O'Farrell, catching the end of a grass rope in his hand, 'make this fast to me and pay out-I can get to that fellow-and then haul me in again.' He pointed to a man drifting by who evidently could not swim.

'By Jove, you're a good-plucked un! Well, over you go, my hearty; I'll have you back anyway,'

answered the mate.

The steamer was stopped, and Jim O'Farrell skipped into the crest of the next sea which

came by, and in half-a-minute had the man by the collar. Overhead the sun shone brightly. O'Farrell drew the man towards him with all his strength, and as he did so saw close to his face a scarlet twisted knob where the man's ear should have been. In bitter irony he shouted aloud, 'And have I found thee, oh mine enemy!' and then he was face to face with a crisis. Here was the man whom, for two years, he had sought with the purpose of killing. Well, he could kill him now and none would be the wiser; he had but to loose his hold and the sea would swallow him up, and then vengeance would be his. Vengeance! Yes; but could he take it thus-in the bitter, blinding sea which was choking them both? Vengeance! No. by the God in that pitiless sky above, he would not let this man go! The rope tightened as Macdonald, with infinite care, hauled them towards the ship With every muscle tense and every faculty alert, O'Farrell watched and waited. They were just alongeide, when a sea flung them mercilessly against the plates, and through the inanimate form he gripped his rescuer felt the jar of the ring bolt which had caught him in the back.

They were got on board; also one other, saved by grasping a life-buoy at the end of a line as he floated by. The rest they never saw again. This man explained that in the night the steamer in which they had sailed had been sunk in a collision; he found himself, in the dark, in this boat with five others. The ship had gone down; they got clear in the boat, and drifted. That was all he knew.

It was an hour later, and O'Farrell stood beside the bed in his own cabin on which they had laid Miguel Tenorio. His back was broken, he had severe internal injuries, but he suffered no pain and was quite conscious. Face to face at last were murderer and accuser, but the sands of life were

slipping fast for the former.

'I will not lie, señor,' said Miguel. 'Yes, it was I who killed your brother-since you say that it was your brother-in the streets of Alexandria that night now more than two years ago. Por dies! but this is strange. And you saved my life! Listen! Your brother was not the only one I killed; but he, that other, got in my way—there was a woman in it; there generally is-and I felt no remore. But for the man in Alexandria-ah, that was different! Listen! Now I am Miguelito-ah! you know that—and all Spain comes to see me and to shout my name; and I am Miguelito because of the money I got that night. We cannot go back, señor, in this life; but now—now I think I had sooner be grubbing among the vines at Xeres all my life than that I should have done what I have done. Are you a Catholic, señor?' O'Farrell shook his head. 'I was once, and the padre spoke of heaven and hell. If there are such places I shall go'— The man's voice faltered. But if it be so, señor, you will ease my pains'-he shuddered like a frightened child—'if you could only say that for that most evil deed you could forgive me.

'I will go outside, and when I come back I will tell you,' answered O'Farrell.

He stepped into an adjoining cabin, and sat down. His brain was working with a singular clearness. Here at his hand was vengeance—vengeance more complete than any mere physical act of retribution could compass; vengeance on the pitiless and confessed murderer who had slain his brother for gold, and had prospered exceedingly on the fact that he had done so. What was his answer to be? For two years and more he had gone hungry for the one thing which was now completely within his grasp. The murderer had asked forgiveness to ease his passage into the unknown. Should he give it to him, or should he drink of that cup of vengeance filled to overflowing? He had no illusions. He knew quite well that though this man had committed a dastardly murder he was brave above the common; as it was, with no hope he was facing inevitable death without a whimper. But-he had killed Jack. Once again the lightning flamed in imagination around his head, he saw the knife rise and fall, and then Jack was dead. And this man had done this thing, and he asked him-him, the brother - for forgiveness! Surely it was preposterous. And yet, when Miguelito was dead, as he must be within an hour, would he (O'Farrell) be any the happier that he had sent him off as it were unshrived?

A light broke in upon the man's tortured brain and soul; it was himself of whom he was thinking—himself and the suffering that he had undergone. Now, for the first time in two years and more, let him forget self.

He rose and went in to Miguelito. One of the seamen was doing his rough best for him, and got up when he came in.

'Poor chap! Seems very bad, sir. Glad you're come, as you know his lingo.' He slipped out.

'Miguel Tenorio,' said O'Farrell, 'it has been a hard struggle, but I come back to say that as far as one human being can pardon another I freely forgive you; and I say to you as men in your country say when they speed the parting guest, "Vaya usted con Dios" ("May you go with God").'

'It is too late to speak of penitence, senor,' answered Miguel Tenorio—for the first time he raised himself and held out his hand, and O'Farrell took it—'but I say to you as say the people of my country to the host whose house they leave, "Queda usted con Dios" ("May you remain with God')." He smiled, the grasp of his hand relaxed, and he fell back upon his pillow. Miguel Tenorio had closed his account with this world.

SKENE OF RUBISLAW AND THE TOPOGRAPHY OF SCOTT.



January 4, 1826: 'Mr and Mrs Skene, my excellent friends, came to us from Edinburgh. Skene—distinguished for his attainments as a draughtsman and for his highly

gentleman-like feelings and character—is Laird of Rubislaw, near Aberdeen. Having had an elder brother, his education was somewhat neglected in early life, against which disadvantage he made a most gallant fight, exerting himself much to obtain those accomplishments which he has since possessed. Admirable in all exercises, there entered a good deal of the Cavalier into his early character. Of late he has given himself much to the study of antiquities. His wife, a most excellent person, was tenderly fond of Sophia. They bring so much old-fashioned kindness and good-humour with them, besides the recollections of other times, that they must be always welcome guests.'

It was early in 1797 that Scott first became acquainted with Skene; they were introduced to each other at the novelist's request by Edmonstone of Newton, and the friendship thus commenced was only severed by death. Writing to Lockhart, the artist said it was 'an intimacy of which I shall ever think with so much pride, a friendship so pure and cordial as to have been able to withstand all the vicissitudes of nearly forty years, without ever

having sustained even a casual chill from unkind thought or word.'

The advantages of this were that Skene had a friend who encouraged and probably directed all his efforts at self-culture and advancement, and Scott an admirer who frequently suggested or inspired incidents, chapters, and even the whole theme of certain of the romances. More than this, Skene was an illustrator and a careful topographer of the novelist; but his name is barely recognised in this connection, and the few sketches published as etchings are hardly known to the majority who eagerly seek the identity of the novelist's placenames. The accuracy of his identifications is unassailable. Not only was he an intimate friend of the writer whose literary geography he was illustrating, but this close and illuminating friendship commenced many years before the first of the wonderful romances was written, and continued until the last-Tales of my Landlord-was published in November 1831. It is to be supposed that the etchings published by Skene in 1829 did not appeal sufficiently to the public to be successful. The work, although sound in draughtsmanship, is without force or character; the scale is too minute, and the impressions uneven, presumably from the copper plates not being properly flattened. John Martin (1791-1855) the bibliographer apparently had or derived from them the idea of issuing a

work or further illustrations of the Topography of Scott, and approached Skene with a view to making use of the material accumulated. Three letters written by the artist in reply to these proposals are here published for the first time. Their interest, it will be seen, is exceptional in relation to the The literary topography in subject dealt with. some instances definitely corrects many inaccurate identifications that have persisted to the present day, and if accepted as supplementing Mr Crockett's volume, The Scott Country, will be found of great interest and much practical use:

'EDINBURGH, 27th Feby. 1831.

'SIR,—I shall be happy to answer your inquiries relative to the Waverley Novels so far as I can feel myself at liberty to communicate on that subject, as you must be aware that anticipating information which the author himself may not see fit afterwards to communicate in the edition of his works now in progress would not be justifiable on my part.

'As to St Roman .- The upper part of the Vale of Tweed comprehends all the localities possessing any reference to the tale; the town of Peebles is Marchthorn, and the old inn there that of Meg Dods. The public have so determinedly identified the village of Inverleithen and its mineral spring with the watering-place of the tale as almost to have already supplanted the name of Inverleithen by that of St Ronan; and although this is altogether without the concurrence of the author, his good humour may not improbably suffer the anticipation to pass undisturbed. On the same footing stands the presumed identity of Nidpath Castle with the ruin of St Ronan.

'Redgauntlet.—The sketches of localities which I have prepared for this tale are pretty numerous, chiefly on the Solway Firth, in Edinburgh, and in Dumfriesshire. The old mansion of Lagg is the chief scene of the story, and the romantic pass of Erickstonebrae that of the escape of "Pate in Perill." There are several other subsidiary localities well

suited for the pencil.

'I am well acquainted with the scenery of Quentin Durward, but the author himself never visited these regions. The château in the introduction I esteem one of the finest subjects in France for the pencil; and, being the property of a friend, where I have had occasion to reside, the scene is familiar to me; but as the author may not notice that identity in the notes of his tale, you will readily perceive that it would not be proper to anticipate his determination on that subject. The sketches I have set aside for this story likewise comprehend the principal subjects of Plessis les Tours, De la Marck, and the scenery of the Maes and Les Ardennes.

'The Crusaders [The Talisman] is the only tale in the whole series in which I find myself deficient, never having been in Palestine, and feeling rather fastidious as to confining my etchings to subjects which I had myself sketched from nature.

'As to the progress of my little work, I may

mention that having now completed a volume, and feeling the minuteness rather irksome to my eyes, and the confined scale of the subjects injurious to the effect (in my hands at least) as compared with the original sketches, I have been led during the present dark season to suspend my operations in that way, and I begin to be doubtful whether I shall have resolution to resume it again in summer. For these reasons, therefore, I have now no objection to make you welcome to draw upon my collection for any subjects which may be of use to your work, even of those which I had set apart for the prosecution of my own scheme.—I remain, sir, your James Skene' obedient servant,

'The edition now in progress' was that issued by Cadell, commencing with Waverley in 1830. The definite identity of Peebles as Marchthom is of great importance; even Mr Crockett in The South Country says of Innerleithen: 'Here Scott is believed to have laid the scene of St Ronan's Well.' Only in a single instance has any attempt been made to recognise the scenes of Redgauntlet. The authors visits to his old schoolfellow Robert Waldie, at Hendersyde Park, and the pleasure derived from the fine library, it is said suggested the Quaker home of Mount Sharon introduced into that romance. Quentin Durward we owe entirely to the inspiration of Skene. It was in 1822 that he visited his friend in France, and Lockhart in The Life of Sir Walter Scott thus writes of the result of his journey: 'It was perhaps some inward misgiving towards the completion of Peveril that determined Scott to break new ground in his next novel, andas he had before awakened a fresh interest by venturing on English scenery and history-try the still bolder experiment of a continental excursion. However this may have been, he was encouraged and strengthened by the return of his friend Mr Skene about this time from a tour in France, in the course of which he had kept an accurate and lively journal, and executed a vast variety of clever drawings, representing landscapes and ancient buildings such as would have been most sure to interest Scott had he been the companion of his wanderings Mr Skene's manuscript collection was placed at his disposal, and he took from one of their chapters the substance of the original introduction to Quentin Durward.'

The second letter evidently replies to a request for a list of drawings available for reproduction:

'Edinburgh, 13th March 1831

'SIR,—I subjoin a note of subjects in my collection which are at your service should you desire any of them for the novels you mention as deficient

'St Ronan's Well, vol. i. p. 7, and vol. iii. p. 88, Nidpath Castle, Fairport; vol. iii. p. 30, Meg Dods Inn; vol. i. p. 4, Vale of Tweed-a sketch I propose to take.

'Red Gauntlet, vol. i. p. 247, Lage Castle; vol. p. 252, Thrieve Castle; vol. ii. p. 5, Becksteirs, besides several other localities in Edinburgh; vol. ii. p. 251, Erickstone Brae.

'Niyel, vol. i. p. 40, p. 171, West Port; vol. i. p. 69, St Cuthbert's; vol. i. p. 192, and vol. iii. pp. 250, 258, Ear of Dionysius, Syracuse; vol. i. p. 287, Regent Murray's Tomb; vol. iii. p. 328, Dalhousie Castle.

'Monastery.—Besides the subjects I have already etched, I have different sketches of Glendearg and of the Ford at the Abbey, vol. i. p. 176.

'Kenilworth.—I have sketches of the principal subjects, with which doubtless you are provided already.

'Pirate.—Have explored the whole archipelago of Orkney and Shetland. I have a volume of drawings from which suitable scenery might be extracted.

'You will no doubt have remarked that the Antiquary is omitted in my series. This was done at the author's suggestion, as he had no individual subjects so distinctly in view as to justify their being given as localities, and he was desirous that no part of my plan should rest upon assumption or mere conjectural resemblance. The real abode of the antiquary was altogether different from the fictitious one. The other subjects of interest in the novel had no identity whatever; and without these leading scenes he did not consider the passing notices as worth depicting.

'As to the descriptive text which accompanies the subjects of each of my etchings, I considered it necessary to mention your request of being allowed to borrow from that source for the purposes of your work to Mr Cadell, who, as publisher of my illustrations, has an interest in their disposal. He informed me that, as he was at present engaged binding the stock on hand into volumes, with an additional frontispiece, for the purpose of being now advertised and disposed of in that shape, leaving the second volume to follow as soon as I may feel disposed to prepare it, he could not consent to any use being permitted of the letterpress accompaniments. As these have in general been previously submitted to the author himself, Mr Cadell conceives them to possess a stamp of authenticity which it must be proper to preserve inviolate. Of this I have no doubt you will see the propriety, and likewise of refraining from citing my authority for any information I may give on the subject of your publication.

'I have to request your acceptance of my thanks for the ten first numbers of your work; the eleventh number has not yet reached me.—I am, sir, your very obedient servant, JAMES SKENE.

'John Martin, Esq., 112 Mount St.'

All the references given are intended for the first editions of the novels named—published: St Ronan's Well, 3 vols. 8vo, December 1823; Redgauntlet, 3 vols. 8vo, June 1824; The Fortunes of Nigel, 3 vols. 8vo, May 1822; The Monastery, 3 vols. 12mo, March 1820; Kenilworth, 3 vols. 8vo, January 1821; The Pirate, 3 vols. 8vo, December 1821.

The drawings in the instance of *The Monastery* supplement the illustrations provided in Skene's volume of etchings, but the others offered picture scenes in the romances additional to those he had so issued. The descriptive text of the book that the writer of the letter so carefully safeguards was essential to the reproduction of the illustrations. In each instance the existing building or place is depicted, and the letterpress explains their identity with the scene of the novel. The value of these identifications can be estimated by this passage from the 'Preliminary Notice:'

'The Editor has the pleasure also to know that the task which he undertakes coincides with the wishes of Sir Walter Scott, who is desirous that the illustrations of the pencil may be added to those of description, to render as intelligible as possible the localities on which his fictitious narratives have been founded; and this circumstance ensures the most perfect authenticity to the corresponding relations between the real existing scenes and their introduction into the Waverley Novels.'

Skene, however, did more than 'illustrate descriptions'—he depicts and identifies places that the most careful student of the text could probably not recognise without his aid. The most noticeable of these are:

Guy Mannering.—'Ellangowan is Caerlaverock.
"Tod Willie."—The scene of this character's foxhunt is "a sketch taken in 1804 among the wild
pasture glens of Roxburgh and Dumfriesshire."'

Old Mortality.—'Tillietudlem is Craignethan Castle. This plate is offered, not as the actual original of the imaginary Tillietudlem, the centre of so many of the more striking incidents of the tale; for that mansion was the fine creation of fancy.'

Legend of Montrose.— 'Ardenvohr is Dunstaffnage Castle.'

Monastery.—'Coomsley Towers [Colmslie?] is Glendarg' [Glendearg?].

Bride of Lammermoor.—'The Ravenswood Castle of the tale is more beholden to fancy than to any appropriation from reality; nevertheless, the fine old mansion of Wintoun House was, so far as suitable, made subservient to the author's purpose. Wolf's Crag is Fast Castle. Wolf's Hope is Eyemouth. The Kelpie's Flow is the Links of Eyemouth.'

The third letter has not the same topographical value, but is not without interest:

'EDINBURGH, 22nd March 1831.

'SIR,—I send you the drawings specified in your letter of the 18th as those you want. I have by some accident mislaid my drawing of Dalhousie Castle, which prevents its being sent by this opportunity. There are seven in number, consisting of Nidpath Castle and the Inn from St Ronan's, Lagg Castle for Redgauntlet, along with two drawings of the interior of a fine old Scottish hall, such as I think will suit your purpose well. For Nigel there is the West Port and old St Cuthbert's. If you

should put these into the engraver's hands, be so good as to recommend their being kept clean.

'I should not think that Mr Cadell's prohibition is meant to extend to an occasional quotation, which I agree with you in thinking could not do any harm to my volume. I have no disposition to be fastidious in these matters, and shall ask Mr Cadell's consent to the extent you mention the first time I see him.

'If you should have any intentions of being in this part of the world in summer, I shall be glad to have an opportunity of showing you the contents of some of my portfolios of drawings; they are chiefly foreign, in most of the countries in Europe; and having, in several instances, had a distinct object of pursuit in collecting them, they comprise several pretty complete series of drawings of particular subjects, so that they might perhaps be made available to some more useful purpose than they at present serve in my repositories.

'As I have generally been in the practice of using a large scale in drawing from nature I have found my hand much confined by the diminutive size of the small matters I have sent you, which were prepared as copies for my etchings. -I am, sir, your JAMES SKENE. obedient servant,

'John Martin, Esq., Mount Street.'

The work for which Martin sought this information was published a little more than six months after the date of this last letter. Its title reads: Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, with Descriptions of the Views. London: Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, 1832. 2 vols. 4to: vol. i. Waverley to Legend of Montrose; vol. ii. Ivanhoe to Woodstock.

John Martin is not directly identified with the work, although presumably he was responsible for the text; but his indebtedness to Skene is amply acknowledged in the 'Advertisement' (Preface):

'The proprietors would be doing a great injustice if they did not take the opportunity of returning their best thanks to James Skene, Esq., for the valuable assistance he has afforded them, and for the liberal use he permitted to be made of his etchings-a volume the possession of which is necessary to every illustrator of the novels of the Author of Waverley.'

A sufficient acknowledgment surely, and obviously too laudatory when it is noticed that the few etchings they reproduce are without exception redrawn. The necessity for this was occasioned by the too minute character of Skene's work. Difficulties of copyright would also be overcome, and infinitely better results were of course obtained from the pencils of David Roberts, G. Cattermole, P. De Wint, W. Daniell, A. Nasmyth, S. Prout, and others, to whom this work was entrusted.

The volumes contain in all eighty plates, of which thirty only are derived from Skene's etchings or some of his drawings referred to in his letters. Of the rest of his sketches-and they must have been very numerous-there is apparently no further trace. The Album of Scottish Scenery, published by T. J.

Allman (1860?), merely reproduced some of the plates issued in Tilt's volumes, and none of the drawings were shown at the Scott Exhibition held in Edinburgh (1871). Probably they are still in existence, and some day will become the principal feature of an exhaustive volume on the topography of Sir Walter Scott's writings, a volume that is much wanted, and for which no better contemporary illustrator could be found than his intimate friend Skene of Rubislaw.

HAUNTED.

WHY should I fear your unseen, silent feet, If they should haunt the dark and solemn night, When once their echo, sounding through a dream, Would win a day's delight?

Why should I fear if, from the silence round, Some tender word should fall upon my ear; Or dread the lingering touch of shadowy hands Which once I held so dear?

Beyond these western hills, Ambition's voice Lured you to play a finer, grander part; Far off you lived, an exile from my life, But never from my heart.

Fierce was the fight that claimed your fiery soul, And long the hours you waited for release, Before slow-fading stars announced the dawn, And brought eternal peace.

Now you sleep sound, the lust of combat slain, While other leaders march your men to war; No mortal eye has seen your shadowy form Stir 'neath the midnight star.

No blatant trumpet rousing men to strife Has brought your restless soul from that far land; If your stern spirit has recrossed the gulf, 'Tis not at war's command.

No ghostly form has ever yet appeared To those who follow now where once you led; They see no rider with uplifted sword Returning from the dead.

Ambition here claimed all your stormy soul, Wide as the world our lives' divided track; But from the grim and unseen borderland It cannot call you back.

On that dread night I know, beneath the stars-Death standing by, his hand upon the key, Time measured only by the loud-voiced guns-Your thoughts swept back to me.

And I am sure that, in this world below, The power alone is mine to break your rest; Because beyond this life I still remain The woman you loved best.

So, if your soundless feet should follow mine Across the moor some lonely, silent night, I shall not fear; because I shall be sure AUTHOR OF 'MISS MOLLY.' You've not forgotten quite.



SOME OLD GHOST-STORIES.

By J. A. MACCULLOCH.



INCE the Society for Psychical Research came into existence it has been occupied in sifting and weighing the evidence for many things which belong to what we may call the x region of phenomena. Thou-

sands of strange occurrences which have happened within the knowledge and experience of living persons have been made the subject of strict inquiry; witnesses have been subjected to stiff cross-examination; and, after all doubtful cases have been rejected, enough evidence remains to make more than probable the reality of these alleged phenomena. And, wherever possible, efforts have been made to reproduce these phenomena experimentally. The result has been that such things as clairvoyance, telepathy, phantasmal appearances of the living à distance, and of the dying or dead coincidentally with the time of death, have been proved to be realities. They have been investigated by scientific men accustomed to weigh evidence, and they have found in them something more than superstitious nonsense. Other scientists, agreeing that there are many cases where fraud is out of the question, yet put them all down to hallucination. That is far from explaining everything; but, even if it did, it still remains to be shown why so many people, absolutely unknown to each other, not in bad health, and not given to be hallucinated, should yet all be hallucinated precisely in the same way.

Whether we call these phenomena hallucinations or realities, the Psychical Society has proved to the hilt that thousands of living persons, neither fools nor fanatics, have experienced them. But while it has been occupied with present-day cases and modern instances, it has largely neglected the mass of evidence dating from very early times, and proving that just such things were experienced or believed possible in those days. Whether the evidence is true or false is of no account; what is interesting is that it runs on precisely the same lines as the evidence which in our own time has been proved to be true. Apart from the names, telepathy and clairvoyance were

as common a thousand years ago as they are now; phantasmal appearances à distance of the living, as well as of the dying coincidental with the time of their dissolution, occurred then as they do now; and indeed all the phenomena of the modern ghoststory could be reproduced from these old-world tales. Are these stories true? Why should people -ancient Romans, medieval saints, and level-headed modern Englishmen-all see a ghost in precisely the same way? These are questions for the psychical researchers to answer. We only note here that the evidence is in many cases first-hand, and so far commands attention.

I shall now cite some of those ancient stories which bear so much likeness in the smallest details to our present-day cases.

In Mr Gurney's Phantasms of the Living and in Mr Myers's Human Personality several instances of problems solved in dreams or in sleep are given. There is nothing very mysterious here; the subconscious or subliminal self was presumably in possession of the facts, forgotten by or perhaps actually unknown to the ordinary 'self.' When that went to sleep the other self had its innings; it knew how the sleeping self had bothered over the affair and taxed memory in vain. It handed over its knowledge by means of a dream, and, lo! when the sleeper woke the problem was solved or the forgotten details came back with a rush of memory. But in one or two cases the dream which conveyed the knowledge took a highly dramatic and realistic form. To these some of our older instances bear the most remarkable likeness. A friend of Descartes fell asleep one night after vainly endeavouring to understand the meaning of a passage in a Greek poet. He dreamed that he was carried to Stockholm (he lived at Dijon), and taken to the library there, where he opened a book and read some Greek verses the sense of which at once explained the difficulty which had so puzzled him in his waking hours. He awoke and wrote down the verses he had read. Next day he wrote to Descartes, and begged him to go to suchand-such a place in the library, and see whether the

No. 516.-Vol. X.

[All Rights Reserved.]

OCTOBER 19, 1907.

book was there, and whether it contained the verses in question. Descartes did so, and found everything as his friend had dreamed. This is uncommonly like some cases of 'travelling clairvoyance,' but it may simply mean that the dreamer had once been in Stockholm, and had seen the book on the shelf. He may have opened it and seen unconsciously the verses dreamed of, or they may have been known to him already.

Several authentic cases of prophetic dreams are known to the society. Here are two from an olden time: Grotius relates that a man who knew not a word of Greek heard a voice say certain words to him while asleep. These he immediately wrote down in French characters on awaking; they appeared meaningless. He took the paper to M. Saumaise, who at once saw they formed a Greek sentence, the meaning of which was: 'Look to yourself; don't you perceive the death which menaces you?' In terror, the man returned no more to his house-fortunately for himself, as it fell to the ground next night. The other case dates from the ninth century. Cæsar Bardas was the principal agent in deposing Ignatius, patriarch of Soon after, he dreamed that, Constantinople. being in the church of St Sophia, he saw St Peter seated on a throne before which he himself knelt. St Ignatius was also present, and demanded of the Keeper of the Keys that justice which had been denied him on earth. St Peter made a sign to one of his servants, and bade him cut Bardas in pieces-which he instantly did. Next year Bardas was suspected by the Emperor Michael of treason. Two men were sent to his tent to slay him. In vain he begged for mercy; they drew him forth, killed him, and then hacked his body in pieces. The chief event in this dream actually came true. Was it an actual prophecy, or did the guilty conscience of Bardas haunt his sleeping hours and torment him with the death he feared-a kind of violent death all too common in that violent age?

These may serve to introduce some actual 'ghost'stories. Take, first, phantasmal appearances of the living. These are usually explained by telepathy; the subconscious self of the seer is affected by the subconscious self of his friend à distance. Sometimes he is only made vaguely uncomfortable or is obsessed by the thought of his friend; sometimes the impression, as it were, actualises itself, and he sees a hallucinatory image of his friend or hears his voice. St Augustine tells a story of a man who saw a philosopher of his acquaintance enter his house, and then explain to him some passages of Plato which he had refused to explain some time previously. This was probably a waking dream; such phantasms of the living are often, though not always, seen by the percipient when on the borderland between sleep and waking. He spoke to the philosopher about the matter when he next saw him, and received the reply, 'I did not give you the explanation, but I dreamed that I gave it.' Another case reported by St Augustine concerns himself, and

links itself on to the dream-solutions already discussed. His friend Ennodius was much perturbed about the meaning of a passage in Cicero which he had to explain to his scholars next day. During the night St Augustine, who was then at Milan, asleep in bed, appeared to him and solved the difficulty. The saint reasons on this, and comes to the conclusion that the phantasm of the living or of the dead may appear to others without its owner being aware of its excursion. That, in effect, is what Myers and Gurney deduce from similar modern phantasmal appearances of the living to friends, when the persons whose phantasms were seen were not even thinking of the percipients in question. In other words, the action of the subconscious self is not always known to the self above the threshold of consciousness. There is also the historic case of the appearance of Meletius, Bishop of Antioch, in a dream to Theodosius, investing him with the imperial mantle and diadem. Theodosius only knew Meletius by reputation, but so vivid was the impression made upon him that he was able to single Meletius out of all the bishops assembled at Constantinople soon after for a great Church Council. In all these cases the action of the one subconscious self on the other may be compared to that of wireless telegraphy; but the self of ordinary experience is not always made aware of what is going on.

The number of phantasmal appearances coincidental with death related by ancient authors is legion. Here is one of comparatively modern date, curiously like some discussed by Mr Gurney. It was told by the percipient, Baron de Coussey, to Dom Calmet, who published it in 1751. The baron was sleeping at a town more than sixty leagues from the place where his mother resided. During the night he was awakened by the barking of his dog and at the same time he saw the head of his mother, surrounded by a brilliant light, coming in at the window. She spoke to him distinctly on seven matters of business. But that very night she died in the distant town. D'Aubigné gives another case which happened to the queen of Henri IV. She was in bed, talking to the King of Navarre, the Arthbishop of Lyons, and other persons of quality, when suddenly, with a violent motion, she called them to her help, and pointed to the figure of the Cardinal standing at the foot of the bed. None of the others saw him; but the King of Navarre sent one of his gentlemen to the Cardinal's lodging, and found that he had expired at the very moment when the queen saw the phantasm. An early case from Cicero partakes more of the orthodox ghost story, but it also has some likeness to one or two similar authentic stories in our own time. Two friends were travelling together. One of them put up at an inn in the town of Megæra; the other lodged with a friend, and during the night dreamed that his fellow-traveller appeared to him, begging his help, as the host was intending to kill the former. awoke, but fell asleep again. Once more his friend appeared, saying it was now too late; the host had murdered him, and had placed his body in a cart, covering it with straw; but he must watch for that cart as he left the city next day. Struck by this second dream, he went to the city gate, found a cart there, and asked the driver what was under the straw. The driver took to his heels, but underneath the straw was the body of his friend. Mine host was arrested and put to death.

Less startling, perhaps more authentic, are the appearances of St Ambrose on the night of his death to several catechumens, who pointed him out to their friends. But these, says Paulinus, who reports the matter, could not see him because their eyes were not pure. Ambrose also appeared to several Eastern saints at the same time. They wrote to Milan, and when the times were compared, the day of the death and that of the appearance were found to correspond. St Antony saw in broad daylight the phantasm of St Ammon, who 'was carried that moment to heaven by choirs of angels'in other words, had just died. St Sulpicius had a similar vision of St Martin of Tours while asleep; but when he ran to grasp the saint's knees he mounted heavenwards. Sulpicius awoke, and immediately after two monks came announcing St Martin's death. The Acta Sanctorum are full of such coincidental phantasms. Doubtless many of them are fictitious; even if they are, they suffice to show that the idea of a dying man projecting himself, as it were, into the thoughts of a friend à distance was sufficiently widespread and must have arisen from actual instances.

The case of the 'ghost' which appeared to Lord Lyttelton and marked his wrist as a proof of the reality of its appearance, is paralleled so far as the mark is concerned by some older stories. Melanchthon reports the case of a widow whose husband appeared to her along with a Franciscan monk, and directed her to have masses said for the repose of his soul. Then he bade her give him her hand. At first she refused, but on his reassuring her, she did so. On this the two men disappeared, and she found her hand marked as if it had been burned. The black mark remained all her life. Another instance is that of Counseller Hans Steinlin, who died in 1625, but some days after appeared, surrounded by flames, to a tailor of the town, asking him to undertake various matters on his behalf. This phantasm also wished to 'shake,' but our tailor feared the consequences and covered his hand with his board. The spectre touched this, and it was marked as by fire with the impression of five fingers.

Present-day spiritualism dates from 1848, when strange noises and movements were observed in the house occupied by the Fox family at Hydeville (N.Y.), followed by a regular communication being opened up with the 'ghost' by means of rappings. Was the whole business due to trickery on the part of the Fox girls? If so, considering the following which spiritualism has gained as a result of these

disturbances, it is a melancholy instance of Bishop Butler's dictum that peoples, like individuals, may at times go mad. Populus vult decipi. But precisely similar cases have been known to occur sporadically in all ages, the manifestations taking place exactly in the same way. Again we must ask, Is there something in it? And if not, why should the deceivers always carry on their deceit with so little variation and without ever having heard of each other? And how is it known that a 'spirit' will manifest itself when desired by means of rappings? But enough of questions; here is a case in point: that of the spirit of Humbert Birck, a burgher of Oppenheim, who died in 1620. The Saturday after his death strange noises were heard in his brotherin-law's house. He, with marvellous intuition, guessed it to be Humbert, and begged him to strike three times on the wall if it were he. Three knocks followed. Intelligible communications were not entered on at this time, but the spirit continued to knock at intervals, to sigh, or to whisper. At the end of a year he, like the ghost in Hamlet, did speak and unfold himself, demanding the presence of his children and the curé. When these had come, he was asked if he wished masses to be said. He begged that three should be said, and that alms should be given to the poor, and made arrangements for altering his will. Having been asked why he infested this house, he explained that he had no choice in the matter. His faith as a Christian was then tested by his being asked to recite the Lord's Prayer and 'Hail, Mary!' He acquitted himself badly, being hindered, as he said, by an evil spirit. At a later séance, in presence of many persons, the master of the house requested Humbert, whose raps were somewhat feeble, to strike with a stone. After an interval there followed a loud knock. The brother-in-law then whispered to his neighbour that the spirit would strike seven times. Seven knocks followed. It is interesting to note that Humbert's ghost was most respectful to the clergy, answering them much more politely than he did laymen. But he explained this by saying that the priests had received the Sacrament, and in presence of that he must be respectful. Finally, after all had been done that he desired, he was heard no more.

It is easy to say that all this is fraud and delusion. What is still unexplained is why among different races and at long intervals of time, and, so far as we know, from a period of remote antiquity, such fraudulent tricks have always occurred in the same way and have given rise to the same belief. In some cases we may suspect the fourberies of a hysterical girl or boy. The case is thus one for the psychologist. He will then be able to show us that they occur according to a regular law, while the hysterical subject will be shown to be in possession of a power which is certainly abnormal. Some of the manifestations, for example, are beyond ordinary human powers. This is certainly the case with

the so-called Polter-geist. Hundreds of instances of this are known from the earliest times; some have become historical, like the case of the Wesleys; they occur in our own day-the newspapers as I write are full of extraordinary doings on a farm in Lincolnshire. The phenomena are unvarying: furniture is moved about, crockery broken, pots and pans fly through the air. Such doings are invariably ascribed to an evilly disposed ghost; sometimes, however, they were said to be the work of a brownie, himself the lineal descendant of the once-worshipped ancestral ghost. When investigated they usually (but not always) prove to be the work of a hysterical subject. But here again we are in presence of unusual powers; the movements are often such as cannot be caused

normally. And these powers are in evidence as much in the oldest as in the most recent cases.

Enough has been said to show that there is a large mass of old ghost-stories requiring sifting, a large part of the x region yet to be explored. Phantasms and spooks have always manifested themselves in the same way, or human belief on the subject has been equally unvarying. The abnormal powers of hysteria are responsible at once for strange phenomena and for strange beliefs about these phenomena, while the phenomena and the beliefs have not deviated far from certain wellmarked lines. There is an abundant supply of ancient human documents awaiting the study of the student of truth and of human error, the doctor, and the psychologist.

ROMANCE OF A FLOATING DOCK. THE

CHAPTER XIV.



HEN Sandford awoke next day he found himself in bed. He lay still for a while enjoying the softness and comfort, and tried to recall what had happened to him. He remembered in a dim way being carried

into Don Santiago's house. After that there was a blank. Whether he had fainted or they had given him some narcotic he did not know. His left arm and side felt stiff, and he found that they had been bandaged. His bed stood in a broad, shaded veranda. He could see that it overlooked a garden, which stretched down to the river's edge. The level sunshine blazed outside and the air was warm. His clothes lay folded on a chair at one side of his bed, and near the other an old Indian woman sat on a low stool knitting. He recognised her. It was she who had opened the door last night, and whom the girl had called Teresa.

She now rose as she saw that he was awake.

'Buenas tardes ['Good afternoon'], señor,' she said in the soft voice of the Indian women. 'Have you slept well?'

'Very well, thank you, I think. Have I slept

long? What o'clock is it?'

'It is five o'clock, señor, and you have slept all day.' She looked kindly and critically at him, and added, nodding her head, 'You are better, señor?'

'How is the señorita?' he asked.

'She is very well, señor, gracias á Dios!' she answered. And then, turning away, she said, partly over her shoulder, 'I go to bring your dinner, señor;' and she slipped quietly out.

He could hear the faint murmur of chattering voices in some distant part of the house, and the creak and splash of the oars of a passing boat on the river mingling with the grunts of the labouring rowers. Teresa soon returned with a tray, and he realised that he was ravenously hungry. She

watched with evident satisfaction while he ate, and when he had finished she brought him a glass. 'Your medicine, señor. The doctor said you were

to take it after eating.'

He swallowed the dose without questioning, and she smoothed his pillow and made him comfortable gently and skilfully. Then she took up the tray, and saying, 'With permission, senor,' went away. Before she returned he had fallen asleep

The medicine must have been a sleeping draught, again. for when he awoke once more the sun was high He felt refreshed and well. His side no longer pained him. In a minute Teresa stood at his bedside with his coffee, and when he had drunk it she made no objection to his getting up. He felt rather weak and shaky when he stood on his feet, and he could not yet use his left arm very well. The old woman helped him to dress. She told him that both Don Santiago and the señora had been to see him more than once while he was asleep, and that they would not let him be disturbed. Don Santiago was now in his office, and the señora had gone to

'I, at your service, señor, generally go with her, she added; 'but to-day she ordered me not to leave you till you waked, so Manuela has gone to carry

the basket.'

He did not reply, nor did he inquire for the señorita. And when Teresa had settled him in an arm-chair from which he could see away across the river, and over the green plains and the gray forests beyond, to the far-distant sierra, with its snow, peaks sparkling in the sunshine, she left him to his

It has been mentioned that Sandford had from reflections. boyhood enforced upon himself the keeping of his resolutions. He held a private promise to himself to be as sacred as if it had been made before a congregation. A habit, good or bad, only requires

cultivation. A year's practice of silence will make it easier to conceal than to betray one's thoughts, and the saint who lived on the top of a pillar for forty years probably found it easier, after the first six months, to stay there than to descend. Sandford had soon found that he could withstand any ordinary allurement to deviate from a course upon which he had once decided. He also gained a reputation for obstinacy that saved him from many importunities. He learned to cherish a comfortable confidence in the power of his will to regulate his acts, and not his acts only, but even his inclinations. Up till his arrival in Moyocuil he was sure he could guide his fancy with a light rein, and say 'Yes' or 'No' to Love itself as if it were an invitation to a picnic.

That delusion had gone by the board. He had fled from temptation, but it had followed him like Fate. And now its unfamiliar importunities assailed him no less from within than from without. His inclination was no longer subservient. Nature had roused herself and taken possession of him. It is some two thousand years since the heathen poet pointed out the futility of attempting to expel this lady with a pitchfork. She will steal in again for all that, he says, and break victoriously through your ineffectual defences. This Moyocuil girl was a woman, he was a man, and he confessed to himself that he wished for her with all his heart.

He rose up and walked about the veranda. He raised his head and took a deep breath. He forgot his fatigue. The world had changed. Carmen's disadvantages as a wife for him did not disappear, but they had already altered their perspective. She was still a foreigner, and of an inferior race, although he could not think of her as inferior to any lady living; a Catholic, who would probably obey her priest before her husband; doubtless endowed with objectionable relations; certainly ignorant of the ways of English society and bound to be unhappy in it. But then she was—herself. Those were accidents, this was the essential. He could not live without her. He returned to his chair and sat down to think.

Thinking may be done in more than one way. A usual way is to summon up reasons for doing as we wish to do. A Frenchman or a Scot would have constructed an ingenious logical argument. English Sandford, with the constitutional instinct of his nation, sought for a precedent. He cudgelled his brains for memories of mixed marriages, but could think of none among his relations or acquaintances. His knowledge of history failed him, as a man's college education does too often fail him at a practical pinch. But a stray crumb of theological learning, picked up almost unconsciously, at last came to his aid. Thus a proverb or a tag of poetry will sometimes leap to the memory to clear up a difficulty in conduct, and grown-up Scotsmen have found a scrap of the Shorter Catechism, acquired uncomprehendingly in childhood, swim

into their mature conscience with the key to a stiff problem in morals or philosophy.

Sandford's efforts set vibrating some nerve-fibre that led to a recondite pigeon-hole in his brain. He had once heard a bishop preach on the marriage of Isaac and Rebecca, and a saying of the preacher had, without his knowing it, sunk into his soul. It was to this effect:

'God gives a man a sure guide to the woman who is fitted to be his wife. That guide is just the love he feels for her.'

The words came to him as a glimpse of the Heavenly Vision. He would be obedient to it. This was the woman he loved—his Rebecca. His resolution was in his face when he looked up, and he saw her standing before him.

Something in her eyes encouraged and even invited him. He forgot the existence of Don Diego. He took both her hands.

'Carmen,' he said, 'can you marry me?'

She did not answer, and he thought she had not fully understood him.

'Ah, if I could say it in English,' he began, half to himself.

Then he felt a faint return pressure on his fingers, and heard her whisper, 'You may speak to me in English.'

For a moment he could scarcely believe his ears, for she had spoken in English, and without any foreign accent.

Then he gasped, 'You understand English?'

She blushed, but there was a spark of fun in her eyes as she replied very softly, 'Yes—a little.' She had not even said 'a leetel'!

- 'But how-but where did you learn it?'
- 'At home.'
- 'At home? At Valverde?'
- 'Oh no; at Boston.'

He looked so puzzled, and she was so wildly happy, that she could not help adding with feigned demureness, 'It is a town in the United States.' Sandford did not answer. He only kept his eyes fixed on hers and held her hands fast. 'I am not Moyocuilean,' she said. 'Are you-are you disappointed?' Still he only looked into her eyes with an expression that made her turn her own away. And she went on hastily, 'I am a quarter Spanish, and the rest of me is English-American English. I'm an American girl,' she added, raising her head a little. Then she continued speaking very quickly, hurrying to tell him all about herself. 'Valverde was grandpapa's. Grandmamma was American. They sent papa to school and college in Boston, and he met mamma there. Grandpapa died when I was a little girl, and since then we have lived chiefly in Boston. But we come to the hacienda every year.'

She spoke with an eager but low-voiced impetuosity, stopping only to take breath, and Sandford did not interrupt her, but only (she thought) drew her hands a fraction nearer his breast.

'Have you sailed down the coast?' she went on.

He shook his head.

'Oh, it is beautiful! The sea is darker, and the sun higher, and the sky bluer every day. And when we pass the Bahamas, and the awnings are put up to stay, we change our dress and begin to speak Spanish. I spoke it as a child with the servants, you know. And papa, who is Mr James Velasquez in Boston, becomes Don Santiago. I always go to the Catholic church here. I like to go to church, and there's no other.'

She had been speaking from an impulse to keep on, but she suddenly stopped. She thought Sandford was not quite attending to her words. She was out of breath, too, and felt that she was really speaking to cover her agitation. Sandford was looking at her strangely, with a smile that was more in his eyes than on his lips, and he still held her hands. She had not tried to withdraw them.

Then he said—and his voice, like hers, had fallen very low:

'But you have not told me. We are to be married?'

She did not answer at once, though her lips moved as if to speak. Then:

'Yes—oh yes,' she whispered breathlessly; 'I—I hope so!'

CHAPTER XV.

HE Floating Dock was towed in due course to the harbour of Puerto Nacional, where it now floats, in shape as graceful as a gignatic teachest its red point blistoring

gigantic tea-chest, its red paint blistering in the sun, and the green seaweeds that fringe its sides rising and falling with the ripple of the bay. There is little that is impressive, and still less that is romantic, in its appearance. Yet its construction brought about changes in manners, in fortunes, and in lives.

The ladies of Garapatas, from its time, began to discard, except at early mass, the comfortable reload, which they had worn on their heads, as the Edinburgh ladies of a century and a half ago wore their shawls, and to adopt frail hats of, as they fought, Parisian mode.

Garapatas merchants, who had lived on black beans and slept under the shop-counter in their youth, sent their sons to France to complete their education. But Don Diego Lopez was not one of these. Fearful (with good reason) of the lingering torture of Moyocuilean justice, he fiel across the frontier, and Garapatas knew him no

Doña Concha, who kept the boarding-house on the river-front, received and accepted an offer of marriage from an aspiring Yankee foreman; and her comely brown housemaid, Sanchita, was carried off by a Cuban mechanic.

Sandford, the engineer, learned that life is not all prose, and that the poets may have known a thing or two. And Mr Brandon, who, as his friend's groomsman, was introduced to Boston society, fell in love with and married the fifth bride's-maid, who already wrinkles her pretty brow over the knotty question whether her eldest so shall be educated for the position of Archbishop of Canterbury or British Ambassador to the United States of America.

THE END.

SOME PACIFIC ISLANDS BIRDS.

By Louis Becke.



LTHOUGH I had often heard of the corncrake or landrail of the British Isles, I did not see one until a few years ago, on my first visit to Ireland, when a field-labourer in County

Louth brought me a couple which he had killed in a field of oats. I looked at them with interest, and at once recognised a striking likeness in shape, markings, and plumage to an old acquaintance, the shy and rather rare 'banana-bird' of some of the Polynesian and Melanesian Islands. I had frequently, when in Ireland, heard at night during the summer months the repeated and harsh during the summer months the repeated and harsh crake, crake of many of these birds issuing from the fields of growing corn, and was very curious to see one, for the unmelodious cry was exactly like that of the kili vao, or 'banana-bird,' of the Pacific Islands. And when I saw the two corncrakes I found them to be practically the same bird, though but half the size of the kili vao.

Kili vao in many of the Polynesian dialects means bush-snipe, as distinct from kili fusi (swampsnipe). It feeds upon ripe bananas and papers (mamee apples), and such other sweet fruits that, when over-ripe, fall to the ground. It is very seldom seen in the daytime, when the sun is strong, though its hoarse, frog-like note may often be heard in cultivated banana-plantations or on the mountain-sides where the wild banana thrives At early dawn or towards sunset, however, the birds come out from their retreats and search for fallen bananas, papaws, or guavas, and I have spent many a delightful half-hour watching them from my own hiding-place. Although they have such thick, long, and clumsy legs, and coarse splay feet, they run to and fro with marvellous speed, continually uttering their insistent croak. Usually they were in pairs, male and female, although I once saw a male and three female birds together. The former can easily be recognised, for it is considerably larger than its mate, the colouration of the plumage on the back and about the eyes is more pronounced, and the beautiful quail-like semicircular belly-markings are more clearly defined. When disturbed, and if unable to run into hiding among the dead banana-leaves, they rise and present a ludicrous appearance, for their legs hang down almost straight, and their flight is slow, clumsy, and laborious, and seldom extends more than fifty yards.

The natives of the Banks and Santa Cruz Groups (north of the New Hebrides) assert that the kili is a ventriloquist, and delights to 'fool' any one attempting to capture it. 'If you hear it call from the right it is hiding to the left; and its mate is perhaps only two fathoms away from you, hiding under the fallen banana-leaves and pretending to be dead. And you will never find either unless it is a dark night, and you suddenly light a big torch of dried coconut-leaves; then they become dazed and stupid, and will let you eatch them with your hand.' Whilst one cannot accept the ventriloquial theory, there can be no doubt of the extraordinary cunning in hiding and noiseless speed on foot of these birds when disturbed.

One afternoon, near sunset, I was returning from pigeon-shooting on Ureparapara (Banks Group), when, in walking along the margin of a taro-swamp which was surrounded by banana-trees, a big kili rose right in front of me; and before I could bring my gun to shoulder my native 'boy' hurled his shoulder-stick at it and brought it down dead. Then he called to me to be ready for a shot at the mate, which, he said, was close by in hiding. Walking very gently, he carefully scanned the dead leaves at the foot of the banana-trees, and silently pointed to a heap of dead leaves which were soddened by rain. 'It is underneath there,' he whispered; then he flung himself upon the heap of leaves, and in a few seconds dragged out the prize -a fine, full-grown female bird, beautifully marked. I put her in my game-bag. During our two-mile walk to the village she behaved in a disgusting manner, and so befouled herself (after the manner of a young Australian curlew when captured) that she presented a repellent appearance, and had such a disgusting odour that I was at first inclined to throw her - game-bag and all - away. However, my native 'boy' washed her, and then we put her in a native pigeon-cage. In the morning she was quite clean and dry, but persistently hid her head when any one approached, refused to take food, and died two days later, although I kept the cage in a dark place.

These birds are excellent eating when not too fat; but when the papars are ripe they become grossly unwieldy, and the whole body is covered with thick yellow fat, and the flesh has the strong, sweet taste of the papars. At this time, so the natives say, they are actually unable to rise for flight, and are easily captured by the women and

children at work in the banana and taro plantations.

With regard to this common tendency of the flesh of birds to acquire the flavour of their principal article of food, I may mention that in those Melanesian Islands where the small chilli pepper grows wild, the pigeons at certain times of the year feed almost exclusively upon the ripe berries, and their flesh is so pungent as to be almost uneatable. At one place on the littoral of New Britain there is a patch of country covered with pepper-trees, and it is visited by thousands of pigeons, who devour the berries, although their ordinary food of sweet berries is available in profusion in the mountain forests.

On some of the Melanesian Islands there is a variety of the banana-bird which frequents the yam and sweet-potato plantations, digs into the hillocks with its powerful feet, and feeds upon the tubers, as does the rare tooth-billed pigeon of Samoa.

One day, when I was residing in the Caroline Islands, a pair of live banana-birds - male and female-were brought to me by natives, who had snared them. They were in beautiful plumage, and I determined to try to keep them. The natives quickly made me an enclosure some twenty feet square of bamboo slats about an inch or two apart, driving them into the ground, and making a roof of the same material high enough to permit of three young banana-trees being planted therein. Then we quickly covered the ground with dead bananaleaves, small sticks, and other débris; and after making it as 'natural' as possible, laid down some ripe bananas and turned the birds into the enclosure. In ten seconds they had disappeared under the heap of leaves as silently as a beaver or a platypus takes to the water. During the night I listened carefully outside the enclosure; but the captives made neither sound nor appearance. They were still 'foxing,' or, as my Samoan servant called it, 'le toga-fiti e mate' (pretending to be dead).

All the following day there was not the slightest movement of the leaves; but an hour after sunset, when I was on my veranda smoking and chatting with a fellow-trader, a native 'boy' came to us grinning with pleasure, and told us that the birds were feeding. I had a torch of dried coconut-leaves all in readiness. It was lit; and as the bright flame burst out and illuminated the enclosure I felt a thrill of delight. Both birds were vigorously feeding upon a very ripe and squashy custard-apple, disregarding the bananas. The light quite dazed them, and they at once ceased eating, and sat down in a terrified manner, with their necks outstretched and their bills on the ground. We at once withdrew. In the morning I was charmed to hear them craking; and from that time forward they fed well, and afforded me many a happy hour in watching their antics. I was in great hopes of their breeding,

for they had made a great pile of débris between the banana-trees, into which in the daytime they would always scamper when any one passed, and my natives told me that the end of the rainy season was the incubating period. As it was within a few weeks of that time I was filled with pleasurable anticipations, and counted the days. Alas for my hopes! One night a predatory villagepig, smelling the fruit which was daily placed in the enclosure, rooted a huge hole underneath the bamboos, and in the morning my pets were gone, and nevermore did I hear their hoarse crake!—ever pleasing to me during the night.

The recent volcanic outburst on the island of Savai'i in the Samoan Group, after a period of quiescence of about two hundred years, has, so a Californian paper states, revealed the fact that one of the rarest and most interesting birds in the world, and long supposed to be peculiar to the Samoan Islands, and all but extinct, is by no means so in the latter respect, for the convulsion in the centre of the island, where the volcanic mountain stands nearly four thousand feet high, has driven quite a number of the birds to the littoral of the south coast. So at least it was reported to the San Francisco journal by a white trader residing in the south side of Savai'i during the outbreak.

For quite a week before the first tremors and groanings of the mountain were felt and heard, the natives said that they had seen manu mea (tooth-billed pigeons) making their way down to the coast. Several were killed and eaten by children.

Before entering into my own experiences and knowledge of this extraordinary bird, gained during a seven years' residence in Samoa, principally on the island of Upolu, I cannot do better than quote from Dr Stair's book, Old Samoa, his description of the bird. Very happily, his work was sent to me some years ago, and I was delighted to find in it an account of the manu mea (red bird) and its habits. In some respects he was misinformed, notably in that in which he was told that the Didunculus was peculiar to the Samoan Islands; for the bird certainly is known in some of the Solomon Islands and also in the Admiralty Group—two thousand miles to the north-west of Samoa.

Here, however, is what Dr Stair remarks:

'One of the curiosities of Samoan natural history is le manu mea, or red bird of the natives, the tooth-billed pigeon (Didunculus strigirostris, Peale), which is peculiar to the Samoan Islands. This remarkable bird, so long a puzzle to the scientific world, is only found in Samoa, and even there it has become so scarce that it is rapidly becoming extinct, as it falls an easy prey to the numerous wild-cats ranging the forests. It was first described and made known to the scientific world by Sir William Jardine in 1845, under the name of

Gnathodon strigirostris, from a specimen purchased by Lady Hervey in Edinburgh, amongst a number of Australian skins. Its appearance excited great interest and curiosity; but its true habitat was unknown until some time after, when it was announced by Mr Strickland, before the British Association at York, that Mr Titian Peale, of the United States Exploring Expedition, had discovered a new bird allied to the dodo, which he proposed to name Didunculus strigirostris. From the specimen in Sir William Jardine's possession the bird was figured by Mr Gould in his Birds of Australia, and its distinctive characteristics shown; but nothing was known of its habitat. At that time the only specimens known to exist out of Samos were the two in the United States (taken there by Commodore Wilkes) and the one in the collection of Sir William Jardine in Edinburgh. The history of this last bird is singular, and may be alluded to here.

'To residents in Samoa the manu mea (or red bird) was well known by repute; but as far as I know no specimen had ever been obtained by any resident on the islands until the year 1843, when two fine birds, male and female, were brought to me by a native who had captured them on the nest. I was delighted with my prize, and kept them carefully, but could get no information whatever as to what class they belonged. After a time one was unfortunately killed; and, not being able to gain any knowledge respecting the bird, I sent the surviving one to Sydney by a friend in 1843, hoping it would be recognised and described. But nothing was known of it there, and my friend left it with a bird-dealer in Sydney, and returned to report his want of success. It died in Sydney, and the skin was subsequently sent to England with other skins for sale, including the skin of an apteryx from Samos Later on the skin of the manu mea was purchased by Lady Hervey, and subsequently it came into the possession of Sir William Jardine, by whom it was described. Still nothing was known of its habitat; but this bird, which I had originally sent to Sydney from Samoa, was the means of bringing it under the notice of the scientific world, and thus in some indirect manner of obtaining the object I had in view.

'After my return to England in 1846, the late Dr Gray, of the British Museum, showed me a drawing of the bird, which I at once recognised; as also a drawing of a species of apteryx which had been purchased in the same lot of skins. A native of Samoa who was with me at once recognised both birds. Dr Gray and Mr Mitchell (of the Zoological Gardens in London) were much interested in the description I gave them, and urged that strong efforts should be made to procure living specimens. But no steps were taken to obtain the bird until fourteen years after, when, having returned to Australia, I was surprised to see a notice in the Melbourne Argus of August 3, 1862, to the effect

that the then Governor of Victoria, Sir Henry Barkley, had received a communication from the Zoological Society, London, soliciting his co-operation in endeavouring to ascertain further particulars as to the habitat of a bird they were desirous of obtaining, forwarding drawings and particulars as far as known at the same time, and offering a large sum for living specimens or skins delivered in London. I at once recognised that the bird sought after was the manu mea, and gave the desired information and addresses of friends in Samoa, through whose instrumentality a living specimen was safely received in London, vid Sydney, on April 10, 1864, the Secretary of the Zoological Society subsequently writing to Dr Bennett of Sydney, saying, "The La Hogue arrived on April 10, and I am delighted to be able to tell you that the Didunculus is now alive and in good health in the Gardens, and, Mr Bartlett assures me, is likely to do well."

'In appearance the bird may be described as about the size of a large wood-pigeon, with similar legs and feet, but the form of its body more nearly resembles that of the partridge. The remarkable feature of the bird is that whilst its legs are those of a pigeon, the beak is that of the parrot family, the upper mandible being hooked like the parrot's, the under one being deeply serrated; hence the name tooth-billed pigeon. This peculiar formation of the beak very materially assists the bird in feeding on the potato-like root, or rather fruit, of the soi (or wild yam), of which it is fond. The bird holds the tuber firmly with its feet, and then rasps it upwards with its parrot-like beak, the lower mandible of which is deeply grooved. It is a very shy bird, being seldom found except in the retired parts of the forest, away from the coast settlements. It has great power of wing, and when flying makes a noise which, as heard in the distance, closely resembles distant thunder, for which I have on several occasions mistaken it. It both roosts and feeds on the ground, as also on stumps or low bushes, and hence becomes an easy prey to the wild-cats of the forest. These birds also build their nests on low bushes or stumps, and are thus easily captured. During the breeding season the male and female relieve each other with great regularity, and guard their nests so carefully that they fall an easy prey to the fowler; as in the case of one bird being taken its companion is sure to be found there shortly after. They were also captured with bird-lime or shot with arrows, the fowler concealing himself near an open space on which some soi, their favourite food, had been scattered.

'The plumage of the bird may be thus described: The head, neck, breast, and upper part of the back is of greenish black; the back, wings, tail, and under tail-coverts of a chocolate red. The legs and feet are of bright scarlet; the mandibles orange red, shaded off near the tips with bright yellow.'

Less than twenty years ago I was residing on the eastern end of Upolu (Samoa), and during my shooting excursions on the range of mountains that traverses the island from east to west saw several Didunculi, and, I regret to say, shot two; for I had no ornithological knowledge whatever, and although I knew that the Samoans regarded the manu mea as a rare bird, I had no idea that European savants and museums would be glad to obtain even a stuffed specimen. The late Earl of Pembroke, to whom I wrote on the subject from Australia after my return from Samoa, strongly urged me to endeavour to secure at least one living specimen; so also did Sir George Grey. But although I, like Mr Stair, wrote to many native friends in Samoa, offering a high price for a bird, I had no success; civil war had broken out, and the people had other matters to think of besides bird-catching. I was, however, told a year later that two fine specimens had been taken on the north-west coast of Upolu, but that one had been so injured in trapping that it died, and the other was liberated by a mischievous child.

I have never heard one of these birds sound a note; but a native teacher on Tutuila told me that in the mating season they utter a short, husky hoot, more like a cough than the cry of a bird. When flying, they make a very curious sound like that of the hornbill.

A full month after I first landed in Samoa I was shooting in the mountains at the back of the village of Tiavea, in Upolu, when a large, and to me unknown, bird rose from the leaf-strewn ground quite near me, making almost as much noise in its flight as a hornbill. A native who was with me fired at the same time as I did, and the bird fell. Scarcely had the native stooped to pick it up, exclaiming that it was a manu mea, when a second appeared, half-running, half-flying along the ground. This, alas! I also killed. They were male and female, and my companion and I made a search of an hour to discover their resting-place (it was not the breeding season); but the native said that the manu mea scooped out a retreat in a rotten tree or among loose stones covered with dry moss. We searched in vain, nor did we even see any wild yams growing about, so evidently the pair were some distance from their home, or were making a journey in search of food.

During one of my trips on foot across Upolu with a party of natives, we sat down to rest on the side of a steep mountain-path leading to the village of Siumu. Some hundreds of feet below us was a comparatively open patch of ground—an abandoned yam-plantation; and just as we were about to resume our journey we saw two manu mea appear. Keeping perfectly quiet, we watched them moving about, scratching up the leaves, and picking at the ground in an aimless, perfunctory sort of manner with their heavy, thick bills. The natives told me that they were searching, not for yams, but for a sweet berry called mass'oi, upon which the wild

pigeons feed. In a few minutes the birds must have become aware of our presence, for they suddenly vanished.

I have always regretted, in connection with the two birds I shot, that not only was I unaware of |

their value, even when dead, but that there was then living in Apia a Dr Forbes, medical officer to the staff of the German factory. Had I sent them to him he could have cured the skins at least, for he was, I believe, an ardent naturalist.

THE SALVING OF THE 'SERENA'

By BREW MOLOHAN.



HE sea-going tug Hercules was steadily making her way through a heavy smother in the direction of the Western Islands. The gale had nearly blown itself out, and Rattray was glad to see, over the horizon,

the first glint of light which spoke of settled weather. Ugly and squat the Hercules looked, but there were few better sea-boats afloat, and her powerful engines forced her through the water at a pace that many a mail-boat would not have despised.

Rattray turned to the mate, who was beside him

on the bridge.

'We can push her along at fourteen knots now, Jack,' he said; 'and as discipline is not such a necessity on the Hercules as on the Berwick Castle, if you will come down to my cabin I will explain the meaning of the wire I sent in answer to your note saying that Captain Williams had fired you.'

'There is no necessity for an explanation, captain,' returned Dalton. 'Eight pounds a month on the Hercules is better than six on the Berwick Castle, and the time will count when I go up for my extra master's ticket. However, I don't mind admitting that I'm a bit curious to know what this trip means.

'Go for'ard and tell the bo's'in to take your turn on the bridge, and then come below.'

Dalton found the captain sitting at the table with a big chart of the Atlantic Ocean in front

'Light a pipe and help yourself, and if you dare to interrupt me until I finish my yarn I'll throw the bottle at your head.'

'On the 2nd of November 1900,' began the skipper, 'the Black Star steamship Serena ran on an uncharted sandbank off the Bahamas. She was the biggest boat in the cotton-trade between New Orleans and Liverpool; and as on this particular trip she was carrying a full cargo, her total value was not much short of half a million. For two days they tried to get her off without success, and then a heavy gale blew up from the sou'-west. The seas repeatedly broke over the wreck, sweeping away half-a-dozen of the crew, and the remainder were taken off by an American vessel which luckily hove in sight.

'Salvage-tugs were sent out from New York on receipt of the intelligence; but when they arrived

at the sandbank no trace of the Serena could be found, and it was supposed that a very high tide or a subterranean eruption-which is a comparatively common occurrence in these latitudes-floated her Whatever the explanation may be, that she floated off is a certainty, because on the 6th of January the Royal Mail steamer Tocantins sighted her in 22:31 N., 59:45 W. It was heavy weather, and as the Tocantins had her contract time to fulfil, the captain did not attempt to get a hawser on board.

'When the news reached Liverpool, the Black Star people, in addition to sending out a tug, offered a reward of forty thousand pounds, to which the underwriters added a further sixty thousand pounds, to any vessel that would bring the Serena into port.

'The consequence of the reward was that every sea-going tug on both sides of the Atlantic went after the prize, and within six weeks an Americanthe Ulysses S. Grant-actually picked her up. A week later, however, she broke loose again one dirty night, and has not been reported since. Now, sir, that reward of one hundred thousand pounds is still open, and that reward I mean to have before I am

twelve months older.' 'But, captain' began Dalton.

Be quiet until I have finished. You do not know it; but for the past ten years the scientific study of ocean winds and currents has been my pet hobby; and without being egotistical I may say that at the present time I know more about them than any

'The loss of the Serena was a source of great man afloat. interest to me, and from time to time I have amused myself by working out her course. So accurate were my calculations that, chancing to work out her position on the date when she was picked up, I had actually placed her within a few miles of where the Ulysses S. Grant found her. The "picking up by the way, was a matter more of good luck than judgment, as the majority of the searchers were quartering the ocean two hundred miles to the north.'

'The searchers failed,' continued Rattray, unheed ing the interruption, 'because they did not allow for the effect of the trade-winds on a vessel standing twenty feet out of the water. They thought to find her in the centre of the Gulf Stream, whereas the trades were driving her south in the proportion of one mile to every ten and a third she travelled east. I have pricked out her course on this chart, and you will notice that, instead of being in the middle of the stream when the *Ulysses S. Grant* picked her up, she had drifted nearly two hundred miles to the sou'-east of where she should have been.

'This s'utherly drift may appear unimportant; but—and here is the vital point—it was sufficient to force her into the branch of the current which runs to the sou'-west of the Azores, and she thus avoided the fleet of tugs which were waiting for her in the main stream that runs to the nor'-east.

'After passing the Western Islands she met the full force of the trades, which gradually edged her out of the current into slack water. Here she was totally under the influence of the winds, and gradually drifted sou'-west until she came to a standstill here.'

Jack Dalton looked at the point indicated. Surprise for a moment held him speechless.

'Why, that is the edge of the Sargasso Sea!' he exclaimed.

'Exactly! That is the spot where the Serena is lying.'

'But—well—why, captain,' he ejaculated, 'no one has ever been there!'

'No,' replied the skipper calmly; 'but we are going. The Sargasso Sea,' he continued, 'lies roughly between the parallels 22 and 28 N. latitude, and 40 and 90 W. longitude. Being out of the track of both sailing-vessels and steamers, very little is known about it; but the Government surveying-ships have given us a fairly definite idea of its whereabouts.

'However, to continue my tale. Of course you know why I was fired by the Joint Castle Company?' he broke in suddenly.

Dalton nodded.

'Well, I suppose it was cheek on the part of a first officer to fall in love with the managing director's daughter when she was a passenger on his boat,' commented the skipper. 'Sir Girling Hathaway thought so, anyway. He had me carpeted in his private office, and gave me the alternative of quitting the company or giving up Mabel. I elected to quit, but reminded him that he was only a mate himself fifteen years before. His reply, as he showed me the door, was to the effect that when I had made as good a position as his I might apply for his daughter's hand, but not before.

'After leaving the Berwick Castle I realised my little property and went straight to Liverpool, where my friend Henry Thomson is head of the Holdfast Towing Company. From him I hired the Hercules for five hundred pounds a month and 5 per cent. of the salvage-money.

'I have made every preparation that I could think of to make this venture a success, Jack. I shipped iron bars for grapnels by the ton, and lime-juice by the hogshead; to guard against malaria from the rotting weed I ordered respirators by the gross, and even went so far as to have a steel spring six fathoms long spliced in the middle of a hawser to allow for the pitching of the tow.

'Tis all or nothing this time, Dalton, and I have staked every penny I possess on the venture. If it turns out a success it means a fortune to every man on board; if it doesn't—well, it won't be my fault.'

When the Hercules left St Michael's she looked like a floating coal-wharf. Not alone were her capacious bunkers filled to overflowing, but every part of the deck where there was an inch to spare carried its cargo. To economise as much as possible, she was leisurely taken along at nine knots, and it was not until ten days later that, by steady steaming, they approached the point where Rattray calculated to strike the drift.

The crew during this time had not been idle. Under the skipper's superintendence, the carpenter constructed a huge iron cage to fix over the screw when they got amongst the weeds, and the men were busy splicing lengths of rope and preparing grapnels for use. A crow's nest was fixed at the top of the stumpy mast; and the reward of ten pounds offered for the first sight of the derelict created a keen competition for the post of 'lookout.'

On the eleventh day they passed through the first loose patches of drift which, like a spider's web, surrounds that immense bank of weed known as the Sargasso Sea. The cage was slung over the stern and fixed rigidly in its place by an ingenious arrangement of hawsers; and Rattray himself at the wheel steered the tug through the clear lanes of water.

'I have purposely struck the weed at this point, Jack,' he said; 'and, if my theory be correct, as we travel east the loose weed will gradually disappear until we can get close up to the bank; but I do not look for the Serena until we arrive at the southern edge.'

His predictions were verified. The encircling patches of detached drift became fewer and fewer, and on the afternoon of the fourteenth day they ran close up to the dense brown mass which, like a floating field, stretched away to the south beyond the range of vision. The bank consisted principally of gulf-weed, interspersed here and there with huge trees inextricably matted together. The surface was, as a rule, about four feet out of the water, but huge hummocks, caused by the drift being piled upon itself by hurricanes, rose like miniature hills above the main body. Occasionally they passed small forests, where the trees stood upright as if growing in the water; and more than once great beams and timbers showed the end of ships which no doubt had been posted as missing many years before.

The heat as they steamed close to the edge of the bank was terrific, and a horrible stench of rotting

vegetation arose from the floating mass; but, thanks to the respirators that the skipper had provided, every man on board escaped scatheless.

Day after day they steamed slowly east, keeping close to the bank during daylight, but drawing off at night and bringing the tug to by means of a couple of sea-anchors, and it was not until the seventeenth day that the cry of 'Clear water to the s'uthard!' from aloft announced the approach of the eastern end. The crew gave a sympathetic cheer as the course of the Hercules was altered. They all knew the object of the search, and not a man but confidently looked forward to a good time on shore with plenty of prize-money in his pocket.

On the second day after rounding the bank the shout, 'Serena ahoy!' brought Rattray on deck with a run. In a moment he was in the crow's nest, where, with a heart beating painfully with excitement, he made out an indistinct shape looming away in front over the weed. Even through the glasses it was some time before he could convince himself that it was not one of the piled-up heaps of weeds which they had been passing lately in great numbers.

'Ring full steam ahead, Jack,' he shouted to the mate, who was excitedly watching him from the bridge.

The Hercules bounded forward, and in an hour there was no longer room for doubt. A steamer—a large cargo steamer—was fast in the weeds; and although the distance was too great to make out her name, by the black star indistinctly seen on the funnel Rattray was certain that she was the Serena.

He returned on deck with a face in which triumph and vexation struggled for mastery. The troubled glance he gave the mate was returned by a look equally troubled.

Well, captain, you've found her; but how the deuce are you going to get her out?'

It was true. He had found the Serena; but between the Serena and the Hercules stretched a mile of dense, impenetrable driftweed.

Rattray moodily bit his lips.

'I was right in my calculations, Jack,' he said, 'but quite forgot the distance a twelve thousand ton steamer, with perhaps a gale of wind astern, would force herself into the bank. I expected to find her near the edge.'

He went below, but returned in a few minutes with a smile on his face.

'I am an ass, Jack. When the Serena hit the weed, of course she forced a passage through, and this passage must still be comparatively clear. We will search until we find it.'

They ran along the edge of the mass for three or four miles, and then turned back. Every eye on board was eagerly looking for the tiniest break which would show where the Serena had hit the weed, but without success. The bank presented an unbroken outline, and to all appear-

ances had never been disturbed since the day it was formed.

Soon after starting the search they had passed an immense mass of trees matted together with gulfweed and lianas, and as they returned it occurred to Rattray that this might have floated into the opening she had made. The Hercules was brought close in, and he went off in the dingy to explore the miniature forest. The branches stood high out of the water, and it was only by clambering over them that he succeeded in obtaining an uninterrupted view of the Screna. There was not the clear lane of water he had looked for; but two well-defined banks running from where he stood right up to the derelict showed that he had found the object of his search.

'We have a big job in front of us, Jack,' he observed when he returned on board. 'The Screen went through there right enough; but the weed followed her in, and we will have to clear every bit of it out before we can get our hawsers abourd'

aboard.'
With the first glimpse of light on the following morning they were busy. The tug stood in for the trees, and Rattray himself hitched the hawsers to two of the largest trunks. Slowly the cables tightened as the Hercules forged ahead, and, with a terrific tearing and rending, a huge fragment of the drift was torn out and towed slowly away; the hawsers were cut as close to the tow as possible, and time after time the tug backed into the trees, where the operation was repeated and great fragments torn out of the bank.

The sun beat mercilessly on the toiling men. Not a breath of air was moving to temper the scorching heat, and poisonous exhalations hung round them in a mist; but, rendered immune by the respirators, and stimulated by the example of the officers and the great prize that lay before them, the crew worked like Trojans; and when the Herculs was drawn out for the night nearly half the trees had been cleared away.

It was well into the afternoon of the third day when the first great barrier which lay between them and the Serena was removed; and as the captain and mate were discussing the problem of dealing with the weed the engineer came on to the bridge.

'How long d'ye reckon it will take to reach her. cap'n?' he queried.

'With luck, Mac,' replied Rattray, 'I hope to have the Serena in tow in the inside of a month.'

'Hoots, mon!' returned Mackenzie excitedly, 'if ye will have a look at the bunkers ye will see that there is a big hole in the coal already, and by the end of a month there won't be enough left to take the tug back to St Michael's by hersel', to say nothing of towing a weight like yon.'

Dalton glared at the speaker with a face of thunder. He was just beginning to enjoy the prospect of a big lump of salvage-money in his pockets, when his hopes were shattered by the unlooked-for words of the engineer.

'You forget, Mac,' laughed the skipper, 'that the Serena will have a few thousand tons in her bunkers, and I am sure that the owners won't object to our using some of it.'

'Hoots, mon! ye are richt.'

Standing on the stern with a couple of grapnels, to which light hawsers were attached, Rattray slung them as far as he could into the channel; the *Hercules* was then started slowly, and they had the satisfaction of seeing a large morsel of the drift separate from the mass and float after them.

'That is all right as far as it goes,' remarked the skipper; 'but we must do something better, or we shall never reach her.'

He had a number of light planks slung over the side and laid, one in front of the other, along the soft bank of 'the canal,' as Dalton facetiously christened the track of the Serena. These, it was found, would bear a man's weight, and they were enabled to carry the grapnels three times as far as they could be thrown from the tug. A hopeful cheer arose as a patch of weed fully sixty feet long slowly followed the Hercules out to sea.

Day after day they kept persistently at the work. The broiling sun beat mercilessly on men who were burned almost black by its scorching rays, and the noisome exhalations forced them to wear the respirators continually; but in spite of every obstacle the Screna perceptibly drew nearer, and with the end of the work in sight the crew worked like veritable demons.

It was time, too! The iron bars were nearly all used up in the manufacture of grapnels, and the huge coils of two-inch rope were diminishing fast, whilst the engineer's face grew longer and longer as he returned from his daily examination of the bunkers.

As they approached the derelict Rattray could see that she had pushed the weed in front of her until it had stopped her way; then it had curled round her, stem and stern, so that she lay, as it were, in an almost landlocked bay of her own making. His mind was troubled as he saw the solidity of the drift that embraced the ship, for the great weight of the Serena had pressed the weed into an absolutely solid mass, and one which, from the circumstances, it would be impossible either to cut through or tow away.

At length the moment arrived when the Hercules backed up to the side of the derelict, and Rattray himself climbed on board to fasten the two six-inch manilla cables with which to tow her from her resting-place. She lay almost broadside on, and as he went forward to the stem he hurriedly glanced at her weather-worn decks.

The Serena had evidently passed through more than one stiff gale since the date, three years before, when she had set out on her long journey. Great pieces of the rail were washed away, and not a solitary boat was left on the davits, whilst her upper works were completely wrecked. So troubled was he, however, at the prospect of the weed which still enclosed her that he did not give more than one hurried glance around, and after fastening the cables he signalled to Dalton to go ahead.

As the Hercules slowly forged ahead the cables became taut as iron rods, and Rattray, standing by the rail of the derelict, saw the huge ropes contract to one-half of their size under the strain; but beyond a slight list, no movement on the part of the Serena was perceptible. For the first time in her career the Hercules had found her master; and although the roar of escaping steam and the heavy throb of the engines showed that she was straining her utmost, the tug might as well have sought to wrench an island from its moorings. For an hour the ineffectual struggle went on; and at length, satisfied that the Serena was too firmly held to be moved, the skipper signalled to Dalton to shut off steam, and with a clouded brow returned to the Hercules.

'Tell Mackenzie I want him in my cabin, and come along yourself,' he said to the mate.

The engineer barely waited to wipe his streaming face with a bit of waste before helping himself to a generous 'three-finger' from the bottle pushed towards him, and the others were not long in following suit.

'What do you think of it, Jack?' said the skipper.

Dalton groaned.

'You gave her all the steam she could carry, Mac?' he continued.

Mac nodded grimly as he mechanically helped himself to another nip and pushed the bottle towards Dalton. 'Mon,' he replied laconically, 'the safety-valve was six inches off the collar when the mate rang off.'

There was a long silence, broken at last by a fierce exclamation from the skipper. 'Have you no suggestions to offer, boys?' continued Rattray. 'In finding the Serena I have done what no other sailor afloat could do. I have staked my whole fortune and my future happiness on her salvage, and I shall win!'

He impatiently filled his glass and tossed the fiery spirit off at a gulp.

'Look here,' he said, 'I have a plan which stands as good a chance of sending us to the bottom as of shifting the Serena. The last thing I took aboard before leaving Liverpool was one hundred pounds of gun-cotton, and this I intend to use on her.' And he related the desperate project that had flashed through his brain.

The pair stared at him in speechless amazement for a moment, and then the engineer said slowly and quietly, 'Mon! ye are captain of this tug, and one death is as good as another. I'm satisfied.'

Dalton was white to the lips, but nodded when the skipper looked at him. Rattray divided the remainder of the whisky into the glasses. 'We need not tell the men,' he said, 'until everything is ready.'

Returning on deck, he had a number of light planks slung on board the derelict. These he and the mate threw over the opposite side, and by placing them end to end they were able to make their way out on the weed for about a hundred yards. The mate returned to the tug for a grapnel to which a light hawser was attached, and after this was firmly fixed in the weed the donkey-engine was started, and half-a-dozen fathoms hauled in. They then went below, and with infinite precautions Rattray got out the gun-cotton, which was made up in ten-pound boxes.

'We will get it to the hole in five journeys,' he said.

When they had completed their self-imposed task, Rattray weighted the explosive so that it would sink to fifty fathoms.

'I will let it have an hour's fuse, Jack,' he remarked; 'that will give us plenty of time to get ready.'

The crew were called aft, and the captain, standing on the bridge, addressed them.

'My lads,' said he, 'I have brought you to the Serena, but as she is at present we might as well have remained at home. There is only one possible way of getting her out, and that is by exploding a mine at the other side. The fuse has been lighted, and I will give you warning when the time comes to hang on. Open all the ports, and then every man come aft for a tot of rum.'

Ropes were stretched across the fo'c'sle; and down in the engine-room, Mackenzie, having started the engines, lashed himself to a post from which he could control the levers. Rattray looked at his watch.

'We have just time to get the hawser with the steel spring on board the wreck, Jack,' he said.—
'Now, my lads,' he continued when the cable had been made fast, 'into the fo'c'sle with you, and hang on as if Davy Jones were pulling at your heels. The mate and I will remain on the bridge.'

The seconds ticked slowly by; not a sound was heard but the incessant throb of the engines and the swirl of the water as the screw churned it. The clouds of smoke from the *Hercules* as she strained at her work overhung them like a pall, and, despite the intense heat, Dalton felt curious quivers of icy coldness in his bones.

Suddenly there was a terrific report as if the very walls of the world had caved in, and it seemed to the watchers as if the whole surface of the weed was hurled bodily into the air, falling again about a mile behind them. The shock stunned them for the moment, but they recovered in time to see, as they thought, the Serena heel right over into the huge hole the explosion had made. Over—over—over she careened, until they could see the barnacles clinging to her very keel; and, just as Rattray opened his mouth to order the cables to be cut, the

reflex rush of the water righted her with a roll, and carried her with tremendous force on to the stern of the *Hercules*.

It was fortunate for the people on the tug that Rattray had had the foresight to keep the engines working at their highest pressure. As the gigantic vessel rolled towards the Hercules, the latter, relieved of the immense weight for the first time, darted forward like an arrow, and escaped being crushed by a matter of inches. The derelict crashed through the solid weed as if it were so much liquid, and, as she dipped, the water rose in a great ware, driving the Hercules before it like a ball from a gun.

Crack! crack! went the manilla cables as the tug, hurtling forward at forty miles an hour, threw her weight into them; but the curious hawser that the skipper had invented saved the situation. The stell spring stretched until it was almost a straight line; but before it had time to snap, the wave had dashed ahead through the canal to the open sea.

'Ease her,' rang the skipper, and the Herculas slowed down sufficiently to allow the spring to resume its normal shape.

At a snail's pace the *Hercules* moved forward with the derelict in tow, and before darkness fell the *Serena* rolled lazily on the glassy sea a few miles off the bank. A close examination next morning showed that, beyond the fact that every inch of glass on board had been shattered, no further damage had resulted from the explosion; and when, after a fortnight's laborious work, her bunkers had been replenished, the *Hercules* commenced her long, heavy tow.

Extract from The Liverpool Maritime World:

'MARRIAGE OF THE SALVOR OF THE "SERENA"

'Yesterday, at St Michael's Church, Captain James Rattray, of the Black Star s.s. City of Liverpool, to Mabel, daughter of Sir Girling Hathaway, managing director of the Joint Castle Steamship Company.

'Our readers will remember the sensation a few months ago caused by the intelligence—first published in *The Liverpoot Maritime World*—that the steamship Serena, which had been posted as missing for over three years, had been towed into the Merse. This valuable steamer was abandoned in the West Indies in 1900. She was reported detelict some time afterwards; and although a reward of one hundred thousand pounds was offered for her salvage, it remained for a Liverpool tug, the Hercule, and her commander, James Rattray, to earn it.

Captain Rattray had made a hobby of the scientific study of ocean winds and currents, and by means of his knowledge was able to foreast accurately the course of the derelict and her final resting-place in that unexplored tract of the Atlantic known as the Sargasso Sea. After an infinity of danger and trouble, she was released from the weed and towed to Liverpool, where she met with a reception which, it is safe to say, has been unequalled in the history of the port.

'The Serena was found to be intact, and her valuable cargo practically undamaged; and for his services, in addition to receiving the largest salvage award ever known, Captain Rattray was invited to take command of the Black Star Company's new boat.

'We are glad also to chronicle that his courage and genius have met with appreciation in other quarters. He was invited to lecture on the Sargasso Sea before the Royal Geographical Society, and for his researches was presented with the society's gold medal.

'No better testimony of Captain Rattray's sterling worth can be given than the fact that the crew of the *Hercules*, who shared his dangers as well as his success, have joined his new ship to a man.

'In unison with our readers, we heartily wish Captain and Mrs Rattray a long and happy life.'

THE GENTLE ART OF JU-JU-TSU.

By G. G. CHATTERTON.



U-JU-TSU—translated literally, 'The Gentle Art'—the wonderful science deduced by patient study of the source of things, and unravelling of their reason, and consequent mastery of their knowledge, that

is so essentially Japanese. It has already been exploited with approbation by medical and other authorities on physical culture; but still, perhaps a few remarks, without claiming to be profound, after a visit to its school may prove not devoid of interest.

You need pass through but a couple of streets that lead directly off the seething thoroughfares of Regent Street and Piccadilly Circus to find yourself in Golden Square, one of the quiet, green oases which here and there in London take you by surprise, and in it the Japanese School of Self-Defence has now established its headquarters. And thither we went to watch the teaching of the science upon which years of a life may be spent with ever-growing interest, since it claims that there is always something to be learnt—a perfected science of self-defence, wherein brute-force takes a back seat, and size, weight, and strength surrender their importance. For the Japanese, having probed to the heart of things, can prove how the essence of self-defence is knowledge of how to overcome by yielding to an attack instead of resisting, by using the strength of your assailant in place of your own, and, getting him at an anatomical disadvantage, as they so admirably phrase it, by then applying the skilled leverage which so infallibly can maim and disable.

The school is under the supervision of its instructor-in-chief, Professor Raku Uyenishi, premier ju-ju-tsu exponent. But as he was professionally visiting Paris we were received with smiling welcome by Professor Koizumi, and courteously given advantageous seats; and, as he was engaged upon instruction on our arrival, we had an immediate opportunity of watching the science of the 'gentle art.'

Our first impressions were belying to the title. Fearful and wonderful were the resounding slapping noises as master and pupil fell upon the shining mats beneath them—mats made in Japan,

over two inches thick and stuffed with hay under a surface of woven rice-straw, which are spread over the entire floor; slap-slap striking the ear with unnerving effect upon spectator and would-be learner, until one saw the combatants leap up again with never hurt or jar, the Japanese laughing softly through his gambols. For to fall with immunity is the skill of ju-ju-tsu, and takes the beginner in its craft months to master.

The pupil upon whose lesson we happened to arrive was no novice, but had been over three years studying, and was as well clever at his game; and yet with what smiling ease did Koizumi, so much the smaller of the two, vanquish him! At times he tossed him right over his shoulder-a curious sensation this at first experience, we are told; on the floor he was ever the man uppermost, and whether recumbent or erect he kept scoring the points by establishing the 'lock.' A 'lock' or point is scored by rendering an adversary helpless, holding him in such a way that the least resistance can be responded to by a pressure which, if continued, would entail exquisite pain and possibly serious injury. In ju-ju-tsu a lock is acknowledged by a slap on the handiest substance, human or otherwise, and the combatants arise and start afresh.

The lesson finished, after many resounding falls and endless locks declared, the pupil retired to the enjoyment of a hot shower-bath, and Professor Koizumi kindly gave us a display of falls broken into harmlessness, throwing himself down backwards, forwards, sideways, as if flung with violence, to leap up easy and unshaken.

The pupil is first taught to break a fall on his back, and next to break one on his head, saving himself by learning to come down first on his hands outspread and relaxed—the hands which make the slapping noises on the mats. The gist of breaking falls in ju-ju-tsu is keeping all the muscles relaxed for them—nothing may be rigid, or as it were in protest; and the seat of balance—and knowledge of balance is a portion of its science—comes from the waist, not from the shoulders. Knees are kept always bent, the feet move quickly, and, as in boxing, the gaze is fixed on the opponent's eyes.

The pupil is provided with a costume identical with that of the instructors: a Japanese jacket with loose, short sleeves, which leaves bare the chest and wraps across in double-breasted fashion, and is girdled with a strong band round the waist; drawers like bathing-drawers, and legs and feet bare; and the English tyro will find that his toes catch in the fine straw-work of the mats, the unaccustomed big-toe sometimes catching with unpleasant effects.

Inflexible rules find no place in the 'gentle art,' etiquette typically Japanese alone governing its friendly practice. This etiquette ordains that combatants courteously shake hands before and after a contest, and prohibits the infliction of any unseemly indignity on an opponent, at the same time allowing ample scope for placing him at an

anatomical disadvantage.

So as to know how to inflict these anatomical disadvantages, bones and muscles are given careful study—where pressure exerted sideways can break or dislocate, and where lie sensitive parts pressure against which can force the assailant to desist. Prominently sensitive parts lie about the elbow—can one not imagine desistance enforced by skilled elaboration of 'funny-bone' tortures?— and in the back of the calf of the leg; and pressure beneath the chin, forcing backwards the opponent's head, lays him at your mercy for throttling.

Quickness and agility, resource, simultaneous thought and action, must be acquired by those who would master the science of ju-ju-tsu, in which even partial proficiency would form a valuable equipment; and the English aspirant must cast aside his stubborn English principles to conform to those discovered for him so excellently by the Japanese. Different they may be—for are not most Japanese principles diametrically different from English ones? In the simple craft of threading a needle there seems to lie a keynote suggestive of their whole scheme of opposition. The English girl is taught to pass her thread through the eye of her needle, the Japanese one to pass the eye of her needle over her thread.

Englishwomen learn ju-ju-tsu, and as the 'gentle art' unfolded its power before us we fell to wondering what might have been the end had the suffragettes mastered it before their great display in the House of Commons. When, with lamentable lack of manly chivalry, screams and kicks were set at nought and overborne, ju-ju-tsu would have aided the maltreated ladies. Instead of being ignobly carried out shricking, with arms round the policeman's neck, the baffled suffragette might still further have defied the law, and, grasping his chin to his anatomical disadvantage, have quietly throttled him in his brutal progress. Instead of being dragged down from her lofty position as she gained it, she might have broken or dislocated arms that thwarted her, and the whole lobby of the House might have been held up by

More pleasing was it to watch the merry little Japanese instructors chatting so gaily amongst themselves or with their pupils, and to exchange a few more words with Professor Koizuni, who, in an interlude before taking on another pupil, had appeared clad in a dark-blue kimono, with matting sandals on his feet and a Japanese book in his hand. Then we left him to his reading, and he took farewell of us with smiling courtesy.

IN HEREWARD'S LAND.

Here, where ye count the miles by scores,
And ye count the men by tens,
The sighing ghost of an old-time wind
Sings me the Song of the Fens.
It tells, as it sobs to the swing of the scythe
Where once the tide ran free,
Of the deeds of the men, the ancient men,
Who sailed on that ancient sea.

They came in long, black dragon-ships
From the Land of the Icy Belt,
Grim sons of Odin, to love and loot,
To rob and plunder the Celt.
They fought and they feasted, borrowed his home,
And never repaid the same;
But, sword in hand, they fought for his land,
In the days when the Romans came.

When Rome's all-powerful phalanx marched From Thanet to Hadrian's Wall, They crushed the tribes who barred their way. But the Fen-men laughed at them all. Safe and secure in their sedgy homes, Enjoying each casual fray, They were there before ever the Romans came, They were there when they went away.

The Normans made the land their own,
And sought to force the Fen;
Masterful men were the Norman knights,
But the Fen-men Masters of Men.
Then, harried and harassed and held at bay
By those whom they could not break,
They lowered their lances and sank their pride,
And made their peace with the Wake!

And so the Fen-men remained the lords,
Of sedge and heath and pine,
So long as Hereward's name endured,
With the Twisted Knot as their sign.
So sings the wind, to the swing of the scribe,
To those who can understand,
Of Hereward Wake, and the ancient men,
And the peace they gave to the land.
G. Basil Barham.



THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, October 21st.

NLY the other day we wrote on this page about the coming of the Kaiser, in the course of the long procession of foreign kings and potentates to the capital of England and the heart

of the Empire which is brought about as the result of the wise and pacific diplomacy of King Edward. Now we hear that the almost immediate future is to be richer in such visits than most people had imagined, for it comes to be tolerably certain several months in advance that a journey will be made to England soon by the heads of two other European states, these being the Czar of Russia and Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, both of them peculiarly interesting monarchs. Between the young Queen of Holland and the British people there is a strong bond of sympathy in that there is such a strong likeness between her position on the throne in the heyday of her girlish youth and that of the young Queen of England seventy years ago, who, while she lived, saw her country grow to an unexampled position of greatness and prosperity. And in some ways also there is something pathetic in the situation of this young Queen and her Consort. So far as the scheme has at present been arranged, it is not intended that the visit shall be anything but a semiprivate one, and it will be made chiefly to the Duchess of Albany at Claremont. However, a few days may probably be spent with the King and Queen at Windsor Castle, and quite likely some opportunities may be given to the general public of showing their good feeling. As for the other monarch who is coming, it has to be said that the visit of a Czar to this country, or to most others in these troublous times, must always be regarded as a more or less delicate and difficult matter; and though at present there is a slow increase of good understanding between the Government of this country and that of Russia, a long time must elapse and some great changes must take place before there can be anything like a full sympathy.

No. 517. - Vol. X. [All Rights Reserved.]

Russia in London is probably smaller and of much less consequence than any other leading European country in London, and yet the great Russians have had more to do with our metropolis than most people are aware. Everybody knows that Peter the Great spent some time in London, and he occupied that time very thoroughly. Walk a little way down Buckingham Street, near the western end of the Strand, and you may see the house that he lived in while he was here, a modest dwellinghouse with small and rather dark panelled rooms inside. And only two or three weeks ago they began to pull down in the High Street, Deptford, a quaint old building which used to be the chapel in which Peter worshipped during the period that he lived in Deptford while he was learning shipbuilding at the dockyard. Czars have been in London at various times since then. In the way of British visits to St Petersburg, nothing has ever been more magnificent than those of the special embassies on the occasion of the coronation of different Czars, first by the sixth Duke of Devonshire, and next by his kinsman the Earl Granville, in whose entourage there was included the present head of the House of Cavendish, then a very young man only just on the threshold of his public career. This, indeed, was virtually the introduction to public life of the man who was destined to play such a great part in the politics of his country afterwards, and, be it noted, one of very special importance when Russia was at war with Turkey, and many most delicate and important matters had to be considered with the utmost circumspection. That special mission to St Petersburg in which the young Lord Cavendish had a place was probably one of the most magnificent of its kind on record, for the old Duke of Devonshire, who had been at the head of the last one, took a personal pride in seeing to it that everything was done as well as it was To revert again to Russia possible to do it. in London, not many people realise what a large number of Russian officers have in one way or another spent some time in this country. We are OCTOBER 26, 1907.

now able to think of the Rojestvensky affair with a little more charity than was the case at the time. How many of the best-informed of the critics of that distinguished Russian naval officer realised that as a young man he had spent much time in England, fitting himself the better for the life that lay before You may meet many people to-day who remember him in London drawing-rooms at that time-a thoughtful and distinguished-looking young man, who had generally agreeable manners, and who was popular. It is generally known that King Edward and the Czar have been anxious to meet each other for some time past, but there have been many things to hinder the fulfilment of such a project. Some time since the Queen purchased a villa on the Danish coast near Copenhagen, and there was an idea that the two sovereigns might meet there; but then it was found that if this scheme that had been formulated were carried into effect the King would have to forgo his usual spring holiday in the south of France, from which he generally derives much benefit. His Majesty's medical advisers were strongly against any such change in his usual arrangements, and so the idea of a meeting in Denmark was abandoned. There are good reasons why the King cannot go to St Petersburg, and so the Czar has decided to come here. This will be a full State visit, with greater ceremony and display than has marked the visit of a foreign monarch to this country for a long time. Very likely the Czarina and one or two of their children will accompany the Czar.

* * *

The other morning when we awoke and drew back the curtains we saw, alas! that there was the first symptom of the autumn and winter fogs. After a poor summer in the matter of weather the mere sight of the thing struck a clammy chill into our bones; and we remembered how the bestinformed and the most discreet of the weatherprophets had boldly declared that there is a severe winter before us. When we see the first sign of fog we know that the days of sunshine and flowers, and even of golden, sapless leaves which are still happy reminders of the dead summer, are indeed over for the season, and that there is nought for it now but to get the furs out of the cold storage and consider engagements and schemes of work for one's winter programme. Fog! I think that, taking him all in all, the Londoner must be an unusually optimistic kind of person, for it is certain that after he has got over the first displeasure of reacquaintance he takes his fogs very cheerfully indeed, and there is a very prevalent fancy that they are good for the health of the townsman. It is a fancy born of the wish and the desire to make the best of everything, and if it is a worthless delusion, it is still something to the credit of the man. Delusion it certainly is. One of the greatest doctors of the day, Sir Frederick Treves, is a bitter enemy of the London fog and of the causes which chiefly bring

it about; and I remember him not so long ago saying that the lung of the smoke-breather in London was already compromised, and that this appalling combination of soot and sulphuric acid was a great irritant to it. Fog, he says, exaggerates to an intense degree all kinds of lung-trouble, and it kills Londoners not only by hundreds but by thousands. The death-rate always goes up as the result of a bad and enduring fog. In the week of the great fog of 1880 it rose from twenty-seven wthe amazing height of forty-eight per thousandthat is to say, that during that week nearly one person in every twenty who lived in London died. So let the Londoner have great credit for his cheerfulness in such circumstances, and let him be praised for the fact that his chief complaint is not against the fog but against the railway companies who find it impossible to run their trains within an hour of the proper time, and so throw the arrangements, business and domestic, of their customers completely out of gear.

It is known that many careful Britishers who have passed their first youth, and have got into the way of feeling that they have more or less serious or troublesome complaints ingrained in their systems, which have a way of making their presence most felt when the winter chills are prevalent, take any reasonable excuse of having a talk with their doctors at this time of the year. It is now that we begin most to think of the risks of life. The fall of the leaf and the darkening of the days somehow lead even the least emotional and contemplative among us to give a thought to the immutable workings of nature, to which the life of man must strictly conform. It is reasonable, then, that happy, if somewhat too nervously minded, people should yearn at such a time for good length of life; and how they do yearn, and of the practical result which they seek to give to their yearnings, was told to him the other evening when, as for some private talk, the present writer found himself in the consulting-room of one of the foremost physicians of the day. It was a sudden fancy that such a chance shot as 'Do we live as long as we ought or could?' might possibly achieve some result; and it was stated in reply that the same question had been askel of the doctor in a professional or semi-professional capacity about a dozen times a day lately, and that it had seemed to him that the question must be particularly topical at this time of the year. It was further said that we certainly do not live any thing like so long as we might do if we made long living a science, and left undone many of the things that we do daily, innocent enough in their way, but all of which tend to the exhaustion of the energies which yield the long life. But whether this scientific living would be as pleasant as the easy way is a question of disposition and tempers. ment. Every man has a fair chance of living to be a hundred, the writer was told; and thus he was

reminded of the dictum of Sir James Crichton-Browne, who declared some time back, in just these words, that every man was entitled to a century, and did not achieve it simply because the natural evolution of his nerve-centres is largely interfered with and too often arrested by unfavourable environment and deleterious habits of life or methods of work, and old age is thus prematurely induced, unduly abbreviated, or loaded with infirmities that do not necessarily belong to it. And Sir James had it that a man should be at his best, in the matter of the capacity of his mind, from forty-five to fiftyfive years of age. This is rather later than some people would be disposed to suggest as the best time for great work, and it is nearly the age which a famous professor caused an uneasy flutter by saying that all sorts and conditions of men who had reached it should have compulsory silence enjoined upon them. You remember that Lord Palmerston was once asked when he considered a man to be in the prime of life, and that he answered immediately, 'Seventy-nine;' adding, 'but as I have just entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am a little past it.'

* * *

The conversation to which allusion has been made turned on some of these points, and the suggestion that brain-work of a severe order was rather against long life was met by the physician with the answer that a good deal of circumstantial evidence to prove the contrary could be collected—as, for example, that Herbert Spencer died when he was in his eightyfourth year; that Darwin reached his seventythird, Carlyle his eighty-sixth, Sir George Stokes his eighty-fourth, Gladstone his eighty-ninth, Disraeli his seventy-seventh; that Newton lived to be eighty-five; and that Tyndall was accidentally poisoned when he was only seventy-three-almost young enough to be the son of some of these others! The modern doctor accepts the evident laws of nature and the vagaries of human nature, and he has long ceased to search for systems and specifics that will yield old age of themselves; but it is curious to be told that here and there in foreign countries there are medical men of indubitable cleverness and position who do not seem to abide by the generally accepted limitations of medicine and science. Thus, two very distinguished French doctors have for a long time past been engaged on a very remarkable line of research and experiment, and claim to have achieved excellent results. These men are Professor d'Arsonval, one of the most eminent members of the Academy of Sciences and a professor at the College of France, and Dr Montier, who has earned a considerable reputation for the valuable nature of his scientific investigations. The former has constructed during the past few years a number of alternating electrical machines of a hitherto unknown power, and by means of these wonderful machines he is enabled to bathe his patients in a torrent of electrical fluid, sparks a foot long being given off. The voltage is tremendous,

but it is not at all painful, and the patient sits in the middle of the electrical douche, smoking a cigarette if he feels that way, and being scarcely aware that he is undergoing any treatment at all. A few years ago a number of London doctors held a theory that a very similar kind of treatment would be effective in cases of tuberculosis, and it was tried for some time at the Brompton Hospital. Being well acquainted with one of them, the present writer had the privilege of the experience, though an uncomfortable one in some respects, of sitting in a chair and having a voltage passed through him such as, he was informed, would be sufficient to kill several horses if the character of the current were changed, and of seeing sparks fly from his body, as from a blacksmith's anvil, when it was touched by the operator. It was a case of saturation in electricity. This was the kind of thing evidently that Professor d'Arsonval did with his patients, and it is said that his treatment produced some extraordinary results in cases of what was called 'premature arterial sclerosis.' Life is prolonged in this way, so it is said, because in a large proportion of cases the progressive hardening of veins is the cause of death. Cerebral hæmorrhage, angina pectoris, lesions of the heart, of the loins, and of the liver, might be said to be due to sudden manifestations of the 'arterial sclerosis,' and the physiological characteristics of all patients afflicted with such, whether old or young, are similar. It has been found that their pulses beat too quickly, that the blood circulates in veins that are either too narrow or too hard, and that this excess of pressure leads to the graver trouble that terminates the life of the sufferer. The doctor's object, then, is to moderate this tension. All this is the statement of the learned French professor, who claims that by his electrical treatment he does moderate the pressure and prolongs life. It is an interesting idea, at all events, whatever other doctors may say about it. Then we have been told, or rather the medical informer who is responsible for the bulk of this information was told, of the curious researches and claims of Dr Weichardt of Berlin. Surely it must be a fine thing to carry a bottle or a tube of serum in one's pocket which, when properly administered, would prove an instant cure for fatigue! Never to feel tired! Or, perhaps better, to be always able to enjoy immediate recovery from tiredness, and that with no assistance from alcohol! This Weichardt boldly called his serum the serum of fatigue. It is extracted from the blood and tissue of other animals bled to death after first being subjected to great fatigue, the muscular tissues being acted upon at very high temperature. The resulting extract is injected into other animals also in a state of fatigue, and from the blood of these inoculated animals is obtained the serum which is supposed to destroy the toxins resulting from fatigue. These tales of researches and of claims will make pleasant fancies for optimists at the beginning of a winter season.

And when the long evenings come again it is curious to notice how in the columns of some newspapers there are published many consecutive advertisements of different people who ply a very strange sort of business. They are professors of bridge, and for a consideration they teach that game of cards, and they 'guarantee proficiency'-a remarkable guarantee in the case of people who are without what are generally called 'card memories.' They hold classes, and they whet the appetite of their pupil for an extra guinea's worth of knowledge by showing him on some occasion how he had come on to the extent of being able to win a matter of half-a-sovereign-in coloured counters-from the professor, reckoning at the rate of 'half-a-crown a hundred.' Of course in these days the game of bridge is not merely a craze, and not merely an institution; to a large section of society it is far too much of a necessity. So people go to classes to learn it because they feel that their social state is unhappy or impossible without it. But there can be little doubt that a certain small percentage set to work to learn this gambling game with the deliberate object of securing such skill as will enable them to make money at it and have a tolerably certain increase of income. It may be a crooked ambition and a dangerous one, but its possibilities of realisation are not always so slender as some people might suppose, thanks to the exceedingly large proportion of players who are really bad, and who are the natural prey of designing persons who are better. There can be no doubt that there is now an enormous class of people who look to the bridge-tables to yield them a considerable proportion, if not the whole, of their incomes, and it is the fact that there are now in different parts of London scores of clubs that exist for no other purpose whatever than to play this game. Even those who take what is called a very broad view of life cannot regard this as a wholly happy state of affairs, and lately a well-known London clergyman declared with much emphasis and pointed illustration that it led to grave results. Almost of

necessity gambling of this kind by young people who cannot afford it weakens their moral fibre and leads them to very devious ways. Generally, as might be supposed, the consequences are the worst where women are concerned, and this authority has it that the cases of kleptomania in the West End shops by ladies of good or fairly good social position have been remarkably on the increase during recent years. A connection is drawn between this curious habit and losses at bridge. Others have not hesitated to say that worse evils befall young women who fall victims to the bridge habit or craze and lose their money. All this is as it may be; but in any case it would surely be a happy thing if all people had the same rule in the matter of whom they played cards with as has the King. It is a rule with him that he will not play with any young lady who has not attained the age of twenty-one. Only once, it is believed, has His Majesty broken that rule, and that was a little while since when he was staying at the country house of some old friends of his. The daughter of the host was chosen as the King's partner, and in view of the understanding that she would be so honoured she had been practising for months past. But when the table was being made up the King said to her very kindly, 'Marjorie, you are not yet twenty-one, and on principle I never play with little girls under that age.' However, Miss Marjorie pleaded so earnestly and tearfully for the rule to be relaxed on this occasion that His Majesty gave way, but only for 'just this once.' It is a change from a serious subject to a very light side of it; but having mentioned the King's game of bridge, one cannot resist telling a story which may or may not be true. His Majesty was opposite the dealer, and the 'call' was passed to him by his partner. The King declared 'No trumps,' and, as was his duty, in dut course laid his cards on the table, revealing what players would call 'a very thin no trumper.' Where upon the dealer exclaimed, 'Well, sir, all I can say is, God save the King, and help Mrs Blank!' Of course Mrs Blank was the name of the speaker.

ECONOMY IN PARIS.



TERY one knows what a charming place Paris is to spend money in. How delightful to set aside a sum and to run over and enjoy the clear, smokeless air and the very real gaiety of the life of Paris, without

worrying about expenses, and just doing whatever you fancy at the moment, till nothing is left but your return ticket! You can indulge yourself thus reasonably at from two pounds to five pounds a day. You can do a little of all the correct things at the correct time, and see the world and his wife, not to speak of the half-world, and the latest creations of all sorts. You can ride or motor in the Bois;

you can lunch or dine at the most fashionable restaurants; you can shop in the Rue de la Paix; you can skate in the Palais de Glace; you can have at many charming courses near Paris; you can have a good seat at a theatre, and sup occasionally at Maxim's or the Rat Mort.

Every one knows all this, but how many people know that you can enjoy Paris quite as much, if not more, if you have to consider every sou you spend and must limit yourself to an average deight or ten francs a day? You can see most the more expensive, artificial life in a different way, and you will learn to understand the life of Paris and you will learn to understand the life of Paris and get some real knowledge of its many interest-

ing differences from the life in our own towns, as well as learn many useful lessons, if you keep your eyes and mind open—no easy thing for British travellers to do, as it takes long to make us realise how insular and how obstinately contemptuous we generally are of the ways of the foreigner.

I could easily write a book on how to spend a sightseeing holiday of from a fortnight to two or three months on such a sum very comfortably. But what has struck me most about Paris are the great advantages it offers for a longer stay if you have to economise and want cheap education for your daughters. As a householder you can live exceedingly well on six or seven francs a day each person, including rent, taxes, wages, food-in fact, all ordinary household expenses. This is possible owing to the all-pervading flat system and the glorious institution of the 'bonne a tout faire.' By possible I do not mean possible to live in a slummy way, but like gentlefolk. You can get flats all over Paris with three to five rooms or more, all taxes paid, for from thirty pounds to eighty pounds a year, unfurnished, with modern drainage, and prettily arranged. Naturally you have to pay more for a bathroom, electric light, a lift, and a telephone. If, however, you are content to do without these, you can find a charming flat, with often an open view of trees close to your windows, for a very moderate price.

You do not lose caste by living in this way, and you can confine your entertaining to 'five o'clocks' or card parties, &c., which do not cost much. Idle display and large establishments are not part of the ordinary French life, and many of the best people live in this sensible way. To do this you of course require at the outset to spend some time looking out for your flat and acquiring the necessary knowledge to enable you to manage it. Until then you can live in a hotel en pension at six to eight francs a day. If you have an expert friend who can tell you the thousand and one small things you ought to know, so much the better. It is little use going to house-agents for such flats. Choose your district, and wherever you see a white ticket, 'Appartement à louer,' on a house that might suit you, ask the concierge what the rent is, the amount of the extra taxes if any, and the number of rooms ('Combien de pièces?'), and about the drainage ('Est-il tout à l'égout?'). Then, if you like, see the flat and find out about the views, noise, smoky fires, damp, &c. Give half a franc to an obliging concierge for his trouble and he will be very grateful to you.

Here are some facts about one (on the fifth floor) out of many charming flats that I know. The rent, taxes, insurance, and concierge's fees and tips come to thirty-eight pounds. It contains a drawing-room, two bedrooms, a dining-room, a kitchen, a large cupboard for boxes, and a closet with modern sanitation. There is also a servant's room on the sixth floor and a large cellar downstairs. The present tenant rents an extra attic—a large room

with a fireplace—for about seven shillings and sixpence a month, which is included in the above rent. Other rooms can be rented if required for short or long periods.

There is a charming balcony off the sitting-rooms looking on to fine trees, where the birds are fed after the petit dejeuner. They become very tame and are quite friends. There is waste ground and garden round three sides of the flat, which lies east and west, with the kitchen window to the south, and the view is very extensive to the west. It is close to the rich American quarter, and from the bridge over the Seine close at hand from thirty to forty rows of fine trees branch off to the various boulevards and along the river-banks. The riverviews are splendid, and long lines of picturesque barges, which have come from great distances, are constantly passing up and down.

Your furniture can be put on board a vessel in London, and landed at the nearest quay. The riversteamers take you and your parcels or bicycle up the river for a penny on week-days to Charenton, near Vincennes, or for twopence down to Suresnes, beyond the Bois de Boulogne, passing Meudon, Sêvres, and St Cloud. The electric railway takes you to Versailles or connects you with the Ceinture Railway and St Lazare. Tramways of all sorts, and omnibuses, horsed generally with teams of three gallant grays, take you to every possible or impossible part of Paris for three-halfpence outside and threepence inside. If you dislike stairs-which are very easy wooden ones, -you can get the same accommodation on the lower floors by paying from eight pounds to ten pounds more, or at the same price on the ground-floor. There is no doubt, however, as statistics show, that illnesses, especially such varieties as typhoid and other fevers, become rarer the higher up you live in a town. You also escape your neighbours' dust, which the pattern bonne ought to shake from the windows between eight and ten o'clock every morning.

The flat is usually taken for three months, and three months' notice is required before giving up a flat. It is the rule rather than the exception that the rooms should be thoroughly cleaned and repapered to the reasonable taste of the tenant before entry. If it is standing empty you can get a month's extra use of the flat for nothing after the cleaning operations are completed. The letting terms are the 15th January, April, July, and October.

The concierge is apt to regard the foreigner as his special prey, but if you show him that you know the ropes and are always firm and civil, and deal directly with your landlord if any difficulty arises, you will generally find that he is a much-maligned individual who works very hard and has a great deal of responsibility.

The rooms of French flats can generally be made really pretty at a very small expenditure. The cornices are in good taste, and there is often suitable woodwork to set off tinted papers without patterns, unless you like to have a conventional fleur de lys design or something of that sort, which always looks

well. Furnishing is not expensive, and you can rely on getting half the cost price back if you wish to sell. It costs very little to get some furniture sent over from home, but this subject would have to be dealt with at greater length. It may merely be added that it is a great pleasure to pick up what you want gradually after getting beds and ordinary necessaries. The old shops and fairs of Paris are an everlasting joy to those who are fond of hunting for really good old furniture and books and pictures, and who know how to give their rooms that charm and comfort which can be felt but not described.

Once in your flat and provided with a good bonne, about whom much might usefully be written, your troubles are over if you will be content to manage your household on French lines. You will fare better than at home, and have much less to attend to, and more free time. The bonne will have lit the kitchen fire (and others in winter), swept out the sittingrooms, and prepared your bath before she brings your petit déjeuner to your bedroom or serves it in the salle à manger. The milk and bread and butter -all excellent-are left at your door in the morning or twice a day, and the butcher's boy will call for orders. The bonne will then attend to the bedrooms. About eleven o'clock she will probably go out for from half-an-hour to an hour with a big basket on her arm to buy vegetables, cheese, and any small things that may be wanted, and interview many gossips at great length. Coal for the kitchen and wood and fuel for the other fires arrive punctually in sealed bags if ordered by post-card. Potin, the universal provider of Paris, will deliver your groceries, petrol for lamps, the table water which you prefer, and everything else you require, and take away the empty cans, &c., at the same time. Most things are paid for on delivery or weekly, and your bonne's book is inspected every day. Most French bonnes cook really well within the limits of the old bourgeoise cookery, which is the best in the world. You taste the special flavour of each cours, served as it is straight from the fire, unspoilt by a chilling journey by stair or lift. Your treasme is interested in her cooking, as your food is her. Her weak point is probably a lack of variety in puddings, but she is willing to learn. For two pounds to two pounds ten shillings a month, with wine, you secure the services of this paragon, who often does some washing and even sewing if required. She expects to be talked to in a more or less friendly way, and not to be treated as an inferior being and to be free for a few hours on Sunday afternoon.

The average expenditure of such a householdnamely, four people, including the bonne-can be very comfortably limited to sixteen shillings a day in winter, and less in summer, when so much fuel and artificial light are not required. This is allowing four pounds a month for rent and taxes, and is on the supposition that the flat is unoccupied and unlet in your absence for two and a half months' change of air somewhere. An average of one guest a dar, generally at tea, is included. The excellent white or red wine of the country costs about twopened halfpenny a quart, and really good wine can be got at from one to five francs a bottle. Whisky and tea can be ordered from home at home prices. You can dine exceedingly well at hundreds of restaurants for three or four francs if you want a change.

It is difficult to give in a short article any adequate description of the pleasures of such an experiment in economy, but everything I have noted is the result of personal experience and investigation. Miss Betham-Edwards happily sums up the French system of housekeeping 'as the glorification of simplicity, a supreme economy of time, outlay, and worry.'

THE HERMIT OF CAPE MALEA.

THE STORY OF A HIDDEN TREASURE.

By J. L. HORNIBROOK.



N the lonely headland known as Cape Malea, in the south of Greece, there is a solitary habitation, a rude structure perched high among the rocks, pointed out to passengers on passing steamers as the Hermit's Hut.

Though the original occupant has long since passed away, a successor has taken his place, who lives in the same rigid seclusion. Steamships bound that way often blow their steam-whistles in an endeavour to attract his attention, but he refuses to be lured from his retreat. At night, however, a glimmer of light high up on the headland marks his solitary dwelling among the rocks.

It is now many years since the first hermit took up his abode in this lonely spot. Curious stories

were told of him. Though his identity was never revealed, it was said that he had occupied a high position in the Church; that, in the heat of passion, he had been guilty of a crime, on which account he had fled from Athens and sought refuge in the rocky seclusion of Cape Malea. It was said, mortover, that he was the sole possessor of an important secret—a secret relating to a vast treasure hidden away somewhere on one of the islands of the Greeian Archipelago. The truth of the latter report may be judged from the following story, related to the writer by an old Greek pilot intimately acquainted with these waters, as an experience of fact in the days of his youth.

When little more than a lad, Carlos—that #85 the pilot's name—sailed these seas in his father's

brig; his brother, Dimitri Carlos, being mate, and his father the skipper. Pedro himself (the pilot) acted as second mate; while an old retainer, Salome by name, was cook. The remainder of the crew consisted of five Greek sailors picked up at random.

On one occasion, a hot July day, the brig was becalmed in the vicinity of Cape Malea. The sea shone and glistened under the fierce rays of the sun, the heat rising from it as though from boiling oil, and there was little prospect of a breath of wind coming to their relief.

All day long old Carlos, the skipper, sat under the awning aft, combing his white beard with his hand and glancing thoughtfully towards the rocky slopes of Cape Malea. A strong current was drifting them shorewards, and at nightfall they had to drop anchor to save the vessel from bumping upon the rocks. Then old Carlos, calling his sons to him, announced his intention of landing and seeking the hermit in his hut. All three had heard much of the mysterious recluse, and of the secret he was supposed to possess.

The two young men rowed the old skipper on shore in the punt. On landing, he bade them await his return, and set out alone up the dark and lonely slope. The night was black and still, the ground-swell flopping heavily against the rocks, while not a breath of wind came from land or sea.

The two brothers waited a full hour, but as yet there was no sign of old Carlos. The delay caused them much speculation. They wondered what was taking place up there in the hermit's hut, and what was the nature of the interview between their father and the solitary tenant of the hill.

At last old Carlos came walking down with slow step and lowered head. They were struck at once by the change in him. His manner was grave and thoughtful, though there seemed to be some subdued emotion underlying it. He had the air of one who had been profoundly impressed by something he had seen or heard.

He took his seat in the punt without speaking, and was rowed back to the brig. Not a word did he utter on the way. Even on reaching the vessel he vouchsafed no information to his sons. He went straight down below, leaving them to question each other as to what he had brought away with him from the hut.

The following morning, while the brig still lay at anchor, old Carlos summoned them both to the cabin, bidding them bring Salome with them. When they were shut in there together and secure from interruption the old man unfolded to them his tale, which proved a truly surprising and remarkable one.

He said that after landing he had climbed the rocky slope and silently approached the hermit's hut. There was a feeble glimmer of light within. Looking through the little window, he saw the hermit lying on a rude couch, one bare arm hanging over the side. He was either asleep or in the last stages of illness—old Carlos could not tell which.

He crept noiselessly into the hut. The first thing that caught his eye was a paper lying on the floor, which had evidently dropped from the hermit's hand. He picked it up and glanced at it. The contents startled him. It was a written confession of the crime the hermit had committed—telling how in a fit of passion he slew a brother-priest.

While Carlos still held the paper in his hand the hermit awoke, raised his gaunt form on the couch, and glared at him with wild, half-crazed eyes. At sight of the paper, however, intelligence seemed to return to them at once.

'Have you read that?' he cried in a hoarse, rasping voice.

'Yes,' replied Carlos, 'I have.'

'You know my secret, then?'

'Swear that you will keep it. In return, I will put you in possession of another secret—a secret from which you will derive untold benefit.'

'The secret of the treasure?'

'Yes.'

The bargain was struck between them. Carlos returned the paper to the hermit; and he, on his part, gave him full particulars of the island upon which the treasure was hidden, and how to find the exact spot. The old skipper noted down these particulars before he left the hut; and now, in presence of his sons and Salome, he produced the scrap of paper on which they were written.

Before referring to it, however, he took down a chart of the Grecian Archipelago and spread it out on the table before him. The other three bent eagerly over it.

'Here,' said old Carlos, laying a finger on the chart, 'are two islands, Paros and Antiparos, lying close together. It is with Antiparos we have to do. There the treasure is hidden.'

'How are we to find it?' asked Dimitri.

'I am coming to that,' replied the old man. 'But first I must tell you that we may have great difficulty in landing on the island at all.'

'How is that?'

'For a long time this treasure has been known to exist, though no one was aware of the particular island on which it was hidden. Some years ago a shrewd old Turk heard of it. With a few wealthy friends he leased some of the islands, under the pretence that they intended to search for minerals. Their real object was to discover the treasure, and in that they failed. Now, to protect themselves and prevent others from landing, they induced the Government to send out a gunboat, which cruised about in the vicinity of the islands. The gunboat is there to this day, and takes it upon herself to stop and board any vessel suspected of treasure-Many have been turned back in this hunting. way.'

'And if we fall in with her?' asked Dimitri.

'Leave it to me,' replied old Carlos. 'I will spin them some plausible tale. If she allows us to pass and proceed on our way I will land you three on the south-west portion of the island, at a particular spot. The landing must take place at night-time, for it is only then that the directions can be followed and the treasure found.

'When you set foot on shore,' he resumed, referring to the scrap of paper, 'you must walk due east by compass for two hundred paces, then turn sharp to the left, and get the star Polaris bearing right ahead. Follow on for six hundred paces. This will bring you to a little conical-shaped mound. Ascend to the summit, and again take your bearings. Your course will now lie northeast. One hundred and fifty paces will bring you to a sunken patch of ground about thirty feet square. Right in the centre of this square you will begin to dig. About three feet below the surface you will come across a flat stone. This you must raise carefully, and wait for some time to allow the foul air to escape before you venture down.'

'Yes, yes,' said Dimitri, nodding his head. understand.'

'The stone,' proceeded old Carlos, 'covers the mouth of a shaft over one hundred feet in depth. You must descend by means of a rope. On reaching the bottom you will find a narrow tunnel running in a westerly direction. Crawl through this until you come to another opening on the right, into which you must turn. Do not be afraid if you hear terrible noises on all sides, noises as if a great flood of waters was about to break in on you.

'This second tunnel you will find even narrower than the first-so much so that there will be barely room to crawl through. It will bring you to an underground vault or chamber; and there, amidst sights that may shock and terrify you, you

will find the treasure.'

He said no more, but handed the paper containing the directions to Dimitri, who was to act as leader of the little party. A land-breeze springing up soon afterwards, they hastened to weigh anchor, and sailed away in quest of the hermit's treasure.

As old Carlos had anticipated, they were not allowed to approach the island without opposition. The following morning the watchful gunboat hove in sight, and ordered them to round to. An officer came on board, and proceeded to interview the skipper.

Old Carlos had his story ready. He displayed the ship's papers, which showed that they were bound from Patras to Syra in ballast. questioned as to why they were so far out of their course, he stated that they had run short of water owing to calms. He wished to land on Antiparos in order to obtain a fresh supply, as he knew of a good spring there.

The explanation, told in a simple and convincing manner, satisfied the officer. After searching the brig throughout and finding nothing suspicious, he accepted a cigarette from the old skipper and

took his departure.

The brig was again put on her course, old Carlos chuckling quietly to himself. The first difficulty

that lay in their way was overcome. The old man held anxious consultation with his sons during the day. All three were excited by their near approach to the island containing the treasure.

As the sun set that evening the brig slowly rounded a rocky point on the extreme south-west of Antiparos, and soon afterwards dropped anchor in a sheltered little bay. All preparations for the expedition were silently and quickly made. To the sailors, who were not in the secret, old Carlos gave out that he wished to land in order to obtain a particular kind of plant which grew on the island. Knowing that the brig was his own, and that he was at liberty to sail her where he chose, they were satisfied with the explanation.

An hour later Dimitri, Pedro, and the faithful old Salome landed. Each carried a coil of rope and a lantern, the latter not yet lighted. They were armed, moreover, with shovels and pickaxes, as well as a supply of water and provisions.

A curious-shaped rock standing high up on the beach marked their starting-point. Under shelter of this Dimitri lighted his lantern and took out his pocket-compass.

'Due east for two hundred paces,' he said. 'That is our first move.' And in silence, each following the other, the distance was slowly paced off.

'Now to the left,' continued Dimitri. 'Ah! there's Polaris bearing right ahead. On this course we must make six hundred paces.'

With his eyes on the star, which served them as a guide, he set forward again, the two others following in his footsteps as before. Presently he paused and looked round at them.

'Halt,' he said. 'We have covered the six hundred paces, and here is the mound right before us'

They climbed to the summit, where Dimitri care fully took his bearings again.

'Now for the last lap,' he said, beginning to grow excited. 'Only one hundred and fifty paces more and we are at the spot.'

He moved on ahead again, directing his course to the north-east, and soon reached the sunken patch of ground, which was almost an exact square.

'Here we are!' he cried, making for the centre. 'The treasure lies right beneath our feet.'

By careful measurement they fixed upon the right spot. Pedro and Salome now lighted their lanterns and placed them on the ground. Then they commenced to dig.

They worked with pick and shovel, throwing up the earth in a mound, until they had reached a depth of nearly three feet. Then Dimitri's pick rang upon something hard.

'The stone!' he cried eagerly, while the two

others were not less excited.

The stone, when uncovered, proved to be a great flat slab about three inches in thickness. With no little difficulty they succeeded in raising it and getting a rope round it. Then they set them selves the task of hauling it up out of the excaration, which was quite enough to tax their united strength. That done, they sat down to wait and give time for the foul air to escape, as old Carlos had directed.

Not until a full hour had elapsed did they dare to venture down. The stone now served them in good stead. One end of the rope by which they intended to descend was made fast to it; the other was allowed to dangle down into the dark depths of the shaft. Then Dimitri, with his lantern slung around his neck and his pick secured to his belt, made ready to lower himself into the black, gaping hole. As the three stood for a moment around the mouth of the shaft, they could hear a dull booming and roaring far below, but this did not deter them. The next moment Dimitri swung himself into the dark opening, and quickly disappeared from view.

He reached the bottom in safety, and signalled the others to follow. Pedro went next, then Salome, each armed with lantern and pick. They too arrived safely at the bottom of the deep shaft.

And now the first moment of hesitation came. For a time they stood there in a group, looking at each other with awed, questioning faces. The roaring noises were terrifying. It was exactly as old Carlos had described: just as if a great flood of waters was about to crash in upon them. They were chilled, too, with the cold, which was intense down here.

Dimitri at last raised his lantern, the light of which was reflected dimly from dark walls of rock on every side. He looked around him.

'See, there is the tunnel,' he said. 'Yes,' he continued, consulting his compass again, 'it leads in a westerly direction. Come along.'

He crawled into the dark opening, Pedro following, and Salome bringing up the rear. As they proceeded the roaring of waters seemed to grow louder and nearer. They felt sure that only a thin wall of rock separated them from some cavern into which the sea found entrance, and expected every moment a raging flood to break in upon them.

The second tunnel, into which they now turned, was so narrow and low that their backs almost touched the top. The roof here was not of solid rock, but seemed to be composed of earth and stones. Once, when near the end, Dimitri raised himself a little, so that his back actually brushed the roof. Immediately there was a warning shout from Pedro.

'What is it?' cried Dimitri, endeavouring to look round.

'Be careful,' shouted his brother. 'The earth is falling. You are bringing in the roof.'

Dimitri crouched down again. A few yards farther he emerged from the narrow tunnel, and was able to stand upright. He found himself in a kind of dark vault, almost circular in shape. In spite of the din and roar of waters close at hand, his heart beat high with exultation. They had reached their goal at last. This was the treasure-chamber! He waited until the two others had emerged from the tunnel and were at his side. Then they raised their lanterns and looked about them. As they did so a simultaneous cry broke from all three—a cry of surprise and horror.

All around the walls of the underground chamber were ranged figures, lifelike in size and shape, some with the most horrible and fiendish expressions. They seemed to glare and grin at the intruders, and it was some time before the latter could bring themselves to believe that they were not really human.

'Bah! They are only images,' cried Dimitri, who was the first to recover himself. 'They were placed there probably for the purpose of scaring away any one who penetrated so far. But they must not deter us. Come, let us look around for the treasure.'

They had not far to look. In the centre of the place was a mound of earth, to which they turned their attention. Clearing it away with their pick-axes, they came upon a great oaken chest, the lid of which was quickly prised open. It contained the treasure they had come to seek. It was filled with bags of gold, a quantity of gold plate, gold figures, and jewels of every description. In their wildest dreams they had not hoped to find so much wealth.

They had brought a stout canvas sack with them for the purpose of removing the treasure. They refrained, however, from attempting the task here. Apart from the fact that the sack would not hold the entire contents of the chest, they were little disposed to linger in this ghastly chamber. The influences of the place, the silent figures staring at them from all sides, the roar of waters, had an unnerving effect upon them. Salome, in particular, was trembling and quaking, casting frightened glances over one shoulder after another. Pedro also was unstrung, Dimitri alone retaining his self-possession.

They decided to haul the chest out to the foot of the shaft, where they could remove the contents at leisure. For this purpose they attached a rope to it, and, heavy as it was, dragged it across to the mouth of the tunnel. Dimitri and Pedro, each holding the rope, entered the opening one after the other; Salome pushing and guiding the great chest from behind.

It was slow and arduous work. They could only move the heavy chest a foot or two at a time, and even then they had to tug and strain desperately to drag it along. But what cared they for that? In time they would get it out; and then—then—vast riches would be theirs!

They had only proceeded a few yards along the tunnel when they were brought to a sudden stoppage. The great chest stuck fast. They tugged and strained, but could not move it. It had caught or was jammed somewhere.

'What is it, Salome?' shouted Pedro, raising his voice to the utmost, for the roar of waters around was deafening. 'Can you see where it is jammed?'

'Yes, yes, I see,' came the faint response. 'Wait a moment.'

They heard him striking with his pick against the rocky wall of the tunnel. Again and again he struck, knocking away portions of the rock in order to free the chest. And then, as they waited, they heard a terrible cry break from him drowned almost immediately by the rush and roar that followed. They knew what had happened. The water had broken in upon them!

Desperately, frantically, they strove to move the chest, to push it back or drag it forward. It was wedged fast. Their utmost efforts could not

stir it.

They could not, they dared not linger. The water was already making its way out upon them. In another few minutes it would flood the narrow tunnel. And so, with old Salome's piteous cries ringing in their ears, they turned and crawled away for their lives.

It was a race against death. The water gained upon them so rapidly that their lanterns were soon

extinguished. Fortunately they reached the wider tunnel in time, and made their way rapidly along it to the foot of the shaft.

'Up, up!' cried Dimitri to his brother. 'The

water is making upon us fast.'

One after another they hastened to climb the rope, and reached the top in safety. There, panting and exhausted, they flung themselves down. The same heavy thought was in the mind of each—the terrible fate which had overtaken poor old Salome.

At daybreak they made their way back to the brig, carrying their sad tale to old Carlos. Though the loss of the treasure vexed him sorely, he was far more moved by the death of the faithful Salome.

Later in the day they visited the spot again, and found that the water had risen almost to the mouth of the shaft. All efforts to pump it out were in vain. It rose as rapidly as it was discharged from the pumps, fed from below by the sea itself.

And so, to this day, the water holds the treasure

in its grip.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH INNS.



HE cosy inn of the coaching days—
which went out about the middle
of last century, and experienced a
revival lately through cyclist and
motorist—with smiling host and
hostess, blazing fires, and substantial

good cheer, has developed in some cases into the smart modern hotel, where one loses individuality and becomes a number, and where the telegraph and telephone and bustling ways of modern life have killed old-fashioned leisure. Mr Charles G. Harper, who has given us about a score of volumes already regarding English roads, coaching, and allied subjects, has scoured England on his bicycle, and quite naturally crystallised the knowledge gathered after five thousand miles of travel into two handsome, well-illustrated volumes, The Old Inns of Old England (Chapman & Hall). Mr Harper traces the history of inns, which he believes came in with the Romans, till our own time, and chats pleasantly about pilgrim inns, historic inns, inns of old romance, Pickwickian and other Dickensian inns, those frequented by highwaymen, those in Cheshire, the inns that have retired from business and are now private dwellings or farmhouses, with the rhymes, anecdotes, relics, ingle-nooks, signs, and all the lore that has gathered around them during the centuries. The oldest inn in London, he says, is 'Dick Whittington,' Cloth Fair, Smithfield; while the 'Seven Stars,' Manchester, claims to have been licensed for five hundred and sixty

There is a wide difference between the ordinary public-house and tavern of to-day and the place where a seat in a tavern-chair, according to Dr Johnson, was the height of human felicity. The eighteenth-century inns, where men like Addison, Goldsmith, or Johnson smoked and drank in public parlours, were the clubs of that age. While comfortably seated in the Shakespeare's Head In at Chapelhouse, on the road to Worcester and Lichfield, the great lexicographer delivered himself thus to Boswell: 'No, sir, there is nothing which as yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is provided as by a good inn.' Falstaff, when his hostess tried to prick his conscience by the memory of an old debt, said, 'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?' And the poet Shenstone wrote this on the window of an inn at Henley:

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round, Where'er his stages may have been, May sigh to think he still has found The warmest welcome at an inn.

Longfellow in Hyperion makes Flemming, as he ascended the tavern steps, say in his heart with the Italian Aretino, 'He who has not been at a tavern knows not what a paradise it is. O holy tavern! O miraculous tavern!—holy, because no carking cares are there, nor weariness, nor pain; and miraculous because of the spits, which of themselves turn round and round.'

The writer, who was lately in the Globe Room of the 'Reindeer' at Banbury, with its fine Jacobean ceiling and oak panelling, and traditions of Oliver Cromwell, can witness to the truthfulness of Mr Harper's description. Equally correct is the description of the Washington Irving Room in the 'Red Horse,' Stratford-on-Avon, kept now as a small private sitting-room, looking out on Bridge Street. The walls are hung with portraits, in-

cluding those of Irving and Longfellow, and a silhouette of Sally Garner, daughter of the landlord during Irving's visit. The clock has a brass plate with inscription; there is an inscription also on the poker known as Geoffrey Crayon's sceptre, which is kept rolled up in the office of the hotel. Irving's chair is kept in a cupboard with glass doors. Mr W. S. Brassington, of the Shakespeare Memorial Library here, has edited a dainty edition, with pictures, of the two famous essays written by Irving in this room, upon Stratford and Charlecote Park.

Next to visiting these quaint inns and recalling their associations is the pleasure of turning over Mr Harper's pages. Broadway, in Worcestershire, better known and appreciated by Americans than English folk, is a favourite haunt of artists. Here resides Madame de Navarro (Mary Anderson), amongst the apple-orchards of the vale of Evesham. The four-gabled stone front of the 'Lygon Arms' gives this inn the air of an ancient mansion-house. It has a reputed Cromwell Room, where the Protector is said to have slept before the battle of Worcester. The father of Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., was landlord of the 'Bear' at Devizes. The young hopeful was petted by the ladies, painted portraits for half a guinea, and between whiles punched the heads of stable-boys. The elder Lawrence, who was a business failure, would sometimes introduce his son thus: 'Gentlemen, here's my son. Will you have him recite from the poets or take your portraits?' The 'Feathers' at Ludlow is a fine old timbered black-and-white house. 'There are,' says Mr Harper, 'many ancient and picturesque hostelries in England, but none finer than the "Feathers," and it is additionally remarkable for being as exquisite within as without,' with its oak-panelled rooms, decorated ceiling, and carved oak overmantel. There is a 'Saracen's Head' in the town of Lincoln as well as at Southwell, Notts, where Byron once stayed and wrote an epigram on the carrier; here also Charles I. was delivered up to the Scots. Southwell has memories of Cardinal Wolsey after his fall, and its fine cathedral of Norman architecture is worth a visit. The rosery of Messrs Merryweather is one of the finest in the kingdom, and is altogether a thing of beauty and joy when the roses are in bloom. Colour and fragrance alike make a walk here an unforgettable

Some of the Shakespearian inns were the 'Boar's Head' in Eastcheap (the scene of Falstaff's revels) and the 'Garter' at Windsor. Pepys mentions the 'Red Lion' at Guildford in 1661, where he had asparagus for supper, 'the best that I ate in my life.' Defoe wrote part of Robinson Crusoe at the 'Rose and Crown,' Halifax; and at the Royal Hotel, Bideford, Charles Kingsley wrote Westvard Ho! Kests composed Endymion at Burford Bridge Hotel, near Dorking; and there R. L. Stevenson imagined a highway romance in the tapping of

an outside shutter by the chance wayfarer at dead of night. On his way to London in 1802 De Quincey made the Lion Inn, Shrewsbury, the scene of one of his rhapsodies. The 'Old Angel,' Basingstoke, now a temperance hotel, had associations with Jane Austen's early days; while the 'Royal George' at Knutsford has associations with Mrs Gaskell's Cranford. In 1852 Miss Mulock thought of Tewkesbury as the background of a story, lunched at the Bell Inn close to the abbey gates, and decided to make that house part of her new tale, which proved to be the very popular John Halifax, Gentleman. At the 'Red Lion,' High Wycombe, Disraeli made his first speech. The present landlord is Mr Oliver Cromwell. John Hampden was borne mortally wounded to the 'Greyhound' at Thame. At Goring-on-Thames there is an inn-sign painted by Marcus Stone, while that of the 'George and Dragon,' Hayes Common, was painted by Millais. Dick Turpin was the son of the landlord of the Crown Inn, Hempstead, Essex. The 'Spaniards,' between Hampstead and Highgate, has traditions of him. In 1739 he was hanged at Knavesmire, York. Mr Harper says: 'Since then he has become very much of a hero, perhaps the sorriest, the most sordid and absolutely commonplace scoundrel that was ever raised on so undeserving a pedestal.' Black Bess is wholly a creature of Harrison Ainsworth's imagi-

Mr Harper recalls that Dickens, at twenty-five even, had an encyclopædic knowledge of inns, due to his reporting journeys for the Morning Chronicle; and in Pickwick some fifty-five inns and taverns are mentioned, of which twelve remain. This first successful book by Dickens is called the very Odyssey of inns, which are touched at from Rochester and Ipswich on the east to Bath and Bristol on the west, and as far as Birmingham and Coventry in the Midlands. We read of hospitable comfort, of a prodigious amount of eating and drinking, with great joints, heaped-up dishes, and many bottles and decanters. But Dickens's waiters are creations of the novelist; those of Thackeray are drawn from the life. Cattermole drew the 'Maypole' for Barnaby Rudge entirely from imagination. When an imaginary character is believed in he soon achieves a local habitation and a name. A visitor remarked to an innkeeper, 'So this is where Mr Pickwick is supposed to have slept.' landlord was ruffled. 'Supposed to have slept?' He did sleep there, sir.' The appreciation of Dickens for inns decreased as his method of storytelling changed in later life. 'Jack Straw's Castle' on Hampstead Heath, where the novelist and Forster used to have a red-hot chop and a glass of wine, is said to have somewhat changed its character.

There is a long list of inns closed by the railways, where the 'stable-yards grew silent, grass sprouted between the cobbles, spiders wreathed the windows in webs; the very rats, with tears in their eyes for the vanished days of plenteous corn and offal, were reduced to eating one another.' The 'Edinburgh Castle,' at Limehouse, London, is now a mission church, where, instead of advertising some one's fine ales, there is the text, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.' Marlborough College for boys was once the Castle Inn. The 'Falcon,' at Bidford, near Stratford-on-Avon, is now a private house.

Mr Harper has not turned his attention to Scotland. There, too, he might also have gleaned some entertaining matter. The reading of his book has suggested to us the following notes. Tennyson wrote his *Daisy* in an Edinburgh hotel, while

Here alone in this dark city, When ill and weary, alone and cold. . . .

And I forgot the clouded Forth,

The gloom that saddens heaven and earth,
The bitter east, the misty summer,
And Gray Metropolis of the North.

The White Horse Inn, where Johnson arrived in 1773, was once the first hostelry in Edinburgh, but suffered a gradual decline. The Doctor had a specimen of Scottish cleanliness here, just before Boswell called to conduct him to his house in the Lawnmarket. The waiter sweetened the lemonade with sugar lifted in his greasy fingers, whereat Johnson threw the beverage out of the window. Johnson's muttered exclamation as he passed up the High Street, 'I smell you in the dark,' is a commentary on the filthy state of the open sewers. It would be easy to give examples of the coarseness of many Scottish inns in the eighteenth century. Surely Topham (1775) is wrong in calling this the best inn in Edinburgh. In the Pleasance 'we were conducted by a poor devil of a girl, without shoes or stockings, and with only a single linseywoolsey petticoat, which just reached half-way to her ankles, into a room where about twenty Scotch drovers were regaling themselves with whisky and potatoes.' T. J. Hogg, who came on by coach from York to Edinburgh after his friend Shelley the poet, who had just married, spent a night in a wretched inn where the coach stopped. He thought it a disgusting place, and was attended by a stupid, red-haired, barenecked, barefooted, dirty girl. He observed impressions of naked and muddy feet, of bare toes and heels, on the hearth and on the floor, but no other traces of social elegance. The young wench was half-naked. The common room he called an uncommonly dirty, dingy hole. It is only fair to say that John Wesley, who crossed the Border into Scotland about twenty times, and lived in all kinds of inns, notes under Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, in 1753: 'What miserable accounts pass current in England of the inns in Scotland! Yet here, as well as wherever we called, in our whole journey, we had not only everything we wanted, but everything readily and in good order, and as clean as I desire.

Robert Chambers in his Walks in Edinburgh tells us that James Dun, an innkeeper at Blackshiels,

latterly of the Pleasance in Edinburgh, removed to Princes Street in 1776, where he erected the sign of 'Dun's Hotel.' The term 'stabler' was then the common word for innkeeper; and as the word hotel was new, many thought the place neither more nor less than a house of bad fame. Lord Provost Kincaid is said to have remonstrated with the proprietor upon the indecency of the sign. In 1825 Edinburgh had nineteen hotels; now, opposite where Dun's Hotel once flourished is the gigantic North British Railway Hotel. At the other end of Princes Street a noticeable feature is the Caledonian Railway Hotel.

Lord Cockburn in his Memorials recalls a scene at the beginning of the nineteenth century in an inn at Middleton, south from Edinburgh, whither the local aristocracy, to the number of over a dozen persons, including the Duke of Buccleuch, had gathered for a day of freedom and jollity. Young Cockburn heard them roaring and singing and laughing in a low-roofed room scarcely large enough to hold them, with wooden chairs and a sanded floor. When their own lackeys did not choose to attend, the masters were served by two women. There was plenty of wine, particularly claret, in rapid circulation, but young Cockburn specially noticed a huge bowl of whisky punch, the steam of which was almost dropping from the roof, 'while the odour was enough to perfume the whole parish.' The noise, heat, and uproarious mirth were remembered long afterwards. When Cockburn's father went out of the room, the son was stuck in the chair and toasted uproariously. Burns has painted scenes like these in lower life in Tam of Shanter and The Jolly Beggars. Cockburn in 1845 lamented, 'Why, amidst all the beauty that surrounds Edinburgh, have we never had a single hedge alchouse or English country inn? Whisky, no doubt, is a devil, but why has this devil so many worshippers? Chiefly because exclusion, with its horror of open, sunny recreation, will give the people no deity to follow.

Christopher North glorified the Crook Inn, on the upper reaches of the Tweed, in his Streams, as well as Clovenfords Inn lower down, above Galashiels, where William and Dora Wordsworth in 1803 found the name of Walter Scott a passport for everything, as he also had stayed there. The recollection of being so near Yarrow Vale, and passing it unvisited, caused the poet to pen Yarrow Unvisited. Dr John Brown records an anecdote of the poet Campbell, who had wandered as far as the 'Bield,' above the Crook Inn, and was snug in bed after his tumbler of toddy, when there came a knock at the door. Candle in hand entered the pretty maiden who had given him his supper. 'Please, sir, could ye tak' a neebour into your bed?' 'With all my heart,' said the poet, starting up gaily. 'Thank you, sir, for the Moffat carrier's come in a' wat, and there's no' a single other place. Up came the big, reeking man, and exit the little woman. Carlyle spent a sleepless night in Broughton Inn, where the coach had stuck during a snowstorm. Professor Jowett used to come to Tummel Bridge Inn, Perthshire, year after year.

Inn and hotel tips and charges are another story, and each visitor has some experience, good, bad, or indifferent, to relate. R. L. Stevenson, in his green youth, exclaimed of a Scottish inn at Dunblane, 'What wonderful things inns and waiters and bagmen are!' although a little later, in Germany, with an eye on a probable remittance from home, he wrote, 'This hotel-work makes money disappear like butter in a furnace.'

In the eyes of the law an inn or hotel is an establishment the proprietor of which undertakes to provide for the comfort of all comers, especially travellers. Dr Murray in his great dictionary

defines an inn as a public-house kept for the lodging and entertainment of travellers, or of any who wish to use its accommodation; sometimes erroneously called a tavern, which does not provide lodging. There is an interesting point of law in this connection which is worth noting, emphasised by a decree against an Edinburgh hotel proprietor for a sum of over one thousand seven hundred and ninety pounds, the value of the contents of a bag of jewellery stolen from the hotel by outside thieves. Both in England and Scotland innkeepers and hotelkeepers at common law are liable to restore all goods of their guests brought to the inn and lost, unless they can establish that these have been lost through the 'act of God' or of 'the king's enemies.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ARTIFICIAL SILK WALL-COVERING.



HE evolution of sanitary mediums for the covering of walls, either in the form of a fluid or a fabric such as wall-paper, has been a subject of great study during the past few years. One of the latest of these is

a new material to which the name 'metaxin' has been given, and which is the production of a German inventor. The feature of this substance is that externally it has the appearance of silken fabrics, the characteristic lustre being of great brilliancy, while any desired colour scheme or effect can be secured. The grain or thread of the textile substance is completely reproduced, and the imitation is so complete that its artificial nature can only be detected by minute inspection. The wall-covering is prepared by forcing dissolved wood-pulp through a series of fine openings, and then treating and drying it by a secret process to obtain the requisite silky appearance. Subsequently this product is deposited upon a firm foundation suitable for hanging upon walls, such as paper or cotton, in a sufficiently thick layer to prevent the material underneath being distinguished. The silken threads are caused to adhere so firmly to the base that they cannot be rubbed or scratched off by wear and tear, thereby giving the covering great stability and durability, while, moreover, it is completely resistant to the action of soda, acids, or alkalies, and absolutely damp-proof. The material will take any colour, is not affected by heat, and owing to its tightly closed surface offers no refuge for dust or disease, so that it is perfectly hygienic.

AUTOMATIC SYSTEM FOR THE LOCKING OF RAILWAY-CARRIAGE DOORS.

The perils incidental to the conventional system of locking railway-carriage doors have been forcibly brought to the front during the past few weeks by

the number of fatalities that have ensued through a door suddenly flying open and precipitating the passenger within on to the metals. An ingenious system has, however, been recently patented by four inventors of Workington, whereby such dangers are completely eliminated, the doors being locked securely by automatic agency from the engine. The device is of a simple character requiring no elaborate or additional fittings to the locomotive, the locking and unlocking action being applied in conjunction with the automatic brake. Although every carriage door throughout a train may be locked in this manner, such operation does not interfere with the working of the doors of the brake-vans, which must of course always be unlocked. The scope of the invention is as follows: Before the train leaves a station the doors become securely fastened, remaining so until it draws up again at the next stoppingplace, when the doors become automatically released. After the doors have been so locked, should the guard desire to unlock a door for any reason, such as to admit or release passengers, he can easily do so from the outside by means of his key in the usual manner. Furthermore, should a door be left partly open, directly it is slammed to it becomes locked like the others. Moreover, in the event of an accident, causing possibly the overturning of a coach, the doors thereof immediately unlock automatically. Although the system is operated in connection with the automatic brake, the operation of the latter is not interfered with in any way by the new device.

A NEW TYPE OF LIFE-BELT.

Despite the numerous appliances that have been contrived from time to time for the purpose of superseding the familiar type of life-belt, the latterstill retains its popularity. Yet, at the same time, it possesses numerous well-known disadvantages. It is with the object of overcoming the latter that a new device of this type has been evolved by an

inventor of Antwerp. The life-belt comprises two buoyant cushions which are designed to fit upon the chest and the upper part of the back respectively, connected by straps passing over the shoulders. The cushions are held firmly in the requisite positions by a belt which passes round the waist and fastens with a buckle. In this manner the wearer's head is kept well above water, and there is no possibility of his equilibrium being upset. The belt weighs from six and a half to seven pounds, and can be put on or taken off in a few seconds. Being of simple design, there is no part that can fail at a critical moment, while it has great strength and buoyancy, and even when damaged, such as by fouling wreckage or rocks, is still fully capable of sustaining the wearer for any length of time. The apparatus has been submitted to a prolonged series of severe trials both in the sea off Antwerp and in European harbours, and has fully demonstrated its efficiency.

HOW TO DETECT WHEAT-STARCH ADULTERATION.

Wheat-starch is one of those domestic commodities which is greatly subject to adulteration, the usual medium for such practices being ground rice. Iodine is a familiar and ready means of determining the purity of starch, which from the resultant chemical action turns blue. But with wheatstarch such a test is not satisfactory, since the substance consists of large and irregular masses of gluten intermingled with minute grains which the iodine does not affect. In rice-starch the proportion of gluten is much less, while similarly the grains are smaller than those of the wheat. The presence of the latter can be easily detected as follows: Take a small quantity of the starch, and, under a stream of water falling into a bottle, thin it until it attains the consistency of milk. Seal the bottle, and after subjecting it to a thorough shaking allow it to stand until the sediment has collected at the bottom. Suspected rice adulteration will then be easily verified, for in such a case the undissolved wheat and rice grains will resolve themselves into three distinct layers, the larger and smaller wheatgrains forming the bottom and topmost layers, while the rice will settle in the space between.

AN INGENIOUS BENCH-VICE.

Workers at the bench are fully aware of the delay caused when engaged upon an intricate operation by the continual movement of the work in opening and closing the vice in order to facilitate filing or cutting the work at awkward points. The universal vice which has recently been placed upon the market will be much appreciated, since it has been expressly designed to obviate such disadvantages. In reality it is an application of the ball-and-socket joint, the socket being bolted firmly to the bench, while the pedestal supporting the jaws carries at its lower end a ball working in this socket. In this manner the vice can be swung through any angle and the jaws containing the

work placed in any desired position. With this ingenious tool, once the work has been clamped up there is no necessity to remove it until the task has been completed, while at the same time the work is always placed in the position most advantageous to the workman.

BEETROOT-COAL BRIQUETTES.

This is the age of coal substitutes, a varied assortment of which have recently been placed on the market, and which more or less fulfil the claims advanced. Yet at the present time one of the greatest economic problems of the day is the commercial use of the vast amount of coal-dust which accumulates as the result of screening the mineral. The most popular means of utilising this residue is to combine it with sawdust and oil, fashioning and compressing the resultant product into rectangular blocks or briquettes. A new method of preparing such bricks for domestic consumption has been invented by an ingenious French chemist, in which incidentally use is made of the waste from another manufacturing industry-the beetroot-pulp resulting from the preparation of beet-sugar. This residue is practically useless; but now, by mixing it with coal-dust and resin in certain proportions, a new type of briquette is obtained which burns freely without crumbling (owing to the beetroot pulp fibres holding the combination together), and gives an intense heat with practically no smoke. In those countries where the coal-supply is an acute problem owing to the deficiency of native deposits, and where the manufacture of beet-sugar is a flourishing industry, these briquettes should command a wide sale.

PASSION-FRUIT.

An attempt has recently been made to extend the variety of the table dessert by the introduction of the Australian passion-fruit. In the Antipodes this dainty is highly appreciated, owing to the refreshing taste of its juice, which is particularly delectable in hot weather. In appearance the fruit resembles the dark-purple plum, and is the fruit of a creeping vine which is cultivated extensively on Australian homesteads for the adornment of verandas, porches, and so forth, in the same manner as the Virginia creeper over here, the flower being a pretty yellow. The fruit has a hard skin enclosing a mass of flesh which, when ripe, is rich in juice, while in the centre are the seeds. The juice is slightly acidulous, and the flavour is somewhat a combination of the favourite summer fruits of this clime. The Autralians serve up the fruit in a variety of dainty dishes, such as with cream and sugar à la straw berries, the fruit being pressed through strainers to separate the pulp from the seeds. The supplies in Australia are very abundant and obtainable all the year round, the price fluctuating from a penny to sixpence per dozen, according to season. In this country the fruit is almost unknown, the greatest difficulty hitherto experienced being in connection with its transportation; but the perfection of the chilling-chamber should enable this problem to be satisfactorily surmounted. Once the British palate has become accustomed to its luscious flavour there is no doubt but that a heavy demand will ensue for the fruit, and a repetition of the grape-fruit romance result. Such a fruit in the summer-time should be highly welcomed owing to the lack of any similar native dainty.

AN EFFICIENT MOTH-EXTERMINATOR.

There is one pest against which the careful housewife wages a relentless war more than any other in the preservation of articles of attire, and that is the moth. Clothing before being packed away is generally liberally treated with camphor, pieces of which are always retained in the drawer or other storing receptacles. A German chemist has, however, recently prepared a powder which is stated to be far more efficacious in exterminating this insect than the simple camphor; and although it is composed of various ingredients it is inexpensive to make up. The recipe is as follows: (1) Sawdust, finely sifted, 500 parts (by weight); powdered ammonium carbonate prepared with oil of lavender, 5 parts; mix thoroughly together; then add glacial acetic acid, 10 parts; water, 10 parts. (2) Sawdust, finely sifted, 500 parts (by weight); glacial acetic acid, 20 parts; water, 20 parts; spirits of wine, 15 parts; camphor, 5 parts; oil of turpentine, 10 parts. The camphor in (2) is first dissolved in the spirits of wine, then combined with the other liquids, and the whole mixed with the sawdust. Equal parts of (1) and (2) are then taken, the second being added to the first, and after thoroughly mixing add forty parts of ammonium carbonate prepared with oil of lavender. The mixture is then left to dry in a sealed vessel. The preparation is used by distributing the powder in rooms, cupboards, or drawers in which the articles are stored, and the latter may either be suspended over or laid in the powder. If preferred, however, the substance may be sprinkled over the attire, since it is perfectly harmless. The powder is certain in its action, and retains its protective qualities for a long time. Owing to the combination of the ammonium carbonate with the oil of lavender the preparation possesses a pleasant smell, which, however, is injurious to the moths.

THE 'NOTOGRAPH.'

An ingenious novelty which will be greatly appreciated by travellers has been devised by a London inventor for use at railway stations, whereby it will be possible for passengers to communicate or make appointments with friends. The absence of any facilities at the railway termini in any of our great commercial centres for leaving messages for incoming passengers has long been deplored, and it is in order to overcome this shortcoming that the 'notograph' has been devised. It is an automatic appliance upon which messages may be written and left for instant discernment by those whom they

concern. The messages are written upon revolving belts similar to a tape-machine, and the apparatus is so designed that ninety messages are visible at one time. By its aid great inconvenience will be averted to business men while travelling. For instance, Robinson in Glasgow, who has an appointment at a certain hour in London with Smith, who is coming to meet him, misses his train. He transmits a notification of the fact, together with intimation of the train by which he is travelling, to the 'notograph' at Euston. Smith, being disappointed at not meeting Robinson upon the arrival of the prearranged train, refers to the 'notograph' and ascertains the reason; but being unable to await the next Glasgow train, in turn leaves a message on the 'notograph' for Robinson relating his movements, and the spot at which he may be found by the time Robinson reaches the Metropolis. It will be realised that by means of this appliance great inconvenience and delays may be averted, and its utility will be as greatly appreciated by people travelling for pleasure as by business men, since the communication of any description of message or instruction is possible.

PETROL-OPERATED ROCK-DRILL.

One of the latest applications of the explosive power of petrol is to the boring of holes in rocks for the insertion of the blasting cartridges. The machine is ingeniously designed, and comprises a small motor in which the vapourised charge of petrol and air is fired by electricity. The motion thus imparted to the motor is then transmitted to a rapidly reciprocating spindle, to the end of which is fixed the steel drill or jumper for boring the holes in the rock. At the same time, in addition to its reciprocatory motion, the drill-spindle is automatically rotated, so that the drill strikes a fresh surface of rock at each blow. This tool is unique of its kind, and, being so compact and self-contained, is inexpensive to operate, extremely portable, and easily moved from one point to another as desired. For quarry work the appliance should be decidedly advantageous, especially as a further improved development upon the tool has recently been successfully accomplished, whereby a battery of drills may be operated simultaneously from a single motor, so that a large surface of rock can be bored at one time.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN RAMIE PRODUCTION.

Owing to the frequent shortages in the cottonsupply during the past few years, renewed efforts have been made towards the utilisation of ramie as a substitute for this textile fabric. Already this fibre has been brought into extensive application for the production of various articles, such as incandescent gas-mantles and so forth; but its supplanting of jute and cotton has not yet been very complete. This is due to the difficulty experienced in separating the abundant quantities of gum from the fibre. In order to carry out this decortication expensive machinery is requisite; and even then, despite the slow and laborious nature of the task, the result is not very satisfactory. Consequently it has not been possible to place the ramie-the character of which, however, is fully recognised by textile manufacturers-upon the market at a price to enable it to compete favourably with cotton or But it is now announced that an Indian resident has evolved a simple process by which the degumming can be carried out expeditiously and cheaply, and without the aid of any expensive machinery. The fibre is completely deprived of the gum in the operation, while its strength and character are not impaired in the slightest degree. Furthermore, by the application of this process the ramie can be spun upon any existing jute or flax machinery. The announcement of this discovery has resulted in a decided stimulus being imparted to the cultivation of ramie, which flourishes luxuriantly in India, a syndicate having been formed in the country for the exploitation of the new decorticating process, which can either be carried out upon the rhea-field or at centrally disposed factories, transport of the crude material to which will not be expensive. The textile markets of the world have always expressed their desire to develop the manufacture of the fibre once the degumming difficulty has been overcome, since the fibre is much stronger than either flax, jute, or cotton. In view of the facility with which the rhea can be grown, it is anticipated that its cultivation will now be extensively developed not only in India but in other parts of the world to which it is indigenous.

A HANDY FIRE-EXTINGUISHER.

The simple process of producing aerated water by the discharge of the small bulb containing carbonic acid gas in an ordinary siphon is well known to every household. Recently another application of this system has been perfected which will be widely appreciated, since it enables the siphon to be used as a first-aid chemical fireextinguisher. In this instance the bulb contains a charge of liquid CO2, which supplies the requisite pressure for the ejectment of the liquid from within the siphon. All that one has to do is to empty the bulb into the siphon in the usual manner, and by the depression of the lever a steady stream of the extinguishing liquid is thrown upon the burning object.

PARAFFIN-MOTOR CAR.

The advantages of an engine which will run by means of paraffin instead of petrol must have occurred to many owners of motor-cars; and according to The Engineer, Mr R. O. Allsop has designed a two-cylinder paraffin-motor which has demonstrated its capacity for car-driving. The objections which have hitherto curtailed the use of paraffin on the road include the difficulty of starting, the smell from the exhaust, and the fouling of the sparkingplugs and valves with a gummy deposit which must frequently be removed. These difficulties have

been apparently overcome by the inventor after several years of study and experimenting. The starting is effected by petrol until the carburetter is sufficiently heated to change over to paraffin, and the above-mentioned fouling is prevented by a special device for limiting the admission of oil to the combustion-chamber. If this motor is able to substantiate its claims by satisfactory work on the road the demand is likely to exceed the supply for some time to come.

NOVEL PUMP.

Amongst the 'new implements' exhibited at the Royal Agricultural Society's Lincoln Show was an invention called the 'lamp-pump' which is designed to replace hand-power for pumping small quantities of water. The apparatus is a very simple one, and will go on pumping without attention for several hours at a time. The motive-power is produced by a small steam boiler, which may be heated by any available means. What is known as a 'primus' oil-stove was used to heat the example shown, but a gas stove or a small fire of coal or coke would do the work equally well. Steam is used at atmospheric pressure, or slightly above-hence no danger of explosion exists; and as the pump is moved directly up and down by the steam without any cranks or wheels, a breakdown or stoppage is well-nigh impossible. The pump will raise four hundred gallons an hour to a height of forty feet, and should prove very useful for the supply of water to country houses where no public service is available.

A THOUGHT IN AUTUMN.

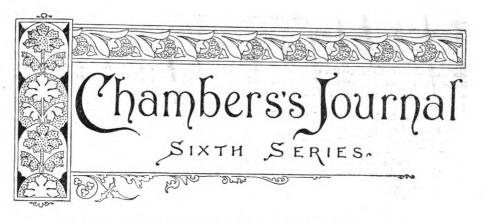
Thou art the same through all the dying years, Far moon, that lookest on the earth and sea. Now are the forests bare, the hoar-frost's tears Lie on the quiet breasts of lawn and lea, And nought but thorns the withered rose bower bear. I mind me of the grace that summer wears, The scented opulence of Arcady; Though here is snow where once spread flowers affame, Thou art the same.

Let us take comfort, since thy light will be, In nights to come, as pure as this which cheers Our youth, hope, love; for joy and tragedy Stir not the perfect splendour of the spheres:

Thou art the same. CONSTANCE FARMER

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- of. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MAST-SCRIPTS whether safe return if ineligible, ALL MAST-SCHIFTS, whether accompanied by a letter of adree or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written were the schillenger of the schi written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accom-panied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE CALAMITY OF THE POLDER.

By C. EDWARDES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER I.



IET LEEVAN stepped out of the mill door, his Gouda pipe in his mouth, and glanced at the blue Zuyder Zee before him. A capital breeze had sprung out of the west; but near at hand the great shallow Zee was

scarcely ruffled by it. Its blueness stretched to the horizon.

Piet had proposed to release the sails of the mill and let them grind maize, as behoved them on such an afternoon; but, turning to the sound of clogs on the stones between the door and the house, he changed his mind.

'You may put that down, Klaas,' he said.

Klaas was the one man who helped him and his mill 'Well-and-Good' to grind corn for the commune. He was no beauty. 'Just an old dog that I can trust,' his master had said of him in one of his many recent sour moments. As touching the 'trust,' Piet did not overestimate him. Klaas had been born in the year of the mill. Above the mill's mouse-coloured thatch, on the roomy sky-blue pivot of its sails, the date 1845 showed in black letters. There was a white sun with golden rays beneath the date, and, let into the hinder woodwork, a panel inscribed 'Wel en Goed,' with 1845 underneath that also, and the name 'Erasmus Hendrik Leevan.'

It was Piet's grandfather, Erasmus Hendrik, who had built the mill and later taken Klaas into his service. Things had happened since then. Klaas had fought the Achinese in Batavia, and returned to his birthplace with a poisoned leg and no ears. The Achinese had captured him and begun to kill him in that horrible deductive way of theirs which might have kept him still alive, though limbless and without facial excrescence of any kind. They had started on his ears, but, happily for him, got no farther ere he was rescued. And he had been at the mill almost ever since—a warning to the ambitious who yearned to seek their fortune in

No. 518. - Vol. X.

[All Rights Reserved.]

foreign parts, and an encouragement to others to stay at home and mind their own business.

Klaas habitually wore a gray-green knitted turban to curtain most of the space formerly covered by his ears. 'I will set it going first, mynheer,' he said.

Piet simply took the pole from him. 'It will stand as it is,' he declared.

The old man looked down at his wooden shoes, and then wrinkled his brow at the mill, which was to him like a living creature which displayed proper animation only when it moved. 'It is a pity,' he said slowly. 'Why should you show such temper about a woman? Going, mynheer!' But he couldn't go yet, for Piet had him by the arm.

'Tell me this,' said Piet fiercely. 'Am I master here, or are you?'

'There is One only that is Master, mynheer,' said Klaas, 'here and everywhere. We are all little worms of His.'

Piet released him with a gesture of impatience. 'To the devil with your cant!' he exclaimed. 'Be off with you, and do not name her to me again, or you will be sorry.' He shouted the last words, red in the face, but otherwise a fine figure of a young man.

Klaas slipped down 'Well-and-Good's' gentle grass-slope. The mill and its outbuildings were perched on a hillock some fifteen feet higher than the land as far as the first dike, and that was a good third of a mile away north and south, and not much less towards the west. Between the mill and the curved dike it was rough plough-soil and this season even rougher grass, the whole veined with miles of gleaming straight ditches nearly bank-high with water. It had been a wet winter and spring, and much of the land itself was still bog. Once a day, an hour after half-tide, the opening of the Ruyter Sluice relieved the acres of some of their water, but the supply seemed infinite, and the ditches latterly soon swelled up anew.

NOVEMBER 2, 1907.

Throwing down the pole, Piet thrust his hands inside the bands of his trousers and went to the landward side of the mill. His cousin Betje was home again from Amsterdam. He stood and scowled at the immense red roof of the house which held her.

All the land in that segment of green dike was known as the Leevan Polder. His grandfather had begun the damming, draining, and cultivating; his father and Betje's had continued it; and now all the hundreds of acres belonged to Betje's father. Piet himself had care of the sluice on which so much depended. He possessed the mill and nothing else, barring a fishing-boat with two tawny sails in Cramby's little haven, an hour's walk to the south. It was one of the two gnawing discontents of his life that he had not very much more.

His father had disappointed him grievously. He had worked as hard and well as his father before him, yet there was nothing for Piet except the mill, with a bare living attached to it in these days. By all reckonings, there ought to have been tens of thousands of guilders for Piet somewhere. His father had sold his share of the polder to his brother (Betje's father) for sixty-five thousand guilders. and the amount had been paid gradually in hard cash. But at his death there was no trace of all this money, nor had he given Piet or his brother any intimation about it. The notary Visman, who had a certain insight into the old man's affairs, though not so much into his character, was as astonished as every one else, save Klaas. Only Klaas claimed to see an explanation of the wonder in the deceased's devotion to the Scriptures and scriptural teaching in his declining years. Klaas quoted the text about taking heed not to lay up treasure on earth where moth and rust do corrupt, and said those were his late master's sentiments to the last syllable. Furthermore, Klass declared that Piet's father had once talked to him of the curse that much money was likely to be to a young man of his son's volatile disposition. Piet was almost a gay youth at that time, now three years ago. He had loved Betje very hopefully then, and himself also. He still loved Betje, but without any hope.

Thus things stood with him as he eyed the red roof which had the blessedness of sheltering his brown-eyed little cousin. It was a house shaped like a long pie, the crust domed rather high above a shallow dish. Just a strip of white for its narrow body; all the rest of it roof as red as blood. Piet stared and glared as if he meant at all cost to his eyes to distinguish the very toes of the stork in its nest on the roof. The bird was perched on one leg, apparently admiring its other uplifted foot.

But a braver mood now came to the lad. 'I will go and see her,' he declared, 'whether I am wanted or not.' He knew he was not wanted inside that well-ordered house with the significant name 'Werk' on its gate. Certainly not by his aunt Mina, nor yet by her husband. As for Betje, he was not so

Betje had loved him openly enough in the old days, when he was regarded by all the country-side as a youth with a rich future. Just as open compassion had succeeded when the search for her uncle Piet's missing guilders was finally abandoned And then mefrouw her mother had abruptly taken her to a college of music in Amsterdam, and she had spent most of her time in Amsterdam ever since. The talents of several kinds which she had there acquired were so much fuel to Piet's despair. Her fine ways, besides, which were, as Klass had said, wasted on a rough polder. She still kept certain mysterious eye-twinklings for Piet when neither her mother nor her father was near; but Piet was no expert in the language of young ladies eyes trained in Amsterdam. He attributed them to ungenerous pride about herself, and recently also to the prospect of her eventual union in matrimony (by no means, in Piet's opinion, holy matrimony) with a rich Utrecht sugar-refiner named More, whom mefrouw her mother loved to throw, as it were, defiantly into Piet's face whenever they could not help meeting and he was indiscreet enough to inquire about his cousin.

Having descended the mill's little hill on the west, Piet paused to drive the chickens from the boards over the old well. There were two wells attached to the mill-this, the abandoned one, which after a few years had refused to supply water, and a newer one between the mill and the Zee. Piet's father had intended to fill up the old well; but a long course of meeting in the village had absorbed the energies he might usefully have shared with his property, and he had died leaving the task unfulfilled. Piet saw no reason why he should trouble himself about such a trifle.

From the well he followed one of the long ditch strips direct to a sod-bridge, with the gate labelled 'Werk' on its other side. He marched for his purpose like a soldier in a forlorn hope. Looking straight before him, with never a glance to the one hand or the other, he was determined to see Betje; just as determined not to be frightened off his design by any casual glimpse of her father or mother. And Fortune rewarded him for his valour.

At the bridge it was right turn, and from the gate he saw Betje herself. She was standing in something suspiciously like an attitude at the dairy-end of the farm, with a shining background of clean pans and pails set on their rims by the wall. Moreover, she was not dressed at all like a young lady of Amsterdam. Her skirts were drawn high, she wore wooden shoes, her plump arms were bare from the elbows, and it was as if she were biting a finger or thumb while she observed him. Also, unless the distance deceived him, she was smiling a welcome. But the moment their eyes met Betje gave up biting her finger or thumb Piet's heart bounded in him at that fond recall and beckoned instead.

of old times and ways. How often when they were both in their teens had Betje thus invited him to secret communion! They had had their dreams together as a result in all the few spots of privacy which life on a bare polder could yield—in the huge hayloft beneath the red roof of the farmhouse, on the other side of the dike, nestled among the cows in the stall, and even artfully screened by a rearrangement of the drying clothes on the line after a wash-day.

She pointed to the piggery, a new trim erection close under the dike. Thither Piet proceeded, with long strides and furtive glances now at the house windows. Only by a miracle could he have escaped notice already. But his aunt Mina and his uncle Erasmus would have to hurry like the chickens he had just scared if they meant to come between him and Betje before they could exchange words.

Betje received him with both hands extended and a smile that was seducingly like her smiles in the past. There was a difference, but even the difference was only a new charm in her. 'Goodmorning,' she said. 'How pleasant of you to come at last! Oh Piet, but you—hurt me!'

'My hands are hard,' said Piet stupidly, relaxing his grip.

'They always were. Papa and mamma are not yet back from Rampen. You are very lazy, I understand, of late, but may be aware it is the calf-market. They have gone for that.'

This took Piet's breath away, though he ought to have been sufficiently posted in local matters to guess it. 'You are alone, then?' he stammered, with hungering eyes.

'Yes; but there is Tante Louisa. She was to keep watch on me. She is ironing a lace collar. It must be almost finished. Piet, I want to tell you something.'

Piet shivered all over. There was wild love in the shiver as well as something of consternation. He had never seen Betje's eyes more beautifully bright, and not since that feverish hunt for his father's will, which was to mean so much to him and her, had she smiled on him with such cousinly confidence. Nevertheless, he had his doubts now about all women, even including Betje. Klass had hammered it into him, from the Bible and other good or merely wise books, that the weaker sex excels in guile. 'What is it you have to tell me?' he asked heavily.

'Oh,' said Betje, 'I sha'n't tell you if you look like an undertaker. Klaas is right. You are greatly changed. I don't think I shall tell you at all.'

'I am not changed,' said Piet. 'I wish to Heaven Almighty I'----

'Hush!' said Betje; 'the pigs will hear you, and perhaps tell Tante Louisa. Once she knows that you have used bad language to me'—

'Bad language to you, Bettikin!' groaned Piet.
'There's only you in all the world worth thinking

about. I wish I had changed; then I should perhaps try to love some other girl and forget you.'

Betje pursed her mouth. 'Thank you,' she said with an air of demureness. 'I have often puzzled to think why you don't. It must be so lonely at "Well-and-Good" with no one but poor old Klaas.'

'Lonely! It is much worse than lonely,' Piet retorted. 'I look at your bedroom window every day and inform myself that I am a fool to bear it.'

Still demure, though with the shadow of a dimple coming and going in her cheek, Betje drew her hands from her cousin's. She took him by surprise in the act. 'There!' she said. 'Now I can tell you without running risks. I also am lonely. That is why I am at home again. Mynheer Julius Mops has jilted me, Piet, and I am in the most terrible disgrace at home. I am going to advertise myself as a governess. That was my intention yesterday and this morning while mamma poured out the coffee and continued to discuss me as an undutiful daughter. Tante Louisa agrees with everything mamma says on the subject. She is so thankful she has no children of her own to rend her heart with their ingratitude. Papa is better; he only shakes his head at me. But that is quite as much as I want from papa. And now I must fly.'

'Wait!' cried Piet hoarsely.

'Well, mynheer?' said Betje, looking as if there could be nothing reasonable to wait for.

'He has given you up, you say, that sugarmerchant?' Piet spoke as if the thing were incredible.

'Suppose,' said Betje, 'I alter my way of putting it. I must not libel the dear man too grossly. Of course I never could love a forty-five-year-old Mr Mops, who is so fat that he cannot walk a mile; but papa and mamma assured me that that did not matter. They said I could not help respecting him-he keeps three carriages and seven servants, you must know. They said, besides, that respect in such circumstances nearly always grows into love. But I am much older since then, and, Piet, I don't believe it. A fortnight ago I told Mr Mops my opinion. I said I did not love even his money, much less himself; and when he had choked a little, in anger, not grief, he said I had better go home and talk it over with my parents. And here I am. I sent him back all his presents except those of them that I had eaten, and he has gone to the south of France for his health. Good-bye.'

Again Piet begged her not to go. 'Wait, Bettikin!' he implored.

This time, however, it was useless, for Betje was already almost in the arms of a yellow-faced little woman who had flown round the corner of the farmhouse just in time for her.

It was Tante Louisa, of course, in all the glory of her inherited gold skull-cap, with gold tendrils and little garnet grapes at the ears, and in all the wrath exacted by the situation.

'You wicked girl!' cried Tante Louisa, raising her hands as if to strike.

Piet's own inclination was to walk rapidly out of reach of Tante Louisa's tongue, but her uplifted hands kept him still by the piggery. Thus tarrying, he learnt something more about the beloved Betje of his boyhood, who was now ten times dearer to him than ever before.

Stopping in front of her aunt, Betje smoothed her hair with dainty finger-action. It was as if she only realised how the breeze had ruffled it now that she could see her reflection in Tante Louisa's burnished morion.

'Do you call me wicked, tante?' asked Betje calmly. 'Why, if it is not impolite to inquire?'

'How dare you,' screamed the little old woman, 'do such a thing? Do you wish to spoil the lives of two men in one week? Having broken the heart of that generous and noble-minded gentleman, Mynheer Mops'-

Betje looked round, and seemed pleased that Piet was still where she had left him, and even

listening.

'Having done this,' continued Tante Louisa, with ferocious nods, 'you seek to play with the affections of that unfortunate young man your cousin, who is already sufficiently a good-for-nothing without your idle help.'

'Come here, Piet!' called Betje.

Piet approached like one under a spell.

Was I playing with your affections, Cousin Piet?' she asked him.

He took time to consider both the question and his own answer. Tante Louisa was no aunt of his, and no more his friend than her sister, Betje's mother.

'Was I?' Betje insisted, with a stamp of one of her little clogs. But she smiled at him with the stamp, and that gave him courage.

'You were not,' he replied. 'I do not understand the game; but I am sure you were not playing with

me. At least, I think not.'

'There!' said Betje triumphantly. 'And, my dear aunt,' she added, taking the old woman's arm, 'do, if you will be so good, believe me when I tell you that it is very bad manners to talk to me like that. I am not accustomed to such vulgarity in Amsterdam. Come, dear.

Tante Louisa wrested her arm free. 'I shall move as I wish, miss,' she said, having flushed to the charge of vulgarity.—'And as for you, Piet Leevan'

'Run, Piet!' cried Betje, her eyes as radiant as her aunt's headpiece under the sun. 'Run, Piet dear!'

Again she tried to secure possession of her aunt, and again Tante Louisa would have none of her.

Instead of running, Piet did the bravest deed of his lifetime. He stepped a yard nearer Tante Louisa and confessed the truth. 'Mefrouw,' he

said, 'perhaps it is news to you, and perhaps it is not, but I love Betje better than all of you put together, and including Mynheer Mops. Fellows like that to love her, indeed! Yes, I love her, and, by Heaven! I shall marry her after all. I feel it' He raised his hand solemnly as he mentioned Heaven this time. Then, and then only, did he turn away. Betje whispered a word which he did not catch. No doubt it was a reproof of his impudence. He didn't care what it was. All the blood in his body seemed to applaud him for his audacity. He strode back to the mill and released its sails, and for three hours ground maize into flour with a light and bounding heart. Not for many a day had 'Well-and-Good' made such blithe music for

Klaas looked in once, and was sent away.

'I do not want you,' said Piet.

'You have your thoughts, mynheer?' suggested the old man, after a long look at his master's eager

'I don't know what I have, but I do not want you,' Piet replied. 'Take the key and attend to the sluice. And when you have done that bring me the key, and go where you will till bedtime.'

'You mean just that, mynheer?'

'Just that, Klaas. Why should I not mean it?'

'I suppose you have been talking to her. Ah, mynheer, it is a temptation your good father would have resisted. But, many thanks, I will go to the village, and, with permission, sleep there.

Wish to get drunk for once, eh, Klaas?' asked

Piet kindly.

'Drunk - yes, mynheer, with thanksgivings to the Lord for His many mercies. There is to be a

Piet tossed his head and laughed out. 'Go to your sermon, Klaas, he said, and much good may it do you.'

'That is what I hope, mynheer,' said Klaas.

It was dusk when Piet stopped the mill. The sky was still faintly crimson above the dunes in the west, and the criss-cross miles of ditch-water all still gleamed their silver between the hill of the mill and the farmstead of Werk. The lamp was lit in the house with the great red roof, which now looked like some misshapen dark monster, with its couple of yellow eyes set towards him, crouched as if for a spring. The breeze had latterly but just sufficed to turn 'Well-and-Good's' sails. Now there was no sound except that of the steady out gush of the polder's superfluous waters into the sombre Zee in the east. Piet stretched himself. gazed at those two unwinking yellow eyes of his uncle's farmhouse, and thought of Betje's brown eyes. He had thought of little else since their fascination had bewitched him afresh that after noon.

(To be continued.)

THE CAMPDEN HOUSE FIRE.

By HUGH CHILDERS.



HE burning of Campden House fortyfive years ago was a startling and sensational affair. Was it accident or arson? This was the issue submitted to a special jury of Surrey by a well-known insurance office,

which took the happily unusual course of charging their fashionable Kensington client with burning his house to the ground with a view of defrauding them. The status of the parties to the suit, and the reputation and money at stake, invested the affair with all the elements of romance.

Campden House was no ordinary London mansion, and I intend to give a few particulars of its history and associations. The various offices which insured it and its contents had and have a high commercial status, and if the man against whom they solemnly raised a charge of felony was of somewhat doubtful origin and superficial gentility, he at any rate had a good position in the world as a host and a collector, when collectors were more rare than nowadays, and had received royalty and numbers of people in good society at his house.

The magnificent house, which gave a name to the salubrious district of Campden Hill, was itself called after its founder, Sir Baptist Hicks, first Viscount Campden. It has become a kind of aphorism amongst the opponents of the peerage, as among the more classically severe of its supporters, that hereditary honours are to-day conferred more for commercial and less for military or political eminence than formerly was the case; it is therefore interesting to observe that Baptist Hicks, successively a knight, a baronet, member of Parliament for Tavistock, a baron, and a viscount, owed his honours and his fortune to the honourable but unromantic vocation of a mercer in Cheapside. He came of a good Gloucestershire stock, and indeed is the collateral ancestor both of the Gloucestershire viscount of the present day, who was so long known as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and of the Earls of Gainsborough. Hicks was fortunate in being privileged to supply the Court as well as the common people with silk from his house of the 'White Bear,' as he also was in having amassed sufficient capital to lend money, as we are told, to impecunious noblemen of Scotland; but the question whether his honours were partly due to Court favour obtained in this indirect manner does not concern us now. Having assumed the titles of Baron Hicks of Ilmington in the county of Warwick, and Viscount Campden of Campden in the county of Gloucester, he proceeded to build himself a lordly pleasurehouse in the parish of Kensington.

His peerage was a peculiar one. It was granted to him for life, with remainder to his son-in-law

and his heirs-male. As he had been married fortyfour years and had no son, it was not probable that he would have one; still, it was curious that the formality was not observed of giving any possible son a chance of succeeding in preference to the daughter's husband.

Externally, Campden House was a red brick building in the Elizabethan style, with tower, and turret, and parapet, and large bay windows, and gable-ends, and projecting porticoes-altogether a very picturesque pile; it was not unlike, on a smaller scale, its neighbour, Holland House, which was once regarded so completely as the end of London that Lamartine said, 'Après Holland House la forêt,' and Macaulay at Holly Lodge said that no one lived to the west of him except Lady Holland and the Duke of Argyll. For a time the Princess Anne and Prince George of Denmark lived at Campden House, and there is a volume, not very easy to obtain, describing the life of their son, the young Duke George of Gloucester, while there. The residence of this family at Campden House was effected that the little Duke might be near his aunt, Queen Mary, at Kensington Palace. The Prince and Princess came to Campden House in 1690, the year in which King William III. bought Nottingham House (now Kensington Palace) from the son of Lord Chancellor Nottingham, and employed Wren to add a story to it and build the present south front. The precocious little Duke, then the ultimate heir to the throne, with his 'charming countenance and the large head which betokens water on the brain, was the life of the Court.' His biographer tells many anecdotes of his childhood: 'of his regiment of little boys-his Horse Guards; how he made them seize his Welsh tailor who made his "stays" too tight, and force him to sit upon a wooden horse in the Presence Chamber for a pillory; of his gravely coming to promise King William his assistance and that of his little troop in the approaching Flemish war; of his curiously true presentiment of the day of his nurse's death; of his indocility with his mother's ladies, but his affection for Mrs Davis, an aged gentlewoman of the Court of Charles I., who first won his heart by giving him cherries, and then taught him prayers which he never failed to repeat night and morning, much to the surprise of the existing courtiers; of his constant whippings with a birch rod from his Danish father; of his proudly telling King William that he possessed one live horse and two dead ones (his Shetland pony and two little wooden horses), and of the King's saying that he had better bury his dead horses out of sight, and his consequently insisting on burying his playthings with funeral honours and composing their epitaph; and how at six years old the little Prince, with much state,

was taken to Kensington to receive the Order of the Garter from his uncle."*

I do not intend to trace the subsequent history of the house-it was a school for young ladies at one time, and there is a quaint picture of the prim scholars of sixty years ago imbibing wisdom from their stiff teacher; but after this glimpse of Campden House at the beginning of the eighteenth century I pass to events of one hundred and fifty years later. The occurrence which gives it importance in this narrative is its coming into the possession of a certain Mr Wolley in the middle of the nineteenth century. This gentleman had married a lady with an ample fortune of about thirty-five thousand pounds, and was thus enabled to buy the lease of Campden House for six thousand two hundred pounds; but earlier in life he had been in more humble circumstances. The last occupation he had before his marriage was that of clerk or translator to a French gentleman, at a salary of fifty pounds a year. At the age of twenty-one he had been in a nondescript capacity at Raggett's Hotel: he 'attended to the books or did anything to assist, but did not consider himself as a waiter; he stayed in the hotel, but had no payment.' At the time of his marriage (1847) he had no means of his own at all; indeed, being in want of money in the previous year to pay the rent of his lodgings, he had joined a company of provincial actors. There is no doubt, however, that he was a person of agreeable manners and social qualities; he sang and was musical, and had the accomplishments which attract and attach friends. People in good society flocked to his entertainments, as many as eight hundred having been present on one occasion. He bought Campden House in 1854; but two years later let it for a time to a Colonel Waugh, and retired to Tonbridge Castle in Kent, where he lost his wife, who was drowned in the Medway. In consequence of this event, and the loss of his only child, he became a good deal shaken in health.

A few sentences from his evidence in the trial to which the burning of Campden House gave rise

will be interesting to transcribe now.

'When I first took possession of the house,' he said, 'it was in a very dilapidated state. With the exception of one room, the dining-room, there were merely the bare walls. Many persons said I was mad to take it. From the time I took it I laid out very considerable sums of money upon it gradually. I was some years about it. A good deal was necessary to be done externally. I fitted it up according to my own taste. There were very few fittings in it. I took the grates out and fitted it up in the style of the original age of the house, with dogs for firewood, &c. I continued these restorations for a number of years. In fact, I was continually doing something to it. At the time I bought it it was greatly improved, and I then continued to improve

it, and was always doing something up to the time of the fire. I was always purchasing things, such as panels, and had them put together. I purchased them in all places, at home and abroad. I did not always pay ready money for them. I recollect purchasing a place in Essex called Fearing. It was an old house, and there were very remarkable carvings in it. I am almost afraid to say how much I gave for it; I think it was fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds. It was before my wife's death. I purchased it, not for the purpose of using it, but for the sake of the carvings, which were of the time of Henry VIL, very remarkable; indeed, there are casts of them in the Kensington Museum. They were removed to Campden House, and one room-the breakfast-room-was entirely fitted up with them, and furnished in keeping with the carvings.

'I was constantly purchasing pictures, both abroad and in England; very few modern ones, chiefly of the ancient school, little known in this country at that time. Italy was in a very disturbed state at that time, and things were often for sale. The panel pictures were principally in the room called the long-room or ballroom. Some time ago, I may state, I had an illness, and am almost blind sometimes, and can hardly see by day. There might be twenty or twenty-five pictures in the room of great value; several very fine Italian pictures. There was a portrait I bought at Brescia, of great value; that was one of the panel pictures There was a picture of Velasquez, I think. There were also a great many pictures in frames, and a good many that had not been framed or were taken out of frames, for I had a fancy for ebony frames, and would purchase pictures for the sake of such frames, and take them out; and this I liked generally to do by myself. Those that were not in frames were all over the house—a great many in the corridor, some in a cupboard in the library.

There were not very many looking glasses. There was one magnificent Florentine or Venetian glass at the end of the ballroom. It was in a ren magnificent frame—and that was its value—elabor rately carved, the early part of the sixteenth century. It was, I believe, the finest glass of the kind in England, and I had never seen one like it. My brother-in-law, who had a house in the Isle of Wight, was anxious for it, and said he would give four hundred pounds for it. There were a great many chandeliers procured from different places, many of them bought at Falckes Bond Street; but they were much added to site. wards, and crystals, &c., bought at various times put to them. There was a great deal of gilding in the house. From time to time, when I saw any thing in the style of the house, I bought it. I had no profession or occupation; my house and garden were my occupation, and I used to be always fitting up something. I gave one hundred and fifty pounds for the dining-room table, and furnished the room in accordance with it. The rooms were

^{*} See Hare's Walks in London, vol. ii. p. 460, referring to Lewis Jenkins's book.

richly furnished in various ancient styles—Louis Quatorze or Louis Quinze.'

One expert witness said that the articles of furniture were such as were only seen in palaces. It had cost him, he said, twenty-eight thousand pounds to fit up a smaller house in Hyde Park Gardens in a similar style.

Mr Wolley's counsel, too, in opening the case, spoke of the magnificence of the house. It was, indeed, as he said, no ordinary building, but more like a palace, a mass of quaint and curious carvings and gildings. The staircase ran up to the centre of the house, and at the top was a corridor of large size. One of the canopies took three months to execute, being taken from the ruins of York Minster,* from which it was purchased by Mr Wolley, and another from Westminster Abbey. The woodwork was gilded, and the whole was one mass of gilding. One of the arches in the interior was unique; it was taken by Mr Cottingham, the architect, from Westminster Abbey, and was decorated most gorgeously, looking like a golden arch. The rooms were hung with crimson and gold; there were oak carvings and heavy candelabra and chandeliers, and Venetian and Bohemian glasseverything, in fact, which was rich and rare. Mr Wolley was a collector (a much less everyday character then than now), and it was his hobby to amass curiosities. Old curiosity shops were ransacked for the purpose; and we have seen that such was his enthusiasm that he actually bought an estate in order to get at the carvings in the house on it. To keep up the character of the thing, there were servants in liveries of blue and silver, probably borrowed, which perhaps sounds rather tinselly. It must be borne in mind that the sixties were much more prosaic and less opulent than the closing years of the century. Early Victorianism still reigned unchallenged; Stuccovia was at its zenith, and the renaissance in furniture and china had not come. So that the ex-waiter, as he was stigmatised by his opponents, who dispensed a princely hospitality in the glorious old house of Queen Anne, was an unusual phenomenon. It would be nothing remarkable now; nobody knows or cares about the antecedents of their hosts, or whether they have been waiters, clowns, or jockeys.

This really was the gist of the attack on the unfortunate man, who had already lost his property; the actual circumstances of the fire were not of any particular interest, as far as can be gathered from the people who saw it. Suffice it to say that on a windy night in March 1862, after a proud existence of two hundred and fifty years, Campden House, with its priceless contents—amassed in the manner we have seen—was totally destroyed by fire. Nothing of all the treasures so zealously collected was saved. There was no large staff of servants in the house at the time, as after the death of his wife

Wolley seems to have lived rather a hugger-mugger existence; and though some of the inmates escaped with great difficulty, and according to the newspaper comments 'in a rather ludicrous manner, suggestive of a pantomime,' no one was killed.

There were insurances on the house and its contents amounting in all to twenty-nine thousand pounds, and the different insurance offices concerned resolved to resist the claims. Now, to do this on the ground of arson is to charge a crime punishable by penal servitude for life; still, this was the course determined on, and the battle was fought on the claim first in order, one on a particular policy for four thousand five hundred pounds, and the result of this trial was to be taken as decisive of the rest. The counsel for the insurance company in his speech to the jury went so far as to say that it would be ruinous for their office to set up such a defence unless they could sustain it; but the Judge said it would not be so, for if companies were to say, 'We will pay claims which we believe have originated in fraud and arson rather than discredit ourselves with the public,' the consequence would be that no one would be safe in bed for fear lest his neighbour, certain of impunity, should set fire to his house in order to defraud a company. There is, however, no doubt that Wolley's somewhat peculiar past made the defence more easy than if he had been a man of better birth and education. The claim looked suspicious; and it was suggested that, having lost money and being no longer able to live in the style he had been keeping up, he may have considered it the easiest line of retreat to appear to be obliged to drop out of society after a crushing and unmerited catastrophe. The trial, having been crowded out of the Middlesex list, took place at Croydon, where the Surrey Assizes were at one time held, and it was watched with intense interest. Baron Bramwell presided, and there was a great array of counsel on both sides, of whom three-Mr Bovill, Mr Lush, and Mr Denman-afterwards became Judges, and one is at the present time in political life as Lord James of Hereford. The feature of the case was the crossexamination of Wolley, on which everything turned; and although this lasted several hours, he preserved his self-possession throughout, and answered very quietly. His sister-in-law, who described the fittings of the house, in her evidence said she had an interest in some of the furniture, which had been bought with her money, to the extent of thirteen thousand pounds, and she had lent Wolley thousands more! She said that thirty thousand had been spent upon the house.

A perfect host of witnesses was called to try to prove that the house had been intentionally set on fire; but, as the Times said in its comment, 'nothing more was proved against Mr Wolley than might be made out in many cases by aid of spiteful tittle-tattle, jealous attorneys, and large funds;' the head and front of his offence being that he was 'an adventurer, a nobody, a strolling player, a

^{*}In 1829 a lunatic named Martin set fire to York Minster, and much damage was done to it; eleven years later it accidentally caught fire and narrowly escaped destruction.

waiter at a tavern who marries a rich wife and takes a great house. Mr Bovill, in replying on behalf of Mr Wolley, had no difficulty in demolishing the case made against his client; and the jury all but stopped him in the middle of his address. On the fifth day of the trial—a stuffy day at the end of August, the Croydon court crowded to suffocation—the Judge summed up strongly in favour of the plaintiff, and the jury instantly returned a verdict for him. His counsel, in a fine indignation, then claimed interest up to the very day, which was granted, judgment being given for a sum even running into halfpence.

What subsequently happened to the hero of this strange story I do not know. Campden House rose again like a phœnix from its ashes, a faint reflection of the old Elizabethan building, because it was necessary that the money recovered should be expended in reinstating it; as a matter of fact, the new building of 1864, unable to maintain itself against the inroads of surrounding flat, was pulled down about half-a-dozen years ago, though the small annexe of the original building, added by the Princess Anne, and known as Little Campden House, still remains, an object of artistic interest.

AN ELEPHANT COMEDY.

By Albert Dorrington, late of New South Wales, Australia.



E followed the baggage-coolie and his tiny bullock-cart along the narrow mountain-road where the closeplanted para-trees clung tenaciously to the storm-washed slopes. My business lay with one of the superin-

tendents of the large rubber-plantations at Newara, about fifty miles from Colombo.

I had left the crowded pilgrim-train at the siding, where the engine was still visible as it crawled round the bottle-shaped summit towards Kandy. The superintendent's bungalow overlooked the plantation and the company's vast jungle reserves—a densely wooded tract of country extending for several miles through valleys and roaring torrents. The coolie lines were in the valley below, a mere cluster of mud huts thatched with straw, and infested with yellow pariah dogs and squalling Tamil children.

I was met at the bungalow gate by Belton Dacey, the superintendent, and after the usual hospitable formalities was conducted over the estate to where a gang of labourers was at work clearing and burning off a patch of heavily timbered land.

While passing a thirty-acre field of newly planted trees we came upon a group of young para-plants uprooted and tossed aside as though a tornado had passed during the night.

Dacey turned to me almost apologetically. 'We've been pestered by a rogue elephant the last week or so. I don't know why the brute chooses our plantation night after night, while others in the district remain untouched.'

Lower down the valley, where the company had put in several thousand cocoa-nut trees, there was further evidence of the rogue's trunk and foot work. Many of the young palms had been twisted and wrenched to the ground and their top stems scattered broadcast. The brute's footmarks were plainly visible in the soft sandy soil.

Following the spoor leisurely, we halted in a hollow half-concealed by a clump of silver oaks,

and examined them more closely. A man's footprints joined the elephant's just here, then followed them for a short distance, and disappeared altogether. Sixteen years spent in Australia among the black police and aborigines had taught me something of the art of tracking. The dishshaped elephant-spoor grew faint and was lost, as far as Dacey was concerned, the moment we crossed the first gravel ridge.

'What do you make of it?' he asked, halting suddenly.

'Seems to me as though the brute had been brought here by its native keeper,' I answered. 'The man's footprints disappear near the clump of silver oaks, which seems to indicate that he rode the animal here, and waited until it had trampled and uprooted things to his satisfaction. I might go further and say that the unwieldy creature was thrashed or goaded into doing the mischief.'

The superintendent grew thoughtful for a moment; then his eyes glittered strangely, as though a sudden thought had fired his imagination. Returning to the bungalow, he summoned the head kangani hurriedly. A few moments later a grizzled giant of a man with black Tamil eyes and skin stood salaaming in the doorway.

'You did not tell me, kangani, that it is Musora who drives his beast across our fields at night. Have you quarrelled with the man? He has no grievance against the company,' said the superintendent of the man.

dent sternly.

'I know nothing of the matter, dorai, answered the kangani softly. 'Musoora is a drunkard and a bad man. I know not why he comes here with a bad man. I have dug pits, but the beast passes them by. The pea-rifle my brother brought from India is not much good for stopping elephants, oh master!'

Belton dismissed him sharply and turned to me. 'This fellow Musoora and his elephant were employed on the estate until quite recently. He is a bad lot, and his animal is no better. Like most Tamils, he goes amok when the taste of whisky is in his mouth. He has been convicted three times for driving his beast over cultivated land. One night, about two years ago, he brought a couple of full-grown bull-tuskers up to an overseer's bungalow and drove them at it under the goad until they wrecked it fore and aft. If he visits the estate again,' continued Dacey, 'I'll send the police after him and destroy his elephant.'

During the night I was awakened by the mournful barking of an elk as it wandered over the mountain-side. Later, my small fox terrier, which always accompanies me, scampered up and down the bungalow veranda as though in pursuit of several cats. Approaching the window, I perceived a score of black-faced monkeys peering down at the dog from the trellis-work overhead; they chattered and grimaced maliciously as it leaped and tried to gain the veranda rail.

'They come from the forest at night,' explained my bedroom coolie, entering hastily. 'They pick up scraps of bread and fruit, and they will not go away unless we reach them with a whip or shoot one of the mothers.'

I was not in favour of shooting one of the mothers, especially the one that sat on the trellisedge with the bald-faced, shiny-eyed baby in her arms.

'But the sinna dorai must not encourage them,' whispered the coolie, 'or they will come again and break the windows.'

About midnight we were awakened by a terrific din from the coolie lines. It seemed as though an army of women and children were wailing and calling to each other from different parts of the estate. Above all was heard the insistent throbbing of a death tom-tom.

Passing round the veranda, I met Dacey on the steps, his face whiter than usual. 'Some devil's work going on below,' he said bitterly. 'At daybreak they will come up here, six hundred strong, and ask me to remove their lines to a more suitable site. A man or a woman falls sick suddenly, and they believe that the devil is in their huts. No amount of argument will convince them that dirt is the only visible devil. The lines have to be shifted and rebuilt on another site—at the company's cost of course,' he added bitterly.

Dacey rarely interfered with the domestic troubles of his seven or eight hundred Tamils unless murder or violence justified his presence in the lines. The kangani or headman settled all disputes, and in the majority of cases he ruled justly and with a rod of iron.

The shouting continued below until the valley echoed with the screaming and wailing of Tamil children and women huddled together in groups near the factory door.

Dacey shrugged his shoulders and beckoned to me. 'Come and see the fun; come and see the big black kanganis thrashing a mob of stampeding coolies. To-morrow, if my luck is out,' he went on slowly, 'there won't be a single Tamil labourer on the estate.'

'Where will they go?'

'Anywhere. They'll disband and seek employment on other plantations.'

'But your coolies are bound over to serve the estate for a certain period. You can compel the bolters to return.'

'Yes, if other planters were honest and advised me of their whereabouts. But the other planters are always in want of a few extra coolies, and the bolters are sheltered and set to work with the others.'

Following the superintendent down the steep, boulder-strewn path, we arrived outside the lines, where two hundred Tamil girls and women lay crouching in the tall lemon-grass, spreading out their hands in the direction of the forest reserves.

The kangani, his eyes glinting savagely, strode from a mud-walled house, his big black fists clenched at his sides.

'Speak out, man!' thundered Dacey. 'What has happened? Who drove these women from their huts?'

The kangani pointed to the jungle reserves, where several lanterns flared as though a host of coolies were beating the scrub in quest of a hidden foe.

'The elephant, oh master! It has taken my little son.'

The kangant's head drooped slightly; his breath came in sharp expulsions. 'My wife came to me a minute ago crying that the elephant had lifted the babe from beside her. It was dark, the fires were out, and we could not see the black beast as it walked back to the forest. A curse on the marauder that enters the huts to steal our children!'

'You have not been drinking?' The superintendent eyed him frostily, his erect figure and flaming eyes. 'Have you been smoking opium?'

The kangani shrugged his shoulders and indicated the crowd of women huddled together outside the lines. 'Ask these people, oh master! It is the sick man and the cripple who take afim.'

The women now gathered around the superintendent, and each explained and dilated upon the elephant's iniquitous act. It had trampled into their lines without warning; it had trodden on two pariah dogs that obstructed its entrance. Without warning or noise it had lifted the kangant's babe from the mat, and had vanished in the darkness. They were sorry their headman had lost his little son. The elephant would carry it to the river and drown it for certain.

The superintendent's face grew dark and perplexed as he listened to the chatter of the Tamil women. He had worked in Southern India for several years, and he knew the ways of drunken mahouts and trained elephants too well to discredit certain parts of the story. We examined the kangani's house and the broken threshold where the huge beast had crushed and torn away the woodwork while effecting an entrance. In a far corner of the room lay a young Tamil woman, her small brown fingers dug into the earthen floor. Her face and shoulders were half-concealed by a scarlet sarong.

'She allows an elephant to steal my little son.' The kangani spoke behind us, and his voice was full of bitterness and suppressed wrath. 'She is no longer wife of mine. To-morrow I will thrash her before her people. The tom-toms shall follow her from the lines.'

'You will quit my service, then,' answered the superintendent coldly. 'There will be no thrashing either, kangani.'

The kangani lowered his head. 'The dorai knows I loved my little son. This beast of Musoora has stolen my life.'

The superintendent had given an order to a coolie some time before, and he now appeared carrying a heavy Mannlicher rifle on his shoulder. Dacey took it and walked from the lines past the sprawling Tamil women and gaping men.

A crowd of boys surrounded us as we moved towards the jungled slopes near the eastern corner of the plantation. Dacey turned sharply and snapped out a word to them. In an instant they vanished back towards the huts.

Faint streaks of dawn appeared in the distant sky. Banks of white mists surged over the deep valley, and the down-dripping moisture fell like heavy rain upon our garments. Far away came the ugly yelp of a jackal, and the pariahs in the coolie lines answered in dismal chorus.

'An Australian black tracker would have picked up the spoor long ago,' I began apologetically as the superintendent fretted in my wake, wolfing the end of his Burma cheroot.

'Go on,' he said huskily. 'Musoora has a hut on our boundary, also three wives, six children, and a rogue elephant. After I've disposed of his child-stealing beast I'll see whether his constitution is adaptable to a nice clean jail.'

The day broke with startling suddenness. A belt of saffron spread like a fiery cloud across the naked east; the sun-illumined peaks seemed to flower and redden in the yellow flares of light. Groups of tiny black apes watched us from the high-stemmed silver oaks as we plunged across the gully into the scrub where the spoor showed in the creek slime. Behind us stalked the kangani, his sheeted garments drawn tightly about his face and head. Again we crossed the man's footprints that joined the elephant's higher up the gully. We were soon panting along the edge of the gravel range, and here the spoor disappeared mysteriously. The hard, stone-like surface of the ground refused to retain the slightest impression of man or beast's footprint.

'Let us go to his hut,' said Dacey. 'He will come home sooner or later.'

The smoke of Musoora's household wound skyward in the clear morning air, and as we crossed the ridge overlooking the valley we beheld a squat, mud-walled house half-concealed in a tangle of lianas and scrub.

Three women who had been cooking rice inside appeared suddenly at the door. A couple of yellow pariahs yelped savagely from the evil-looking interior. At that moment a terrific thrashing of brushwood came up from the jungled hollow below; the rasping voice of a man broke the morning silence.

'Tull, tull, thou! Walk, beast, or the factory dogs will eat thy feet. Up, Binam, up!'

The head and tusks of a full-grown elephant appeared from the jungle-shadow; a moment afterwards beast and man swung into the open, glistering from head to heel with moisture from the overhanging forest. The man, turbaned like an Indian mahout, plied his thin iron goad on the head of his beast mercilessly. A sudden turn in the path brought him into line with the superintendent's rifle.

The elephant trumpeted hoarsely, then halted and remained stamping and rocking in front of us, its small intelligent eyes fixed on the immovable rife-

The driver raised his head suddenly, and his jaw hung at sight of the angry superintendent standing in the path.

'Get down!' commanded Dacey sharply. 'And if you address a single word to that—that meegra elephant, I'll shoot you without mercy, Musoora.'

Musoora made no movement; his slack mouth expanded until the fat creases under his chin seemed to fold over his greasy vestments.

The kangani, standing behind, called out in a quivering voice, his left hand indicating something tucked away between the tusks and trunk of the stamping elephant, 'My little son, oh master: Alive—by the gods! Let us talk reasonably with Musoora; no harm has yet been done.'

At first glance it was almost impossible to see the dusky infant rolled away so cunningly in the folds of the great trunk. Musoora held his goad aloft half-threateningly, as though intending to drive his beast over us.

The superintendent's rifle came suddenly into line with the elephant's blinking eyes. Deliver the child to its father, Musoora. We'll talk after wards concerning the trampling down of No. 9 field. No monkey-tricks,' he continued, 'or I'll present you with a dead elephant in ten seconds.

'Shoot, dorai! shoot!' laughed Musoora from above. 'Your bullet will not save the kangan's brat; the dying beast will crush it as it falls'

'There is something behind this foolery,' said the superintendent sharply. 'Speak out, Musoora. I will listen.'

The mahout leaned from the beast's shoulder and pointed with his goad at the stiff-limbed kangani standing in our rear.

'That headman of thine, oh dorai! has swindled me out of fifty rupees. I have waited a year for the money—money for lifting timber from the old lines, money the company paid him for my work and the work of my elephant. Let him pay me now, or there will be no son to take over his debts when he is dead.'

'It is a lie!' shouted the kangani. 'It was thirty rupees—no more. The dog lies, oh master! He shall not threaten my son's life for money owing. It is against the law.'

The superintendent's face grew dark as he glanced swiftly at the gesticulating headman. 'I will give you both sixty seconds to make up your minds.' He spoke slowly along the barrel of his rifle, his eyes fixed on the watchful mahout. 'The three of you shall suffer—the elephant first. Now'—

It seemed as though the uneasy brute understood the superintendent's threat. The great trunk swept up and down trumpeting shrilly, while its huge body rocked to and fro in fearful expectation.

'Shoot, oh master!' whispered the kangani.
'Let my brat take its chance. I will not pay Musoora fifty rupees. The elephant will fall on its side, not head first. Believe me, dorai, it will fall on its side. Let the child'——

Something wet and dripping flashed out of the jungle. A scarlet saring and a woman's burning eyes confronted us. It was the kangan's young wife, and her mouth was drawn, her cheeks sunken, as though the sharp misery she had endured had unhinged her mind. The mountain mists had matted the long black hair, and the wind had blown it mask-like about her low, broad forehead. She crouched forward under cover of the superintendent's rifle until she stood in front of the fear-stricken elephant.

'Back, Nourana!' screamed the kangani. 'The beast will strike thee dead!'

Without turning or heeding his words, she

gripped the near tusk with her left hand and smote the great blinking face above her.

'Thou beast! was there no other child but mine to steal? Was the trampled fruit of our garden not enough—the banyans and sweet herbs that thou takest the blood of my heart, thou evil one?'

The elephant seemed to relax, and its trunk unfolded suddenly; the brown brat slipped from its resting-place into the woman's arms. Pushing it across her broad hips, she took a stick from the ground and again darted forward.

The elephant retreated, its small red eyes watching her anxiously. Her lithe body quivered as she smote it fiercely on the lip and trunk, stooping in her fury to belabour the flinching brute on its soft round toes.

'Remember, thou eater of swine, not to enter my house again. The taste of thee will be on my child until it dies. Beast!'

The elephant nosed the air in its pain, and, with a sudden heave and shake of the head, crashed into the jungle on our left. Musoora turned and shook his goad at the trembling kangani as the elephant bore him unwillingly from the scene.

'The affair is settled for the present,' said the superintendent, shouldering his rifle. 'I must admit,' he added to me, 'that the woman's promptness saved the situation. These Indian mahouts are deucedly awkward fellows to deal with.'

The kangani hurried back to the lines, followed by the shrill-voiced Tamil woman carrying her child. We returned to the bungalow, feeling that our sleep had been unnecessarily disturbed.

A few weeks later I heard that the notorious Musoora had been arrested and put in jail. There were many charges against him, but the one preferred was for driving his animal full tilt at a motor-car on the outskirts of Colombo. East of Aden the inebriated chauffeur is never so dangerous as the drunken driver of an elephant.

SOME BARGAINS IN OLD OAK.

By R. A. GATTY.



HERE will always be collectors of old oak furniture, no matter how fashionable the Chippendale and other periods of exquisite taste and finish of workmanship may become. Oak was the material used by our

forefathers in their house-building and furnituremaking; and though the wood as a substance may not take the same fine polish and colour as mahogany, it has peculiar merits of its own. The graining of oak, called the flower, has often beautiful markings, and the wood acquires a peculiarly soft gray-brown colour as the centuries go by. It may be as well to correct one popular error: there is no such thing as black oak. If you come across a dark-stained piece of oak furniture you may be perfectly certain that it has been treated with some colouring dye, for the wood if left to itself never naturally goes black. It is true that this staining of the wood is often as old as the period when the furniture was made, but it nevertheless is not the real colour which the oak takes if left to itself.

It is to the interest of dealers and fabricators of old furniture to keep up this fiction of black oak, and they point to it as a sign of great antiquity, and the general public believes them. The dark stain covers a multitude of sins in the shape of new wood and patches of modern carving, especially when afterwards covered with a coat of shining varnish. I discussed this once with a dealer, who

freely acknowledged that he regularly stained his old furniture, for unless he did so no customer would buy it. This especially referred to the American market, for numbers of visitors from the United States came to his shop during the summer months. I may here remark that a genuine piece of oak furniture can be relieved of this stain by an application of hot water and potash, and the wood restored very nearly to its pristine condition. But the furniture must be genuine and not made up, otherwise all the defects will become at once apparent.

Although the cult of old oak is not likely to die out, it is by no means certain that the supply is not rapidly coming to an end. Most of the best pieces are in private hands, and rarely come into the market, and when they do they fetch very large prices. It was quite different thirty years ago, when it was possible to meet with fine specimens in the farmhouses and cottages in out-of-the-way districts. As an instance of this, I remember calling one day to see a farmer about his rent, and I found him thrashing wheat in his barn with a flail. He had portioned off a corner by placing a large oak table-top across the angle, and over it he threw his thrashed wheat. I inquired if the remainder of the table was still in existence, and he took me to another part of the barn, where I saw a magnificent table, with a carved frontal twelve feet in length, having grapes, vine-leaves, and parrotheads deeply carved upon it. The legs, six in number, were of elongated melon-shape, and connected by foot-rails. There were two long forms six feet each in length, and two oak joint-stools to fit the two ends of the table.

It was evident that the table had been intended to stand against the wall, and the guests dined with their backs to the rest of the room. It had never been made for a farmhouse, and it must have come from some superior residence. The farmer could not enlighten me on this point, and all I could gather from him was that it had been in the barn since the days of his grandfather. I afterwards ascertained that about a hundred years previously an old manor-house had been pulled down nearly a mile away, and in all probability this table, which was of great weight and solidity, had found its way into the farmer's barn, as it was far too large to be put inside the farmhouse. I need not say that the table became my property in lieu of some of the rent, and the farmer, to show his gratitude, offered to give me an old cupboard which, he said, was standing near the manure-heap, and used as a sort of fowl-house; for, as it had, as he described it, open church windows, it was easy to look inside and see whether the hens had laid any eggs. We went together to see this peculiar cupboard, and, to my astonishment, I saw a piece of Gothic furniture with three perforated church windows in the upper panels. The cupboard stood five feet four inches high, and, though covered with filth of all descriptions, was apparently in sound condition. The

cornice round the top was gone, and the lower door had been taken off to give freer access to the fowls, but it lay beside the manure and had not been destroyed. The centre window was a flamboyant rose-window, and the other two were of Perpedicular architecture. These were in a perfect state, and all the other panels were thoroughly sound. In fact, the workman who cleaned and scraped it told me the long exposure to weather had made the only like faceil wood.

oak like fossil wood. For many years I was quite at a loss to know what use the cupboard had been put to. I thought it must have come out of some old monastic establishment, and been used for keeping church vessels, and perhaps vestments in the lower part. A book on Old Oak Furniture by Mr Frederick Roe, recently published, throws quite another light upon the matter. Drawing a distinction between what are known as domestic credences and food-lockers, Mr Roe says: 'Food-lockers of a type quite dissimilar from the credence were in use during the Middle Ages. In nearly every case these may be known by the perforations, mostly in the shape of Gothic windows, which were introduced in their doors and sides. These perforations were generally backed with red cloth, which, while it excluded dust, admitted air. Traces of this cloth and its attachments may still be found on the inner side of these Gothic lockers.' This very probably is the explanation of the old cupboard I rescued from the hens; and if the style of architecture is to be taken as a guide for dating it, it was made about the year 1470.

There is a good deal of difference between what I may term manor-house old oak and that of the farmhouse. The former is much more florid in character, and to some tastes not so interesting as the simpler and severer style of the other. There was a time when the farms were full of chests, tables, cupboards, and beds all made in the village hard by, and all bearing evidence in the details of their shapes and carvings of the period at which they were made. It is possible to meet with such pieces now scattered about in cottages and home steads in out-of-the-way places; but the collector must be very wary when he enters villages which have come under the influence of the town dealer.

As an instance of this, not long ago a cyclist was pushing his bicycle up a steep village street not very far from London, and he saw an old woman knitting outside her cottage door, which was open. He glanced at the interior of the house, and caught sight of a fine-looking grandfather clock with a brass face, and he stopped and asked the old lady for a drink of water. This opened the way for a conversation, and he at once began to express his admiration of the carved, black, oak-cased clock It had belonged to her grandfather, the old lady told him, and she prized it more than anything she possessed. At length, feeling sure that he had struck upon a genuine article, the cyclist offered a good round sum for it, and after many protestations and some tears on the old lady's part, she consented to let him have it. The story might very well end here, and the cyclist remain for ever undeceived as to the genuineness of his bargain, only he happened the following year to be again passing through the same village street, when he recognised the same old lady knitting outside her cottage door, and another grandfather clock identical with his own in all particulars appearing through the open door! There is a process known as salting, and I believe it has been more than once practised successfully on those prospecting for gold and diamond mines. In this instance the old-oak dealer had this agent in the village to assist him to palm off oak furniture which was not so readily sold in his own shop.

The only defence against such cheating is for the collector to read up his subject and make himself an expert as far as he can. It is a very good plan to practise the fingers in detecting modern from old carving. In the case of old carving all harsh edges are worn down, and it presents a smoothness when you touch it which the modern stuff never really gets even by the help of sand-paper. Forgeries, again, may often be detected by the injudicious mixing up of periods in the carving which the forger often perpetrates. Shot-marks and punctures with a bradawl to feign worm-holes can easily be exposed by tapping the wood to see if the fine white dust which the worm makes is left in the holes.

There is a story of a rich American gentleman who, when travelling in Italy, saw a finely carved ceiling in an old palace which greatly took his fancy. So anxious was he to obtain this treasure that he offered to purchase the entire palace as it stood if he could not get the ceiling in any other way. The matter was left in the hands of a dealer, who promised to keep a lookout for this or any other ceiling likely to be sold. year or two went by, and the American was informed that a ceiling had been found exactly like the one in the old palace, and he could have it for a certain big sum. This was agreed upon, and straightway the American began to build a wing to his house with a room specially designed to fit the ceiling. When the house was ready a large party was invited to a ball in honour of the occasion, and the dancing took place in a room above that in which the ceiling had been placed. All went well until supper-time, when the guests eating in the room downstairs were conscious of tiny fragments of something falling from above, and found they were being bombarded with small shot which the ceiling was discharging owing to the vibration caused by the dancers' feet. The story does not go on to say what the feelings of the American were when he discovered he had been taken in.

People are very apt to disregard pieces of old cak because they are not well carved, and some of the oldest bits get overlooked. For many years a plain chest with a simple rose in each panel was put away by my orders where it was never seen,

and would have remained where it was had I not been told that roses with four petals only are a rare form of decoration, and the shape of this particular chest assigned it to a period far earlier than many elaborately carved. Mr F. Roe, in his book to which I have previously referred, gives a very interesting account of the rose pattern, and the variations given to it in Tudor times. The number of the petals sometimes coincides with the king's name, as, for instance, eight petals for Henry the Eighth; but this is not a reliable rule, and no doubt in country places the same style was repeated reign after reign.

The same authority, when dealing with Yorkshire chairs, draws attention to the fact that those made shortly after the death of Charles the First have that monarch's face introduced into the carving on the back. I heard one day of the existence of some of these chairs in a farmhouse on the moors, and I found there the remains of what must once have been a very fine collection, but treated in the most extraordinary way. The house had mullioned windows, and the rooms upstairs were partitioned with oak panelling. In one of the bedrooms was a magnificent oak bed, with four posts and a richly carved head, and the canopy above had a finely decorated centre. The farmer had this bed in use, but six Yorkshire chairs and a high-backed armchair profusely carved were relegated to a room in which lived the imbecile son of the farmer all by himself. The oak furniture was considered uncomfortable and practically of no value, and the half-witted man had been allowed to do what he liked with it. Strange to say, he respected the carving and never damaged it, but all down the sides of the chairs, and wherever there was a clear space, he had treated them with a hot skewer and written a kind of mad diary. There would be an entry, 'Our Tom married, Oct. 10;' another was, 'Our sow had a litter of pigs, June 3.' I rescued this store of fine chairs and the bed, and happily a few thin shavings of the plane removed the burnt entries, which were not deep. It was in vain I looked for Charles the First's head on the chairs, which were probably of a later date.

The low foot-rail in a chair is always indicative of its age, for people used to put their feet upon it at a time when they spread rushes on the floor. It is grievous to see the way the dealers treat the plain old chairs and chests by carving upon them styles of decoration quite out of place with the date of the furniture. If you ask them, 'Is this a genuinely old piece?' they are willing to swear it is, and so far they are right, but they do not say they have done the carving themselves. The collecting of old oak to be of any value at all consists in obtaining specimens of the various periods of furniture, and it matters very little whether an article is carved or not, except that it looks handsomer when it is. The Yorkshire settles of the Queen Anne period from farmhouses are quite plain, except for the moulding round the panels,

and very beautiful they are in their simplicity. To treat these with Tudor roses or Gothic windows is wanton absurdity, but they sell better nevertheless, and that is all the dealers care about.

It may seem greedy to go about farms and cottages buying here and there, but it must be remembered that at the time I speak of the old furniture was utterly disregarded. It is only of late, since the dealers have hunted around and the value has gone up, that the oak has come to be prized. I remember an old woman in a cottage, who had a very fine Yorkshire chair which she wished to sell, using the expression 'a powsy owd thing' to show her contempt for it. The principal reason was, I fancy, that it required a good deal of rubbing to keep it bright. But there were other reasons for parting with the old oak. Bad farmingtimes had brought trouble to agriculturists, and the farms, which were once freehold, were heavily mortgaged. On more than one occasion I was offered the oak, as the people said they would rather I bought it than have it dispersed at a sale. One farmer left it in his will that if ever his son sold his oak bed, more than three centuries old, I was to have the first offer; and, though I had left the district many years, a letter came one day offering me the opportunity to purchase the bed, and I accepted it.

On another occasion I was sent for to visit a widow who lived in a farm some distance away, which was one of the oldest in the parish. The old lady was ill in bed, and I found her in a weak state, but by no means seriously ill. It was late in the afternoon and turning dusk, and I could only see that the bed she was in was a four-poster, with carving at the head and a panelled canopy above. To change the conversation from her ailments, I began to admire the bed and a fine oak wardrobe beside it, when she requested me to strike a match and examine the carving, at the same time covering her own face over with the sheet. By the short light of a vesta match I hurriedly took in the splendid work on the bed-head. Two five-petaled Tudor roses graced each end of the upper frieze, with a band of strapwork between. Below were two circular arched recesses with incised panels. These two were divided by a sliding panel with a secret receptacle inside, above which was a marguerite flower. The pillars of the bed were of elongated melon-shape, fitting into square posts. The bed had never been touched with any stain, and was of a lovely gray-brown colour. The simplicity of this piece of furniture only added to its loveliness, and I could not resist expressing my strong admiration.

In the kitchen downstairs stood an oak table twelve feet in length, with forms to fit one side, while on the other side was a settle with plain panels built into the wall. To give more room for this long table either a recess had been let into the wall or the house was so built at the time, and in this was a mullioned window. The

table shone with brightness, and the old lady told me it was used every day by themselves and the farm-labourers, and they kept up this bright polish with hard rubbing. It is rarely the case that you see furniture of such an early date kept in daily use and in such fine preservation. The table could not be later than the reign of James the First, and it might be earlier. It had the usual six legs of elongated melon-shape, connected with low rails all very massive and strong. There was no carving upon it, and no doubt it had been made locally, and the bed also, and both were specimens of typical farmhouse oak. I am glad to say the old lady soon got well again, and some years afterwards she came to see me, and reminding me of my former admiration of her furniture, she asked me to purchase it, as she was giving up farming and did not wish to have her things sold at a sale. I paid her exactly the price she asked for them, and we were mutually satisfied; but I admit the value at that time was not what it is now in this generation.

It may be well to give a hint as to the best way of treating old oak when you have collected it. Avoid oils of all kinds and use nothing but beeswar and turpentine. If the worms have got in, soak the part well with paraffin, and it will soon kill them. Melt the beeswax, and then mix the turpentine, and you cannot rub the oak too much. By this means you get an exquisite polish, and the beeswax does not stain the wood.

The church of Bradfield was served in the fourteenth century by a priest from the Priory of Ecclesfield, which was originally dependent upon the great Abbey of Fontenelle in Normandy, founded in A.D. 654 by St Wandrille. The Sunday of must have been difficult in winter, for the distance of the church from the priory was quite six miles over hilly ground rising up to thirteen hundred feet above sea-level. There are only slight remains left of the early Norman church in the present Perpendicular building, but it is said that a large oak coffer in the church, hewn out of a solid trunk of an oak-tree, and bound with iron, is of that

It is always very difficult to introduce a reredos into one of these old buildings built of stone from the moorsides. They do not lend themselves to work in marble or any white stone, and after restoring the church I was anxious to see a reredos put in that would blend with the somewhat sombre stone work. I decided to take Parker's Glossary of Architecture as a guide on this matter, and under the head of 'Reredoes' he describes it as 'the wall or screen at the back of an altar. It was usually ornamented with panelling, and sometimes was enriched with a profusion of niches, buttresses, pinnacles, statues, and other decorations.' About this time, owing to difficulties arising with the French Government, many monastic establishments were closed in France, and I heard that at the town of Caen in Normandy a considerable amount of old ecclesiastical oak had been seen on sale. Alady

residing near Bradfield, and a munificent donor of stained glass windows and other gifts to the church restoration, commissioned me to go to Caen and bring back, if I could, some medieval oak panels to make into a reredos. I decided to go first to Havre by boat from Southampton, and from there to make my way to Caen. I found at Havre that a small steamer of very light draught plied between that town and Caen, and took a limited number of passengers. There was a short sea-passage, and then—after passing the rocks of Calvados, where the White Ship went down and King Henry the First's son perished —we entered a very narrow river called the Orne, and steaming past the memorable quarries from which the stone was formerly taken to build so many fine churches, we arrived at the quaint, historic town of Caen. A very imperfect knowledge of the French language handicapped me a good deal in my quest for oak; but under the guidance of a workman in a blouse, who took me to many out-ofthe-way shops in bystreets, I managed in two days to get together something like half a ton of oak panelling, which consisted principally of old chestfronts and doors. It was a matter of great interest to me to think that I was not many miles away from the abbey of St Wandrille, which formerly owned Bradfield church, for I felt it was quite possible that some of these fine Gothic panels might have come from that abbey itself, and were now most appropriately being taken for use in the Bradfield reredos. The return journey in the small steamer was an exciting one. In addition to my great pile of oak, we had on board a cargo of Normandy pigs, with immensely long ears, and they were placed in a pen in the centre of the deck. All went well till we reached the mouth of the river and got out to sea, when an equinoctial gale began to blow from the south-west, bringing in great waves from the Atlantic. As these waves descended with some considerable force on the backs of the pigs in the pen they opened their huge mouths and gave forth a chorus of fearful sounds both alarming and ludicrous. We had very great difficulty in making our way to Havre; and had

we started later we could not have crossed, for before night it was blowing a full gale. On my return to England the value of the old oak was readily appreciated. Plaster casts of the Gothic panels were taken for the School of Art, and these were of various architectural styles. There were flamboyant and decorated panels, and many fine linen-pattern panels; but the finest specimen was a buttressed chest-front which was set aside to form the frontal of the Communion Table. None of the oak had been painted or treated with any stain, and it was in excellent condition considering its great antiquity. The delicate tracery of the flamboyant panels so peculiarly French was hardly damaged at all; and these, with the decorated panels of church windows, made most fitting subjects for a reredos. The construction of the framework to hold these panels was put into the hands of a clever and experienced wood-carver, and the straight line of the top was broken by appropriate Gothic treatment in delicate carving. From the moment the oak was placed in position it harmonised with the surrounding stonework, for the tracery of the windows above and around it seemed to be reflected in the panels below. Then there was the sentiment of the oak coming from the Norman district in which the abbey of St Wandrille once flourished when it possessed Bradfield as an appanage of its own. Five hundred and more years have passed since then, for in 1381 the church of Bradfield was transferred to the Carthusian convent of St Anne at Coventry.

It is always difficult to get country people to understand history, but I hoped I had impressed this link with the Norman abbey well into the minds of my clerk and his wife. However, the latter, when one day taking some friends of mine round the church, gave the following explanation of the reredos. I must make this remark before going further. I had been out in the German ambulance during the war of 1870. She said, 'Our rector went out and fought with the Germans against the French, and conquered them, and brought back this oak out of France'!

A NEW INCANDESCENT LIGHT.



OME twenty years ago many people thought that with the introduction of electricity the death-knell of the gas industry had been sounded; but Dr Aur's incandescent mantle rescued it from the possibility of

such a catastrophe. And, with the cheapening of electricity, for some time it looked as if it would be a close race between the two illuminants; but the advent of the inverted form of incandescent burner some four years ago imparted to the gas industry an impetus that will to a great extent give it the lead for at least some time to come.

The development of the inverted burner, for the short time it has been in use, has been phenomenal, and during the past year at least a million of these burners must have been sold in the United Kingdom. Strange to say, it is this conservative country which has taken the lead of the nations in this matter; Germany is following us closely; but, stranger still, the acute American is only waking up to the advantages of this form of lighting.

The prejudice against the inverted burner was at first very great, but only proved in the end that when theory and fact disagree the latter is bound

to win, and that nature has still undiscovered laws or applications of existing laws of which we are

ignorant.

When the first inverted burner was introduced it was ridiculed and laughed at; the idea of gas burning upside down did not take on. The writer said to one of the first experimental inventors that there was no use in going on with his idea, as it would never work; and only a couple of years ago two gas engineers controlling two very large gasworks in this country refused to have anything to do with inverted burners, because they were 'not scientifically correct.' And this was the very general opinion of the 'professional' in the gas industry up till quite recently.

Happily this is changing, although in some important instances the old opinion prevails. The public, however, have not to thank the gas industry for introducing this new form of lighting, as it is practically the result of commercialism. The pioneer makers, especially the New Inverted Incandescent Gas-Lamp Company, saw what was in the inverted burner, and stuck nobly to the task of perfecting it and keeping it on the market at a reasonable price. The makers now are many, and the makes of the burner legion, one Birmingham manufacturer turning out forty different forms of it.

A great amount of trashy stuff has been put on the market, but this is unavoidable, as the demand for cheapness-irrespective of efficiency-is so rampant; but the fact that 'a good article is the best' is peculiarly applicable to the inverted incandescent burner, as the wear on it is ten times more severe than on the ordinary upright burner, and the adjustments, owing to the nature of the burner, must be more precise. Consequently a good burner, irrespective of cost, is the most economical in the end.

The weak feature in the inverted burner is that, the point of combustion being below the holes where the air enters the bunsen, the products of combustion are liable to get into the burner and

cause carbonisation. The usual type of inverted burner gives from fifty to sixty-five candle-power on a consumption of three cubic feet of gas, and various means have been tried to raise the candle-power without increasing the gas consumption. An Edinburgh firm, Messrs Wm. Anderson & Co., seem, however, to have overcome these difficulties to a very appreciable extent in a new burner which they have patented. With this burner they have been able to raise the candle-power per cubic foot of gas from twenty candles to thirty-three candles, enabling them in a single-burner lamp to produce one hundred and fifty candles, which is the highest candle-power yet obtained. This result is achieved by preheating the primary air which mixes with the gas in the bunsen tube, and this is done by making a heating chamber around the bunsen, and taking the air in at the bottom by tubes, thus obviating any chance of the products of consumption getting into the burner again, which is a source

of trouble in so many burners of this type, causing the carbonising of the mantle and burner.

The globe is held in position by a tempered steel wire spring instead of the usual screws, thus allowing for the expansion of the glass when heated and preventing the breaking of the globe, which, having no hole in the bottom, makes the burner suitable for draughty places.

Instead of the usual air-holes at the top of the bunsen, a perfectly free space is allowed, so that the heated air has no obstruction; but into the top of the bunsen tube is fitted a cone or tapered tube by which the gas and air in issuing through is caused to mix thoroughly.

The bunsen tube itself is of two diameters, the upper part being one-sixteenth less diameter than the under part. The latter is made of porcelain,

constricted at the exit-end.

There is also an anti-vibrator in connection with, or rather as part of, the burner, consisting of a loose cylinder with cap into which the burner-nipple is screwed. The burner is then suspended inside the cylinder for one-third of the way down by a spiral spring.

The contents of the heating chamber are preserved intact by a loose plate, which is kept in place by a light spiral spring.

The light obtained from a large cluster-lamp is equal to nearly seven hundred and fifty candles.

With this form of lighting the fullest value possible of the gas is obtained, and as there is no shadow to counteract, an efficiency of 331 per cent over the upright form of incandescence is obtained.

AN OUTPOST.

Last night in a dream I heard the song Of a lark that rose from a field of rye; And I sighed in sleep, for the days are long, And no birds sing 'neath a brazen sky.

There was never a breeze, the sun dipped down Into a barren stretch of sand; And night reached up for her starry crown, And set her foot on the wasted land.

'Twas just the time when the thrush sings best, And just the hour when the blackbird trills, When shadows steal from the purple west, And a rose light lies on the lonely hills.

I slept again, and in sleep I heard-Deep in a wooded, moonlit vale-The liquid notes of the nightingale, And my heart went out to the blithe brown bird

I woke to the beat of passing feet, To the blinding smile of the risen day; And over the desert danced the heat, And half in shadow the white town lay.

And all the glamour of Rastern skies-A charm as old as the world is old-Wakes when the wings of the night unfold, And, lo! when the day is born it dies. LAWRENCE B. JUPP.



MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN, M.P.

PART VIII.



HAVE already given an account from my father's reminiscences of the unfortunate fracas between John Forster and Robert Browning. I have myself a very distinct memory

of the biographer of Goldsmith and Dickens. I recall him as a very big, square, beetle-browed, black-haired piece of solid humanity, with a voice that made the glasses jingle on the table, yet he could roar you (on paper) as gently as any sucking dove, for with all his arbitrariness and resolute roughness he had one of the kindest hearts that ever beat in the breast of a literary dictator. As a proof of that I may cite three letters written by him to my mother when she was recovering from a dangerous attack of inflammation of the lungs:

'PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON, W., 19th March 1866.

'MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN,—It was a great grief to me last night to hear of your illness.

'I returned to town only a few days since, and, remembering our engagement before I left, was looking forward to the pleasure of an early meeting when this sad disappointment came.

'You are forbidden to see friends at all, I hear; but when the prohibition is removed you will, I hope, give me the privilege of coming to you. I feel that I deserve this by the pain the news has given me which I heard last night.

'Earnestly do I trust that better news will reach me soon. The weather lately has been such as to try us all; but we have no winter before us now; and you, with your youth on your side, and spring and summer coming on so fast, will soon again be merriest of us all.

'Of course this note is not to give any one the trouble of answering; for my wife (herself a prisoner to-day) will bring me word to-morrow how you are, after inquiring; and when I may see you, I

No. 519. - Vol. X.

[All Rights Reserved.]

know that Mr Lehmann will kindly send me a line to tell me so.

'With all kindest wishes, my dear Mrs Lehmann, very affectionately yours, John Forster.'

My mother must have answered this kindly letter very promptly, for on the following day Forster writes again:

'MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN,—I will not believe that any note from me gives you any pleasure if you trouble yourself again to send an answer to what I write. So now, you see, I shall test you. If I don't hear from you I'll write, and if I don't— Well, I cannot bring myself to say I won't write; but I certainly shall not write with half so much pleasure.

'My wife sends her best love to you. She has not been out of doors since we dined on Sunday at Southwick Place, or she would have gone to inquire after you. She has been saving herself up to be able to dine with the Dilkes to-night, and I fear won't be able to go after all.

'The fact is, everybody's ill with this weather, and whatever secret little ailment one has it fastens upon and exaggerates. It has discovered a little weakness in you, and the lesson it teaches is that you should guard that place with greater care when you are well. The secret of long life is to know where the enemy is always lying in wait to assail us, and to provide and fortify against him. You will do this more carefully in future—will you not? For your husband's and children's sake first, and for all our sakes afterwards.

'You have the best of doctors—a doctor to disarm a sick-room of not a little of its weariness and pain; and I am sure you will soon be well. Not only that; I am sure you will in future be more prudent, not defying, but temporising with east winds and savage airs, especially at night.

'Always, my dear Mrs Lehmann, very affectionately yours,

JOHN FORSTER.'

Reserved.]

NOVEMBER 9, 1907.

And then comes the third and last of this set of pretty messages of friendship:

'PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON, 29th March 1866.

'With no common pleasure, my dear Mrs Lehmann, I have heard of your ability to take a drive the other day; and now I hope this fine weather which is really come will help the good De Mussy, and another doctor more potent even than De Mussy (we call him Youth), triumphantly to set you up again. And then with a little-no, I will say a great deal-of prudence, you will be able for the future to defy your enemy, and to save from infinite anxiety all your friends.

'As soon as I hear that I may call and see you I mean to inflict myself upon you for a few minutes, just to be satisfied upon my own seeing that what I hear is true.

'And so good-bye for the present, and ever believe me, my dear Mrs Lehmann, very affectionately JOHN FORSTER.

'I shall bear this myself, and learn how you really are.'

In the winter of 1869-70 my father, who was then in America, had sent John Forster some canvas-back ducks, of which he received the following pleasant acknowledgment:

'PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON, 18th January 1870.

'My DEAR LEHMANN,—My thanks for your kind remembrance have been too long delayed, but you must not on that account think them less grateful and sincere.

'Both of us here were indeed much touched by your having thought of us at all that distance, and in such seasonable Christmas fashion. Nor was there a wish belonging to the season which your splendid present seemed to bring with it that we did not desire to return fiftyfold for all future happiness to you and yours.

'I call the present splendid, for how magnificent the birds were! I never saw such plumage. seemed a horrible sacrifice to the spit; but the result justified it, and the two brace we had here were a wonderful success. One brace only I could find in my heart to part with; and Coleridge (the Sol.-Gen.), to whom I sent it, told me his son, who is a bit of an ornithologist, would far rather have stuffed the birds than have let them stuff anybody else.

'We went to Torquay immediately after Xmas Day, and only returned on Friday last. We had horrible weather, and much of the pleasure of the visit was lost to me by a miserable cold.

'I shall rejoice to hear that health attends you everywhere in your wanderings, and that these will have, in every possible way that you can wish, a prosperous issue.

'With my wife's kindest regards, I am ever, my JOHN FORSTER.' dear L., very sincerely yours,

It was well said by the Times after Forster's death

that those who at first sight found him obstinate and overbearing were ready to confess that they had in reality found him to be one of the tenderest and most generous of men.

GEORGE ELIOT AND G. H. LEWES.

My father first met G. H. Lewes in 1853, and through him he and my mother became acquainted with George Eliot, and at one time saw a great deal of her. My father has described in his reminiscences (Cornhill Magazine, April 1892) the impression she made upon him. He speaks of her 'large head, the masculine and Dantesque features, and the soft, melodious voice which always cast a spell over me. One might almost have forgotten, he continues, 'that she was a woman, so profound was her insight; but I, at least, could never forget while in her company that I was with an exceptional being.' He relates how during the later months of 1866, while my mother and the family were in Pau, and he was alone in London, he used to go to her every Monday evening at her house in North Bank, Regent's Park, taking his violin with him, and how they played together every piano and violin sonata of Beethoven and Mozart. George Eliot, he says, was a very fair pianist, not gifted, but enthusiastic and extremely painstaking. The following undated letter * evidently refers to one of these visits: 'THE PRIORY,

NORTH BANK, REGENT'S PARK.

DEAR MR LEHMANN,-Friday the 16th will suit us perfectly.

'I will forgive you for disappointing me as to Wednesday, since I got the compensation of knowing that there still exist personages so romantic as Wandering Minstrels. †

George continues so far better as to be able to write a sheaf of philosophy every morning, and we feel that it will be very agreeable to listen to your violin in the evening.—Very truly yours, 'M. E. LEWES."

Here is another of an earlier date to my mother: 'THE PRIORY, April 30, '64.

'My DEAR MRS LEHMANN,-In Mr Lewes's absence I opened Mr Lehmann's letter, which is altogether a conjugal one, and can be answered by me to you.

'Yes, I do hope to be able to see you to morrow; but in my uncertainty as to my state of headache (that is the name sometimes for my head) I should be much easier if you would not send the carriage, but would simply leave us to find the way to you [to Southwood Lane, Highgate] for ourselves; and, if I am able to come to you, to allow the carriage to bring us home.

*I have to thank Mr J. W. Cross for permission to publish these letters from George Eliot. The letter from G. H. Lewes is printed by permission of Mr Edmund A.

† My father was a member of the well-known musical society of that name.

'Mr Lewes is sure—so far as one can be sure—of presenting himself to you between five and six.

'I wish I had been fortunate enough to see you yesterday. You are not one of those dreadfully healthy women who stare in utter scepticism at one's alleged miseries and inabilities. But I do mean to be at Highgate to-morrow if I can.—Ever yours truly,

M. E. Lewes.'

The following undated letter from that sprightly correspondent G. H. Lewes to my mother also, in all probability, belongs to 1864. There is another enclosed in an envelope addressed to 'The Mother of the Gracchi (in smalls as yet),' which was conveyed by my brother and myself on ponies, the same juvenile postmen having carried the note to which it was an answer:

'THE PRIORY, Wednesday.

'ADMIRABLE Woman,—The extremely youthful George will certainly break through his rule (for what are rules good for but to be broken?) and present himself arrayed in great splendour (i.e. a tail-coat and waxed whiskers) on Tuesday next. But oh! how little impression his pothooks and signature must have made on your insensible soul that you should have mistaken them for his better two-thirds'! I wrote to you—alone I did it!—Polly* having installed me in the office of general secretary, with directions to give her hearty love, and wish to see you, which of course I forgot. Come up on Sunday if you can; if not, any other afternoon after two.—Ever yours faithfully,

'G. H. LEWES.'

My mother spent the winter of 1866-67 in Pau, in order to restore her health after her attack of inflammation of the lungs. While she was there G. H. Lewes and George Eliot paid her a visit, of which she gives an account in two letters to my father. The first is undated, but must have been written, I think, on January 21, 1867:

'When I came home,' she says, 'I found the Lewes's card! † They had turned up at last, and both had called, and were at the Hôtel de France, so I wrote a note instantly and asked them to tea, and come they did, and a very sweet evening we had. There is such a gentle graciousness about Mrs Lewes one must love her, and she seems to adore him. He is worn out and thin and languid, has lost his old spirits, but they'll come back with change and rest. I made myself pretty in my gray silk and lace kragen, and they admired my dress so much. When I got up to play Mrs Lewes said, "I am inclined to quarrel, do you know, with Mr Rudolf Lehmann about a portrait of you I saw at his house. It does not do you justice." I told her she was the first person who said so, as it was usually thought, and I thought, it flattered. (Do you remember Aunt J----'s, "It's much too pretty -why, it's quite a handsome woman," before me,

the unhappy original?) I played to them, and wound up with "Adelaida" by particular request, Mr Lewes having told her that I played such a beautiful arrangement! Arrangement! Why, I never knew it was arranged, and if it is, it's certainly my own. They are coming to-day to break-fast at twelve. Then I have persuaded him to go and call on the Savages, poor things, whilst she will remain with me. Then they do what they like till six, when they dine with me. I felt I must make an effort, because they told me it was solely on my account they came to Pau. "We look upon you as a sort of heroine, dear Mrs Lehmann, parted so long from your husband and your home, and take a deep interest in you," for which I thanked her, and felt inexpressibly soothed in the idea that somebody at last had found out I was a heroine, which I had been suspecting all along myself. If people would only say such things and smooth my fur the right way, instead of lecturing me as they do, I would take a much more cheerful view of my position. I begin to think it's abominable the way my friends roar out when I meekly say I would like to come home, and write me severe philosophical, physiological treatises, and put me down, and when they've got me down keep me down. Mrs Lewes knows better, so please understand for the future I am a sort of heroine. . . . The Lewes's were enchanted with Chang. They say he is a real Maltese; they like Deutsch. † He is the brightest German (always excepting you, I trust and believe) they ever saw. That is a nice little word for his hop-sparrowishness, I dare say, but they like him. He likes De Mussy too, and she said she was so anxious to see him (I can't tell why) that she did a rude thing at the theatre and turned round and stared at him when he was with us once. I am sure he did not remark it, and if he had, would have been flattered. . . . Fancy, Lewes intended Goethe for Nina, having heard of her passion for Goethe from you, and in a vague way fancied she was a great big girl !-Heard afterwards she was five. However, he'll see her to-day at déjeuner.'

'PAU, 23rd [Jan.]. 'The Lewes's are gone after two delightful cosy days. I have got to know her as I never should have done in years in London, and I think she loves me-we are sworn friends. What a sweet, mild, womanly presence hers is-so soothing, too, and elevating above all. It is impossible to be with that noble creature without feeling better. I have never known any one like her-and then her modesty, her humility. A modesty, too, that never makes her or you awkward, as many modesties do. I am full of her. She makes a great impression on me, and I long to see more of her and be with her. She said, without my asking it, she would write me from Barcelona to tell me how it went with "George," and if they were going on as

^{* &#}x27;Polly' is, of course, George Eliot herself.

[†]G. H. Lewes and George Eliot.

[‡] Emanuel Deutsch, the distinguished Orientalist.

they now intend. They don't go to Madrid, but Seville, Cordova, Granada, &c. When she went away last night I said something of hoping she would like me, and we should be friends. said, "I do; I love you better every hour." She said it so sweetly, with her soft penetrating voice, it did not sound as such a compliment would from any other lips. How they like you! This was such a tie between us-and she thinks you so handsome. I can't remember the word she used for your head. I had to give her the "head-medallion" photo of yours, so send me another; she didn't like the one she had, and admired this so much. . . . I walked down to the station with them this lovely summer morning. The weather has been glorious these two days, and the old white mountains so grand; in fact, the little visit has been a complete success. She made me tell her the whole story of our courtship and marriage, which seemed to interest her intensely. In fact, she was like a dear, loving elder sister to me the whole time. I gave them a nice little dinner; first, a light lunch at twelvethen he went and rejoiced poor Mr Savage's heart by a visit, whilst I walked in the garden and told her my love-story. I wanted to take them a drive, the day was so perfect-not a voiture to be had of any kind, a chasse going on! Provoking, wasn't it?... Nina said her little poem of Goethe to them to-day, sweetly. My dear, she, Mrs L., was so sweet, so attentive to Matilda [our German governess]! She often brought her gently into our conversation by talking of Germany, and appealing in her charming, gentle way to the delighted Tilla. It was such a contrast to the way that upstart Miss P. treats her-hardly deigning to take notice of her, and that very day, in the Place, having in an insolent way held out a finger of her left hand as she passed to Tilla to shake, which Tilla did not take-bravo! She says this insolent baggage always gives her her left hand when she condescends to do it at all. So she was determined not to take it next time. . .

'What cold you have suffered! Here it is sirocco again to-day-like going into a hothouse when you go out. The valley was full of a seething mist over which the mountains towered clear and serene. George Eliot in looking at this mist said, "I love to see that mist-it is beautiful-it looks as if creation were going on underneath." . . . She asked me if there was anything characteristic here to take home. I said, "Hardly!" then went to my drawer and pulled out a beautiful large beaded rosary of the box-root, which perfectly enchanted her. She said it was strange: she had longed for a rosary, and had never seen anything more charming than those beads made of a root. I also gave her a knitted wool shawl, in which she much rejoiced. They are looking forward to having you again when they come home.'

George Eliot fulfilled her promise to write from Barcelona. The letter, a long, chatty, and delight ful one, has already appeared in the Combill. Later on in 1867, after both had returned to England, she wrote to my mother :

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—I shall say yes very gladly. for just now I want to see you of all dear people that I know, if there were not this insurmountable obstacle, that to-morrow morning we go to Niton. where we have taken a house for a fortnight.

· Poor George, after being so blooming that you would hardly have known him, has got all wrong again, has had headache for ten days, and begins to ask, "What good shall my life do me?" But he revives so quickly under favourable circumstance that I hope you will see him looking bright when we come back.

'Thus unkind Fate has willed it, else I should have felt as happy as a schoolgirl invited out to have gone to see you on Saturday in your pretty home, and I should have chosen to meet just the friends you mention-including Mr Deutsch. If I had not heard you cough too much! And you do not tell me that you have lost that old enemy who overtook you again in Paris.

'I wonder if I like you better because you are not well. I have a trick of caring more for any one who has a trouble than for those who seem quite scathless.

'We shall take care to advertise our return to friends whom we want to see, and therefore to you without any delay. George tells me to send his love with mine to you and your husband. You know already that he would have been delighted to see you all again. Always yours affectionately.

George Eliot's friendship for my mother continued to the last, and was extended to the younger members of the family. Once a little essay written by my sister was shown to her. She took it awas, and afterwards wrote to my mother:

'THE PRIORY, April 2, 1877.

DEAR FRIEND, -Nina's little paper is full of the best promise. It has the double strength of simples direct expression, and of observant lovingness

'You remember what old Ben Jonson wisher for his perfect woman. Besides "each soles." virtue" she was to have "a manly soul." And hope we shall see that grander feminine type-al once sweet, strong, large-thoughted-in your Nith

But don't let us tell her all the good we think

'I suppose the word "abrupt" is meant as an admonition by the teacher. But to me, the beginning to say at once what she has to say without the artificiality of an introduction is one of the good signs. - Yours affectionately,

THE CALAMITY OF THE POLDER.

CHAPTER II.



NOTHER hour passed and the polder was roofed with stars. Piet had eaten his supper in 'Well-and-Good's' parlour, and was now sipping his coffee with the ease and comfort of a baron in his moated castle. His

pipe lay on the table by his hand; over him the lamp burned neither too dim nor too bright; and, with his feet pushed towards the small hearth of clean old Delft tiles and its three or four glowing

sods, Piet sipped and sipped.

He had an absurd inclination to sing now and then. Instead of singing, he aired his thoughts freely out loud. They included rejoicings about the discomfiture of Mops, condemnation of all Betje's relatives at Werk, and wishes—uttered for the thousandth time—that his father had treated him with the fairness due to a son who had never given him a reasonably anxious hour while he lived.

Betje loved him, and always had loved him. This was the great gospel of the afternoon for him. If there was anything that he had to forgive her as touching Mr Mops, he forgave her over and over. But he never would, nor indeed could, forgive her father and mother. To think of it! Conspiring to sacrifice her innocence to a moneyed wretch like that, careless what happened to her dear mind and soul so that she might be in a position to drive out in her own carriage whenever she pleased, and—

A step outside checked his swelling indignation about the adults of Werk. He turned his head to the door, and there stood his uncle Erasmus.

'Fine night, nephew,' said Betje's father, with a matter-of-fact nod. 'Your aunt thinks I had better have a little talk with you.'

Piet's heart sank. 'Why not, uncle?' he replied gruffly, rising and drawing up a chair. 'It is long since we talked together. You will take coffee?'

'H'm!' Erasmus Leevan was a stalwart, broad man like Piet, but rendered grotesque by a wart on the end of his nose-a purple wart as big as a marble. This wart had been the prime affliction of his boyhood and youth, and even now his wife occasionally reminded him that it was a miracle she had married him in spite of it. He glanced about the room. It was stocked with memories for him. There, in a corner, was the old wooden cradle in which he and Piet's father-and, a generation later, Piet himself-had been rocked by a mother's foot. The prints on the walls were antiquities like the cradle-battle-scenes of Napoleonic times, wrecks of clippers and stiff little steamboats of fifty years ago, unbecoming enlarged family portraits, 'Moses in the Bulrushes,' and so forth. The walls were beset with such ornaments, and old blue-and-white plates (really valuable, some of these) were mounted by the dozen between the prints and everywhere else.

'Yes, I will take coffee and even a regalia,

'Right-o!' exclaimed Piet in English, with a strong effort to revive his spirits. The ejaculation had come into the district with the Hull cargo-boat which in the summer months called regularly at Cramby for calves, butter, and cheese. 'There are still some left, Uncle Rasmus.'

Piet's father had been an extravagant smoker before he became enthusiastically religious. At his death three boxes of very choice cigars were discovered; and until the quest for those missing guilders was given up his uncle had smoked one or two of the regalias every day at the mill.

'Miss Tenk tells me, Piet,' began Uncle Erasmus after his first pull at the cigar, 'that you were talking to Betje this afternoon.'

Betje's aunt Louisa was Miss Tenk to the general

Piet's head sank now, as well as his heart. That 'Right-o!' was a hollow fraud. 'It is true,' he said. 'Are we not cousins, Betje and I?'

'Cousins—yes. If it was only cousins, Piet'—— The influence of the regalia moved Betje's father. He put his hand on his nephew's arm. 'You may believe me or not, my boy, but that arrangement with Mynheer Mops was none of my desire. Your aunt is a clever woman. She and Miss Tenk—— I'm a cipher in my own house, Piet.'

'Just so,' said Piet. 'Is your coffee as you like it?'

'The coffee is very good. Your aunt says no man can make coffee. She is wrong. She would make a better earth than God Himself if she can be believed. But she can't—always.'

Piet pricked up. 'I don't know, uncle,' he said with a bitter smile. 'Klaas would not like to hear me say so, but I could suggest two or three improvements myself.'

'In your aunt, Piet?' Betje's father gave him a smile curiously like his own, for its bitterness.

'No. God forbid that I should be so bold. I meant in the earth—that is, in my own bit of interest in it.'

'Ah! H'm!' Uncle Erasmus seemed engrossed for a while with Piet's words. He puffed clouds of smoke. There were moments when his nose and the wart were for Piet the only visible features of his face. 'I want,' he then said sharply, 'to tell you about that infernal matter with Mynheer Mops. I never had a hand in it until it couldn't be helped. If I was on my deathbed, I could speak no greater truth than that to Betje herself.'

Piet stared. 'What does it matter?' he asked. 'It is all over.'

'Yes, yes. It is all over, as far as that gentleman is concerned, Piet,' continued the uncle; 'but there are others. Your aunt-I am here by her express request to tell you so. You understand, Plet ?'

Piet's fist crashed upon the table. 'I see!' he said with the voice of a hurricane.

Again there was silence, and Betje's father enveloped himself in more clouds. 'It is not a business I like, Piet,' he went on, with a distinctly apologetic note, 'selling girls in the best market like cheese and sheep. But I wish you to know that for my part there is no one I would sooner give my Betje to than yourself, Piet, if it were possible. But it is not possible.'

'No,' said Piet dismally.

'How should it be? You have nothing. This is a secret that I was not to tell you, but the fact is, my dear nephew, I am a broken and embarrassed man, and therefore, unless Betje can help us, the polder—all the polder, except just this mill, which is your own—must be sold. I have nothing left. I signed bills eighteen months ago for twenty thousand guilders, and again in July last year for another twenty thousand. They have been renewed several times, but it cannot be done again. Yes, I have been very unfortunate, Piet-no one more so perhaps; and that is how the land lies. Your aunt takes Betje back to Amsterdam in the morning to try again. The girl is much admired by several gentlemen of good standing, and now that ___ You are listening ?'

Piet had put his hands to his face. Now he jumped up, narrowly missing the lamp. 'Is a daughter nothing more to you than that?' he shouted. 'Are you not ashamed of yourself,

'Yes,' replied the uncle, with a shrug. 'There is no doubt about that. But the world is the We are not primroses and violets, we lruman creatures. As I was saying, Mynheer Mops holds those bills, and '-

'Mynheer 'Almighty Heaven!' cried Piet. Mops!

Of course, Piet. Who else? That was the bargain your aunt made.'

'And you are going to bargain again in the same way! She-she won't do it, sir.'

Betje's father thrust up his lips until they almost met the wart on his nose; shrugged his massive shoulders also. 'So she says,' he confessed. 'But her mother has been reasoning with her very patiently since our return from market. When your aunt says a thing is to be done, it generally is done.

Piet eddied about the little room on the other side of the table with the movements of a bear in a cage. He felt caged indeed-brutally caged by circumstances and his detested aunt Mina.

While he paced, his uncle explained how he had

been such a fool with his money. He had speculated and lost; speculated again and again, and nearly always lost. When his brother, Piet's father, had died he relied on Piet himself to pull him through with the money he had paid for the land in his more sober, earlier days. Neither he nor his wife would have desired a more convenient son-inlaw than Piet, with about fifty thousand guilders. But without the guilders the impossibility of such a pleasure had to be confronted. That was why Betje was packed off to Amsterdam in such haste Her mother had stayed with her there for five weeks. They had been a difficult five weeks, because Betje's nature even as a girl (and she was only seventeen then) was obstinate, like her mother's; but her mother was of course the stronger of the two, and in time forced her even to destroy the various little memorials of Piet which had accompanied her to Amsterdam, and to look at life through her own motherly spectacles.

Uncle Erasmus warmed to the story while Piet paced. He did not pay great attention to his scowling nephew, whose eyes might otherwise have frightened or at least arrested him. He flourished the stump of the regalia. And thus he drew towards the long-postponed logical outcome of his effort.

'Your aunt, Piet, will not be satisfied until you have sworn to me on the Bible that you will make no attempt to weaken our Betje in her good resolutions of obedience to her wishes. The girl shed tears this afternoon when her aunt Tenk told her mother about your being at the farm. Tears spoil a girl's eyes if they become a habit. And so, nephew, where is the old Bible with all our names in it—the one with the silver clasps?'

Scowling and mad with rage though he was Piet could not but wonder at his uncle in that moment. Had his brain softened in the last year or two? Perhaps so. Pecuniary trouble and Aunt Mina together might soften the hardest

Still, there were limits even to a crazy uncless impositions. Betje's father rose to approach the alcove by the hearth, where the old Bible lay on a small table, just as in the past. He stretched out his hand for it.

'No, no, my boy,' retorted Uncle Erasmus soothingly. 'It is no use fishing for the moon's reflection. You must not think of her.'

'I tell you, leave it alone,' said Piet, his role

The uncle lifted the Bible nevertheless, and placed it by the little porcelain coffee pot, beneath which the oil lamp was beginning to die out. promised your aunt, Piet'-

He was not allowed to continue. In two paces Piet was at the door, which he then flund

'If it was Aunt Mina herself,' he said, controlling wide. his passion very fairly on the whole, (I would behave to her just the same. You came to me for your own purposes, uncle; now go for mine. I don't want to commit a crime; but I—you ask me to swear—well then, I swear I can with difficulty keep from shooting you like a crow. Go, uncle, and I promise nothing.' His eyes blazed while he spoke. There was a gun neatly slung from the rafter next to the one which supported the lamp, and he pointed at it. Nor pointed only. Seeing that Betje's father was more disposed to argue than take him at his word, he gripped the stock of his gun.

That was enough for Uncle Erasmus. Bowing his head, he crossed the threshold hurriedly.

'Tell Aunt Mina I promise nothing—nothing!' cried Piet, and he slammed the door on Betje's father, the patch of stars visible over the Zuyder Zee, and the slumberous voice of the waters which still slid into the Zee at the Ruyter Sluice.

The next hour was quite the most critical in Piet's not very eventful life hitherto. He brooded about his wrongs, with his head bent over the table: first, his father and the missing guilders; then the removal of Betje, the cold heart-starving month after month; and now this brutal nipping in the bud of the new, though certainly rash, hopes which Betje's conduct that afternoon had planted in him. He cursed a little, and once, for a spell of seconds, he looked fixedly at the gun with which he had threatened his uncle.

Happily the sudden thought that his carcass was worth no more to him or any one than a crow's flickered out like the lamp under the coffee-pot. A braver notion came to him. His life on the polder was at an end. That was as obvious as his uncle's folly. He would sell the mill and be off to Canada as soon as possible. Only the other day he had been much ensnared by the latest booklet which the postman had brought him, full of pictures of rich virgin fields being ploughed by smiling young

farmers not a whit, he'd warrant, more capable than himself. He had mentioned the idea to Klaas; and, old as he was, Klaas had wished for nothing better than to go with him to such a country, which, it appeared, was quite free from the worry of drains and sluices. He was not serious about it then. Now he was absolutely serious.

'To bed, Piet Leevan,' he said at length, 'and in

the morning we will see the notary.'

He bolted the door and ascended the short ladder to his night's rest under the thatch. And it spoke well for his strength of mind, the last three years notwithstanding, that he neither peeped out of his hand's-breadth window for a beguiling 'good-night' glimpse of Betje's own nest in the distance, nor allowed any more vain regrets to keep him from the sleep which he had for once well earned. Five minutes after his head was on the pillow he lost consciousness of this distressing day. A little later and he snored.

For the poor polder's sake, it was unquestionably a pity that he had, for the first time in history, neglected his duty at the sluice. So it was, however. The tide had turned an hour or more before Betje's father's call. He might still have left the gate up for another hour without any risk; but with the Zee more than half towards high-water mark the trouble began in earnest. Little by little each narrow ditch swelled with the inflow of salt water. All was dark at the Werk farmstead as at the mill 'Well-and-Good' when the greater mischief set in. Brim-full, the ditches so laboriously dug by three generations of Leevans could do no more to protect the polder. By midnight there was water over all the land between the dikes, and the mill at one end and the farm at the other stood islanded in a lake. The stars winked at themselves in the polder as if they at any rate rejoiced in this new field for vanity. And still the waters rose.

(To be continued.)

THE PERSIAN SOLDIER OF TO-DAY.



NE must call him a soldier, because no other word exists to denominate the ragged pauper who is impressed into the ranks of the Persian army. All that we associate with the name of a soldier is absent from him.

His clothing in tatters, his rifle next to useless, his knowledge of military exercise and discipline practically nil, he is the victim of all his superiors, who have impressed him to make him a means to the dishonest acquisition of wealth by drawing his pay and allowances and appropriating them.

With the exception of two Cossack regiments—which, well trained and less irregularly paid, are efficient and useful—the whole army is composed of infantry. The spectacle of one of these regiments on

the march is not soon forgotten. Having no accoutrements such as we imagine to be necessary to the soldier en route, the Persian infantryman arranges his own marching kit; and as it is composed of pots and pans, water-jars, bedding, and other cumbrous objects, it is obvious that he cannot shoulder his burden, so, in partnership with two or three of his comrades, he invests a small sum in a donkey, and the squad put their loads on the back of the uncomplaining beast, which is even obliged to carry the rifles and ammunition. The tents are packed on mules—the least number that can be used, as the officers have to make their profit out of the estimates sent in to the Government for transport. Thus, having provided himself with a short stick and a new pair of thick-soled cotton shoes, the

Persian soldier is ready to start on his journey of maybe four or five hundred miles, to be accomplished by marches of from twenty-five to thirty miles daily.

No kind of order is kept on the march. He who is first ready and nearest the roadside after camp is struck leads the way, his companions taking the road at their own discretion. One would sooner imagine the procession to be a company of travelling tinkers than a regiment. Here and there among the throng one less penurious than his mates has hired or purchased a donkey for his own use; and as it is but lightly laden he takes occasional rides, or falling across the beast face downwards, one leg trailing on the ground, he sleeps calmly, oblivious of the cloud of dust like a fog around him, and of the fierce sun shining on the back of his neck. The sound that heralds the regiment's approach is not the synchronous beat which we associate with a body of soldiers in motion, but a complex shuffle broken by the clink of the animals' hoofs against stones, and the melancholy cries of 'Ai affliction!' 'May thy death be near!' 'Ai Misery!' with which a Persian urges his beast onward.

As to uniform-which the rank and file are supposed to receive new yearly, and usually do notit is composed of a tunic and trousers of cheap cotton, blue or red, seldom possessing a full complement of buttons or any pretensions to fit. The headgear is a black felt hat (something the shape of a top-hat without a brim), which bears-when not lost—a brass nishān or badge stamped with the device of the Lion and Sun. The amount necessary for the uniforms of the full regiment of a thousand men-in very few cases does any regiment number more than six or seven hundred-duly appears in the yearly bill sent in by the colonel to headquarters; but the clothing is only supplied when the officer can no longer delay its purchase, on such occasions as the Shah's birthday in a town ruled by a strict governor, who will insist upon the soldiers appearing less destitute than usual—an insistence the more emphatic that he does not have to pay for the uniforms himself. The result is that the soldier begs, borrows, and sometimes steals any kind of garment wherewith to cover his nakedness, his appearance being thereby often curious if seldom picturesque. Some years ago the complimentary guard of a business institution in Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, had visited in a body the shop of a Bombay slop-dealer, and the next morning two of its members turned out to salute the European directors in the cast-off tunics of a London policeman and a London and South-Western Railway guard-in which they subsequently appeared on parade before the Governor of Shiraz, whose indignation proved uncomfortable for the colonel.

It is the custom to provide at the doors of the houses of Europeans in remote cities a guard of from two to four soldiers, and on one occasion, when the newly arrived regiment at the town of Yezd, in Central Persia, sent two of its members to my door,

one was clad in a felt coat such as peasants wear, and the other had hung about him the remnants of three or four uniforms which, by excess of patches and dirt now somehow become welded into a mass, its wearer hardly dared remove from his body for fear of its disintegration in the process. I promptly made representations to the captain to the effect that some improvement be made in their garments; but that gentleman-after having in the course of a call imbibed many glasses of tea, smoked many pipes, and chatted in a mildly cynical manner of submarines and of the coming dissolution of Persia -announced that the men had sold their last uniforms, and consequently must wait till new ones were distributed. As winter was approaching, and the cold winds were reducing the guard to permanent shivering fits and a frost-bitten appearance generally, I caused two simple gray uniforms to be made, and had them bound with red braid Before allowing them to be worn, I sent the guard, under the escort of two servants, to the bath, with the uniforms to be donned after ablutions. They returned two hours later, cleaned and respectable; and, grateful for the improvement in their condition, exerted themselves to remember a few military phrases and exercises to such good effect that after a few days' practice they could present arms, and even made attempts to keep step on their journeys to and from the kitchen in search of charcoal and wood. A few days later the captain called again, and, more affable than ever, assured me that, having been on the former occasion attracted by my graces and overwhelmed by the excess of my kindness, he had deemed it no less than his most urgent duty to pay his respects so soon again. The object of his visit was, however, to protest against the new condition of the guard.

'To be perfectly frank with you,' he remarked, with the exaggerated amiability of the Persian caller, 'although it may seem presumptuous, I am bound to deliver to you a message which the colonel has made it my deplorably unpleasant duty to communicate. However, the vehicle, whether it bear fresh flowers or refuse, is but the same harmless servant, and I need not reassure you of my sincere affection for you, who derive so many soul-captivating graces from your noble father. In short, I must tell you that, having heard of these uniforms (which are but a sign of your kindness to all mankind), the colonel objected that by so clothing these men you have slighted the Persian Government in hinting thus obviously that it could not or would not clothe its soldiers; and, moreover, that you had employed red braid in the design, which is solely a Government prerogative. Looked at in this light -which is, I grant you, but the darkness of ignorance—it might appear that you had permitted generosity to overrun the bounds of discretion; but I regret to say that the colonel has further instructed me to request you to give up these—to himobnoxious garments, when he will supply new clothing of ing of the regulation pattern. As a matter of fact, I have no doubt that if you entrusted me with a small honorarium of, say, ten lomans [about thirty-five shillings] as a conciliatory present to this officious and grasping man, no more would be said. Moreover, you would acquire merit in that the service would be rendered indirectly to these happy objects of your generosity, while the colonel would look upon you as a sensible and kind-hearted man, a benefactor of great and small alike. I, of course, desire nothing for my pains in the matter; but if you were to give but a trifle to the sergeant who accompanies me—you may, to save trouble, entrust the sum to me—he would also praise you as a benefactor and support you in the presence of the colonel.'

To this lucid statement of affairs no answer could be given except that, having clothed the men, I did not propose to deprive them of their garments, or to insult the colonel by asking him to accept a bribe, which he would surely scorn. I did not think it necessary to indicate whether it was the small amount or the fact of accepting a bribe that he would scorn. Finally, as the captain had taken so much pains and shown himself so disinterested, perhaps he would allow his servants to accept a small present all round, and deign to receive himself some pounds of sugar-candy and some choice tobacco. This was as satisfactory a conclusion of the matter as he could have hoped for, and I heard no more of the colonel, who was probably unaware of the existence of the new clothing.

The arms of the two men were almost as effective as their Government uniforms. One was provided with a very long-barrelled flint-lock rifle. The operation of loading was tedious, but that of discharging the weapon fully compensated for the trouble by the exhilarating feeling of danger and uncertainty experienced by the marksman. The soldier having cocked the weapon, it was necessary to pull the trigger three times, the hammer descending a third of its travel at each pull. The completion of the third operation should have fired the gun, but not infrequently the expectation and nervousness of the shooter were dissipated by a misfire, and the process of priming, cocking, resting the weapon in the fork of a tree, aiming, and again missing fire was repeated. The usual procedure would be that, having become desperate, the soldier would take a careless aim, without the support of the tree, and the weapon would become impatient, miss the second jump of the hammer, and discharge with a fearful explosion and much smoke. Firing-tests having been taken, it was found that the record was made when two shots were fired in ten minutes.

The other soldier had a Werndl breech-loading rifle on his arrival; but the authorities, deeming it dangerous in conjunction with the enthusiasm aroused by the new uniforms, took it away and replaced it by a muzzle-loader which was quite harmless, for it had shed its hammer by the road-side during the journey to Yezd.

When not placed on guard, the soldier earns his living-his pay, nominally three shillings and fourpence a month, seldom reaches him-by engaging himself as a builder's labourer or by following one or other of the 'soldiers' trades'-egg-selling, copper-pot trading, head-shaving and hair-cutting, and (when he has a few silver pieces) moneylending. Living in a state of miserable poverty, he is not unnaturally dishonest, and after a short sojourn in a city becomes a rogue whose knavery has called forth the Persian saying, 'As poor and dishonest as a soldier.' Yet he is, if caught early and before demoralising influences have begun to work, an excellent outdoor servant, groom, or gardener. One regiment, the Feraidani, drawn from the district of Feraidan, near Ispahan, is composed of a particularly hard-working and simple class of peasants.

Recruits are drawn by a kind of conscription entirely from the centre and north of the country the Government could never press the wild southerners-and the sufferings of these poor fellows when sent to garrison the terribly hot Gulf - ports are intense. Bushire, Lingah, and Bandar-Abbas, three of the hottest places on earth, are garrisoned by these unfortunate men, who, coming from a cool mountain country, regard an exile to the Gulf as the most fearful time of their dreary lives. Not infrequently they are sent down the stupendous passes of the southern mountains to the Gulf during the hot weather, when even at midnight the temperature among the hills is cruelly trying; and no sooner do they arrive at Bushire than they may be shipped off to a small port lower down the Gulf, where the temperature is higher, the air damper, and the drinking-water salter. Occasionally, too, the local Governor, in order to gain a name for zeal, and incidentally fill his pockets with the pickings to be made out of exorbitant accounts, will send a hundred or two men to exact taxes from some remote mountain tribe, who, secure in their passes, and in the possession of modern arms and an ability to use them, defy the Government. The retributive force arrives at some little collection of huts, worn out with the sea-sickness a Persian always endures, and is sent ashore under the blazing sun to force a way into the gloomy red mountains showing dimly in the distance through their veil of dust. Ignorant of the way, and suffering terribly from the effects of their unaccustomed diet of salt-water and dates, the unfortunate men start at nightfall from their base, and arrive in the morning at the foothills, where there is no sign of the enemy. Catching a peasant or two, they kill them and take their goods, thereby foolishly increasing the animosity of the tribesmen, who watch them from above. An hour's march farther on, the Martinis begin to speak from the crags all around them, and one by one they fall as they scramble back along the road. Finally, they return to the seashore, sick, weary, nigh dead of heat, to undergo the terrors of a seavoyage back to more heat and weariness, while the Governor who sent them wires to Teheran the news of a victory and the amount necessary to reimburse him for what he has not expended on the expedition.

Truly the life of a Persian soldier is an unhappy one, and one's pity for these poor peasants is increased by the thought that under a good and just Government they would serve willingly and loyally for an infinitesimal pay if it were but regular.

GO. TOUCH AND

By ARCHIBALD DUNN.



HE sun had been blazing furiously all day, and the 'cool air of the evening' was as cool as the hot room of a Turkish bath.

Phe-ew !

Jack Carstairs extended his putteeencased legs to their full length, threw his arms back over his head, and, sinking more limply than ever upon the ground, exclaimed again, 'Phe-ew!'

Half-a-dozen throats endorsed the sentiment, and half-a-dozen pairs of legs stretched out in sympathy.

They belonged—these legs—to a party of junior officers having the honour to serve in Her Majesty's Royal Die-hard Fusiliers, and, having carried their owners the whole blessed day under an African sky, were feeling just now not quite so well as they looked. For the summer heat of Zululand is something to remember when you have marched in it for a period, and it takes the grit and backbone out of a Western race. Of course it does this rarely, because it rarely gets the chance. But on the present occasion there had been trouble upcountry. Ukimbo's tribe had been at their old tricks; and a detachment of the Die-hards which had gone forth to punish them were now (so the news had come in) in a very tight corner themselves. They could hold out for a couple of days, the messenger said-perhaps a little longer; but they were only fifty muskets, and Ukimbo meant business. Two thousand on the war-trail? Well, yes, two thousand-possibly three or four. Who could tell?

In such circumstances one does not wait for the sun, or, for that matter, for anything else; one simply goes ahead. And so the relief column had marched solemnly on till their backs and their arms and their legs ached all together, and till their faces felt shrivelled up like kippered herrings, and their mouths had grown drier than any limekiln.

'Gad! I'd like to be sitting in the Empirelet me see-third row of the stalls, with a great big whisky-and-soda in front of me, and a great, big, beautiful, white, round crystal lump of ice bobbing up and down in the middle.'

'Johnson,' said a growling voice, 'if I wasn't so dog-tired I'd get up and punch your beastly head!

'I will punch it,' said another voice, 'when this business is over.

'And I!' 'And I!' chimed in another and another

'All right, old chaps,' agreed the delinquent indifferently; and then the subject dropped.

Only one of the group had refrained from taking part in the discussion. He lay somewhat out of the circle, and while the others spoke he listened silently and at intervals glanced almost timidly from face to face. The light from some flickering lamp reached him now and then-when an intervening head chanced to move aside-and presently Jack Carstairs looked that way.

'Hallo, young un! thinking about that precious skin of yours and what's going to happen to it

to-morrow, eh?'

Carstairs was a man of some consequence among the subalterns-he had been in action. True, it was a tin-pot affair in which no one was hurt except a few savages who were incontinently shot before they had time to put up a fight; but that was hardly the point. The point was that Carstairs had been in action, and that none of the others had; and that, therefore, when Carstairs made a joke it was bound to be a good joke. For which reason the answering laugh was prompt and noisy.

'And I owe an apology,' said Johnson, 'for mentioning the Empire with ladies present."

In this wise did Johnson allude to the 'young un's' effeminate appearance, and to the fact that Francis Drake was known amongst the Royal Die-hards as 'Miss Frances' Drake; and another shout greeted this sally. A spasm of energy, too, stirred the listeners for the first time that evening It was always good fun drawing 'Miss Frances; and, however exhausted and tired the Die-hards might be, they were generally ready for a bit of fun. Therefore they changed their positions with a lazy effort and slanted their eyes towards the shaded corner.

The victim, however, responded slowly. As a rule it was not his habit to respond at all, diffidence being a marked feature in his character, and experience having taught him the wisdom of holding his tongue. But on this occasion he had raised himself to a sitting posture, and the expectant group were not a little startled by the angry look

'I wasn't thinking of my precious skin,' he said, flashing from his face. turning to Carstairs and ignoring Johnson, any more than you were thinking of yours. And, to tell the truth, I'm sick of you and your blather, Carstairs. You're always posing as a hero, but you don't seem to have done anything wonderful as yet, except talk, and—and.'——

Drake sank back, with the sentence unfinished. Never before in his life, perhaps, had he ventured on such an outburst; never before had the latent spirit of a man shown in him so openly; and now, with the effort made, the sense of anger suddenly dwindled, and in the reaction that followed he cowered abashed and afraid before his own temerity.

But the anger of a gentle nature is a powerful weapon because of its unexpectedness possibly, or because of its justice; and when it comes, it comes like a thunderbolt, creating the surest havoc and consternation. In this instance there was no one ready with a reply. The listeners gaped openmouthed at the speaker, and for a minute or more remained so, staring stupidly in astonishment; then, instinctively and of one accord, they turned to Carstairs. He had brought about the difficulty: he was the proper person to deal with it. Besides, they had not yet known him at fault in an emergency.

It was the more disappointing, therefore, to see that Carstairs was only laughing rather foolishly, and that he had nothing better to say than they had; and the disappointment deepened still further when the hero, having at last found his tongue, fell back tamely on a schoolboy retort.

'You'll sing another tune to-morrow, my lad,' he said. 'It's all jolly fine, you and your Dutch courage, when there isn't a nigger within ten miles, but—you'll sing another tune to-morrow, mark my words!'

Drake shrank farther back into the gloom and answered nothing; and the others, apart from a mild stare of astonishment, offered no comment.

Then Carstairs, stung suddenly to passion by a sense of his own ineffectiveness, blurted out afresh, 'Talk, indeed! That's like your infernal impudence! Talk! There'll be something else than talk tomorrow, I can tell you. And see to it, my fine fellow, that you don't disgrace the regiment. There'll be no quarter, mind you—these infernal niggers don't give quarter; it's sheer murder from start to finish, and the regiment can't afford funkers on its muster-roll. So see to it, my lad, that you keep that pretty face of yours turned the right way about when the time comes, when these howling brutes start hacking at the square with their knives, and when—

Talk, indeed! Why'—

"Mr Carstairs!"

A small, dapper man was standing in their midst. His iron-gray moustache seemed to bristle at them as he spoke, and his keen eyes flashed with indignation.

'Mr Carstairs,' he repeated in a sharp, incisive voice, 'I have told you before that I will not allow conversation of this sort among my officers. Don't let me hear any repetition of it;' and, without another word, he turned on his heel and walked away.

But as he presently passed along the line of

pickets, with a question here, an order there, scrutinising, considering, and instructing, the closeness of his attention wandered at times and an unmistakable frown of anxiety crossed his face. The incident of a minute before had started him on an unpleasant train of thought, and it was not easy to drive it from his mind. For, if Major Vesey was a veteran in experience, he had learned the veteran's lesson that nigger-fighting is a tougher business than it seems, and that silly talk among the youngsters does not help to lighten the task. These schoolboys, he reflected, came out there endowed for the most part with a natural courage which seldom failed them at a pinch; but that courage needed nursing -ay, and careful nursing, too. Like any other attribute of youth, it lay upon the surface, to be displayed instantly—at a word; and at another word to be as readily wiped out of sight and out of existence. It had not yet become part and parcel of their being; it had yet to be grafted there firmly and enduringly by the rough hand of hardship. Major Vesey knew this well enough; and he knew also that, as in a cricket-match, the most difficult thing on earth is 'to stop the rot' when it has once set in. It may not matter much on a cricket-fieldit means life or death in face of an assegai; and this little, dapper officer could remember dead men by the score who were dead only because the 'rot set in' and there was nobody to stop it. For that reason he said something under his breath about Carstairs, and that 'something' referred to Mr Carstairs's tongue.

And, in truth, that wagging tongue-just like most wagging tongues-had, as usual, managed to accomplish its evil work. Not, mind you, that Carstairs really meant it. Oh, dear me, no! For at bottom, as the regiment was quite ready to admit, Carstairs was not a bad sort. He had 'points'-a generous nature, for instance, and a kindly heart; but, as the regiment was equally ready to admit, 'the beggar was inflated.' A small vanity might be reckoned his weakest spot, and that weak spot had been rubbed up this evening very roughly indeed. The suggestion that, after all, he was not such a big man as he pretended to be, that his fighting 'record' was at best a poor affair, and that, seriously considered, he came remarkably near to being a sham-for such was the drift of Drake's sudden outburst-had nettled him beyond endurance; and, without pausing to think, his temper holding the upper hand, he had blurted out an angry and heedless reply.

On the listeners, taken collectively, the remark left little or no impression. Unimaginative, they hardly realised its full purport. Besides, they were too tired to-night to care. No quarter, indeed! Sheer murder! Well, it would be soon enough to think of that in the morning; and, having made up their minds to this, they rolled themselves in their blankets and presently fell asleep.

But the human disposition is not always cast in one mould—hardly ever, if the truth be told—and the differences engendered by nature are as a rule only emphasised by habit and made more marked through the strengthening force of time. A peculiarity, or a sensibility, grafted on us in that earliest start of life is all too apt to remain where it is, and it is but seldom that a man's environment will help him much to foster a virtue or to conquer a weakness. For the most part, it will help him whole-heartedly the other way; and this had been the case with Francis Drake.

Instinctively timid, it had not been his good fortune as yet to experience that rougher side of existence which goes to the making of a man. A too anxious mother had interfered in the first place; some trifling delicacy, a matter of really small account, had given its casting vote for a tutor instead of a public school; and, that Francis Drake's misfortune might be the more complete, it so happened that his sister Eileen, a girl some twelve months older than himself, was living at home. Now, God forbid that one should ever utter a single syllable against the chastening influence of a woman! God forbid that one should write down here even the shadow of a suggestion against that dearest place on earth-our home! And yet, in the soberest judgment, it is always clear that there are times when evil may spring from good, when the helping hand shall only hinder, and whenthrough the accident of inopportunity-the kindest effort shall lead to our undoing. At any rate, so far as Francis Drake was concerned, this had proved to be true. The timidity of his nature, his sensitiveness, his delicate, almost effeminate, spirit, had thriven in the hothouse in which it grew; and his sister's character, reacting on his own, had left it, like hers, gentle-indeed, lovable-but wholly destitute of that spontaneous pluck, that strenuous energy, which belongs of right to manhood. A public school, in its rough-and-ready fashion, could have cured all this with both comfort and satisfaction to itself, had the chance been afforded; and the regiment, who were willing enough to act as deputy, found themselves in similar predicament, for 'Miss Frances' had only joined three weeks before, and there had been no time to do anything with him. And thus it came about that now, whilst the outward evidence of slumber sounded aggressively all around him, he was still lying wide awake.

And yet Drake was far from being a coward. That distinction between timidity and cowardice, that broad division which separates the sense of fear from the weakness of yielding to it, stood for him, as it stands for most of us, a saving clause; and when marching orders had reached him three days before he had not been long in steadying himself. For an instant, it is true, his throat had tightened painfully; the fluttering of his heart had sounded in his ears like the beating of a drum, and he had looked round hurriedly lest the others too should have heard it. But that was impossible; they had drowned all else in their frenzied cheering, in their wild 'Hurrah!' and in that moment of shame

the hot blood had rushed back into the boy's face, and he had set his teeth and stiffened his courage.

Then, with the effort made, that first gripping of the resolution taken, there ensued an inevitable While the cheering lasted, while that rousing 'Hurrah!' still rang in his ears, it was well enough with Francis Drake. The exhilaration of the moment, the picture of the flushed, excited faces around him, the contagion of enthusiasm, struck a chord, and his whole nature responded instantly. But later on, in the calm of afterthought, the glamour of it melted away. A sense of despondency stole over him by degrees, a sense of unreality in the glory, a sense of vivid reality in the danger. And when the others left him one by one, some to see to the packing of their kit, some to write letters home, some to drink success to the regiment, the black cloud settled on him more surely, more persistently, than before. He could still hear them shouting—toasting each other, toasting the future. But the future! The future might mean death, and the life was gone out of the shout. Now, as it seemed to him, it was only the echo of a shout-no more than that; and in that period of loneliness, of overmastering depression, it was all a mockery of joy.

And during that three days' march bad grew steadily worse. The heat of the sun, the overfatigue, and more particularly the constant strain of watching had exacted their sure toll from nerves already tense to the breaking-point. As some one had hinted in an incautious moment, 'one never can tell where these black beggars may be—a hundred miles away or skulking in the grass at your elbow; one never can tell.' Which, as a matter of fact, is the truth, and a truth unfortunately over heard by Francis Drake. It had set him thinking again; it had started all the old fancies afresh—those fancies which could so readily picture the worst aspect of any horror; it had shaken a resolution already wavering, and it had left him weaker and more fearful than before.

At such a moment it is that the helpfulness of a stronger nature may change the whole current of affairs—a word perhaps, a look of encouragement, may suffice; the merest suggestion of personal confidence, any trifle indeed—so delicate is the balance of a man's mind between firmness and infirmity of purpose. And it is not always through his own merit or fault that he shall fail or succeed Toppling on the brink, he may go over with a crash, or through some happy fortune steady him self ere it be too late, and stand calmly facing the danger. This has come to most, on occasions; it had come now to Francis Drake. He was toppling on the brink, and as he stood there some one had given him a push from behind. No quarter, murder from start to finish, and howling demons hacking at the square with their knives! Carstairs had spoken heedlessly indeed; but he had upset the balance, and Francis Drake was writhing now in a very agony of torture. The others were asleep; there could be no sleep for him.

'Young un!'

Drake started at the sound. Outside all was still save for the hardly audible tread of the sentries, and within the tent not one of his companions stirred. Had he been dreaming? No; there it was again: 'Young un!'

And the boy raised himself on his elbow.

'Is that you, Carstairs?' he asked.

'Yes. I heard you tossing about, and I—I thought'—Carstairs spoke in a very low tone—'I thought that perhaps something that I said this evening might have fright—I mean disturbed you. You know, young un, I was only chaffing. The fact is that this business to-morrow is a regular oneman show, with Tommy Atkins playing the star part. There won't be any real fighting at all. We'll just sail through the beggars as a liner sails through a fishing-boat if they come in collision. I was only chaffing, young un.'

Drake gazed a moment at the recumbent figure; then suddenly a lump rose in his throat.

'I—I know that,' he said; then added simply, 'Thank you, Carstairs.'

'That's all right, old man; that's all right;' and with a sigh of relief, Carstairs turned over on the other side, his eyes slowly closed, and presently he had forgotten the 'young un' and the niggers and all else that belongs to the land of the living.

But it was the first wink of sleep he had had that night. A pricking conscience—that best and surest recipe for wakefulness-had worked on him with its usual effect, and had kept him restless and unsettled; those careless words, spoken vaingloriously but without any thought of evil intent, had recoiled with wondrous promptness on his own head. Strange to the terrors born of a too lively imagination, happily unconscious of the paralysing fear which in certain natures may underlie anticipation, he had recked little enough of his thoughtless remarks at the moment when they were uttered. They had burst from him unrestrained in a spasm of irritability. Then suddenly he had noticed the change which came over Francis Drake; suddenly he saw the boy shrink back again within the shadow; suddenly he realised the harm that he had done. Then would he have recalled it all; then, when it was too late, when the mischief was beyond repair. It was the old, old story of unavailing regret, of a futile repentance, and it kept him tossing about in a fever. However-and now he metaphorically patted himself on the back-it was all right again. He had managed to straighten things up a bit. The young un knew now that he had only been talking rot; and so, with a respite at last from that troublesome conscience, with a grateful sense of a good deed done, the just man fell into that calm and peaceful slumber which is by right of heritage the sleep of the just.

Yet it is not thus easily that the past is to be obliterated. The accomplished fact can never be

wiped out; its effect may be modified, that is all. In this case so much, and no more, had been achieved. The kindliness of Carstairs's action had touched the boy's heart, but it was powerless to erase from his mind that picture so firmly embedded there. Like the mark of a lead-pencil, it could fade beneath the rubber, and yet remain. The cheery encouragement had done something—indeed much—but it had not done enough. Something more was needed, some stronger touch than this, to make the weak man strong.

And so, when the day dawned at last, when the regiment fell in and the march began afresh, Francis Drake trudged alongside his company in limp and lifeless fashion. At starting he had straightened his back and squared his shoulders, for the timid are prone to some show of bravado; but the effort had been short-lived. He could not sustain it. His pale face spoke to that, and the heavy lines beneath his eyes.

'Ah, Drake!'—Major Vesey was passing along the column—'you look washed out, my boy. Had a bad night, eh?'

'Yes, sir. The-the heat, I think.'

'Humph!' And the Major's critical glance added its own emphasis. 'It is trying,' he said presently, 'but the morning air'll soon pull you together.' Then, as he moved forward, he grumbled again something about somebody's 'dashed infernal tongue.'

But now there were matters of greater moment to think of. The head of the column was passing out of the open and had just commenced defiling through a wood. Military formation was no longer possible. Entering in single file, beating down the undergrowth which lay thick across the track, the men followed one another into the shadow.

'Slowly, my lads,' said Major Vesey as he watched them disappearing one by one. 'Slowly, there! And—keep a good lookout in front.'

A good lookout! Ah, yes; but could it be done? When the trees stood studded so closely that in places a man could hardly squeeze between them, when the undergrowth clutched at one's leg and sometimes held it fast, and when the gloom around them was darker than the twilight, could it be done? Perhaps—perhaps not.

But they got along somehow, hacking a path as best they could, stumbling at times, struggling up again, and pantingly plodding onwards. And soon they were half-way through the wood.

'Call this nothink?' said one of the men. 'Blest if I can see a bloomin' thing.'

'Blest if I can either,' chimed in one of the others. 'Why, old Ukimbo hisself might be marchin' alongside.'

And Drake, who was close at hand, had been thinking the very same thing. To realise the full risk they ran needed no veteran's experience. The uncertain foothold; the impossibility of seeing a dozen yards away; the hopelessness of combining in case of attack, of even using their weapons at

all in the denseness of that foliage, were all apparent to the least-seasoned subaltern. A rat in a trap stood a better chance; at least he has room to turn about. And it was in just such a place as this, the boy remembered, that the Highlanders were cut to pieces two years ago. Not a man escaped; not one of them was left to tell the tale. Though there was evidence enough in all conscience, the clearest evidence in those horribly mangled bodies, in the cruel things that had been done to them, in the-

Crash! Bang! What was that?

The sound reverberated through the wood like a clap of thunder, and Drake stood rooted to the spot. So, then, it had come at last! It had come to them as it had come to the Highlanders, and ---- No; somebody was laughing-laughing and joking and helping to haul somebody else up from the ground. One of them had tripped and fallen, and exploded his rifle. Oh, was that all? He might have shot some one, of course, careless beggar. But never mind; they were only half-way through the wood. Push along.

This last injunction came from a sergeant.

'Push along, there!'

And the Die hards moved forward again-for an hour, maybe an hour and a half; and then a shout went up. The gloom had lightened unexpectedly, and the rays of sunshine were stealing in. Before them the trees were thinning and the path had turned less toilsome; a short three hundred yards ahead they could almost see the plain. There was good reason, then, for that cheery shout.

With a sigh of relief, Francis Drake gazed upon the welcome sight. During all this time the nervous strain had been growing more and more unbearable. It had mastered him with a slow and steady persistence; it had shaken him so that he was ready to start at the rattle of his own accoutrements, at the sound of a neighbour's cough, at the snapping of a twig beneath his feet; his own sigh, even, had struck his ear strangely and had filled him with a mortal fear.

But it was all right now. He could see the rays of sunshine; he could almost see the open space beyond. They were so nearly out of the wood—thank God for that! His breathing came more regularly as the thought was realised; his step trod more firmly, more elastically, on the turf; the colour crept back into his cheeks; and in a moment of renewed confidence he gazed around. In that moment his heart stood still! Peering at him through the bushes, not a dozen yards away, he saw two gleaming eyes-eyes set in a hideous black face -the eyes, the face that he had dreamt of so often! 'Look!'

He never knew that he had cried out. He was conscious that something had hurtled through the air, and that the man nearest him had fallen with a groan; but he was only conscious of this vaguely; his whole attention was fixed upon that hideous face; and as he looked a dozen others appeared beside it, and presently the bush was alive with men.

Drake stared at them an instant, stunned and stupefied. Then suddenly the truth came home to him, the recollection of the Highlanders who had gone before; and in a whirlwind of irresistible panic he turned to run.

'Mr Drake!' A hand lay upon his shoulder. 'Mr Drake, the enemy is -- in front!'

Checked by the words, the boy stopped, and, looking towards the speaker, met the firm gaze of Major Vesey.

'Come along,' said the elder man, taking the other by the arm and turning him round. 'Come along, and-we'll put the fear of God into these black fellows !-Steady there, lads! Steady there!

Major Vesey had watched the drama as a critic watches, played in a dozen seconds. He had noted the period of hesitation, the sudden wave of terror, the shameful climax to it all; yet, filled with that sympathy which is born of ripe experience, he had made allowances, he had held forth a helping hand. And in that instant he knew that he had not held it forth in vain.

'Come along!' he cried again, this time with rising enthusiasm. 'Come along!'

And there was no need for him to glance back over his shoulder. Already Drake was at his side. The enemy is in front! That was enough; that and the contagious example of a brave man. And together they rushed forward into a storm of flying assegais, into a crowd of shricking, naked savages, into a pandemonium upon earth.

'Where's the Major?'

The Die-hards, such as were left of them, had formed in the open. There were still sounds of movement rustling through the wood, but never the sign of a black figure to be seen. The bayonet had worked too busily for them during that last halfhour, and the game was up. But it was a sadly diminished square that stood facing the scene of battle, a set of worn, weary, panting men, labouring for their breath and thanking Heaven that they were alive.

Where's the Major?' Carstairs repeated the question, and glanced anxiously at the rest. But the answer came from the wood.

The war-cry had burst forth anew; the bush creaked and swayed before an oncoming mass; the assegais were flying once again; and in that moment a man carrying another man on his shoulders staggered through the trees. A race for life or death, and not a yard to spare!

'Quick, there, with the Maxims! Let 'em have

A steady rattle of the bullets, a sharp singing in it, boys! the air, a pattering amongst the trees, and that oncoming mass halted—rushed forward againhalted a second time—then wavered and fled; whilst the man with his burden had been drawing nearer, nearer, and nearer, till at last he stood within the square.

'Why, good heavens, it—it's the Major!' Tea-

derly they lifted him to the ground. 'Are you much hurt, sir?'

'No, no; only a broken leg. But if it hadn't been for Drake'----

Drake! In the excitement he had slipped aside unnoticed. Relieved of his burden, he had thrown himself upon the grass without a word, his legs still shaking from their effort and his heart thumping like a sledge-hammer. But it was to thump harder now—yes, much, much harder—hard enough

to crack his ribs, I tell you, when that rousing cheer went up upon the veldt. It rang from every throat in one great chorus—the testimony they paid him—and it carried far and wide. It reached the flying savages as they ran, and made them scurry for their lives as though the Evil One were behind; it reached the animals hiding in their lairs, and made them wonder what was coming next; it reached the Young Un's soul, and will remain there a memory, the sweetest memory, for ever.

THE HOME CULTIVATION OF TOBACCO.

By George Stronach, M.A.



AN the cultivation of tobacco in the British Isles be made successful and profitable? is not a new problem; and a further solution is about to be tried in the case of Ireland, on whose behalf a Bill passed through the Com-

mittee of the Lords last session, and 'was reported without alteration to the House.' This is another Irish 'grievance' rectified. The Bill, entitled 'Irish Tobacco,' 'presented to the Commons by Mr William Redmond, supported by Sir Thomas Esmonde, Mr Patrick O'Brien, Mr Joyce, Mr Hayden, Mr Vincent Kennedy, and Mr Charles Devlin,' is a very brief measure 'to repeal the law which prohibits the growing of tobacco in Ireland;' and it reads: 'Whereas, it is of the greatest importance that every attention and encouragement should be given to the produce and manufactures of Ireland; and whereas, by the Tobacco Cultivation Act, 1831, the cultivation of tobacco within the kingdom of Ireland and the exportation of the same from thence is prohibited: Be it therefore enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows: 1. From and after the passing of this Act, the Tobacco Cultivation Act, 1831, or any other Act made in this kingdom which prohibits or restrains the setting, planting, or improving to grow, making, or curing tobacco, either in seed, plant, or otherwise, in the kingdom of Ireland, shall be, and the same is, hereby repealed and made void. 2. This Act may be cited as the Irish Tobacco Act, 1906.

The history of tobacco cultivation in the British Isles is one of peculiar interest. By an Act of the twelfth year of Charles the Second's reign there was, for the protection of the British colonies and plantations in America, a prohibition placed upon 'the planting, cutting, or sowing of tobacco in England, Wales, Guernsey, or Jersey, or the town of Berwick-on-Tweed, or in the kingdom of Ireland, except in any physic garden of either university, or in any other private garden for physic or chirurgery only, so as the quantity planted exceed not one half of one pole in any one place or garden.' This was

partially repealed by 19 George III. so far as Ireland was concerned, the importation of Irish tobacco being allowed into Great Britain under the like duties and regulations as held with the British colonies in America. Then tobacco-growing began to flourish in Ireland, as it had done in the days of Raleigh, who in 1584 introduced into the country the potato and tobacco-plant from Virginia on his forty-two thousand acres of forfeited lands in Cork and Waterford.

The county Wexford, and the neighbourhood of Enniscorthy in particular, was the most favoured spot for the cultivation of the plant. A young man from Enniscorthy, who had visited Maryland, brought back with him some tobacco-seed, and encouraged his brother to venture on it, and from half an acre one hundred pounds profit was at once produced. Holding a farm of sixteen acres, this venturer made a profit of twelve hundred pounds in seven years. The tobacco sold well, because it was Irish. But in 1831 Lord North's Act was repealed; and from that year a fine of one hundred pounds was imposable on any person in Ireland growing more than one pound of tobacco in his garden. The Act did not pass through Parliament without much opposition, as valuable testimony was given as to the benefits accruing to the country from the cultivation of tobacco. In the article 'Tobacco-Growing in Ireland,' by Mary Gorges, in Chambers's Journal for 1905, the latest experiments are related of tobacco cultivation there.

The restriction has now been withdrawn, thanks to the energy of the Nationalist members, who have made a 'palpable hit' in obtaining for their country a privilege denied to England and Scotland, where, as in Ireland, it has been proved that tobacco can be grown with success and profit. It will be interesting to learn the arrangements made as to the exportation of Irish tobacco. Can the growers export the tobacco abroad as well as to Great Britain free of duty, or is the free-trade policy to be confined to the exports to England and Scotland?

Why should not England and Scotland agitate for similar benefits? In 1886 experiments were made in England which proved conclusively that the best of tobacco could be raised even in its variable climate.

The Government of the day granted permission for experiments, under certain stringent conditions. Several noblemen, landowners, and agriculturists obtained tobacco plants or seeds-amongst them Lord Walsingham in Norfolk, Mr Faunce de Laune in Kent, Sir Edward Birkbeck in East Norfolk, and Mr Bateman in Essex; and splendid crops were grown on their estates, although there had been no special cultivation of either plot for this particular plant, which had to take its chance in the kitchengarden with the vegetables for culinary use and in the field with the barley crop. But the land in each case was in 'good heart,' though not in such excellent condition as is considered by many necessary for tobacco cultivation.

The seeds were sown in a hotbed, where they grew rapidly, and then pricked out in shallow wooden boxes, to be kept for a time in a lower temperature. It was not till the middle of June, because of the cold nights, which would be fatal to them, that the plants could be set out in the open ground. By July the plants were in good trim, even under very ungenial atmospheric conditions. The following particulars mark the development of the crop, at the same time showing the anxious solicitude evinced by the Board of Inland Revenue:

July 8. Excise officer made first visit.

- " 17. Stormy. Plants growing very fast.
- " 19. Tobacco hoed the second time.

.. 20. Heavy rains.

- " 23. Stormy. Tobacco growing rapidly.
- " 27. Commenced 'earthing up' tobacco.
- " 29. Excise officer made second visit.
- Aug. 5. Finished 'earthing up' tobacco.

 " 9. Commenced 'topping' the tobacco.
 - " 11. Excise officer made third visit.
 - " 12. Tobacco hoed the fourth time.
 - , 20. Excise officer made fourth visit.
 - " 24. 'Suckering' the tobacco.
 - " 26. Found first caterpillars attacking plants. , 28. Closed an extremely hot week.
- Sept. 7. Excise officer made fifth visit.
- , 10. Tobacco beginning to ripen.
 - " 11. Slight frost at night.
 - 11 13. Excise officer made sixth visit.
 - " 17. Sharp frost. Dry east wind.
 - " 18. Another frost. Commenced cutting tobacco. " 27. Finished cutting and housing tobacco.

Assuming that the produce had been sold at fourpence per pound-of course the Excise officer took care that this was not possible-we find that the experiments worked out at a net profit, over the different estates, of from ten pounds to twentyfour pounds per acre.

So much for England; but has Scotland ever succeeded in the cultivation of the plant which, as King Jamie maintained, encourages 'smoking-a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless'?

By 22 George III. tobacco grown in Scotland was permitted to be imported into England for a limited time; although in 1782 the growth had been pro-

hibited, as doubts had arisen whether the prohibition applied to Scotland under the Act of Union.

During the American war tobacco became so dear that attempts were made in Scotland for its cultivation. The chief seat of the new culture was in the neighbourhood of Kelso, where it succeeded so well that sixteen and a half acres of Crailing tobacco brought one hundred and four pounds, or six pounds seven shillings and fourpence per acre, the produce being purchased by the Government at fourpence per pound. From the Agricultural Survey of the County of Roxburgh, it appears that tobacco was first grown at Newstead, and eventually many hundred acres of land were cropped with it. The profits were amazingly great, but the Act of 1782 put an entire

stop to its cultivation. As a remedy for agricultural depression Mr Gladstone recommended the cultivation of strawberries in Scotland. Mr Redmond goes one better by recommending the cultivation of tobacco in Ireland. By the removal of the prohibition on the growing of tobacco in Ireland he has got rid of a legitimate Irish grievance which has lain dormant for many years. It is to be hoped that the Scottish members will agitate for a like repeal Bill for their country, when a new and profitable industry will le reopened to the Scottish peasant. He needs it badly.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

So you'd have some dainty trifle Scribbled, lady, on this page; Shall I some old lyric rifle, Captured in a golden age From Elizabethan verses Sung by Lovelace long ago, Herrick, Carew ! Time rehearses Time confounds; yet each might do.

Lines that, on his war-horse prancing, Some Carolean cavalier-Backward to the castle glancing, Sees the most-bridge slowly rear; Shakes his silken scarf above him, Pricking onward to the war-Lilts to the bright eyes that love him: 'These I love, yet Honour more!'

Or a fancy carven quaintly, In a courtly Georgian line, Would you have—whose perfume faintly Dobson's urban notes enshrine! Pain I would have found aught fitting Delicately tinted page, All thy fairness e'en outwitting, Dared I in th' attempt engage.

But poor verses, random rhymings, Children of unhappy muse, Thine are inharmonious chimings, Not a 'symphony in blues.' Ye possess but evanescence, Yet unworthily must wend To the lady's gracious presence, Finding there perchance a friend. R. W. BUTTERS.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN CEUTA.

By A. FRANCIS STEUART.



EUTA, which is the chief of the Spanish possessions in Northern Africa, and has been for over five and a half centuries in the possession of European Powers, is singularly seldom visited by travellers. One

asks men who have for years lived in official positions, military or naval, opposite to it at Gibraltar if they have been there, and in the great majority of cases they answer that they have not, as 'it is so difficult to get at, though we often go over to Tangier;' or that they prefer the meagre dissipations of the Calpe hunt amid the prickly pita (aloes) in the neighbourhood of the Spanish township of San Roque.

Now, Ceuta is on a peninsula just across the sea, on the African side, from Gibraltar; and though no boat runs directly between the two colonies, English and Spanish, there is daily communication between Ceuta and Algeciras, and the latter is the Spanish town, facing Gibraltar, in which the Spaniards, expelled from the latter by the English in 1704, took refuge and formed a miniature rival fortress.

During a visit to good friends at Algeciras last year I formed a wish to visit Ceuta, which I could see across the sea, lying like a huge water-rat on the water, the isthmus connecting it with the mainland of Morocco forming the tail. I knew that it was once Carthaginian, then successively Roman, Moorish (the starting-place of the Moorish conquest of Spain), Portuguese, and now Spanish. I knew that it was garrisoned by the British in 1810, that it was a Spanish penal colony, and that it had nearly thirteen thousand inhabitants; and all this whetted my curiosity. I determined, therefore, that I must 'see Ceuta or die.' But (like the Gibraltar officials whom I had despised) I found it not so easy to accomplish what I had said in my haste.

In the first place, I had no passport. This I proposed to get over by borrowing that of my willing host, thereby rendering him liable to criminal

No. 520. - Vol. X.

[All Rights Reserved.]

prosecution! Luckily, I found in due time this would not work; then I was abandoned by another man who had an illusory idea also of going to Ceuta; and, lastly, I found that a passport from the Colonial Secretary at Gibraltar had to be got, and that visé by the Spanish Governor of Algeciras, the courteous General Espinosa de los Monteros, to admit me for a specified time to the Spanish penal colony.

When these preliminaries—which took time, for the Spanish catchword mañana (or 'to-morrow') means a good deal, and delays everything—were completed I found another difficulty awaited me, which was: 'When does the Ceuta mail-boat start?' Every one had a different hour and theory. One morning I tried 7.30 a.m. (the alleged time), only to see the ship steaming out of Algeciras harbour. Then, finding the real time of departure was 7 a.m., I went to the pier on the morning of the 24th of December (Christmas Eve) 1906, at 6.10, which I thought was 'punctual to time.' It was lucky I did so, as the steamer sailed at 6.50, but this time with me in it.

Accompanying me there was a railway magnate of a great English line, a Scot by birth, who, knowing that there was a certainty of a new Europe to Africa line of steamers being established in the near future when Morocco is developed, and that the line would run either from Tarifa to Tangier or from Algeciras to Ceuta, had (like Mr Micawber) come 'to see Ceuta' under the guidance of a native of Gibraltar. The rest of the passengers on the boat were Spanish soldiers and a very few of the bas peuple.

The day was perfect, the southern morning sun quickly warming the chilly air. The sea was calm, and Gibraltar lay behind us like a British lion couchant. William Littgow, the Scottish traveller, described the strait in 1621 as 'this narrow sea, on Affricke, or side of Fez, consisteth betweene Cap di Sprat and the Promontore of Sewty [Ceuta] and upon the coast of Spayne, betweene Cap de Trafolger

served.] NOVEMBER 16, 1907.

and the butting forehead-land of Gibelterre. . . . The passage being five leagues broad and nine in length.' And I cannot better the description. As we got across towards Africa we began to see the Spanish territory and neutral ground marked off by natural ravines and guarded by boundary forts, and, finally, in about two and a half hours reached Ceuta itself, where we were rowed ashore in a small boat by sturdy Spaniards—our military companions going off in another boat, pursued by the congratulatory shouts of the crew and received by no less a person than the Spanish General.

In spite of a good many Moors in the streets, the first glimpse of Ceuta shows the traveller that he is in a Spanish town. The fortifications of the old city are ancient and strong, but, though originally Moorish, have been strengthened by the Portuguese, who captured the town from the infidel in 1415, under Prince Henry the Navigator. On the incorporation of Portugal by Spain, Ceuta passed to the latter country; and as it possessed a Spanish garrison when Portugal threw off the Spanish yoke in 1640, under John of Braganza, it has remained Spanish, being now the chief Spanish convict prison, and a place of international interest since all European eyes are centred on Morocco. Unlike Gibraltar, the old town is not built on the side of the hilly 'promontore,' though the chief prisons now are, but on the isthmus or neck of land (divided by a fosse) connecting it with the African continent. The view of the various towers and walls reminded me most of the walls of Mazagan in Morocco, a town which was for some centuries (as was Tangier) Portuguese also.

My first desire was to see the cathedral dedicated to 'Our Lady of Africa,' so, leaving the other visitors, I proceeded to the older part of the town, threading my way in the little, narrow, ill-paved streets until I came to the chief square. There I found the church, a rambling building originally a mosque, with a little octagonal bell-tower surmounted with pointed battlements. A tablet on the wall says the present church was begun under King Charles II. of Spain, and finished in 1721 under King Philip V. The interior struck me as in no way interesting, save for the fine voices chanting in the choir and for a somewhat grotesque figure of a giant St Christopher painted on the wall. It contains, however, the olive-wood wand of Pedro de Menezes, the first Portuguese Governor, which is used as a symbol of investiture by his successors. Having looked round, I threaded my way back among narrow streets, elbowing Moors driving donkeys laden with charcoal; bakers' mules, with loaves of bread in skin panniers; Moorish women, who when they dropped their veils (and, being poor, they were not shamefaced) showed their tattooed faces; Jews, rare in Spain but common enough here, in black gabardines; and many convicts going unmanacled to work, clad in brown uniforms with round caps, white or brown according to their rank.

The next thing to be done was to admire the glorious view across the blue sea towards Tetuan on the African side of the isthmus, and in doing so one came upon the pescaria or fishing-place, where the brown corduroy clothes and yellow shirts of the pilchard-fishers gave magnificent notes of colour which did one good to see.

The newer and Spanish part of the town, built upon the undulating ground to the east, in turn claimed attention; and it was then that one realised that Ceuta was above all a convict settlement Convicts (unmistakable from their uniform) were everywhere, hastening brisk and busy through the streets to their work. There are some three thousand, I believe; but the greater offenders are in the walled prisons where (with luck!) one does not penetrate. My attention was drawn to one convict, an ex-lawyer of Madrid, who had blown up a recalcitrant client with an infernal machine; and the waiter at the fonda (a pleasant fellow with a twinkle in his Irish eyes) told me that he himself was from Malaga, but came there 'for theft.' I fear, in spite of his charming manners, this meant 'with violence.'

There are some handsome seventeenth and eighteenth century hospitals and public buildings and some ci-devant monasteries. In the upper part of the newer town the squares are lined with orange trees (the gardens with palms), and one of them has a bust of the patriot 'Ruy, 1808.' The Spanish shops boast gallant titles, though they are of small extent, and one can enter their doors under the specious signs of 'Africa Española,' 'La Española Ultramarina, or 'La Africana,' The Governor's residencia, on the sea-front, is less distinguished by its architecture and garden than by its sentry, one of the tiradores of the Riff regiment, which, recruited by the Spaniards among the Riff tribes of the hills, retains the pigtail by which Mohammed may, at an emergency, carry each one of them to heaven. The theatre, where Las Hijos Artificiales was being played, did not attract

The time allotted to travellers by the exigencies of the boat-service was five hours; but I had walked much, and the Governor—to whom it was necessary to show our passports, and (like a schoolboy) demand from him an exeat lest we should not be allowed to depart from the fortified town sternly forbade us to quit the walls except for the boat. As the Governor of Algeciras had told me this was the rule, I was not disappointed; but my railway-magnate friend was crestfallen. The reason of the rule was that the Moorish brigand El Valiente is rampant outside the walls; but, sa General Espinosa told me with qualified praise, 'he is a gentleman, and if he has to cut off a cap tive's head he will do it in a gentlemanly manner -though this emergency the Spaniards are auxious

to prevent.

Forbidden to drive into the neutral ground, and indeed beyond the town, and having seen most of

the city, the markets, and the prison depôts (where they sell pretty string cigar-cases and zapatillas or slippers), we took refuge in the most central café, and there listened to a young soldier—among many army men (majors, captains, and sergeants) who, after due salutations, met in all amity—who played 'La Valenciana' and other 'bull-fight' music until I relieved him by strumming Strauss waltzes, which were received by the audience with much rapturous stamping of feet.

Spanish boats having dubious hours of departure, I insisted, though the steamer was billed to leave Ceuta at 4 P.M., on being on the pier by 3; and this was lucky, as, after we were rowed on board, she left at 3.30! She returned with a larger crowd of emigrants than she had brought—some Jews (who

tried to escape the waterman's fare), some ladies. (who wept bitterly) 'changing garrison' for Algeciras, and some provision dealers returning to Gibraltar. Towards Spain-with Gibraltar, looking from the African coast exactly like a bishop's mitre, in front of us-we steamed, escorted by shoals of porpoises, and reached Algeciras in time to hear the firing of the cannon of the fort, which the day before had saluted the name-day of the young Queen of Spain, Victoria Eugénia of Battenberg, Queen Victoria's granddaughter. Not long after this the bells of the cathedral began to ring out that another Christmas was approaching, and that ecclesiastical ceremonials were soon to be enacted at which the presence of the whole of the devout inhabitants of Algeciras was expected.

THE CALAMITY OF THE POLDER.

CHAPTER III.



HE calamity of the night on the Leevan Polder was first realised by the inmates of the farm, led by Tante Louisa.

Betje's father and mother and the maids slept in rooms opening out of

the hay-loft. Their windows were cut in the slope of the great roof—four round, black-rimmed eyelets in the red.

Tante Louisa alone had a bed on the ground floor. Her health was not very good, and the ladder to the upper regions was considered a danger for her as well as a hardship. Waking in the middle of the night, for no reason that she could at once understand, Tante Louisa began to cough. She wondered why the air felt so damp, and then heard a sort of tapping in the next room, which was the Werk parlour. The sound was followed by another in her own room, as of china striking china. Troubled by the cough and increasingly interested in the unaccountable but intermittent noises, she sat up. There were peppermints on the dresser. She proposed to get one, and perhaps then investigate and see if the farm cats were up to frolicsome nonsense in the parlour. With this intention she put forth a leg, and screamed. If an assassin's hand had touched her throat she could not have screamed more vigorously. There were quite two feet of water in the room. She screamed until she heard movements overhead. Only then did she remember that there were matches under the pillow. Emboldened a little by the comforting knowledge that Betje's father was astir, she struck one and gazed at the alarming sight. Her bedroom slippers and at least two articles of crockery were floating between the bed and the window. This spectacle was too much for the old lady's sanity. She plunged recklessly out of bed into the pool, and, screaming louder than ever, floundered to the door. Here her brother-in-law came to her. Her shrieks were

tumultuous when the door resisted her efforts to open it. A stronger hand than hers was needed to push against the flood.

Betje's father on his part had not made the discovery without an accident which both irritated and hurt him. Descending the ladder staircase in the dark, he had slipped on one of the lower steps and thus reached the water in a sitting posture. He unwillingly swallowed a mouthful of it, and stumbled to his feet, feeling a concern which for the time was as keen almost as Tante Louisa's.

'What in the nation's name is the matter?' cried his wife from above.

Betje and one of the maids were with her, startled, like her, by the splash.

But Uncle Erasmus knew all about it now. He had not lived his life on the polder without occasionally conjecturing what might happen if some night the sluice were left open. It never had happened yet, for the reason that two minds at the mill were consecrated to his protection from such a peril. In his father's time that was the arrangement, and it had continued since. It was as much a matter of method for Piet and Klaas to make sure of the sluice at such times before going to bed as to undress for the same purpose. The one was a check upon the other. Klaas's question, 'Have you seen to the sluice, mynheer?' was as regular as Piet's own inquiry of Klaas in the like case. It was Piet's revenge upon him for his visit of the evening -this was Uncle Erasmus's instant conviction when he perceived the doleful situation.

'What, I say, is the matter?' cried the wife more peremptorily than before; and her husband now solemnly told her.

'Our evil-minded nephew has quite ruined us that is the matter,' he declared. This said, he clenched his teeth and proceeded to rescue his sister-in-law. It was not an easy adventure. The poor woman was unreasonably beset by terrors of drowning as she wrestled with the door, knee-deep in icy water. She was hysterical and helpless when he raised her in his arms. She screamed and struggled as he carried her up the staircase—this also was not easy—and only ceased when her sister's night-capped head and a cheerful though agitated candle assured her of safety.

Then, just as he was, in grim determination as well as despair, Uncle Erasmus went down again. 'The pigs will be drowned,' he explained. 'I must

go to them.'

Any less intelligent pigs would inevitably have been drowned. Those of Werk, however, had all their wits about them. When their master had waded out to them, he found them, complaining greatly indeed, but for the most part high and sufficiently dry on the roof of their sties. Two youngsters only were in a state of exhaustion and danger; and, with these under his arms, Uncle Erasmus returned to the house. He carried them upstairs as he had carried his sister-in-law, and, indifferent to Betje's protests, and their own, loosed them on that upper floor.

'We can do nothing more,' he then said, 'but

wait. The tide will soon ebb.'

It was a very distressing night for Werk.

Having fully found her tongue, after putting Tante Louisa into her own bed, Mefrouw Leevan denounced Piet as a monster untiringly. She shrilled about the inconceivable spoiling of her nether rooms one moment, blamed Betje for everything the next, and ordered the maids and Betje out of her sight and back to their beds as if they

were sinners of as inky a dye as Piet himself.

What could be done downstairs was left to Uncle
Erasmus to do. Dressed and in sea-boots to the
thigh, having lit the house-lamps, he was still rescuing articles of furniture from further harm when
the tide and the waters in the house began to fall.

The pallid dawn broke upon a scene of domestic desolation that would have infuriated a temper much less sweet than Betje's mother's. She it was who despatched her husband from the house to the mill to convey her maledictions to Piet at the earliest possible moment of safety. 'Go,' she said. 'You have your boots, and if you keep to the fields and observe the bridges very carefully there is no need for you to be drowned. Bring the young devil back with you to see the fruits of his devilry. Bring him and his clod of a man by the ears, which deserve to be snipped from their heads. And before I have done with him I will make him know that he must pay for all this mischief. If he has to sell the mill to do it, it shall be done.' From the top of the ladder Aunt Mina bellowed this stern injunction. All the household heard it as well as her husband.

Several times already Betje had tried to champion Piet against her mother's vituperations. She did not believe him capable of the baseness ascribed to him. Though obedient to her mother's orders, she had returned to speak up for Piet. That being of

no avail, she had shut herself in her own room-not, indeed, to stay in bed and try to sleep, as if the flooding of her home was none of her concern; she had more spirit than that. She lit her candle and placed it in the window. Piet would see the light; and, seeing it, if her thoughts could speed to him across the flood between the farmstead and the mill, he would know that he was still dear to her. Also, she dressed; and, thus dressed, she was seeking consolation in her Bible like the simplest of countrybred maidens, rather than an experienced young lady of Amsterdam, when she heard these brutal words of her mother about Piet as 'a young devil' and the dragging of him to Werk by the ears. Not that she deemed it possible for any man to take Piet by the ears with such facility. Nor did she think her father likely to attempt the task. But the unhappiness of it all! And the woeful lot that was to be hers if she consented to do her duty to the family as laid down to her the previous evening with such harshness by, of all persons, her own mother! By nature she was a sanguine and lighthearted girl. Mynheer Mops had appraised this charm in her as secondary only to her fresh young beauty. As a wife, he had calculated that she would be a lifelong tonic for him, to be taken, in one guise or another, as many times a day as it pleased him, like a harmless and agreeable exhilarant from 3 drug-store.

Her father grunted his acceptance of the nasty programme forced upon him by his wife; and Betje, with closed eyes, lay and waited for what should happen next. The grunting and gambolling of that pair of young porkers in the loft was no

amusement to her.

There was scarcely a foot of water in the house when Uncle Erasmus set forth for his nephew, but mud enough under the water. A pretty prospect this meant by-and-by, mused the poor man as he splashed out of the front door. Not a dry spot now between him and the Zuyder Zee's dike in front, except the mill on its modest mound. Above the dike a smear of crimson hinted of the coming sun, and this was the only cheerful colour in the scene.

It was with melancholy unutterable that Piet's uncle started upon his mission. He had had quite enough on his mind before this night. Now the burden was far heavier. As his eyes ranged dully over the great pool it seemed to him that the work of his life and his father's life was all undone. It was not really so bad as that, but thousands of guilders' damage to the polder had undoubtedly been wrought in the night. Nor in the polder alone. He could see the bodies of sheep and lambs here and there, just humped in the water. Of course. Had he not expected it? Some of the creatures, however, were safe enough. He had heard their cries ere daybreak, and there they were—those sager ones—lined and dotted about the green dike on all sides. Why couldn't the others have followed the sensible example of the majority, instead of staying where they were

until the Zee's flood first reached their mouths and then drowned them when they could swim no longer? Uncle Erasmus hurled the question at them. As for the young corn, it was inevitably washed out of the ground. And the land prepared so painfully this wet spring for the later roots was now likely to be useless for a year.

He was midway in the mess, sweating to the toil of lifting one foot after the other in the adhesive compost, when the sun slipped its rim above the Zee's banks and illumined the top of old 'Well-and-Good's' uppermost sail.

There was beauty enough in the scene now for eyes that had no personal interest in the surrounding spoliation. The sun's gold reached the polder, and never had the mile of trim dike looked so brightly green. On this side the mill had some coquettish streaks of scarlet to its black wooden hood, and, touching them obliquely, the sun did its best to draw attention to their distinction. An artist had once taken tea at the farmstead after painting the mill. Uncle Erasmus might have remembered the gentleman's words in praise of the value of those daring scarlet lines. He did not remember them, however. He just plodded and sweated on until he was over the last bridge and close to the mill.

Not a thing here had suffered from the deluge. Cow-house, piggery, and all the other outbuildings of the mill were handsomely out of reach of the flood which had devastated the farmstead. Trust the young rascal to have realised his complete immunity when he went to bed with such unchristian malice in his heart, and like enough his tongue in his cheek besides!

But, close to the mill though he was, Uncle Erasmus was not yet out of danger. It was the escape of his lifetime! So intent was he upon his dark thoughts and the mill itself that he all but stepped into the old well. There was only a skin of water round about now; and, toiling through that, he actually put one foot into the well. But he hopped to the left just in time, and, with one more muttered execration, stood still and stared at the round, dark pool into which, it seemed to him, he might have descended like a stone for all eternity.

And then, looking past it, he saw something that soon made him forgetful of his salvation. Stranded on the green margin of the mill's mound was a little yellow wooden box, with crude red and blue arabesques painted on its sides. Instantly it realled old times. It had been his brother Piet's treasure-chest in the days of their boyhood, and was the very article for which such a persistent search had been made all over the mill after his death. Young Piet, Klaas, and Erasmus himself had looked to that box, when found, for information about those desirable missing guilders. Legal and other documents which were also missing were known to have been kept in it, and why not the guilders, or their equivalent?

Uncle Erasmus picked the thing up, quivering already from his wart downwards. It was padlocked and moderately heavy. He stood for several seconds with it in his hands, shaking it and turning it about. The inscription in black paint, 'Pietje Leevan, Leevan, Holland,' was not necessary to kindle his interest in it. His brother had spent a long hour one boyhood's afternoon in painting his name thus, and Erasmus had subsequently rallied him about the absurdity of the 'Pietje.' It was 'Pietje' now as then.

The soft lowing of one of the cows in its stall roused him from his spell; and, deeply excited, Uncle Erasmus strode on up to the mill and beat at the door. He glanced back at his own house of Werk. The sun was embellishing that, as everything else, with fantastic morning splendour. Mefrouw his wife was probably rating the maids for not shovelling the mud off her parlour's parqueted floor as if they loved the labour; but to Uncle Erasmus, at this distance, the farmstead was like a small palace of ruby, topaz, and pearl. And little he cared what it was like.

'Get up, Piet! get up!' he shouted again and again. In the pauses he listened to the drowsy gliding of those accursed waters of the Zee as they returned to their source—listened without heeding, even as he heeded not the Aladdin-touch of the sun upon his home in the polder. His mind was extraordinarily alive to the possibilities thus hugged to his breast in the little yellow box.

'Piet, my dear boy! it is I, your uncle Erasmus. Do you not hear me?'

At length there was a response. The bedroom window to the right was unlatched, and Piet's rumpled head peered forth. 'Oh! It is you, then!' he said gruffly; and, having spoken, he yawned widely.

'Good-morning, Piet. Yes, it is I. Look! I am the bearer of good tidings, like a messenger in the Bible. Come down, and we will see what there is to see.'

Piet could not get more than his head through the little lattice. There was a glimpse of his seablue night-shirt at the shoulders; that and nothing more for Uncle Erasmus. But the sun in its virgin splendour was upon Piet as upon all else now in the polder; and his uncle thought he had never seen so noble a lad.

Piet's eyes enlarged as he looked down at the box. 'So!' he whispered, as if he were not much more than half-way yet to a perception of the blessing. And then his eyes roamed beyond his uncle towards the wet polder. 'What's wrong with the land?' he cried.

'Nothing, lad,' laughed his uncle—'nothing, that is, which this, with God's leave, will not put perfectly to rights. You forgot the sluice, Piet. Your aunt—— But your aunt is of no consequence.'

'By heaven,' exclaimed Piet, 'so I did!' He disappeared, and in another minute had slipped on some clothes, descended, and unlocked the

door. 'I was not myself when I went to bed, Uncle Erasmus,' he said at once; 'and Klaas being away --- But is there much loss? What of the

His uncle smiled to his very wart. 'A few sheep are nothing,' he said. 'Where are your poor father's

keys?'

They were hanging in the lock of the parlour cupboard. While Piet searched for the box's own particular key on the bunch, Uncle Erasmus made merry after a fashion about the events of the night. His eyes were fixed greedily upon the box, and his smile was not very sincere; but his account of Miss Tenk in the midst of the waters and afterwards was quite a creditable effort.

'She thought it was Noah's own flood come again, my boy, I'll warrant. Ach, but you should have seen her! For a bag of bones, though, she was not

so light to lift.'

'And Betje?' Piet glanced up to ask.

'She is as safe as the stork in its nest, Pietje. Yes; and you should have heard her speak up for you, lad. Her mother called you a few names. You will excuse her that, and expect no less, I'm sure; but our Betje vowed you were not that kind of boy. And, indeed, Piet, I thought much the same myself, though it was not easy to---- That one fits it?'

'Yes,' said Piet.

The key grated in the lock. Three years' accumulation of rust offered some resistance to its working and to the free movement also of the padlock's bar; and then the lid was open and piled papers sprang up like a released Jack-in-the-box.

Piet turned them all out upon the table in a spreading heap. Long linen-lined envelopes with writing on them, letters, some mildewed old photographs, many loose papers, and even a small battered doll, short of a leg.

'Ach, dear life!' gasped Uncle Erasmus as, with a well-feigned sigh of emotion, he fastened upon the doll. 'It was your little sister's-the angel who died.'

'Yes, that is so,' said Piet, pausing. 'But these green papers in the envelopes, what are they?'

Uncle Erasmus laid down the doll and took up

one of the green papers.

'Do you not know, lad?' he asked triumphantly. 'Five thousand!' He pointed to the sign in the corner. 'That is worth five thousand guilders. It is Government Stock-Rentes, some call them. Another, also for five thousand! It was with this paper your poor father was paid, by degrees, for his share of the land. Ah, Piet, how I worked in those days! And what sense I had in my work! Betje was a wee one then, and no trouble to any one; and your aunt's temper was more like what it was before I married her. Shall I count them?'

'Yes,' said Piet. 'I'll finish my dressing. I suppose it is what Klaas would call manna in the wilderness, Uncle Erasmus, eh?

Uncle and nephew contemplated each other across

the documents as eagerly as children at a school

'Just so, Piet-manna in the wilderness. What is a little mud in a house to all this?'

Piet nodded and stepped to the door, then returned and brought his hand down on his uncle's shoulder with a whack. 'Do you remember last night?' he thundered. 'I was going to shoot you At least I said so.'

'In your place, my boy, I should have done the same, declared the uncle stoutly. 'Six times five make thirty. Thirty thousand guilders already. And five more! Ah, here is one of ten!'

Piet chuckled. 'Pile it up, uncle,' he said; 'pile it up! I'll trust you with the lot while I put on my day-shirt. You know why, eh?' His laugh after the question echoed on in 'Well-and-Good's' old parlour as he climbed to his bedroom. Where did you find it?' he cried from above, midway in his toilet.

'Sixty-five thousand guilders, my boy, and more

to come,' replied the uncle.

'Sixty-five thousand !' Piet whispered the words And then, 'Oh, God in heaven, how good you are -sometimes!' While he spoke he turned to the window and looked across the glistening polder to the red roof of Werk. A sudden impulse to share his happiness, however absurdly, with Betje herself made him snatch up his handkerchief and wave it He waved for several seconds, and was then ready for commonplace joy again.

But there was an answer. From Betje's OWD little round window a flicker of white with the sun on it was discernible; and the next moment Piet's three years of solid striving to crush the hopes of his heart all broke up. With his hands above his head he danced as if he were at a bridal celebration. When his father was alive he had been a famous and welcome guest on such occasions in a radius of many miles from Leevan, and no more sprightly dancer was then known. His youth had suddenly come back to him.

The uncle's radiant face interrupted his capers. Betje's father had come up quietly, with a heart as elated almost as Piet's. His wart glowed like a carbuncle.

'Ninety-five thousand guilders, Piet!' said the uncle solemnly. 'And the deeds of the farm at Westwijk to show that your father did, after all, advance that money to Hensen. Many other little matters besides—the prize school-theme he wrote when he was thirteen, its subject "The Advisability of Perseverance and Hope." Piet, my dear boy, allow me to congratulate you on a fortune. It is nothing less-a fortune.'

'Right-o!' said Piet, wringing the hand his uncle proffered him. 'And now we will have some coffee. Klaas ought to be here directly. What will he say, the old chap? Oh, I know what he will say: "Mynheer, mynheer, how could you sleep in Peace with the sluice open? How could you, mynher?

They went down enjoying that joke together.

'How much do you owe, Uncle Erasmus?' asked Piet when his treasure was again before him.

'Ach, my boy! there are the two bills of twenty thousand each, with some interest.'

'That all?'

Piet went to the alcove by the hearth and brought out the old family Bible with the silver clasps. 'Seen this before?' he said, with sparkling eyes.

The uncle looked suitably remorseful. 'I was not myself any more than you were yesterday,' he protested. 'Trouble sometimes spreads a cloud over our better, our true nature, Piet.'

'Just so,' said Piet. 'Well, you wanted me to swear last night, you and Aunt Mina between you. Now it is your turn. Put your hands on it and swear you will both give me Betje.'

'I swear! I swear it with all my heart and with all my soul,' said Uncle Erasmus hastily, his hands on the Bible. 'But it would be just the same,' he added, with a pucker of the lips, 'if I did not swear. You were made for each other, my dear boy, and—I whisper this—not even for your aunt do I believe our Betje would a second time be civil to another Mynheer Mops. There! I am saying blasphemous things. If your aunt could hear me! But that reminds; I must return and proclaim the great news.'

'Coffee first,' said Piet.

The uncle, however, thought not. It would be kinder, he suggested, to all his household at Werk if he delayed not a moment longer as the bearer of such good tidings. 'Do you not see it?' he asked.

Put in this way, of course Piet saw it. He went out with his uncle and repeated his earlier question: How had the box come thus to be stranded like a little ark of blessing and safety on the Ararat of 'Well-and-Good'?

And Piet himself guessed it when they had puzzled for a minute or two. They were by the old well, still brimful, as never before until that night, and its boards gone. Piet gazed into it as if he thought he might see the truth mirrored in its placid depths, and suddenly clapped his hands. 'Father threw the box into the well,' he exclaimed. 'That is it. He threw it in when his mind got weak, and it seemed to him that money was all trash. And the water floated it up. Why, then—don't you see?—if I hadn't gone to bed in a rage and forgotten the sluice! And if you hadn't come last night and made me get into such a rage! And if Aunt Mina wasn't just exactly what she is—Ah! things are wonderful, Uncle Erasmus, the way they work out.'

The uncle nodded, looked his admiration of Piet's intelligent reasoning, and patted him on the back. 'It is so, without a doubt,' he said; 'and we shall see you presently.'

Piet waited only for Klaas.

The old man came in all agog about the state of the polder, and was bidden to look at the paper guilders instead of worrying over a trifle.

In few words Piet told him the tale of the flood and its outcome. Then he took his hat and marched for the farm.

Klaas was little moved by the sight of so much money, though willing to rejoice simply about his master's assurances as to Betje. He was more concerned about the mill and the new breeze of the morning.

'Shall I loose the sails, mynheer?' he asked when Piet was afoot.

'Ay, grind away, if you will,' Piet replied. 'Some of us like play and some work.'

'The Lord,' said Klaas, 'sent us into the world to work and pray.'

Piet shook his head at the old man. 'Maybe,' he said, with a laugh as hearty as the promise of the day; 'and for something even better still, or there would soon be none of us left to do it. I'll give her your respectful affection, Klaas.'

THE END.

PARALLELS BETWEEN SCOTT AND DICKENS.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.



COTT and Dickens were magical names both. They were the great lights of their century, and their joint reign stretched over three-quarters of that period—namely, from 1814 to 1870. Scott wrote his last page

of Castle Dangerous in 1832; the pen fell from his fingers a few weeks later, to be caught by a young and brilliant writer who fourteen months before had begun his career in a magazine. As Boz was a youth of spirit and enterprise, it is likely that he saw Scott in London on his returning from Italy to 'die at home at last.' I wish I had asked Boz this question, for I had many confidential opportunities of doing so. At a dinner-party I once

gave, an awkward guest—yet a distinguished man, who ought to have known better—said to him, 'You know, Mr Dickens, that we have no novelist that can be named with Scott!' Tableau! One would wish, however, that the noble pair had met. It would be like the fancied meeting of Nelson and Wellington at some public office. And yet there was really a kind of indistinct connection.

Reading through the melancholy squabbles and quarrels of Scott and the Ballantynes, our eyes rest with a sort of interest on the figure of a Writer to the Signet who, though called in as the friend of James Ballantyne, attracted the regard and respect of the great man. This was George Hogarth, then about forty, whose sister the im-

provident James had married. Her interests Hogarth sturdily protected, requiring a release of a certain charge from the great man himself, who had so high an opinion of the solicitor that he stipulated that the deed should be drawn up by him. Scott had him down to Abbotsford to go over his complicated accounts and draw up a settlement with Ballantyne. He gave him this high testimonial: 'I should be desirous that our mutual friend Mr Hogarth, your brother-in-law and a man of business and honour, should draw up a new coparcenary. He will be a better judge than either you or I of the terms, and, being your connection and relative, his intervention will give to all . . . the assurance that we have acted towards them on terms which are considered fair, just, and honour-And it was Hogarth who discovered that Scott had not power to raise more than ten thousand pounds on Abbotsford, though he was under a delusion that he could.

Hogarth was associated a good deal with jovial spirits-Lockhart, Wilson, and others-the latter celebrating him in the rather tedious Noctes (June 1826). This may have caused him to desert his profession and take to the precarious literary calling in London about 1831. He was burdened with no less than fourteen children, of whom only one survives.

It is interesting, therefore, that one so deep in Scott's secrets should have become the father-inlaw of Charles Dickens, Scott's legitimate successor. Being made editor of the Evening Chronicle-a new venture—he had his future son-in-law's assistance; while Boz in his turn, when editing Bentley, found room for him in that magazine. Oddly enough, he died in the same year as his son-in-law, of an accident, in January 1870, at the good age of eightysix. He had thus known intimately the two great story-tellers; to one he was adviser, to the other he gave his daughter Catherine Thomson. Failing an actual meeting, this is something in the way of connection.

But it would be interesting to 'tot up' the many other points of similarity that existed in these two great men. Both had training in the law, and Boz, though not 'called,' had taken the first steps to be a barrister. Scott was a poet; Boz wrote verses, some of which were popular. Boz wrote dramas, so did Scott; but the novels of each, dramatised over and again, had prodigious success on the stage. Both wrote essays, reviews, &c. In character both were much alike-in their geniality, love of their friends' society, love of walking and the beauty of nature. Both loved dogs and animals generally. Both aspired to set up as squires in the country and to have a territorial position. Scott's financial disaster is well known; while Dickens, not quite overtaken by such troubles, was compelled to resort to public reading as an addition to his resources. Finally, both overtaxed their brains by severe mental labour and thus precipitated their death. Both died comparatively young, or at least early.

In their later stories both exhibited the same exhaustion of invention and talent. Both, too, have permanently gained the hearts and affections of their countrymen to an extent that no other storytellers have done. There were the two Scotts: Scott the writer, brilliant, masterly, and gaining the suffrages of the world; and Scott the man as revealed in Lockhart's Life, whose doings, sayings, habits, engaging qualities, have gained love and respect. And so there are also two Dickenses: the writer and the man, both loved as much as admired.

Apropos of the general devotion to Sir Walter, at this moment in my study where I am writing these words, there is on my left hand, next the fire, three columns, as I may call them, of 'Scott Novels' all old and early editions-first, second, third, and fourth-all in the favourite half-calf-rubbed, faded, worn, and yet still respectable. I suppose there are some seventy or eighty volumes in these piles, and yet I would not have them disturbed or put on shelves for the world! It is a great privilege to have near one these original editions on which the eye of the author had rested before you; the story reads quite differently from what it does in the mean, starved, shabby modern versions. So there they lie by my side, and at times I take up a volume and read it through. It is remarkable that you can read and re-read Scott, and him alone, with out tedium. The reason is that, as in real life, a marked character can be encountered again and again, and always show variety. It is so with Scott. In every successive reading you notice something that has escaped you in former readings; he is so full-so stored. In real life, when you meet a really original and well-marked character he is always new-fresh! that is the word-and there is something that you never noticed before. But I do love that pile of old books, with the marbledpaper covers and their half-calf. I think that is a proof of sincere devotion. What a noble creature he was! Large, grand, spacious in his ideas. One of my best treasures is his pocket note-book, with its 'metallic pencil'—a dreadful implement which I remember well about the forties, and which never would write, but rather scratch. It is very precious to me, though merely made up of casual extracts reminders, &c. Poor, dear Scott; how he suffered at the close of his days! Admirable, lovable, brilliant as was 'Boz,' I am really afraid that one must admit that Scott was the greater man.

It may be 'fantastical' (Elia's word); but I was pleased to discover that Sir Walter had actually introduced a character called 'Dickens,' who was Bridgenorth's housekeeper—a Dame Dickens In St Ronan's Well, also, there is an odd, bizarre effect on the reader by meeting here and there with the word 'the Wellers'-Scott's nickname for the guests who frequented the well. And, per contra Box in troduced a Scott into The Old Curiority Shop, where he rather oddly thus dubs Quilp's strange boy. I don't think we can find this rather common name anywhere else in his works.

But there was one remarkable difference between the systems of the two writers. Dickens's stories are filled with moral and religious teachings, with pleadings for the poor, with exhortations to love and cherish our fellow-creatures, with expressions of devotion to our Saviour, and with extracts from the Scripture. None of these things do we find in Scott, for the simple reason that he considered his function was to tell a story and do nothing else.

It was natural that both these great writers, having been lawyers and bound to the law, should have exercised their acute observations on all the humours and incidents of professional life. Their stories abound in legal portraits of solicitors and barristers and judges, in some cases drawn from real life. Both give elaborate accounts of all the stages of a formal trial: the testimony, speeches of counsel, and judges' charges-Scott in the case of Effie Deans, and Boz in the memorable one of Bardell v. Pickwick. The former is conceived in a deeply tragic vein, the latter in the brightest spirit of fun and burlesque. Both furnish us copiously with sketches of the processes of the law -arrests, distraints, sponging-houses, imprisonment for debt, and the like. The brilliant picture of the Sanctuary in Alsatia, with its dreadful and degraded riff-raff company, can be put beside the gloomy pictures of the Fleet and the Marshalsea.

Both had a fancy for depicting inns, with their snug comforts and their innkeepers. But Boz, though he has drawn old Willet admirably, has nothing to compare with the inimitable and living Meg Dods. In St Ronan's Well Scott departed from his favourite themes of Scotch national life and character to essay a story of genteel manners and habits, just as Boz broke away from his favourite low life in Bleak House. Scott wrote many historical novels, Dickens only two. Scott celebrated old Edinburgh, with its ancient houses, wynds, and closes; but he had not the art-nor could he have, as Boz was the inventor of it-of taking an old house or an old city and investing it with a living, breathing vitality. They do not show you in Scotland the bedrooms of certain characters as they exhibit Mr Pickwick's rooms at county hotels. No one has done for any Scotch town what Boz has done for Rochester. On the other hand, Scott has with a rare zeal and love-described the fair landscapes, mountains, and lochs of his country. Scott's stories are full of brilliant military figuresofficers and soldiers—all admirably drawn. Boz has very little in this way. He had not, I think, much sympathy with the army, and knew little of it.

We find in Scott, Jane Austen, 'Boz,' and Thackeray a curious community of ideas. Many of the illustrious Jane's characters are shadowed forth in Dickens, while Thackeray, as I have shown elsewhere, copiously reproduced from Dickens both characters and situations. Yet all four are original after their kind. Dickens, who came, practically without any interval, after Scott, absolutely could not help being affected by that great personality

and his methods; Scott was in the air. It was, in truth, a wonder that he 'got away from him' so far as he did, and was able to devise methods of his own most original in their way.

In such cases it is common to speak of 'borrowings,' copying, not being original, and the rest. But in the case of really great writers such things cannot be said. The truth is, there is nothing 'original' or discoverable in any story, situation, or character; these are the common property lying in the public highway to be picked up by anybody. The true originality is found in the treatment. It is the treatment that makes everything new and original. Some French writer has calculated that there are little more than half-a-dozen entirely original situations or combinations of situations existing, and that these, altered and twisted, will be found in all the innumerable stories which are being daily discharged upon society.

With characters also it is the same—all depends on the treatment. Mr Pickwick is of the family of Don Quixote, as Sam Weller is of Sancho Panza's; yet no one would say that the modern characters were copied. The range of character is exceedingly limited. But where did the incomparable Wizard find his types? From life, from the crowd about him, materials cast into that wonderful melting-pot, his brain. Hardly any of his stories are 'original' in the vulgar sense, always following the lines of some tradition or legend or historical incident. He was, indeed, as much original as any one could be on this earth.

The plot of Nickleby seems to follow that of Guy Mannering. In both there is the lost heir-stolen by gipsies in one case, sold into school-slavery in the other. Ralph is the villain of one, Glossin of the other story. Squeers is the agent of Ralph, as Hatteraick is of Glossin. Colonel Mannering befriends the heir, as do the Cheerybles Nicholas and Smike. Glossin is murdered by Dirk Ralph hangs himself. The smuggler, when all hope is gone, fixes a support in the wall of the prison and hangs himself from it. Ralph goes up to his garret, feels for a hook, and there also hangs himself. Then we have John Browdie, a Yorkshire man-but the name is surely Scottish: Brodie-and he follows in his speeches and doings Dandie Dinmont. Nickleby visits him in the country just as Bertram does Dandie. In Pickwick also we find a touch of Pleydell in Guy Mannering, who is found at a carousing den. Mr Pickwick finds Lowten Perker's clerk at the 'Magpie and Stump.'

After his quarrel with John Browdie, Nicholas meets him on the road, when all is made up, and John lends him money to take him to London. In Woodstock, Roland Græme has a quarrel with Woodcock the keeper; and meeting him in the road, Woodcock gives him money to help him on his way. Gashford in Barnaby Rudge is like Ganlesse in Peveril. The scene at the well in Woodstock, where Tomkins besets Phœbe, who is rescued by her lover, is the same as that in Barnaby Rudge

where Dolly Varden is beset by Hugh and rescued by Joe Willet, her lover. In Pickwick, where Namby the sheriff's officer arrests Mr Pickwick, and Sam knocks Namby's hat off and prepares to assault him, the latter calls Mr Pickwick to witness that he had been assaulted in the execution of his 'dooty,' 'in bodily fear.' In The Antiquary Sir Arthur Wardour is arrested by the sheriff's officer, who is resisted by young Macintyre, and calls on Sir Arthur to witness that 'he has been deforced,' &c. Dodson & Fogg a little suggest Greenhorn and Grinderson in The Antiquary; they become obsequious on the change of fortune in their client after treating him infamously. In Woodstock the colonel sends the tattered Wildrake with a challenge to Rerneguy, and he bears himself in the same ludicrous fashion as does Folair the actor when bearing a challenge to Nickleby.

One very particular instance of this similarity of treatment will show how present to Boz were Scott's creations. This was of a grotesque nature and appealed to him. Touchwood in St Ronan's Well was a very quaint being, always making odd, unexpected remarks; but he had also a sincerity and good nature. "Why," said Mowbray, "your name is Touchwood—P. Touchwood—Paul, I suppose, or Peter. I read it so in the Subscription Book." "Peregrine, sir—Peregrine. . . . I don't like it, and I always write P. short; and you might have remarked an S. also before the surname I use at present—P. S. Touchwood. I had an old acquaintance in the City who loved his jest; he always called me Postscript Touchwood."

Every one will recall Mr Peter Magnus and his account of his name: "I like to know a man's name; it saves so much trouble. That's my card, sir. Magnus, you will perceive, sir-Magnus is my name. It's rather a good name, I think, sir." "A very good name indeed," said Mr Pickwick, wholly unable to repress a smile. "Yes, I think it is," resumed Mr Magnus. "In hasty notes to intimate acquaintances I sometimes sign myself 'Afternoon.' It amuses my friends very much, Mr Pickwick." "It is calculated to afford them the highest gratification, I should conceive," said Mr Pickwick, rather envying the ease with which Mr Magnus's friends were entertained.' There can be no doubt but that this truly humorous and grotesque passage is infinitely superior in treatment and originality to the one that suggested it. No matter how familiar, it can never fail to produce a smile. That Dickens had this scene in his mind cannot be disputed; but he has so transformed and enriched it that it has become a thing of his. Indeed, all Peter Magnus is admirable and delightful.

There is strong resemblance between the sad and gloomy tragedy of St Ronan's Well and that of Bleak House. The story of the latter is that of Lady Dedlock's mystery; for the Jarndyce Case is only incidental. Lady Penfeather in the same story is a sort of anticipation of Mrs Leo Hunter, and she is patroness of an al fresco fancy dress

fête given by the Mowbraya. She also recites poetry. The gaping curiosity of the restless crowd gathered to stare at the arriving guests and their dresses is described in both stories. The relation of Sir Mulberry Hawk to Lord Frederick is foreshadowed in that of Mowbray to Sir Bingo Binks. On the other hand, in his account of the duel, where Sir Bingo's courage has to be screwed to a sticking-place, Scott seems to have taken hints from Bob Acres and Sir Lucius.

Scott was fond of introducing queer small personages-dwarfs, dumb girls, Flibbertigibbets, and the like. Boz had also his La Creeveys and Miss Mowchers. If Scott had a Black Dwarf, with vicious, terrifying ways, but really good at heart, Boz had his in the odious Quilp. The dissipated, drinking barrister in The Tale of Two Cities somehow recalls Nanty Ewart, who was pathetically anxious to resist his fatal vice, but bewailed it as impossible. There is certainly a likeness between Sir Bingo Binks and John Thorpe, the sporting, bragging 'buckeen' in Jane Austen's Northanger Abbey. One passage in St Ronan's Well, when the Baronet makes his wager with Mowbray owing to a dispute, may be compared with Thorpe's boastings about his horse and gig; and this, again, may be placed beside Lord Mutanhed's description of his 'new-wed mailcart.'

Ramorney in The Fair Maid of Perth has his hand chopped off in a night brawl by the armourer; he lies agonising in bed, longing for revenge upon his assailant, while his leech artfully inflames his rage by telling him of the reports and remarks that are made about him. In Nickleby Sir Mulberry Hawk has a night affray with Nicholas, in which his face is frightfully beaten and disfigured, and he has to lie in bed nursing his revenge. Ralph Nickleby visits him, and finds a fiendish pleasure in repeating to him what people are saying of him, and thus goading him to fury and revenge. In Ivanhoe Isaac the Jew is immured in a dungeon by Front de Bœuf, and is described as sitting in a corner of his cell for three hours, ragged and dishevelled, and 'affording a study for Rembrandt' He is expecting execution or torture. There is a similar sketch in Oliver Twist, where Fagin is left for execution. Cruikshank's picture would do for either.

Pickwick was a perfect photograph of the times in which the author lived. It was really 'all-aire oh!' and contained portraits of living persons, satirical accounts of actual doings, and exhibited the influence of other living writers. The gobin story of Gabriel Grub is an adaptation of 'Rip Yan Winkle,' which story may have furnished the name of this famous 'follower.' The Dying Clown was a literal account of the wretched son of Grimaldi. The ludicrous Crumpet story was a variation of one of Boswell's. The striking incident of San Weller shutting himself up with his master in the Fleet, and getting himself arrested, is found in one of Smollett's novels. From The Antiquary,

where we find Monkbarns's fanciful discovery of an inscription A.D.L.L., and Edie's detection of the same, was drawn Mr Pickwick's find of the famous Cobham Stone with the 'Bill Stumps' inscription.

The subject of a protracted lawsuit which brought ruin to winners and losers was dealt with by Scott in Redgauntlet after a half-pathetic, half-humorous fashion. Boz had also his lawsuit story in Bleak House, where Miss Flite, a woman from Shropshire, answers to 'Poor' Peter Peebles.

It is not surprising that this heart-rending story of St Ronan's Well should have sunk into Dickens's very soul. It has been often said that it is an inferior work, but this is surely wrong. It has an overpowering interest, and the tragic scenes are blended with comedy. The ill-fated Clara Mowbray, with her dread secret, is another Lady Dedlock. Both are always contemplating a discovery. When this arrives both fly out into the night and wander about in their despair. Both call at a cottage to meet some lowly dependant. Mowbray pursues, following her track like Bucket, and as ineffectually. Finally both die in their despair.

When Mowbray discovers what he thinks is his sister's disgrace he is thrown into a fury, and rides home desperately, as if to destroy her. There is a strong likeness in this to Bill Sikes's discovery of Nancy's treachery, when he rushes home to take vengeance. All that follows is the same in both. His sister continued on the floor clasping him round the knees with all her strength, and begging piteously for life and for mercy. Mowbray strikes his sister. He is feeling for his knife. She clings to him, imploring him passionately not to kill her, which he is all but inclined to do. He looked at her with ferocity, grappled a moment in his pocket. Clara continued to exclaim, 'Brother, say you did not mean this! Oh, say you did not mean to strike me!' &c. Many passionate appeals are in this key. Mowbray's search for his sister is almost as exciting as that for Lady Dedlock. The locked door, the calling out, the finding the private issue to the garden, the summer-house where they find her glove, as Bucket did the handkerchief. 'We have no means,' says Scott, 'of exactly tracing the course of this unhappy young woman. It is probable she fled on hearing the arrival of Mr Touchwood's carriage. And thus she was contending with rain and darkness, the difficulties and dangers of the path. She must either have lain down exhausted or have been compelled to turn back. She had been to the bower, as was evident from her glove remaining there. It is probable that her spirits and strength began to fail her after she had proceeded a little way on the road, for she had stopped at the solitary cottage inhabited by the old female pauper. Here she had made some knocking. The owner said she had heard her moan bitterly as she entreated for admission. She was refused. It is conjectured that the repulsed wanderer made no other attempt to obtain shelter until she came to Mr Cargill's manse, in the upper room of which a light was still burning.'

How forcible and dramatic is all this, and how like the tone of the Dedlock flight! The sudden duel between Mowbray and Etherington, and the death of the latter, who sprang a yard from the ground and fell down a dead man, is like the sudden quarrel and duel between Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick. In both cases the men had been 'pals' or friends. Mowbray despised and tried to pluck Etherington as his victim, just as Sir Mulberry treated his lord. Etherington was beginning to turn on his teacher, just as Lord Frederick did on his. The quarrel was at a shooting-match, just as the Hawk-Verisoft one arose in a gambling-den. 'Jekyll, you will have the kindness to stand by me in this matter?' So Lord Frederick invited Captain Adams. On the fatal catastrophe the victor's second said to him, taking him by the arm, that they must fly, or worse would come of it. 'I have a pony here, and you have your horse.-Captain Jekyll, I wish you good-morning. Will you have my umbrella sent back to the inn, for I surmise it is going to rain?'

Littimer, Steerforth's confidential valet in Copperfield—a quiet, reserved person, carrying out his master's villainies in a decorous, even gentlemanly style—was anticipated by Solmes, Lord Etherington's own man. He has exactly the same quiet reserve, and executes his master's directions to steal a letter as if he were merely to call for it. He understood exactly what was required, but would not give it an evil name or pretend to understand it

A curious thing in both writers is a fancy for alluding to some craft or trivial manufacture, to which they seem drawn by a personal partiality or association. Thus Boz, as we know, alluded to the subject of blacking-contrasting Warren and Day & Martin, and this was owing to the recollection of certain childish experiences of a distressing kind. In Scott we find several allusions to 'Burgess's sauce,' the proprietor of which still keeps on his old-fashioned shop in the Strand. Scott may have known the man or liked the sauce. In fact, he says boldly, 'Were you to eat your words with the best fish-sauce-and that is Burgess's.' I understand this preference has been found valuable as an advertisement, just as Boz's Double Diamond Port from the Cheeryble cellars is now largely advertised with a quotation from the story. Another trifle to which Boz often alludes is the Bramah locks and latchkeys. And we find Scott also noticing it. 'By your leave, Mr Bramah,' said the Earl, as he applied the key and opened his despatch-box.

'Were ye no' murdered, then?' said Meg Dods to Tyrrell when he returned to her after his disappearance. 'Are ye very sure ye werena murdered?' When Tupman was brought home after being 'peppered' by his friend Winkle, the spinster aunt hysterically calls out, 'Then you are not dead! Oh, say you are not dead!' 'Don't be a fool, Rachel,' said her

brother roughly. 'What the devil's the use of his saying he isn't dead?'

Scott makes Etherington say, 'I have known some women who have given up their virtue to preserve their character,' which is, of course, a familiar passage in The School for Scandal. The same nobleman also says, 'You are bolder than the boldest gipsy, for you not only steal my ideas and disfigure them, but they may pass for yours'which is another appropriated from the same play. In St Ronan's Well, Meredith, the comic man of the company, having passed some joke at the Wells Hotel on M'Turk, the bully of the company, was fain to go to a place at some ten miles' distance, and remain there in a sort of concealment until the affair should be made up; exactly what befell Winkle, in fear of Dowlen. A leading and sympathetic element in Bleak House is John Jarndyce's generous renunciation of Esther Summerson in favour of the doctor. Such renunciation is the clou of The Betrothed. Both ladies exhibited staunch loyalty to their antique fiancés. Dominie Sampson's raptures in the new library of books may be matched by Tom Pinch's delight at cataloguing the stranger's books. The Fair Maid of Perth's froward and pettish treatment of her valiant lover -now encouraging, now flouting him-is repeated in Dolly Varden's behaviour to the faithful Joe Willet. Both Scott and Boz have given good and true pictures of the faithful, genial valet in Richard Moniplies and Sam Weller. Scott, it must be said, rather limited himself in his portraits by drawing most of his characters as Scots with Scottish humour and peculiarities.

Old Monkbarns's impatience while waiting for the coach in Edinburgh, his threats and menace of taking a chaise and bringing an action, really anticipates Dowler's anger when waiting for the coach at the 'White Horse Cellar.'

Dickens has only ventured upon two autobiographical novels—namely, Great Expectations and Copperfield. In Bleak House he has, indeed, introduced a partial autobiography of Esther Summerson, but it is subsidiary. Scott has only one—Rob Roy.

In Quentin Durward we have Louis's favourite hangman, Olivier le Dain, with his assistant. This latter is in love with his profession, and resents the disinclination which a victim exhibits to submit to his treatment. He thinks he ought to enjoy it. So in Barnaby we have Dennis the hangman, who revels in 'working off' people, and who is also astounded at their want of taste when they wish to escape his handling.

In Nigel the incident of the old Jew's hunger for money—his stealing into Nigel's room at night to recover a gold piece—is like the old man in The Curiosity Shop who steals into Nell's room by night to carry off her money to gamble. Miss Trotwood in Copperfield, with her combative and autocratic ways, has an original in Meg Dods at St Ronan's. The latter, with all her roughness, had a fond corner for Tyrrell, just as Miss Trotwood had for

David. The topic of an old man married to a young wife, with an attendant admirer, which Box has so well treated in the case of Dr Strong, has also been dealt with by Scott in Kenilworth and in The Abbot.

In Kenilworth the villainous Varney holds a special relation to the Earl and his wife, inflaming the suspicions of the first and working against her interests, while at the same time he controls her and forces her to give him her confidence, on the pretext of keeping the husband's affections for her. He himself is in love with her. Now, in Dombey we have this situation repeated, Carker having just the same attitude to husband and wife, and making both his puppets. Scott in Waverley has a sort of half-witted creature, David Gellatly, who sings songs and wanders about. Dickens has his Barnaby—a similar sort of being.

The prefatory notices to the profitable forty-eight volume edition, giving an account of how the stories came to be written and what they are founded upon, are singularly interesting and even brilliant. It was a clever and original idea, admirably carried out. Dickens, when he came to issue his magnum opus, was compelled to follow the example, and his accounts are truly sparkling and vivacious.

There was, however, a most striking contrast between the methods of these great writers, which affected their productions. The one issued his work in portions or parts-twenty in numberthus taking over a year and a half to complete his task. The other delivered his book complete, writing it off at a heat, as it were. In Boz's case this really amounted to the supplying of some twenty separate stories or episodes; for each had to be self-contained and 'written up' so as to satisfy and stay the greed of the impatient public. But with what result? The complete work became a series of fragments. The author rested after each monthly effort, and had to begin again for the next. On his side, Scott went straight on with a gathering force without intermission, the excitement never flagging, his pen never relaxing. The effect on the reader was, of course, proportionate; he felt the enthusiasm of the writer. With Boz the part-system became a confirmed habit. He could not do without it, and when he attempted to fit himself to the orthodox three volumes he found himself relaxing This, too, accounts for the weakness in his conceiving or knitting together a story.

The two writers were also alike in this: they reproduced the dialect of their countries with great success and effect. Scott, it need not be said, gave the local language of his native land with infinite humour and variety, and seems to have invented a sort of patois that was quite intelligible to English readers, thus contrasting with his modern successor who have furnished uncouth and unintelligible sentences. Scott also supplied the Border language and that of northern England with very fair success. But his dramatic instinct carried him through all difficulties. If incorrect, it is very plausible and

natural. The language, too, he allots to foreigners is also very natural and specious, as in the case of Hatteraick; and Dickens also attempted various dialects—that of cockney London and Yorkshire. But his reproduction of American talk is truly admirable and amusing, if we consider the short time he spent in the country. Not so commendable

is his dealing with the French or Italian tongue, which he treated after a system of his own—namely, by literally translating the French idioms and phrases, such as 'Holy Blue!'—which seems forced.

It is pleasant to find that these two eminent men had so many points of resemblance.

A DIGGER'S YARN.



HE sun was just setting in a genuine West Australian sky, clear, blue, and cloudless, when a break in the interminable dreary scrub of diminutive trees resembling magnified gooseberry-bushes, through which I

had been riding since daylight, showed me a ridge of red granite, lightly sprinkled with vegetation and some fifty feet high, a short distance ahead. 'Water at last!' I muttered, relieved to think that the scanty supply left in the small water-bags that dangled from the necks of my three weary horses would soon be replenished, and that my poor companions themselves would soon be able to quench their thirst. Water in the arid districts of the interior of West Australia is obtainable from three sources only: shallow wells (sunk here and there where the country is occupied by pastoralists, each provided with bucket and trough for the use of sheep), 'soaks,' and native wells. Generally the water in the first mentioned is more or less saline -more rather than less-and sometimes highly charged with magnesia and other minerals whose effects are distinctly medicinal. Where the country has been abandoned by the squatter, and the low stone wall built round the well to prevent the sheep from using it-involuntarily-as a 'dip' has been broken down, the contents are sometimes flavoured with additional ingredients, such as essence of decomposing kangaroo, emu, or iguana, for these animals frequently fall in while attempting to reach the enticing liquid only a few feet below. Their unhappy fate is sincerely, though not lovingly, lamented by the unfortunate traveller who has later to drink a solution of their remains. At or near the base of any eminence may be sometimes found a patch of green grass, indicating the presence of a 'soak' or spring. A small excavation made at such a spot speedily fills with water, which percolates through crevices in the rock from the higher ground. This water is usually of the best quality, clear, cool, and pure. Failing the discovery of a 'soak,' the wayfarer, if skilled in Westralian bushcraft, will climb the ridge and carefully examine the sheets of bare red granite, sometimes covering nearly an acre in extent, which pave the summit. Very likely he will there find one or more native wells or pot-holes from a few inches to seven or eight feet deep, seldom more than a foot or eighteen inches in diameter, and so perfectly shaped as to appear to have been artificially drilled by the use of some instrument. These curious natural receptacles catch much of the water that falls on the granite pavement whenever a rare thunderstorm occurs, and keep it cool and fresh for months. Unhappily, though, the native well is an effective trap for insects and the smaller forms of animal life. Too often the thirsty explorer recoils with disgust from a green and highly aromatic liquid which might suggest ox-tail soup a year old. One, however, soon ceases to be over-fastidious in a land where it is not unusual for the traveller in the western districts of Queensland and New South Wales to be obliged in times of drought to dip his billy between the rotting carcasses of a couple of bogged bullocks in order to obtain sufficient 'beef-tea'-as the jocose bushman describes the savoury liquid-to quench his thirst, after due boiling and flavouring. These incidents of travel in Australia have to be taken as a matter of course. Water containing 10 per cent. of mud with an additional 5 per cent. of salt or animal essence he considers quite a suitable beverage, when duly purified by boiling and disguised by the admixture of a liberal proportion of tannin and brown sugar.

On this particular occasion I was fortunate enough to find a deep hole filled with perfectly clear, undefiled water, the gift of a recent shower. Thanks to the latter, too, luxuriant tussocks of wind-grass sprinkled the lower slopes of the ridge. Nothing but naked, red sandy soil was to be found below the bushy heads of the uninviting scrub-trees that surrounded this rocky oasis, so my horses did not require hobbling to limit their wanderings. Saddles and packs were quickly removed, and after each of my patient retainers had received a wellearned drink from a large billy they were turned loose to enjoy their supper. The camp was an ideal one-plenty of grass, wood, and water-and the cool breeze that blows incessantly throughout the night over the West Australian wastes played freely and refreshingly over the ground above the level of the scrub. A fire was quickly lit, and I prepared to enjoy my first substantial meal since daybreak, to be followed by starlight ruminations and tranquil slumber.

Just as the billy boiled the sound of a distant bell reached my ears, and presently a stranger leading a pack-horse rode up. He was an elderly man, whose appearance was that of a typical digger,

qualified by a certain air of refinement. Very possibly, like many men of his occupation, he had a 'history.' What it was beyond the mere fragment presently to be recorded I am not aware; nor when we parted the next day did either of us know even his late companion's name. A solitary life breeds reticence.

The visitor did not wait for an invitation to join my camp. That, according to bush etiquette, was to be taken as a matter of course. After watering his horses and placing his billy by the fire for a supplementary supply of tea, he seated himself on his roll of blankets, helped himself to a johnnycake and salt mutton, and commenced a series of cautious questions with a view apparently to ascertain what manner of man he had fallen in with. Finding that my errand was as harmless as his own -we were, it seemed, bound for two different goldfields lying nearly in opposite directions—he became more communicative, and proved to be an educated and well-informed man, conversant with topics quite unfamiliar to the ordinary roving digger. Our conversation happening to turn on the relations of whites and blacks, he told me a tale which later investigation has convinced me was, as he asserted, the absolute truth, and one which—for the benefit, and it is to be hoped edification, of the modern sentimentalist-I will now relate. Except that the names of persons and places mentioned by the narrator are altered, the yarn ran somewhat as follows:

'It was early in '85 that I and my mate reached the Kimberley diggings, having travelled overland from Queensland. Hundreds of men had arrived there before us, mostly from Victoria; but we could not raise the cash to pay our steamer fees, so tramped it, with one pack-horse to carry our swag. We had to keep our eyes open during the last part of the journey, for niggers were plentiful; but luckily we were among the first overlanders, and the blacks were too shy to come near us. Later they became a little too familiar, and many poor fellows who started after us never turned up-knocked on the head, no doubt, unless they went too far south and got into the dry country. No one had time to look for them, and a man or two missing did not then count for much.

'Hearing that good gold was being got at a place called Fossicker's Gully, we made up our minds to try there first. Quite a little town had sprung up on the field within a month or two. There was the warden's office, a bank, three or four stores, and about a dozen drink-shops, all doing a roaring business. Architecture was varied: iron, canvas, calico, mud, packing-cases, tarpaulins, and bushes constituted the principal building materials. Each camp had a big hedge of bushes round it for shade. Hot? I guess so—one hundred and twenty degrees or thereabouts. The water was pretty good for this God-forsaken country at first; but the diggers soon spoiled the holes, and typhoid broke out. For some weeks we buried three men a day.

'My mate and I got a claim about a mile from the township, and did fairly well for a month or two. We averaged about five ounces of gold each a week. But tucker was awfully dear: flour and meat one shilling a pound, sugar two shillings, tea five shillings, and sometimes none to be had at all when the teams stuck on the road. There were no camels in the country then. There had been good rains shortly before we arrived, though, and grass was plentiful for the horses.

'There were lots of blacks about, as we could see by the smoke over the hills; but for a mouth or two they kept away. Likely they had never seen white men before, and wanted to prospect us a bit first. But when they found we didn't bite-for diggers are most peaceable folk if let alone-they began to favour us with their attentions. One man's horse was speared; others disappeared, bons and all. The myalls evidently relished roast-horse, for soon no man's horse was safe out of his sight Then they began to take a fancy to bread and sugar as well. Men returning to their camps in the evening from their claims would find their tents burnt and everything gone, and niggers tracks all about. Naturally there was a good bit of grumbling, and indignation meetings were

'You know what the cussed law was then about the blacks. Good folk at home, no doubt, thought it quite right and proper; but they find it more convenient to sit at home in comfortable arm-chairs and preach morality than to go into the bush and practise it. Any man who shot a blackfellow, except in self-defence, might be tried for murder, even though he caught the nigger spearing his cattle or sheep. If a blackfellow was found to be shot in the back, it was taken for granted that the man who killed him had done so without lawful reason, and no further evidence was required. Consequently a nigger who knew the law might shy a spear or nulla at a white man, and then, if he missed, run away without fearing a bullet. A squatter might have half his cattle or sheep killed; but all he could do was to "arrest" the blacks and walk them off to jail, perhaps three hundred miles away. Very agreeable exercise that meant for, say, a couple of men on a station when about fifty blacks had to be caught and marched off. Sometimes the police might lend a hand; but they were generally a hundred miles away from the place where they were wanted. Had we any police about? Yes; there were two mounted constables. Their district was a little larger than France, so they had to be pretty active, and didn't spend much time at home. There were also half-a-dozen black trackers, but they were not allowed to carry guns. These might go off by accident and hurt a wild blackfellow-in the back.

'Well, as I said, the men began to grumble when the myalls took to borrowing their horses, rations, and tools. Nobody could feel safe. If a man were working on his claim his horse might be

speared or his tent robbed. If he sat in his tent watching his horse he didn't get much gold, and somebody might jump his claim. Nor did it pay for one man to keep another to shepherd his belongings when wages were five pounds a week. My mate and I were pretty wild, for our horse vanished one night, and we lost two days looking for it in vain. We were quite sure where it had gone.

'Soon the niggers became even more familiar. They hadn't at first condescended to show themselves; but one evening when a man was returning to his camp a spear just shaved his whiskers, and a darky bolted out of the tent with a bundle of clothes and a lump of beef. It was said that the digger's revolver went off; but perhaps that was by accident, for a man would naturally feel surprised to see his Sunday trousers running away in that fashion. Unluckily the bullet went wide, so the blackfellow told his friends that the white man could only make a noise, and matters grew worse instead of better.

'The following Saturday there was a great commotion in the township. News had just arrived that a man who had been to see old Joe Thompson had found his camp burnt, and no sign of Joe himself. Now, Joe was a thorough good sort, liked by everybody; and as he had had a turn at doctoring when a young man, he used to physic any one on the field who was ill gratis. We would sooner have spared any man than Joe. A search-party was sent out on Sunday, and returned in the evening carrying what was left of Joe, which was not much; for the niggers, after spearing him, had tried cremation on him in a patch of scrub about a mile from the camp. The poor old fellow had probably caught the blacks in the act of robbing his camp, and while remonstrating with them received a knock-down argument.

'This was the last straw. We thought it quite time to show the niggers we were not going to be treated like kangaroos even to please our friends at home. Robbery was bad enough, but murder was worse, and the blackfellow who had once tasted blood was, we knew, a regular maneater. The time was come to give them a lesson which would teach them better manners.

'All work on the field stopped next day. The diggers came into the township to discuss their grievances, and that evening a public meeting was held in the large room of the Do-Drop Inn, the leading hotel in the place. The room was crowded, and about fifty had to take outside seats, and I guess the barman inside was kept pretty busy. There were no rows, however; matters were too serious for differences of opinion. On one thing all were entirely agreed: either the blacks or the whites must leave Fossicker's Gully.

'After a deal of talk it was unanimously decided that a deputation of ten should wait on the warden, and respectfully demand protection for life and property on the field. If the Government

would not let us protect ourselves, we thought it only reasonable that it should protect us.

'Next morning, accordingly, the ten of us-I was one of the lot-waited on the warden and explained our difficulties. Old Bendigo, the chairman of the meeting, did most of the talking on our side, and put the matter pretty straight. The law, he said, forbade a man shooting a blackfellow unless the latter had first attacked him. Now, a man with a spear through his back could not generally take very straight aim, even if he could see through a three-foot gum-tree; and it would take a very active runner to catch a single blackfellow in the bush, let alone a score or two. We asked that the police should do the running for us, or that we should be allowed to do the shooting. If the next nigger caught robbing a camp were shot the rest would probably keep off.

'The warden was a man of discretion. We could see perfectly well that he agreed with our views, though he could not say so outright. After listening attentively to our complaints, he replied: "Look here, men, I have every sympathy for you, but I cannot give you authority to break the law. The latter only permits the arrest of blacks for theft, and firearms must only be used in selfdefence. But this is what I will do. As you know, there is only one constable stationed here, and it would be no use sending him out alone, so if you will select twenty-five men to serve as special constables, I will supply them with arms and rations, and pay them eight shillings apiece a day while on service. They can take a couple of trackers and follow up the blacks and arrest all who are believed to be implicated in the recent outrages." We thanked the warden, and after a short consultation accepted his offer. It didn't take long to raise the twenty-five. Every man on the field wanted to go; but only those who were good bushmen and who knew how to shoot were chosen. Bendigo was appointed the leader, and I had the luck to be selected also.

'You bet we were not long preparing to start, and that afternoon we were off. The trackers, according to their amiable custom, were only too eager to introduce us to their wild brothers, and when put on the trail at old Joe's camp, started off up the creek at a great pace. The mob being a large one, it wasn't hard to follow their tracks, and as the blacks had never been followed up before they evidently did not fear pursuit. Late the next afternoon we were close to them, and a couple of scouts sent out with the trackers ahead reported that the whole tribe had camped in a valley about a mile farther up.

No place could have better suited our purpose. The valley was narrow and bounded on both sides by high cliffs which closed in above and below, leaving only two gaps, each some twenty yards wide, through which ran the creek we had been following. In the wet season no one could have got in at all; but the bed of the creek was now dry, except for a

small hole here and there, where a little water remained, and the soft sand made it easy to crawl up without making a sound. A fine, large water-hole we found later, lying in the middle of the valley, and evidently its banks had been a favourite camping-ground for the myalls for hundreds of years. On each side to the foot of the cliffs the ground was open and free from scrub, with only a few big gums dotted about. It was far too pretty a place, though, for the job we had in hand.

'On hearing the report of the scouts Bendigo immediately formed a plan of campaign. Ten men, including himself, with one of the trackers, were to start at once on foot, and make a wide circuit round the valley so as to strike the creek at its upper end, where they were to stop for the night; the rest were to camp at the lower entrance, so that both gates should be closed. At daybreak the party above was to surprise the blacks' camp and secure as many as possible, while we were to deal with the runaways. Of course, if the blacks showed fight, it was permissible to shoot. On this understanding we separated. The stars were still shining brightly when I gently nudged my companions one by one as a signal to rise, and we stole softly up the bed of the creek. Our horses had been previously left in the charge of the second tracker a mile or so farther down, so that they might not give the alarm. We posted ourselves among the rocks at the base of the cliffs, where they approached each other most closely, and awaited developments.

'We had not long to wait. Suddenly, crack, crack rang out two rifle-shots about half a mile away, and then followed a regular volley. Our fellows grinned; this way of "arresting" niggers seemed to strike their fancy. We all kept our eyes fixed on the strip of sand, only some fifty yards in length, that we could see between our place of concealment and the bend of the creek. We expected soon to see some visitors—in a hurry.

'In less than five minutes the first appeared, followed by a whole string. They seemed badly scared, and ran as I never saw blacks run before. Bendigo and his men had evidently given them a shock, and we had a worse one in store for them. When the first was not twenty yards off I stepped out and called on him to surrender. Perhaps he didn't quite understand my meaning. At any rate he threw his spear by way of answer. He was too frightened to take a very straight aim, however; and, as we had been attacked, we were justified in shooting. In a couple of minutes we wiped the lot out. Then we waited for more, and treated them in the same manner.

'The business was pretty lively while it lasted, but it was soon over. When the rush ceased we advanced cautiously up the valley, knocking over a stray nigger here and there, and joined our mates at the blacks' camp. We found that they, like ourselves, had been compelled to use their rifles—in self-defence; but though fully four spears had been thrown, not one of our fellows had been hurt.

Five very old blacks who were found hiding in the camp had been arrested, and these, tied together by a stout rope, were taken away with us for trial. How many had resisted arrest and had therefore been lawfully shot we did not stop to count; but I should guess about a hundred—perhaps more. You see, to get away, the niggers had to run close by us, and we all knew how to use the rifle. We also had old scores to wipe out, and while about it determined to do the job thoroughly.

'Two days later we got back, and reported to the warden that we had, with great difficulty, owing to the roughness of the country, captured five prisoners, whom we solemnly handed over. He, perhaps, guessed that something else had happened, but wisely asked no questions. Not a blackfellow after that troubled the diggers about Fossicker's Gully.

Such was the grim story, fraught with a wholesome moral for the sentimental legislator, told me by the glowing camp-fire in the heart of the great lone land of Australia. Some months afterwards, while staying in Perth, it occurred to me to rummage among back files of the papers published during the year when, according to my informant, the tragedy took place; and after a long search I was rewarded by lighting upon a paragraph whose contents ran as follows: 'In a recently received official report the warden of the that, owing to the weakness of the local police force, he was obliged last February to send out a body of twenty-five volunteers to arrest certain natives in the neighbourhood, who had shortly before murdered a digger and committed serious depredations on the field. The party, after an absence of about a week, returned with five natives in custody. Their leader stated that more could not be arrested owing to the roughness of the country and the difficulty of following up the offending tribe. It is hoped, however, that the lesson will be sufficient to check the commission of other outrages. The prisoners have been sent to W--- for trial.'

MOONRISE.

THE night came down; over the shrouded fields
With sad and solitary steps I trod.
How, in one breathless moment, Nature yields
The living heart of God!

For there, behind the dim and darkling trees, Kastward, the silent heavens flamed to fire: Glowed, as with rapture of a soul that sees The birth of long desire.

And slowly, o'er the sullen, cloudy bars
Imprisoning her sure, victorious light,
The full moon rose among the wond'ring stars
And gave herself to night.

And swift, borne upwards on that shining flood,
My soul, a winged strength, shook out her flight
'Let there be light.' It was the voice of God
Again, and there was light.

Aga Rarrelek Baker.



MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN, M.P.

PART IX.

BARRY CORNWALL AND MRS PROCTER.



REMEMBER on a certain afternoon many years ago—it must have been somewhere about the year 1864—my mother took me out with her in the carriage, and impressed upon my mind the fact that I was about to see

and to shake hands with a poet. I did see him, and I did shake hands with him, a very old and a very amiable and pathetic-looking gentleman. Did he wear a silk skull-cap? No, I think not; but he was reclining in an easy-chair or on a sofa, and he spoke in a high and rather quavering voice. This was Barry Cornwall, otherwise Bryan Waller Procter, who was born in 1787, had been at Harrow with Byron and Peel, had enjoyed the intimate friendship of Charles Lamb-Procter's name was one of the last that Lamb murmured before he died-and was to become (in 1866) his biographer. Dyer, too, he had known - George Dyer, the friendly, short-sighted, would-be poet of whom Lamb relates that he saw him, 'upon taking leave, instead of turning down the right-hand path by which he had entered-with staff in hand and at noonday-deliberately march right forwards into the midst of the stream that runs by us, and totally disappear.' Mr E. V. Lucas, in his delightful Life of Charles Lamb (i. 377), says: 'In that year [1817, when Procter first met Lamb at Leigh Hunt's] the author of Charles Lamb: a Memoir, to which all who write of Lamb are so much indebted, was thirty. He was in business as a solicitor, was living a very gay life as a man about town, keeping his hunter and taking lessons in boxing from Tom Cribb, and contributing to the Literary Gazette. There is no doubt but that intercourse with Lamb, who seems to have liked him extremely, led to his thinking more seriously of poetry, and we may attribute the composition of his Dramatic Scenes largely to Lamb's influence. Lamb admired No. 521. - Vol. X.

from this paternal association; he said that they were worthy of a place in his Specimens. It was not, however, until Marcian Colonna (1820) and A Sicilian Story (1821) were published that Procter took his place as one of the poets of the day.'

Certainly, when I saw Barry Cornwall nearly

them a little, perhaps beyond their deserts, possibly

Certainly, when I saw Barry Cornwall nearly fifty years later, there was nothing in his appearance to suggest a former association with Tom Cribb. No man could have looked, as I remember him, less pugnacious. Still, in his devotion to the noble art he did not stand alone among the writers of that earlier day. Byron boxed for purposes of slimness; Hazlitt has left us a description of a prize-fight which is one of the finest pieces of prose in the language; and the friend of Keats (himself a fighter), John Hamilton Reynolds, has celebrated the Fancy in stirring lines.

As for the sea (cf. 'The sea, the sea, the open sea,' &c.), of which Barry Cornwall wrote with an enthusiasm so infectious and seemingly so sincere, it is well known that he was himself one of the worst sailors in existence—I speak in relation to colour and health, not to nautical skill. A Channel crossing was a dread to him. I do not say that all marine singers have this vice; but I remember that Dıbdin, the laureate of poor Jack, never managed to get beyond Gravesend in his actual investigations of the ocean.

Lamb at Lamb: a was even happier in his wife. In 1823, at the age of thirty-six, he married Anne Benson Skepper, the charming and beautiful daughter of Basil Montagu's third wife. Born in the last year of the eighteenth century, this delightful lady lived until 1888, an example to later generations of the sprightly humour, the vivacious and indefatigable intelligence, and the genuine friendship that ruled amongst the heroes of the past. I am thankful to say that I knew her well. She loved my mother, and was one of her best correspondents. For her November 23, 1907.

benefit she employed the untiring activity of her pen, and for us, the representatives of a later race, she brought forth from the store of her experience treasures of memory and conversation. She could hold her own, and more than her own, with the youngest and liveliest, for she herself was the very embodiment of perennial life and youth. It was to her that James Russell Lowell addressed some lines beginning, 'I know a girl: she's eighty-two.' She had seen Charles Lamb in a state of exaltation in 1830. Mr E. V. Lucas tells the story (Life of Charles Lamb, ii. 223): 'A glimpse of Lamb in his cups,' he says, 'is given by Mrs Procter in a letter to Mrs Jameson in 1830 or thereabouts. "Charles Lamb," she writes (from 25 Bedford Square), "dined here on Monday at five, and by seven he was so tipsy he could not stand. Martin Burney carried him from one room to the other like a sack of coals. He insisted on saying, 'Diddle, diddle, dumpty, my son John.' He slept until ten, and then woke more tipsy than before; and between his fits of bantering Martin Burney kept saying, 'Please God, I'll never enter this cursed house again.' He wrote a note next day begging pardon, and asking when he might come again."

'The late Mr Dykes Campbell,' continues Mr Lucas, 'sent Mrs Procter, fifty-six years later, a copy of this letter, when it was sold at Christie's, and drew from that wise and witty lady a pleasant reply, in which she remarked: "I could not help laughing when I read your extract. I have entirely forgotten the dinner. If people will dine at five what can be expected? We have no time to get tipsy now, and that is our excuse."

Let those read on who are attracted by the prospect of some minutes of intimate conversation with Barry Cornwall and his wife, and let them, if they like, imagine they are listening in a room peopled with the great shades of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Landor, Tennyson, Walter Scott, Browning, Hazlitt, Carlyle, Dickens, and Thackeray; for to all these, as to Lamb and many others, Mr and Mrs Procter were friends.

The first letter is from Barry Cornwall to my mother, who had just established herself at Pau for the autumn and winter:

'Essington's Hotel, Malvern Wells, England, Sunday, September 1866.

'MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN,—My wife says, "I am writing to Mrs Lehmann. Won't you write a few lines?"

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit, The power of Nina I remember yet.

So, although I have nothing to say, and if I had cannot say it, "I take up my pen," as young ladies at boarding-schools say, to tell you that I hope you are getting better—much better—quite well. You have, I know, been attended lately by that great musician, Mr F. L.; and I trust that he has left you determined to be prudent and to get well enough to return to England. People may talk of Biarritz

and Paris and other places of fiction; but be assured that no place is like Old England—except Scotland.

'My wife has monopolised all the news, I know; from the latest discovery in astronomy to the delicate appetite of our dog Prinny (Prince) all is before you. I know nothing except about myself. I have been writing a book,* which has attracted the kind words of several of my friends on the side of the Malvern Hills. The flowers are all gone—even our three great national prodigies have disappeared. These were three enormous this langlorious emblems of our N.B., Scotland, seven or eight feet high, and, I imagine, descendants from William Wallace or Robert Bruce.

'You have found the road to my wile's heart-dress. She fancies herself already in her cloat Pyrennean. I have taken to scarlet—with blue trousers—and a sweet green waistcoat. I rather think that when I return to London some of the ladies will salute me—I mean with their handsor curtsey, &c. When my friends return from foreign travel I cannot divine what they will do. Something extraordinary. Nothing so startling has come across human observation since the discovery of the Nyanza—what is the name? I mean the source or basin of the Nile.

'We have lately had—here amongst the residents in this Hotel—a Doctor Thompson, the Chief Sage or King of Cambridge, the Master of Trinity. Lest his elevation to this pinnacle should have daunted all his contemporaries, he has married a widow and come to pass the honeymoon amongst us unlearned Thebans.

'Kiss your children for me, and believe me, very truly yours,

B. W. PROCTER.

The next letter was also written to Pau; and with it, as a gift, or soon after it, went The Mysic ries of Udolpho, Mrs Ann Radcliffe's blood-curdling romance. The book arrived safely, and is referred to in a letter from my mother to my father (12th March 1867): 'Ernie [aged seven] has just been in a solemn manner to fetch himself a book to read. He has chosen the Mysteries of Udolpho, which Rudie has persuaded him to read aloud. Rudie and Freddie during the performance sit exploding at Ernie's mistakes-actually rolling on the floor in convulsions at passages. I just hear at this moment that somebody has been mixing in the "gay and buzzy skanes"—in consequence of which Rudie and Freddie are both kicking on the ground, whilst E calmly continues his reading without deigning to notice these unseemly proceedings.'

*27th January 1867, 32 Weymouth Street, Portland Plack

'MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN,—I like to return good for evil—soft words in return for neglect. It is the Weymouthian philosophy, which is peculiar to this district, and does not extend to Pau.

^{*} Charles Lamb: a Memoir, was published in 1866.

'My wife received (through Mr Lehmann, whom his familiars call "Fred") a message from you; but there was none for me. N'importe. Madame von Ousterhein, whom I am now rapidly attaching myself to, transmits many messages—jars of honey, to speak figuratively—invisible, untranslatable, and which I alone understand and feel. What is the French for kisses? I suppose they, the Robespierrians and Dantonistes and Marats, have no word for it in their vocabulary.

'I am ashamed to say, after the foregoing natural emotion (indignation is the word), I was glad to hear that you and the children were well. By "well" I mean that you were mounting the steep hill on which the Temple of the Goddess of Health is built so firmly.

'In order that you may not relapse on account of want of medicine, I have sent you some in the shape of a book. You recollect probably, from your historical researches, the name of a celebrated English physician, Dr Ratcliffe?* He bequeathed a great library to the University of Oxford, which indeed is there still. Well, one book escaped and came into my possession. It bears a very unassuming name, and does not profess to expound (what, however, it really does) all the abstruse mysteries of the Stoics. It is called, in modern phrase, The Mysteries of Udolpho, and is in the shape of a mere story.

'This piece of old crabbed philosophy (in two vols.), printed in the type of Walker or Dove or Suby—for I forget which—I have sent to you. With, I confess, some misgivings as to its security, I have entrusted it to "Fred," who says that he will forward it. I hope you will read the book and make a quick march up the Hill of Health and reach the top.

'(I can scarcely write—and I cannot walk or talk.)

'My wife will no doubt send you what news she has. I confine myself to Ratcliffian philosophy. The domesticities are hers.

'You will be glad to hear that Mr F. Lehmann has become an accomplished singer of the old song, "The girl I leave behind me."

'With all good wishes, I am, your sincere and injured B. W. P.'

The following stanzas are printed on a separate sheet of paper. At the top is written the date, 1872, and then in my mother's handwriting follow the words, 'Sent to me last New Year but one:'

VERSES IN MY OLD AGE.
By Barry Cornwall.

Come from the ends of the world, Wind of the air or sky, Wherever the Thunder is hurled, Wherever the Lightnings fly! Come, with the bird on your bosom (Linnet or lark that soars), Come with the sweet Spring blossom, And the Sun from Southern shores.

I hate the snake Winter that creepeth, And poisons the buds of May; I shout to the Sun who sleepeth, And pray him awake to-day. For the world is in want of his power To vanquish the rebel storm; All wait for his golden hour, Man, and beast, and worm.

Not only the seasons, failing,
Forsake their natural tone,
But Age droops onward, sailing,
And is lost in the seas unknown.
No wisdom redeemeth his sorrow,
For thought and strength are fled;
No hope enlightens to-morrow,
And the Past (so loved) is dead!
Dead! Dead!

Enter, now, Mrs Procter, who thus writes to my mother:

'August 15th, 1866, Essington's Hotel, Malvern Wells.

"Upon what pleasant slope or sunny field, sweet, unforgotten Girl, are you delaying?" So wrote Barry Cornwall forty years ago, not to your humble correspondent, but to a lady, Miss Jane ———,† with whom he was desperately in love, and now so writes his wife to Nina Lehmann.

. 'I have news of you from Mrs Benzon, who writes to me from the neighbourhood of Dunkeld—where I once was. I well remember the Inn where, upon my asking the Waiter what caused the disagreeable smell in the sitting-room, he quietly replied, "Dead mice"! I sat up the whole night to watch by my Adelaide, who was so nervous about mice that unless I had done so she would have had no sleep. We afterwards went to Glenfeschie, and remained at Kinrara for weeks.

'And are you quite well, my dear, and happy away from home? We left London in a great hurry. Dr Quain said Edith must go, so we threw medicine to the dogs and came here. We were joined in a fortnight by my husband, and have now been here since the 23rd June. We have had some pleasant people in the Hotel, and have gossiped away the hours in a lovely garden under some cherry-trees. Of course we had a nice young man, an Hussar officer, who certainly would have died of ennui had he not made our acquaintance. We sit in the garden all the morning, dine at half-past two, read and write a very little, and at five Edith on a donkey and I on foot ascend the Hills. I am good for six or seven miles, ‡ and we come home at eight, very glad of our tea. One day is so like another

^{*} His name, however, was Radcliffe.

[†]The missing name is Gape, as will be seen from a subsequent letter.

[‡] Mrs Procter was very nearly sixty-six years old.

that I begin to understand how prison life passes so quickly. I have a charming note from Mr Chorley. He has been across the water to Boulogne, and is now at Gad's Hill. I have also a letter from Mr Dickens, who really seems to like my husband's book, which was to have been dedicated to Mr Forster, but Payne the bookseller has supprest it; he having had a dispute with Mr Forster. Bryan has remonstrated with him, and he replies, "I have a right to do what I like with my own"! Of course my husband and Mr Forster are equally angry. At present Mr Forster is staying with Lord Lytton of Knebworth. I have a note from Mr Sullivan, who has set Adelaide's words "Hush!" to music for Madame Dolby. We are expecting Mr Kinglake here for a few days, and Mr Collins promises, but I have no faith in his ever coming. It is a pleasant dream. We hope to go to Fryston this autumn, and to visit the Goldsmids; as usual they have taken a place for a year belonging to Lord Digby, I think, called Newnham Paddox, near Rugby. Of course, Rencome Will it ever be? And now enough is not done. of ourselves.

'My dear, I do not want you to write to me-I only wanted to tell you I had not forgotten you nor your husband, nor how good you both have always been to me.

'And the Highgate home: is it finished? We have no books—the second volume of My Nord is at present my intellectual food, and very good food it is; only I should like the first.

'I read the marriage of your sister in the Pall Mall. . . . Browning is in Normandy . . . with his sister, who is going to live with him.

'I wish I could write you a letter—a mixture of Horace Walpole—as far as scandal goes, and ... as far as love; you must fill up that blank as you like.

'My love to your husband.—Your affectionate friend,

ANNE B. PROCTER.

32 Weymouth Street will always find me.
Edith and my husband send their love.

The Chorley referred to in this and the next letter was Henry Fothergill Chorley, the musical critic of the Athenœum. Fryston was then Lord Houghton's place in Yorkshire.

A COMPACT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

By ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER I.



HE sole information we possess at present, gentlemen, is contained in the following telegram: "Steam yacht Carita reported wrecked in Santa Calda Bay. Fate of crew unknown." We therefore wired to

Lloyd's agent at Havana, asking him to try to ascertain further details, and in reply his telegram states: "Cable communication with Calda suddenly interrupted." Now, what do you wish us to do—if anything?'

The speaker looked inquiringly round the little circle of faces gathered about the long table in the meeting-room of the British Salvage Association. None of the assembled marine underwriters appeared to have an immediate suggestion, though the dissatisfaction with the intelligence was general.

'As you are aware, gentlemen,' went on the Salvage Association secretary, sorting the papers before him, 'the Carita is insured with you at Lloyd's and in Glasgow for twenty thousand pounds. This was effected through a firm of West End brokers. The name of the actual owner of the yacht has not so far been disclosed, nor is it clear what she is doing on the coast of Cuba.'

The silence of painful retrospection on the part of the underwriters was too deep to last.

'I suggest we send out a man to investigate,' proposed the chairman of the meeting. 'Will any one second that?'

The lead once given, two or three of his listeness

agreed simultaneously.

'Whomever we send may have to deal with on-shore Cuban residents whose characters are not openly commended in a census of the blest, observed a grizzled old underwriter dryly.

'I should recommend Captain Drummond, who has often been employed on your behalf before encouraged the official. 'He is just the man for the job—straightforward, resolute, and keen.'

At this juncture a clerk handed in a note. The secretary read it without comment. The envelope bore the name of the West Indian Telegraph Company. He did not, however, communicate its contents to the meeting, which was engaged in voting on the motion. It was resolved that Captain Drummond should go. Two hours later that expert received his instructions.

York. Thence you will get a Gulf Line boat across to Havana. It is a bad coast round Calda, according to the Sailing Directions. But of course the yacht must be salved if possible. What she's doing there Providence alone can tell, if it's anyhow a fit thing for Providence to take note of.

Drummond nodded comprehension. He was a sturdily built sailor. There was in him a quict grimness which in moments of peril would mean action swift and resourceful. He was one of the best of the Salvage Association men.

'The queer part about the business,' added his chief after a pondering moment, 'is that the local cable from Calda is apparently cut—not broken—so the company say. There may be some hanky-panky going on. Trust no one but your own perception out there. It's a mystery for you to solve. Good-bye, and good luck.'

Drummond was not of a temperament easily hustled. But when at Euston Station he found himself and his luggage conveyed, regardless of protest, to a first-class compartment and locked therein, he showed a tendency towards exchanging civilities with the railway officials of an explosive kind. They even ignored his announcement that he was travelling third.

The other occupant of the carriage regarded the performance of the guard with satisfied contemplation, and gave a distinct sigh of relief when the train moved off, as at the first step in a difficult task completed.

'Hope I haven't inconvenienced you'—the stranger looked apologetic—'but I desired your company above all things. Have a cigar?'

Drummond accepted, and mentally registered the fact that the cigar was one of the best. This—and first-class—was mollifying.

'Going to Liverpool?' he inquired.

The other met his gaze with thoughtful gravity. 'Yes,' he acquiesced. 'Then—to Havana!'

The train slid out of the station. Drummond puffed tobacco smoke concealingly about his face. His companion was a slight, aristocratic-looking fellow, handsome and bright-faced. His clothes and baggage were quietly smart. There was a portentous pause.

'Not much of a place Havana,' opined the sailor at length. The circumstances demanded a guarded remark of some sort.

'How about Santa Calda?' was the next query.

This time Drummond was conscious that he fairly started, 'Never was there,' he grunted stonily.

'My yacht is reported ashore in the bay,' said the young man calmly.

'Your-yacht!'

'Yes, the Carita. I'm afraid I've taken you by surprise.'

He had.

'I'm her owner. My name is Eastleigh—Earl of Eastleigh, you know.'

Drummond did not know. He stared, bewildered and incredulous.

'Good sort, that Salvage Association secretary,' went on the Earl. 'Saw him this afternoon after you left. He described you to me exactly; told me I should find you in this train. Said you'd lend me a hand.'

Drummond ruminated over a situation suddenly grown complex.

'There is a lady aboard the yacht,' observed the Earl of Eastleigh with some embarrassment. 'Are you a married man, Captain Drummond?'

'No,' said that individual firmly.

'Ever been engaged?' There was cordial interest in the question.

'Never,' denied the sailor with emphasis. His expression lent solemnity to the negation.

The Earl regarded him diffidently. 'I am,' he resumed after a moment. 'At least—I think so,' he qualified hurriedly. 'And Alice—Miss Denton, that is—borrowed the yacht for a month while I came over to Europe. Her home is in the States.'

Drummond cleared his throat; then he adjusted his hat. His eyes were very wide open. The Earl thrust his hands into his pockets and whistled.

'I expect the lady will be all right,' consoled Drummond after some reflection.

'But what has she cut the cable for?' mused her fiancé in a speculative undertone. He eyed his companion furtively for a second, and then a queer smile broke round the corners of his mouth. 'She is a most extraordinary girl,' pursued the Earl confidentially; 'absolutely adorable, but apt to have—whims. She is too much for that thick-headed old snorter, her father. She asked me to lend her the yacht. I can't think why I did it,' admitted the owner with candour. 'Then she said she wanted some adventures before she married. All rot! Anyhow, she seems to have struck one now.'

Drummond indicated modestly that he concurred. 'Look here,' said the young Earl with boyish camaraderie, 'you want to learn what has become of the yacht; I want to know what has happened to my girl. Let's make a compact to see each other through.'

'We'll do it mutual, sir,' agreed the burly sailor promptly. And the bargain was sealed with a hearty handshake.

This was the second conclusion concerning the Carita reached that day.

Consequences followed that compact.

CHAPTER II.

FF the north coast of Cuba, six miles from where the lighthouse blinks on the dark extremity of Cape Negra, lies Santa Calda Facing its vertical cliffs the Island. coast trends eastward till it ends in the long, low point, over which the sea breaks heavily with the swell of the wide Atlantic. The main body of the island is rudely circular, but on its southern side a tongue of land projects in the headland which curves to form the shelter of Santa Calda Bay. Between the island and the mainland the current surges, swift and uncertain in strength and direction, through a channel skirted by dangerous broken reefs and ledges just awash in the waves. Once inside the bay there is excellent holdingground, a protected anchorage, and a landing-place on firm, smooth beach. A few scattered dwellings of fishermen line the Cuban shore.

In one of these Captain Drummond was endeavouring to shave. It was an early morning of blue sky and brilliant dancing sunlight. Suddenly a distant shout was borne in upon the stillness.

Up the rough road leading from the shore sped a tall, lanky individual in extreme haste. He was untidily dressed, minus a hat, and his hair was wild and straggling. Two following shots rang out in quick succession. The new-comer sprawled earthwards and covered some considerable territory before alighting in a woeful heap on his head at the shanty doorway. Drummond rushed to the rescue, and hauled the man into shelter by the coat-collar.

'Gosh!' ejaculated the capsized one, sitting up and rubbing himself tenderly, 'came to a middlin' sudden stop over that blasted root, I did. Quit yer philanderin' round me, mister, an' get me a drink. I'm heated.'

Restoratives were administered-in copious sips. Recovery occurred under their beneficent influence.

'I'm a bit shook up, natural-like. Mighty real close thing that last popgun effort. Could hear my locks fair fizzle. Mean ain't fittin' language for the dastardy of these heathen. But I'm pretty tough.'

Drummond grunted polite concern.

'They've never made me half as mad, though, with them as I'll fix them up with me yet,' pursued the American malignantly. 'There'll be a good few burials when I start rifle practice, I reckon; an' it'll be an example of plantin' the accidentcases with their boots on for speed's sake with the mourners.' The inference was dark with vindictive spirit.

Drummond sneezed loudly from mingled dust, sunshine, shaving-soap, and emotion. But why

should they pot at you?' he inquired.

'I'm allowin' things have hummed a bit thick,' the stranger conceded. 'I represent'-he produced a large card from his pocket and thrust it on the Englishman-'the Caleb P. Denton Sugar and Estates Industrial Development Syndicate of Santa Calda. I'm Caleb Phineas Denton myself; Cincinnati's my state.

The amusement in Drummond's eyes suddenly

gave place to amazement.

'There is a wealth of unusual productiveness in that island's luxurious soil,' continued the Developer with enthusiasm. 'The economic potentialities of its wastin' plantations are immense, sir-immense. Do not, however, misunderstand the objects of the syndicate. Its broad and benevolent interests are philanthropic as well as financial; its aim is to lift the ignorant toilers and to teach them the value of a boom in real estate in Santa Calda. Meanwhile, we acquire the properties and prepare to import machinery for handlin' cane and extractin' the juice. Can't you see the radiant prospect of the picture in your eye?'

What Drummond was actually observing at the moment through the shimmering heat was the white triangular sail of a canoe-like craft beating out to sea.

'Unfortunately a contretemps has arisen. An opposition syndicate-Spanish too-has jest pizened the

guileless souls of those labourers of promise. It was that opposition which was shootin' at me, air. Jest a lot of wasters puttin' their dollars together to do me out of mine.

'So you are Mr Denton,' Drummond got in at last, when this definition and defiance of the rival syndicate had left its enunciator breathless.

'That's me, mister.'

'Is-is Miss Denton here?' queried Drummond with some hesitation.

'Thereabouts.' The speaker's arm waved vaguely coastwards.

'And the wreck of the Carita?' asked the other eagerly.

Mr Caleb P. Denton closed one eye with slow significance and shook his head. 'The Lord knows,'

he opined with irritating piety.

Drummond desired human knowledge. But beyond an enigmatic remark that yachts were apt to cause political complications which were exceedingly disturbing to syndicate promoters, Mr Denton would proffer no enlightenment. Drummond began to understand the cause of that strange lack of enthusiasm on the part of the Earl of Eastleigh when any chance reference had been made in the past to his future father-in-law. He stared out musingly across the rolling hillsides. The sky was one wide expanse of glowing blue. The palm-forests stretched away to the darker shading at the foot of the far mountains inland. The profound hush of tropical calm hung over the silent scene.

And what on earth had become of the Earl! For he was now nowhere to be found.

An aged negro was unearthed with difficulty from a backyard, and, as a concession to much ill-timed insistence from his interrogator, gave it as his solution that 'Mebbe the massa gone fer walk in the sun.' This sounded improbable to Drummond, who knew that young gentleman's disinclination to early efforts. However, he was unaccountably missing. Drummond began to grow uneasy.

A distant curl of smoke was drifting lazily from a house half-hidden by the sugar-cane. The tall chimney of a 'central,' or mill machine-shop, towered

in the background.

'My daughter's there,' volunteered Mr Denton after some reflection. 'Likely your friend's made tracks that way.'

This appeared a most possible explanation Drummond decided to visit the lady forthwith. A conscientious life involves the discharge of disturbing duties.

A tall, strong girl, with large clear eyes and a wealth of fair hair coiled deftly round an erect little head, rose in some alarm at his unceremonious entry. She was strikingly beautiful, and exquisite in a cool white frock which fitted loosely with dainty abandon round her slender form. A supple grace of figure added to the charm of her every movement. She did not resemble her father.

'My name is Drummond, miss,' said the sailor bluntly. 'Is the Earl of Eastleigh here?'

Her breathing quickened with a sudden gasp. 'No,' she answered swiftly.

'Have you seen him to-day?'

'No.'

'Did you know he was in Cuba?'

'No.' She spoke with a faint air of being on her defence.

Drummond watched her keenly, standing waiting. As she moved there came to him a faint wave of some scent she wore. His alert eyes never swerved from the girl's mobile face; it had crimsoned into a sudden beauty of colour.

'Where is the wreck of the yacht?'

The look of defiance about the lady's lips increased.

'I don't see what the Carita has got to do with you,' she said stormily.

Drummond did. But he forbore to explain at the moment.

'Lord Eastleigh was with me last night. This morning he is not to be found.' The captain reverted to his former topic.

She turned her face away from him till he could see nothing but one close-set ear.

'I did not know his welfare was nothing to you,' reflected Drummond aloud and astutely.

'I expect there are lots of things you don't know.' Miss Alice flashed round upon him in attempted scorn. But her eyes were dilated with dismay.

Drummond decided that it was exceedingly difficult to arrive at a correct estimate of contemporary history. The ways of women were absurd—always.

'Stranger'—Mr Denton's voice broke in, strident with excitement—'the opposition syndicate has annexed your chum. I reckon he was in yon boat under the thwarts, with a sack over his head to keep him innocuous.'

'But it is Lord Eastleigh, father!' cried the girl, with a fear suddenly awakened and sharp.

'Jeehosephat!' ejaculated Mr Denton, his eyes growing bigger. 'Now we've done it clean!' The news evidently gnawed at his peace of mind.

'We must go after him at once,' said Alice Denton after a minute of steely consideration. Her small oval face was pale with consternation.

'Them blamed Santa Calda gentry are a cage of cats,' her parent muttered in blank condemna-

tion. 'Guess they calculate to freeze on to him too.'

'It's all your fault for meddling with them,' declared his daughter passionately.

She towered above him to her full height of slender fairness, a maiden such as for whose sake men will commit great follies or achieve high deeds according as she leads. Denton chewed the straw in his mouth and eyed her furtively.

In its prosperous days, before the Spanish war, the sugar factory had evidently owned a small private wharf. For there, moored to the rotting planks of the pier, was a smart steam-launch. The name Carita adorned its bows. The sailor in charge was an American, and resolutely uncommunicative. Drummond asked him at once point-blank where the yacht was, but could get nothing out of him.

Indeed, taciturnity of a dismal character wrapped the whole party during the late afternoon run across to Santa Calda Island. The man in the launch attended to the engines and Alice Denton steered. She was more waywardly winsome than ever in a dark sailor coat and soft straw hat which shaded the perfect modelling of her mouth and chin. She managed the helm with a dexterity which Drummond admired.

As they approached the island the girl put the tiller hard over, and, instead of making for Santa Calda Bay, headed westwards along the winding channel of blue water. Cruel jagged rocks lined the shore. Suddenly she twisted the launch straight inwards. Next moment, through an opening in the reef, they swung into a little cove whose beach was fringed with cocoa-nut trees. The rich colouring of the tropical sunset outlined the stretches of coral sand and bright-hued flowers in the heavy air. A grass-covered valley led inwards to the upland plateau beyond.

A weird and wailing blast on the launch's whistle produced a tall mulatto, who came hastily to meet the launch-party. Much confabulation followed in Spanish, which Drummond did not understand. Then Mr Caleb Denton rose from his perch on the bulwark with a bound. He snorted a blighting translation with such stoicism as he could command.

(To be continued.)

A BALLOON TRIP FROM THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



P in a balloon, suspended in mid-air thousands of feet above the solid earth, all that you have to depend on being a large, thin bag filled with gas, a cord net, a few ropes, and a wicker basket! How many

would go for the first time if they had the chance? Certainly not every one; perhaps not one in a hundred. The majority of men might perhaps say yes, the majority of ladies no. Some of the

latter have even declared to me, with an expression of horror, that they certainly would not allow their husbands to go. Yet ladies will go without hesitation in motor-cars and in boats, in which the risk of accident is even greater than in a balloon; unless, indeed, you take exceptional risks by going up in very rough weather or by adventuring a cross-Channel trip. These exceptional risks, however, need not be attempted unless you are a professional aeronaut; in which case you must

make your advertised ascent at all hazards, or run the alternative of being mobbed by a disappointed public.

Many persons, however, would not venture in a balloon at all under any circumstances; and there is doubtless a certain fearsomeness in the very idea of finding one's self committed to a journey in such an invisible and impalpable element as the air; while some people have a constitutional dread of looking down from a height. We are perfectly familiar with terra-firma, and even on the water one may have a fair amount of confidence. But in the air, three, six, ten thousand feet up! Best not go in a balloon, or a motor-car, or a boat, or a perambulator if you allow your imagination to run riot as to what might happen. No doubt it is the greater feeling of familiarity with land and water which enables so many to accept risks thereon which are even greater than those involved in an aerial voyage under favourable conditions.

A balloon trip, however, is an experience really worth having, if you are of the necessary temperament to enjoy it; and a first ascent is a never-to-beforgotten event, especially if, as in my case, there is a little added spice of adventure.

I received an invitation some time ago to accompany a friend - a well-known amateur balloonist and member of the Aero Club of the United Kingdom-in one of his ascents, which are tolerably frequent. Two previous attempts to bring this off had failed, owing to weather and other unfavourable circumstances; but on a recent Saturday afternoon the much-anticipated opportunity arrived. The weather conditions were all that could be desired, and the ascent was to be made from the Crystal Palace at 2:30 P.M.; being, in fact, one of the regular ascents made almost every Saturday in the summer-time by some one or other of the members of the Aero Club.

It is not perhaps generally known how much ballooning is now indulged in as a sport. A balloon ascent is always an attraction as a side-show; but before the formation of the Aero Club in 1901 ballooning was almost entirely in the hands of professional aeronauts. There are now, however, a very considerable number of amateurs who are fully qualified to take charge of a balloon under any conditions, and many members of the club own their own balloons. The friend with whom I had the pleasure of taking the trip I am about to describe had made no fewer than fifty-four previous ascents, including a cross-Channel journey.

The construction of balloons has been greatly improved of late. A better knowledge of materials renders them more gas-tight; their shape and lifting capacity have also been improved; and an appliance known as the 'ripping-panel,' recently introduced, enables the final landing to be made with comparative ease, even in rough weather-

when it works.

I say when it works, because on my trip it did not work; with the consequence that we had a very

rough landing indeed. It is not often, however, that such an occurrence takes place, and the best appliances will sometimes fail.

The 'ripping-panel' is simply a contrivance for opening a large slit in the balloon so as to let out a great quantity of gas very quickly. This is done by simply pulling a cord called the 'rip-cord.' If this is not done when the car reaches the ground there is apt to be a rebound, another fall, and another rebound; and, if the wind is strong and the balloon travelling at a good pace, the car is pulled over on its side, and you may be dragged and bumped about for a very considerable distance However, I shall come to that presently.

I have said that the weather was favourable, for it was a lovely, bright afternoon after a somewhat doubtful morning; what clouds there were were very high, and the beautiful view from the terrace of the Palace could be enjoyed to full advantage. Nevertheless the wind was strong and rather gusty, and our start proved to be not altogether an easy

matter. Reaching the Palace at one o'clock, we found the balloon already half-inflated; and, having made our preliminary arrangements, we adjourned to the Palace grill-room to discuss a substantial lunch and the prospects of our trip.

Besides my friend, who was to act as pilot, and myself, we were also to have a lady passenger, who duly turned up a little later on. We should thus be three in the car, which, however, was capable of carrying four. But in a rough wind three is certainly better than four; and we had reason to congratulate ourselves afterwards that we were only three.

I rather fancy that an aeronaut is generally a little reluctant to take a lady passenger; but on this occasion at least any hesitation would not have been justified. Our lady friend had made one previous ascent, and she assured us that she did not mind where or how we came down. If the balloon would go as far as Russia so much the better, and if we came down in the sea she could make a swim for it. This was by no means bluff, as subsequent events proved that she could keep cool under somewhat trying circumstances.

Now all is ready for the start; the sand-bags, which have been moved gradually down the net as the balloon became inflated, are hanging round the outside of the car; and the balloon is also held down by a rope passed through a ring fixed in the ground.

We climb rapidly into the car, for the balloon is swaying about in the wind, and the car is by 110

means steady.

The sand bags are unhooked, and their place taken by a dozen men, who cling to the ropes to keep the balloon from rising and to steady it as much as possible. Their efforts in this respect, however, are not altogether successful, and afford great amusement to the spectators, for it is a sort of wild struggle between the balloon and the men,

whilst we in the car are having a somewhat rough time of it, and once or twice are very nearly upset altogether.

Now there is a lull in the wind, the balloon steadies, and 'Hands off!' is called. We rise from the ground, and are held only by the rope.

'Let go the rope!' and we are off, with a rousing cheer from the crowd, then a roar of laughter. What is it? I look over, and see a dog running after the end of the rope. A good thing for him that he did not succeed in getting hold of it, or in another moment he would have been swinging in

We wave our hats to the sea of upturned faces, and get another cheer in return. We are rising quickly, and objects down below are rapidly beginning to look very small indeed. Almost before one can realise it we are hundreds of feet above the Palace, with its two flanking towers two hundred and fifty feet high. This novel aspect of the Palace and grounds is most fascinating, and at first claims almost one's whole attention.

But we are being carried rapidly to the east, for the wind is almost due west, with just a point of south in it, and very soon we are attracted by the larger panorama opening out on all sides. What a panorama it is! Nothing obstructs our view north, south, east, and west. Beneath us like a map we see hundreds of square miles of our fair English land. To the north lies the whole of London, with its city and suburbs only partially obscured by smoke. The course of the Thames is clearly marked by a silver streak dividing the vast city fairly in two, and its broadening and sinuous course can be traced right down to Gravesend.

To the south and west lies the beautiful county of Surrey, and to the south and east the even more beautiful Kent. Towns and villages we see by the score, with fields and gardens and parks, like a rich-coloured mosaic. The railways are easily distinguished like ruled lines on a map, with the smallest of small toy engines and trains running

along them.

Being Saturday afternoon, the villages are en fête; cricket-matches are everywhere in evidence, brass bands are playing, and flags are flying. We hear cheering, but whether for ourselves or not we cannot tell. We are three thousand feet up in the air, and though we can hear sounds very distinctly it is difficult to locate them.

Notwithstanding the rate at which we are travelling, which is some twenty-five to thirty miles per hour, we are apparently in a perfect calm. Not a motion of any kind is to be felt. There is no wind, for we are going at the same rate as the wind; it is simply perfect, ideal, motionless motion. Looking down, however, we can see the shadow of our balloon passing rapidly across fields, hedges, and roads; and can form therefrom a rough idea of the rate at which we are travelling.

We put overboard a small toy parachute, with a wooden doll hanging to the string. It floats away a little in advance of us, and begins to fall. Presently, however, we discover it a little behind us, and higher than ourselves. Our balloon has fallen about five hundred feet owing to a cloud obscuring the sun; the gas has cooled and contracted, and so lost some of its sustaining power. We throw out a little ballast and check the descent.

We have now been in the air nearly half-an-hour, and cannot remain up much longer, for we are rapidly nearing the mouth of the Thames. Our course, almost due east, has taken us over Sidcup and Bexley, and we are now approaching Dartford. If we do not descend just beyond this latter town we shall quickly find ourselves at Gravesend and sailing down Gravesend Reach, over the river itself, with only a small piece of marsh land (Cliffe Marshes) between ourselves and the sea.

Beyond Dartford is the village of Stone, and on the farther side of the village a favourable piece of land for a descent-a grass field with a small orchard beyond, and beyond that again a large cultivated field. That is where we must come down, if possible.

In the meanwhile we have paid out our trail-rope, a strong rope about one hundred feet long. By trailing on the ground this rope will help to check and steady our progress.

Now begins the exciting time for us-and for others.

We pass over the village at the height of about fifty feet, trailing our rope right across everything -house-tops and gardens, and diagonally through the main village street. The whole population is out of doors, and the excitement is intense. It is probably the event of a lifetime for many of them; and men, women, and children set off in pursuit of us, some even attempting to catch hold of our trailrope.

This long trail-rope fascinates one; it looks almost like a living thing, wriggling across the village, and threatening destruction every moment.

Ah! there goes a chimney-pot. What next? Doubtless a certain amount of damage is done to tiles and gardens, but we heard nothing of it subsequently.

Now we have cleared the village, but the rope is slipping across the telegraph wires on the main road. Will it clear them ? Yes !-no! The pace at which we are travelling causes the end to curl up just as it reaches a pole, and there is a sudden check, which gives us a tremendous jerk; but in another moment some of the wires have snapped, and we are free.

Now we are over the field, and beyond is the orchard. We come down lightly, and then rise again to clear the latter. This we succeed in doing; but at the far side is a somewhat tall clump of elder-trees, and into this our car goes with a crash.

For a moment it looks as if we should stay there. The balloon itself is, of course, quite clear, being high above the car, and almost in less time than it takes to describe we have gone right through the elders and into the field of vetches beyond. We have suffered no damage, with the exception of a few scratches; our lady friend has lost the comb out of her back hair, and her hat is somewhat awry. Perhaps she is fortunate in not losing that also, for my own hat is considerably dented.

We come down into the field with a big bump as soon as we clear the trees, and the moment we touch the ground the rip-cord is pulled, but fails to act; the cord has broken. Had it worked properly we should not have risen again; though we should probably have been dragged along some distance. As it is, our progress has been checked somewhat, for the grapnel has been thrown out, and the balloon is rapidly losing gas through the top valve, for our pilot is holding on to the valve-cord for all he is worth. Nevertheless we are still travelling at a good pace, perhaps ten or twelve miles per hour, and as we come bump down on the ground the car is dragged over on its side, and we find ourselves somewhat mixed up, though we cling grimly to the side-ropes.

Relieved temporarily of the weight of the grapnel, the balloon goes up again as much as twenty or thirty feet, and then comes down more heavily than before. 'Bend your knees,' shouts our pilot. Ah, that time we did bump! With knees flexed, however, and our weight principally supported on the ropes, we sustain the shock without damage.

Once more we are dragged along on our side, once more we go up, and once more we come down bump; but this time not so heavily. As I have always been accustomed to active athletics, the situation does not present much difficulty to me; indeed, I am enjoying it immensely. Our pilot, I know, has had many a rougher experience; but I am wondering how the lady is feeling. There is no time to ask questions, and little enough time to make observations; but I can see that after each bump she still retains her hold, though I have also a vision of her in anything but a perpendicular position alongside of me when the car is turned on its side and dragged along.

We have not finished bumping yet, but the worst is over. Our grapnel is ploughing up the field, but helping much to check our pace. The balloon is rapidly collapsing, and after five or six bumps it fails to lift the car, and simply drags it along.

Some of the foremost men who are running after us now manage to get hold of the trail-rope. They had made several previous attempts, but could not hold it, as we were going too fast. In a few moments others have reached the car itself; we are safely held, and our adventures are at an end.

Willing hands are stretched out to clear the ropes and help us to climb out, the lady first. Is she all right! Yes. Are we all all right? Yes, thanks; but will some one please get some drinkingwater?

Every one wants to help. Men, women, and children gather round us by the score; the whole village population must be there. Some of them

have surely never run so fast or so far in their lives before. They breathe hard, and in the middle of that crowd there is a considerable want of air. I am glad to extricate myself.

No one says anything about damage to chimnerpots or gardens; we are objects of the greatest
possible interest and wonder—especially the lady.
She has come out of it fresh and smiling, and many
are the exclamations of admiration at her pluck in
adventuring such an exploit. Some one presently
presents her with a beautiful bouquet of carnations.
'Wouldn't you like to go up in a balloon, Mary
Ann?' some one says jokingly to a country girl in
the crowd. 'Not ma,' says Mary Ann so emphatically
as to raise a general laugh.

Many are the questions asked and answered. Where do we come from? Were we going anywhere in particular? When did we start? How high had we been? What did it feel like to be up there? and so forth.

Meanwhile we turn our attention to deflating and packing the balloon. There seems to be something almost pathetic about it as it lies on its side, slowly collapsing into a shapeless heap. It has looked so trim and symmetrical, and has carried as with such a stately grace through the air, that it almost looks as if one were letting the life out of something animate and conscious. We might even imagine its final manœuvres to be a protest against our bringing it to earth again.

A score of villagers help us to pack; a cart is sent for, and also a carriage; and with the balloon safely hoisted into the one and ourselves in the other, we are ready to set off for the station at Greenhithe.

Many of the willing hands have doubtless had a gratuity in view from the very first, and their expectations are now plainly evident. But every one has helped, and it must be a matter of diplomacy to satisfy so many claims. We select the three most prominent and assiduous workers, divide our gratuity between them, and tell them in the hearing of all that they must share it with the others. One man presses a claim for a lost hat, which might have been a Lincoln Bennett from his own description of it. He has a red handkerchief tied round his head; and though it is by no means clear how he could have lost his hat in our service, and we mightily suspect him to be an outrageous fraud, we give him a shilling, which fully satisfies him. A handful of coppers for the children to scramble for, and we quickly leave the crowd behind us as we drive off to the station.

Some of our helpers come along with the cart containing the balloon, but stop at the first public house, and we have to send a message back to hurry up the cart.

On reaching the station, however, we find that we have half-an-hour to wait for a train; so we refresh ourselves with tea and rolls, and send of telegrams to announce our whereabouts. By 6.30 P.M. we are back at Charing Cross, where the

three adventurers must part company for their individual destinations. We have all enjoyed it immensely, and would be delighted to repeat the performance at any future time.

What does it feel like to be up in a balloon? I suppose that, like every other experience, it must vary somewhat, or perhaps a good deal, with the individual temperament.

What does it feel like to come down again?

That would appear to depend very considerably upon how you come down.

There are doubtless some adventures, even in ballooning, which no one would care to repeat; but certainly any one whose temperament will enable him to enjoy such a first trip as I have described will be keen enough on going up again at the first opportunity, even if the coming down is likely to be a little hazardous.

ENGINEERING NOTES.

By W. O. HORSNAILL, A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

ELECTRIC FARMING.



HE reluctance evinced by the British farmer to adopt new machinery and methods leads us to the conclusion that agriculture will be one of the last industries to call in the aid of electrical appliances; and in view

of the economy and reliability of the small oilengine, it is difficult to see how any saving can be effected by generating electric current and distributing it to motors in outlying positions. When, however, the mains from some large electric power company pass within reach of a farm or estate the conditions are much more favourable, and this state of things must already exist in a measure which will be largely extended in future. A recent number of Electrical Engineering contains an interesting account of the application of electricity to a group of farms in Saxony. Current is brought from an adjacent town by overhead wires carried upon wooden poles. Two receiving stations are arranged, from which the electricity is distributed to the farm-buildings and to convenient positions in the fields for the purpose of driving threshing and other machinery. Sixteen fixed electric motors are installed for chaff and root cutting, oat-crushing, pumping, and for operating machinery used in the manufacture of potato spirit. In addition to this power equipment, six portable motors are provided, which may be used for driving pumps, circular saws, threshing machinery, &c., at any point where their services are required. The houses and buildings on the farms are all lit by electricity, nine arclamps and about one thousand glow-lamps being used for this purpose. This example can only be compared to a large estate or group of farms in this country, and it is doubtful if such a scheme could be a commercial success for the operation of farming machinery pure and simple. It would appear that wood-sawing, pumping, and other operations requiring power must be included if the results are to compare favourably with those at present obtained by the use of oil or steam engines.

NOVEL OIL PIPE-LINE.

Thick oil will not pass easily through a pipe;

hence, if it be desired to convey it to any considerable distance by this means powerful pumping machinery is required. This difficulty has been recently overcome in a most ingenious manner. It was desired to carry large quantities of thick, sticky oil from the Kern River oilfields in California to the seaboard, a distance of two hundred and eighty-five miles. Experiments proved that if a small quantity of water were added to the oil, and the mixture caused to rotate in the pipe, the water, being the heavier liquid, was separated from the oil by centrifugal force, and spread itself round the inside of the pipe. On the strength of these experiments, the tubes forming the pipe-line were grooved after the manner of a rifle barrel, thus imparting a rotary motion to any liquid passing through them. A small proportion of water is added before the oil passes into the line, with the result that it never comes in contact with the pipe-surface. The friction is thus vastly reduced, and little more power is required than would be necessary to convey the same quantity of water.

A FLOATING DOCKYARD.

A vessel has recently been constructed on the north-east coast for His Majesty's Navy, named the Cyclops. This remarkable ship is fully equipped for effecting all kinds of repairs which are usually carried out in a dockyard. A complete foundry which can produce iron and brass castings of considerable size is situated on the lowest deck, where is also a forge with all the necessary appliances. Carpenters', armourers', and blacksmiths' shops are provided, together with machines and appliances for turning out finished engine or gun parts, copperwork, and electrical apparatus. Boiler and shiprepair work is dealt with on another deck, all the usual shipyard tools being installed. Heavy parts to be repaired can be lifted out of vessels lying alongside by a powerful crane, which can be moved about to any point where its services are required. Further equipment includes refrigerating machinery and condensing plant capable of supplying freshwater to a whole fleet. All the machines are driven by electric motors, large steam-engines and dynamos being installed to provide the necessary current. The Cyclops, which measures four hundred and sixty feet in length by fifty-five feet in breadth, will require a large staff of men to utilise her equipment fully.

FAMINE IN PETROL.

A committee of the Motor Union of Great Britain and Ireland has lately been inquiring into the shortage of the supply of petrol and the consequent advance in price. It has also considered the possibility of using other oils or spirits in motorcar engines. Eminent authorities are quoted by the committee in its report to confirm its view that the supply of petrol must fail in the near future to be equal to the demand. Moreover, the sources of supply are admitted to be entirely controlled by two financial combinations. The conclusion unanimously arrived at is that alcohol, or some similar spirit which can be produced from vegetable matter, is by far the best substitute for petrol. Moreover, instead of depending upon foreign countries for our supplies of motor fuel, the entire demand could be met by our own manufacturers if alcohol were adopted, as it can be made from all kinds of vegetation, including peat. Practically, the only obstacle which stands in the way of this spirit being used for the production of power is the high duty on its manufacture at present imposed by the Excise authorities. The revenue from this source amounts to about thirty million pounds per annum, and there would appear to be great difficulty in allowing the manufacture of alcohol duty free for industrial purposes without leading to its illicit use for the preparation of potable spirits. Even if it were feasible to make industrial spirit undrinkable, strict supervision on the part of the Excise authorities would be necessary, whereby the cost of manufacture would be materially increased. Turning to other possible alternatives, the Automobile Club are recommended to carry out complete and thorough trials of motors using paraffin instead of petrol. Further, tar benzol produced from the distillation of coal is suggested, as large quantities of this material are available, and the supply would be greatly increased if the demand should arise. Lastly, gas-engines with their own gas-producers are mentioned as a feasible means of driving heavy commercial vehicles with greater economy than can be obtained by the use of a steam or petrol engine.

TRAIN FERRY STEAMER.

The steamer Lucia Carbo, built for the Entre Rios Railway, and recently described in Engineering, is of special interest from the fact that it is designed for the conveyance of complete railway trains over a distance of fifty miles. Three lines of rails are laid along the main deck from end to end of the vessel, and passenger accommodation is provided on a superstructure deck which is carried at a sufficient height to clear the tops of the railway carriages. Engines of over two thousand horse-power are capable of maintaining a speed of fourteen and a

half knots, and the vessel is lit by electricity throughout. The railway termini between which the trains have to be ferried are situated on the River Plate.

NOVEL WIRE-ROPE TESTER.

Wire-ropes are used exclusively for drawing up coal and other minerals from mines, what is known as a cage being hung on the end of the rope to receive the loaded wagons as they arrive at the bottom of the shaft. Usually the miners are brought up from their work by the same means; hence it is exceedingly important that the wireropes used for this purpose should be perfectly sound and good throughout. Wear must of course occur, and eventually the rope is replaced by a new one. The difficulty is to know how far the rope has become weakened by use, and hitherto no convenient and certain means of testing has been available; hence ropes have been laid aside before their useful life has ended rather than that any risk of failure should exist. Electricity seems to be capable of almost any application, and a device depending upon an induced electric current has been recently invented for the purpose of testing wire-ropes. The latter are made to pass through a coil of copper wire which is traversed by an alternating electric current. It has been found that the current is exactly proportional to the thickness of the rope; consequently, if any parts are dangerously worn or the separate wires broken, indication is at once given by a measuring instrument which forms part of the apparatus.

REMARKABLE RACING-LAUNCH.

According to The Engineer for September 6, a new departure in ship propulsion has been embodied in a motor-boat designed by M. André Gambin and built at Nantes. When afloat it appears to differ little from the ordinary motor boat; but the propelling arrangements below the water line are of a very unusual nature. Instead of a screw, the inventor uses what he calls a 'typhonoide' This contrivance is similar in appearance to a ventilating fan, and it is mounted under the bow of the ship at the end of a large cylinder which is continued aft to the stern. When the typhonoide is revolved by the engines it sucks up water and expels it along the sides of the hull, the boat being thus drawn forward. It is also contended that the action of the contrivance tends to reduce the resistance in front of the boat by, as it were, cutting an opening in the water for the hull to pass through, The inventor is stated to have guaranteed a speed of 54.5 knots, the power taken being very much less than for the ordinary boat fitted with a screw.

NOVEL TRACTION-ENGINE.

The forests in the north-western states of America provide large quantities of timber which have to be hauled down to the rivers for the purpose of being floated to the sawmills. No roads are available for this traffic, but the heavy snow which remains for many months of the year in these regions is made to serve as a track for sledges. Horses, which until recently were used to haul the logs over the snow, are now giving place to a unique form of traction-engine. The boiler and engines of this snow-locomotive are similar in principle to those used with ordinary steam-tractors in this country; but the customary wheels for carrying the locomotive along the track are entirely dispensed with. The reason for this departure is not far to seek, as wheels would sink into the snow instead of passing over the surface. It has been necessary, therefore, to provide the engine with what are practically snow-shoes. The front of the locomotive is carried upon a pair of runners which can be turned about by the steering-wheel in exactly the same manner as the front wheels of an ordinary traction-engine. The back and heaviest portion of the engine is supported on two wheels at each side, which are placed at some distance apart. A wide chain formed of strong steel links passes round each pair of wheels and forms as good a support as a long, broad siedge-runner. When the wheels are revolved by the engine, the chain, which has spikes on it for gripping the snow, moves along, taking the locomotive with it. The logs are carried upon a train of massive sledges, a number of which are drawn behind the engine.

NEW FLOATING DOCK.

Most of us are accustomed to think of a dock as an enclosed piece of water where ships are unloaded; but in addition to this useful type we have graving and floating docks which are needed for the cleaning and repair of large vessels. Small ships such as fishing-smacks and yachts are hauled bodily out of the water when important repairs become necessary; but if the bottom of a large vessel wants attention the above order is reversed, and the water is taken from under the ship. For this purpose what may be called a masonry trough is built, closed at one end and provided with watertight gates at the other. The vessel is floated in at hightide, and the gates are closed, the final operation being to remove the water by means of powerful steam-pumps. These graving docks are very costly to construct, an immense amount of dredging and excavation being often necessary; hence the invention more than half a century ago of the floating dock. One of these appliances has just been built for Trinidad by Messrs Swan, Hunter, & Wigham Richardson of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The dock is in the form of a trough open at each end; but, instead of being solid, the bottom and sides consist of huge steel watertight tanks, consequently the trough floats on the top of the water. When a ship has to be docked, water is let into the tanks until the dock has sunk deep enough to allow the vessel to float into it; powerful steam-pumps are then started, and the tanks are gradually emptied, causing the dock to rise and lift the ship completely out of the

water. Vessels weighing as much as four thousand tons can be raised by this dock, which may be lowered until there is a depth of eighteen feet of water over the keel-blocks. One unique feature of this dock is its capacity for lifting itself in sections when painting or repairs become necessary; for this purpose the dock is built in three lengths, two of which can be used to raise the third portion when desired. There are three separate pumping-plants, which together are capable of raising a vessel weighing four thousand tons in two and a half hours.

ELECTRICAL ACCIDENTS.

The use of electrical appliances has now become so general that we are all of us more or less interested in the risk of sustaining personal injuries from electric shock. In the annual report of the Chief Inspector of Factories, which has lately been issued, is embodied a report by H.M. Electrical Inspector of Factories, Mr G. Scott Ram, which contains some very instructive data regarding electrical accidents which occurred during 1906. We are accustomed to think that fittings carrying electric current at a pressure below two hundred and fifty volts may be handled with impunity, and fatal results from such low pressures have been deemed well-nigh impossible. This view is shown by Mr Ram's report to be entirely erroneous, and very considerable danger exists with faulty fittings even at such low voltages. One man was killed by a shock from a portable lamp, the pressure being only two hundred and thirty volts. He was standing on iron floor-plates when his hand came in contact with the leaky fitting, and he was unable to release his hold until the current was cut off. All efforts to restore animation were unavailing, death taking place almost immediately. Another fatality occurred under very similar conditions, a portable fan being responsible in this instance. The fan was placed on a shelf in a cellar in which pork was pickled, and the floor was in a very damp state. A youth attempted to start the fan by taking hold of the pedestal with one hand and turning on the switch with the other. The fan proved to be leaky, with the result that current at a pressure of two hundred volts passed through his body to the ground. Here, again, the victim was unable to let go the apparatus until the supply of electricity was interrupted, when he fell to the ground and died, in spite of medical assistance, which was quickly forthcoming. An electrician was killed by deliberately taking hold of an exposed joint in a cable which was carrying current at the same pressure, evidently thinking that no danger existed with such a low voltage. Two more fatal accidents are reported from circuits having a pressure of two hundred volts: one from the terminals of a motor which were only temporarily exposed; the second from an arc lamp, caused by a faulty switch. All the accidents above mentioned were caused by alternating currents, which have the peculiarity of making the muscles rigid until the supply

of electricity is cut off. Hence a person who has grasped an object carrying electricity of this nature cannot release his hold until assistance is forthcoming, by which time fatal injury has often occurred. Continuous current is not open to this objection, and the injuries reported during the year consist mainly of burns caused by flashing over of the current owing to faulty fittings and arrange-

ments, no fatal accident from low-pressure circuits being recorded. Mr Ram's report clearly indicates that all accidents to consumers may be prevented by the adoption of high-class apparatus properly installed and reasonably used. Even carelessness is guarded against in the best fittings, and shocks can only be obtained by deliberately exposing the parts carrying current.

WILD IRELAND.

By HELEN PORTER.



HE tourist who hurries through Ireland may form some idea of the beauty of her scenery, but can hardly gain much knowledge of the people. For one thing, the country men and women he meets

are an artificial product, manufactured by himself. Everywhere on the tourist-track we find beggars, touts, hangers-on, a demoralised population, trading on the easy generosity or credulity of the stranger. Often, when one is pestered with importunity, a certain way to get rid of the annoyance is to turn to the tormentor and ask with such scorn as one can, 'Is it for an Englishwoman ye take me?' and the method is generally effectual. At Killarney one blushes for one's country; and, though things are not so bad in Connemara, they are bad enough. A residence of five summers in this picturesque district has confirmed the belief that there is nowhere a more charming or engaging peasantry, but we must seek them off, and not on, the beaten track.

I once met an American journalist in Venice. He was full of Irish anecdote, and I asked him how he had gathered so much in the very brief time he spent in the Emerald Isle. 'It was easy enough,' he explained. 'I just said to my cardriver, "Tell me some stories," and slipped a shilling into his hand. When he stopped telling them I slipped another shilling into his palm. "Tell me some more." I was no longer surprised at the variety or strangeness of his information. Much of it, I have no doubt, came straight from the fertile imagination of the jarvey.

There is a story commonly related in Connemara of a tourist who met a woman carrying a fowl. Entering into conversation with her, he asked how much she expected to sell it for. 'Sixpence, or, wid any luck, eightpence, yer honour.' Whereupon he began to expatiate on the smallness of the price and the starvation wages the market offered, and ended by saying, 'If you had that chicken in London, my good woman, you'd get at least halfacrown for it.' The woman looked him up and down, and obviously decided that he was a born fool, or perhaps resented the implied slight to her country. Pointing to the lake—and lakes are always at hand in Connemara—'D'ye see that wather?

Well, thin, an' if I had a bucket av it in hell, maybe it's a pound a dhrop I'd be gettin' fer it!' she said, and continued her way.

Off the tourist-track the peasants are still very primitive, few of the old people speak anything but Irish, and it is common to meet even fairly young people who 'haven't the English.' It is awkward at times, as we once found when on a cycling expedition into an unfrequented region, where the very few inhabitants we met were unable to understand or to direct us. Hospitality is an Irish characteristic. On this occasion we were a party of three ladies, and twice in the course of one day we enjoyed free refreshment: tea with bread and jam at a wayside schoolhouse, and tumblers of milk all round at a public-house. No payment was accepted, and to insist would have been the worst of manners and hurt the feelings of people to whom we were total strangers, and whom we have never since seen.

In one district of the west it is the fashion to 'return' a present. 'Thank God, we are not so poor as we can't return a present!' was the exact phrase used by an old dame as she presented me with a lobster after I had given her a box of homocea to apply to a rheumatic knee. This is quite a custom in the neighbourhood, eggs being the favourite form of gift. Indeed, eggs are used in this part of the world very much as money is elsewhere. The countryfolk take them to the local grocer, and he gives them value in tea or other goods. The most acceptable presents to give are tea and tobacco. I had an old friend to whom I sometimes gave a few pence-worth of strong black plug. Once in the village shop I asked for tobacco, to be told, 'We've none, miss' Disappointed—for I had walked some distance to get it-'Oh, surely you have some?' I said. 'I'm afraid we've none you'd care to use, miss;' but when I explained to the young man the purpose for which I wanted it, he fetched it at once, and seemed much relieved. What garbled version of the 'smart set's' love for cigarettes had reached the village of Ballyconneely to make him imagine it was for my personal use?

A residence of over three months in this out-ofthe-way spot taught us that as a rule the people do not beg. My sister and I were in a wretched hore, without a chimney, without a window, a place in which one would hardly stable an animal, and one of the first things the goodwife said was, 'Thank God, miss, there's no poverty here!' There is no actual starvation, it is true, because, as the district is on the coast, there are 'pickings' to be had. The seaweed is a valuable manure, and all the country from Slyne Head to Gorumna Island is a centre of the kelp-burning industry. At first one rather dislikes the curious smell from which the district is never free in the season; but after a bit one gets to like it, and it is supposed to be excellent for the lungs. One of our party, a sufferer from sathma, had perfect health during her sojourn there.

Catering was a difficulty, laundry another; the fine things had to be sent away, but there remained a large family-washing. My sister went to interview the local washerwoman, who lived in a little cabin on the edge of the lake. She couldn't undertake it at all. 'Himself was away in Ameriky.' He had gone out on some mysterious business, never fully explained, on a job to try to earn enough to pay off arrears of rent. With the want of enterprise common to the Irish peasantry, she would have refused the work because 'himself' used to be right-hand man at this trade! My sister suggested that she should hire a girl to helpan idea which was new to her. She told us at the end of the season that she had made more than enough to pay all their debts by following this advice.

At one time there must have been a French, or rather Norman, settlement in this part of Ireland, for De Courcy is one of the commonest of names to be found here. It is a little surprising to have a charwoman of this high-sounding appellation, and I remember her anger on my saying her name was of foreign origin. It was obviously a deadly insult. She was a young woman with two children, and her husband had been drowned. There is a superstition among the people that it is unlucky to save any one from a watery grave or to take a drowning man into a boat. 'The sea will have its life,' they say; and if you take away its prey you will surely fall a victim yourself. It is a dreadful creed, and unfortunately firmly believed, there being many authenticated cases where lives have been lost for lack of a trifling effort to save them. Like most seashore folk, they have an awe, almost a horror, of the element to which they owe so much. We used to bathe every day, keeping our dresses and towels in one of the cottages, the owner of which was very anxious for us to bathe her daughter Mary, a fine girl of about fifteen, who always ran away at our approach, having an objection to a project as new as it was disagreeable.

A large establishment was a novelty in these parts, and it was rather amusing to see that the coachman in his important livery received all the curtsies and all the attention if we stopped anywhere on the road. We were very small folk indeed compared to him. An old man told one of my brothers, who was dressed in spotless white flannels, that the country-people thought it very humble of us to dress so plain. I think the old fellow's expression was, 'Just like one av our own gossoons;' for all the country lads wear white homespun, and the little boys wear petticoats till they are promoted at about ten years of age to the dignity of trousers.

The grooming of the horses excited much interest; there was nearly always a row of spectators on the top of the wall watching operations. 'The quarest now that iver was in it, shinin' their horses like lookin'-glasses.'

On Sunday afternoons a sort of stump-cricket was started in a stony field near the house. It was done to amuse our own servants; but gradually various small boys came to field balls and join in the game. Before we left at least fifty strangers used to assemble: bigger boys and young menstrange, uncouth-looking figures in their white homespun clothes, with long black beards and shy, startled manners; mountainy fellows-who tramped miles over the bog to this game, which soon became entirely their own as our party thinned out. The bat and ball were always left on the stable window-sill, not becoming their property till we left. It was a pity such an innocent and harmless amusement could not be kept up; but our English friends who rented the place next year told us it was quite discontinued.

We are often told that the Irish are very emotional. The day we left we had experience of this in the rows of weeping people lining the boreen as we went away. One woman threw both arms round one of the party and kissed her; and we had done nothing special for these folk; they were not our tenants; we had merely lived amongst them for a few months, treating them with civility and consideration, and giving such employment as a large household usually brings. The people are, however, very quarrelsome amongst them-selves, and their fights are cruel and bitter. They lie in wait for each other returning from fairs, and seize a favourable opportunity to revenge their grievances. An outrage of this kind had happened some years before our arrival. - had a grudge against a neighbour, One Micky for whom he lay in wait. The attacked one, however, was not too drunk to make a fight for it; his friends came to his help, the constable (for a wonder) was at hand, and Micky was soon hors de combat. He made a struggle, however, and inflicted great damage, biting a bit out of one assailant's ear, the top of another's nose, and a small piece out of the policeman's thumb. Next Sunday, after mass, the priest thought it his duty to refer to the matter. He asked his congregation if they had ever heard of cannibals, and then proceeded to draw a lurid picture of their abominations, closing something like this: 'Well, now, you all know

how wicked these black savages are; but there's one in this country worse than they, a Christian man who behaves worse than the cannibals, for they at least kill outright and eat for food, but as for Micky ——, he goes round tastin' the whole parish!'

Everything in this district is congested. The congregation of the chapel overflows every Sunday into the yard; the houses lie thick together, each with its tiny 'garden,' for so they call a potato or a cabbage patch. The scenery might not appeal to a casual visitor; there are no trees, no cultivation, just great stretches of sea on the one side, great stretches of bog on the other, extending to where the horizon is bounded by a distant view of the Twelve Bens. Long sandy plains lead to Slyne Head, a low-lying promontory. To appreciate the beauties of the spot you would need to live there, to notice how the bare brown bog turns gradually warmer in tone, till it becomes a bright orange, a pale red, and then in October a vivid crimson as the scutch-grass and the bog-plants turn scarlet. There is not a more glorious sight anywhere than a sunset over a red bog, the whole sky and earth on fire, and the pools and lakes glowing like molten gold. And then it fades into the softest of lilac and g ay, and the purple shadows chase each other over the bare hills. The seaboard is very dry, and on a stormy day one can see the rain-clouds rising very black and menacing, to be hurried inland before the gale and discharged on the peaks of the mountains, or else lying in thick white swathes on their summits. The effect is beautiful, and one enjoys it the more for the fact that one can lie on a knoll and pity the tourists in the Kylemore and Lough Innagh valleys.

To everything there is a drawback. In our case it was that we had hoped to get some fishing; but the river was dried up for want of rain, so some of us watched the behaviour of the clouds with disfavour. This is not a common experience in Connemara, where 'saft' days are frequent and rain a drug in the market. Perhaps it is that we like to do nothing by halves over here; when it is wet it is very wet indeed, but when it is fine it is fine. The remark made by a countryman about the language may apply to the climate: 'Tis a grand language, specially for cursin' or blessin'.'

The recent erection of a Marconi apparatus near Slyne Head must have considerably astonished the natives. The first motor-car that passed through Connemara was a great puzzle to them till they found a solution: 'It was a carriage which had broken loose from the railway'! The gramophone, imported by a summer visitor, occasioned more awe than amusement. He had 'the divil in a box,' they said, and as he was a clergyman it did not seem à propos!

'It's not right' is the expression used to denote anything uncanny. Mushrooms are not eaten for this reason; they are associated with fairy rings.

Rabbits are not used either; why, I could never understand, because hares are poached and eaten, and there are many superstitions connected with them.

1

If you want to see Ireland—real Ireland, not the Ireland of the tourist or the stage—you must avoid the new and convenient road, and take the old disused track across the bog and down a side-lane till you reach the 'Back av Beyant.'

THE SPIRIT OF UNREST.

When on the lawn the moonbeams lie,
And little breezes whisper by,
And shadows creeping o'er the sky
Have hid the glowing west;
When all is still, and I alone
Watch the stars twinkling, one by one,
He comes unseen, unheard, unknown—
The Spirit of Unrest.

When all is calm and hot and still,
And silence rests on vale and hill,
He creeps in o'er the window sill
Upon his wicked quest.
I seem to breathe him in the air,
I seem to feel him stir my hair,
I seem to see him everywhere—
The Spirit of Unrest.

And when the pine-trees creak and strain,
The wind is howling, and the rain
Comes tapping at the window-pane,
A knocking half-suppress d,
Then, in the pattering of the sleet,

Then, in the pattering of the settle I seem to hear his hurrying feet
As he roves moaning up the street—
The Spirit of Unrest.

And then I long to cry or shout,
I long to toss the clothes about,
To rise from bed and scamper out—
Escape my goblin guest;

Do anything to make some sound Instead of cowering, spell-bound, Feeling him creeping all around— The Spirit of Uniest.

There is one star—a little one—
That seems to be my very own;
Of all the stars in Midnight's crown
I love this one the best.
The pines are very straight and tall,

But it shines out above them all.

Its very peace seems to enthrall

The Spirit of Unrest.

And when I think how, in the sky, Its little light will never die, But twinkle through eternity—

A beacon ever bless'd—
Sleep creeps around me, misty, gray,
And with a sigh of balf-dismay
He spreads his wings and flies away—

The Spirit of Unrest. DOROTHY ROWS



HEART OFTHINGS. THE

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Nov. 20.



IE new Lord Mayor has been elected, and the City winter season—a season of feasting and function-has got well started. It will be a busy season, and it should be a great and eventful Lord Mayoralty that will endure

until next November; but whatever is before us in this century, it is certain that that mayoralty which has just closed will always take high rank among all. There are signs that in these days it is becoming a more and more expensive thing to be Lord Mayor, and it has never been a cheap ambition to gratify. In the very olden days some Lord Mayors had a way of doing things in a very costly style, for an example of which we need cite a no less distinguished chief magistrate of the City than Sir Richard Whittington, of whom it is said that on one occasion, when he entertained Henry V. and his Queen at a Guildhall banquet, he took the King's bond for sixty thousand pounds, owing to himself, and threw it on the fire 'for spicewood.' Those were the great days when kings were really at home at the City headquarters, and when things were perhaps a little less cut and dried than they are in these days of stricter formality and of a Press Who in the that needs a report on everything. City has not heard of that wonderful story of how Sir Robert Vyner entertained King Charles II.? The King was fond of going to the City, and on some nine or ten occasions went there for feasting. On one of them Sir Robert, being then Lord Mayor, was a trifle indiscreet in his libations; and when the King rose to take his departure, up got the Lord Mayor, and, seizing him by the arm, hiccuped, 'Sir, you shall stay and finish t'other bottle.' His Majesty looked at him and smiled; and then he took his seat again, remarking, 'He that is drunk is as great as a king!' And with such a very friendly and sociable understanding did they finish 'the other bottle.' But, to the point of our note, it might not unfairly be suggested that there was a touch of rather less colour and rather less expense about some of the Victorian Lord Mayoralties; and there is a reaction now which is going to cost some of our future Whittingtons a pretty penny, the numerous visits of foreign royalties adding greatly to the financial burden that the Lord Mayor must bear. It may not be generally realised that in the very best of circumstances-meaning a minimum of extra expenses-his year of office must cost at the very least twenty-five thousand pounds, and generally he would regard himself as very well let off if his little bill ran to no more than thirty thousand pounds. Usually the 'show' and the banquet on the evening of his installation cost from four thousand to five thousand pounds; but the expenses in this case are defrayed, not by the Lord Mayor alone, but by him with the help of the two Sheriffs, the former paying half and the two others each a quarter. Thereafter the causes of great expense are multitudinous. The big banquets that are given by every occupant of the civic chair to the Judges, the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, and so on are chief among them. The total cost of official attendances of one kind and another, on an average perhaps two or three days a week, is very heavy, and each Lord Mayor has to make handsome subscriptions to all the charitable institutions that come within his purview. The increasing custom of fraternising with municipal authorities abroad, particularly in France, is adding considerably to the Lord Mayor's expenditure. Moreover, there are many peculiar little customs of which the public hears next to nothing, but which the Lord Mayor is expected to perpetuate at an appreciable expense to himself. Thus it is a tradition that each Lord Mayor should supplement the handsome stock of plate at the Mansion House by a fresh five hundred pounds' worth as a gift from himself. Obviously, from the pecuniary point of view, it is a very serious thing to be Lord Mayor, and the City demands that the most convincing proof of the candidate's financial position shall be supplied to it. The fact that he has become otherwise eligible in the long process of years is some indication that he is rich enough, for he

No. 522. -Vol. X.

[All Rights Reserved.]

NOVEMBER 30, 1907.

must have been an alderman for about ten years, and some time previously must have fulfilled the office of Sheriff at a cost of from two thousand to three thousand five hundred pounds. But it might happen, nevertheless, that the man who in order of seniority was most eligible for the office felt himself ill prepared to bear such a burden; and if that were the case he would ask for his name to be passed over, very likely giving ill-health or business ties as the reason for his inability to accept the great honour which were otherwise in his grasp. But if he would go forward to the consummation of his civic greatness he must attend a secret sitting of the Court of Aldermen, and there almost lay bare to his brethren his financial position, producing proof that he is in possession of means which will warrant him in spending ten thousand pounds over and above his allowance, 'without impoverishing his family.' This is 'giving bond,' and the secrets thus disclosed, it is needless to say, are never in any circumstances divulged. Parsimony in a Lord Mayor is an unforgivable sin. So far back as 1832 a City poet set forth in eleven quatrains what he conceived to be the qualities of a good Lord Mayor, and one of them ran thus:

A good Lord Mayor is one who will not strain, Like some of old, to save and gripe and gain; And, all forgetful of his festive state, Let the cat kitten in the kitchen grate.

The last line of this verse was not simply metaphor. It is one of the traditions of the Mansion House that the event thus suggested actually took place during the year of office of a Lord Mayor whose prevailing characteristic was this hateful parsimony.

* * *

We were speaking of this as a festive season, and the menus of City banquets are still things for simple-living folk to wonder much at; but one may doubt after all whether in the variety of viands and dishes these feasts are quite so rich as those of fifty or sixty years ago, although in pure magnificence the moderns no doubt have it easily. One is brought to this thought by the perusal of an old menu of a public dinner that was provided at the Albion Tavern in Aldersgate Street in 1844, on the occasion of the opening of the Royal Exchange by Queen Victoria. On this menu there were no fewer than forty-six items, including four different kinds of soups, four entrées chaudes, and ten entrées froides. This old Albion Tavern, which was closed only a few weeks ago, was a very celebrated place in its day, and had a history of which few City taverns could boast the like. Most of the Corporation banquets, the Sheriffs' inauguration dinners, and the occasional feastings of civic companies and committees used to take place here, as well as the farewell dinners that were given by the East India Company to the Governors-General of India. The old trade sales of the leading London publishers, reminding the participators of the olden printing and book glories of Aldersgate and Little Britain,

used to take place after dinner here. Sir William Curtis, famous as a gourmand, once, so it is said, organised a dinner at this tavern which cost the party between thirty and forty pounds each, things being done in such a very thorough way that a special messenger was despatched to Westphalia in order to choose a ham. Lord Southampton also once gave a dinner here the cost of which ran to ten guineas a head. In those days the 'Albion' and the 'York House' at Bath were at the head of affairs, and had an almost equal reputation, with the result that there was much rivalry between them. This came to a head when a bet was made as to their comparative merits, which it was settled should be decided by a dinner of unparalleled magnificence, and as nearly as possible equal cost at each. The 'Albion' won the first course, and the Bath establishment the second, and eventually the result was declared to be a draw. Up to the time of its closing, one societythe Lowtonian-had dined regularly at the 'Albion' for one hundred and five years, and the Shakespeare Lodge of Freemasons ever since 1823. No foreigner was ever allowed in the 'Albion' kitchens, not withstanding an occasional French menu, such as that mentioned; and its most famous specialities were its turtle soup, its special ham cured by a special process of its own in wine, its lark-and partridge puddings, and its beef marrow-bones.

* * *

It is seldom indeed that a new work is published in such circumstances of active royal interest as The Letters of Queen Victoria, which saw the light last month, and which constitutes the serious book not merely of the season but of many seasons. Of the interesting and remarkable character of its contents there may be more to say in another issue of this Journal, and it is sufficient for the moment to observe that in these letters of hers from 1837 to 1861 the late Queen is shown to have been a woman of strong individuality and decided preferences even prejudices, which certainly had no little influence on the political history of her time. The editors of the work, which appears in three volumes, have endeavoured, and with much success, to show the personality of Queen Victoria, her methods of approaching and deciding great questions, her outlook, sympathies, shrewdness, perseverance, and diligence; indeed, the character of the Queen is shown in these pages of her own writing as it could hardly have been more plainly by an independent and well-informed historian. In these days of much writing and much book publishing it is only fitting that the authentic political history of the Victorian period should be far completer than that of any other, and yet it is a little remarkable that so soon after that period has closed the library should be so rich in such works as to leave, now that these letters have been given to us, very little to be desired. There is Mr John Morley's great Life of Gladstone as a basis for many considerations, and then there are many other official biographies published in recent times, such as the Life of Lord Granville by Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, the Life of Lord Randolph Churchill by his son, and others, which fill up many of the blanks. In due course we shall no doubt have an authentic Life of the late Marquis of Salisbury; and we have not yet given up hope that perhaps the chief biography of them all, that of Lord Beaconsfield, will eventually be issued. In due course, but not until many figures who are still upon the stage have passed from it to the shades beyond, the remaining letters of the Queen, covering the period from 1861 to her death, will be published. It goes without saying that this period, after all, was in many respects the most momentous, and that during which her queenship counted for the most. But the point of this note is as to the intimate royal interest that has been taken in the publication of this latest volume. One hears that the King himself nominated Mr John Morley to be virtually the censor of the letters suggested for publication—that is, the supreme authority above the editors to decide what should be given to the public, and what, in the interests of the State or of particular persons, This was a very signal should be suppressed. honour for the statesman, and it is whispered that, excellent as the choice must be admitted to be, it gave a little surprise to at least one gentleman who was not unconnected with the book. We cannot judge how well Mr Morley has done his work without knowing the contents of the letters that he has held back; but one can see from those which appear in the light that the censor has let pass all that was consistent with the preservation of a comfortable safety. And the King himself read through all the proofs of the three volumes, making such alterations and corrections as he considered desirable, and personally chose from the collections at Buckingham Palace, Windsor, and elsewhere forty-one illustrations for the pictorial embellishment of the book. Then His Majesty selected the design of the cover, and made general suggestions as to the finish of the In this detail he was very likely reminded of the custom of his august mother, who always took the greatest interest in the choice of bindings for her books, and ordered the publisher to send the volumes to her unbound, so that she might herself choose a binding suitable to them. This is one reason why the collection of books at Buckingham Palace has among it some of the most beautiful modern bindings in the world. King's interest did not by any means end with the binding of the book and His Majesty's perusal of it when completed and delivered to him some time before its publication to the world. He took a strong attitude on the question of review copies -that is, as to what journals they should be issued to. He finally approved of a particular list, and it was impossible for the publishers to send copies to any others in any circumstances. One hears that even one of the foremost evening newspapers in London, a journal of great circulation and known

everywhere, was not on this list, and on its making application for a copy of the book for the purposes of review, had to be told that in the special circumstances of the case it was impossible. Such a circumstance is almost unique.

* * *

Even thus early there is a sense of Christmas. insinuating itself into the social atmosphere, and by the time these lines have appeared it will have become more appreciable. Foggy mornings, thick fur coats and ulsters, touches of frost, hot whiskies with slices of lemon as an elementary punch, the Christmas numbers, and hoardings on which are displayed coloured representations of scenes from the forthcoming pantomimes-with all this about them, the people hurry along with their work, assume beforehand a Yuletide complacency of mind, and say to each other that they will not mind how soon the festive season arrives. And they are asking now whether, apart from the inevitable merriment which nothing short of a national disaster would diminish, this coming Christmas will mark any abundant signs of prosperity of the nation as the last one seemed to do. There have been so many departments of business in which strong complaints have been made of very bad times lately that many usually optimistic folks are a little doubtful. It was said afterwards, with some logical display of facts and figures, that last Christmas constituted a record—that is to say, that at no other had so much money been spent by the people at large or had there been such abundant signs of prosperity. There was plenty of money everywhere and for everybody, so it was said, at the end of last year, and it must be confessed that, apart from the statistics of the bulk, even private persons in their walks about and their intercourse among their friends seemed to see evidences of a general abundance and contentment. London tradesmen, at all events, agreed that during the week preceding Christmas the volume of business done was absolutely a record, and it was declared in many quarters that people had not been able to buy or shopkeepers to sell fast enough. For this state of affairs there can be no doubt that the excellent weather prevailing was at least partly responsible. It was some sign of business done that the number of parcels despatched from the London railway stations during the few days before Christmas, up to Christmas Eve, reached the astonishing total of over six hundred thousand, a hundred and twenty thousand being despatched from Liverpool Street, the terminus of the Great Eastern route, and a hundred thousand each from Waterloo and Paddington. There are, as has been suggested, plenty of Christmas topics in the conversational air already. Two or three weeks ago the shareholders of the Drury Lane Theatre held their annual meeting, and they were rather inclined to grumble because the profits were not still at their highest, and some cantankerous persons seemed to think

there was something wrong in the principle of a theatrical manager's salary being as much as that of a prime minister, said theatrical manager being playwright also. But they have been bidden to look forward to the great pantomime this Christmas season, in the assurance that it will mark a vast success. It was stated in conversation with an authority the other day that the pantomime at Drury Lane costs twenty-five thousand pounds to produce, and that the weekly salary-list cannot be far, if anything, short of four thousand pounds. The same authority observed that a careful calculation showed that, taking London and the provinces together, not less than a million pounds a year is spent in producing pantomimes of all sorts and sizes, this sum providing for the production of about a hundred and twenty of them. There are probably about twenty produced in the provinces the cost of which is about four thousand pounds each, seventy others that cost about half the sum to bring out, and many others of the travelling variety that can be started on an expenditure of less than a thousand pounds. In this way a total of about three hundred thousand pounds is accounted for, and then there are the salaries and the general upkeep after production. Pantomime salaries, it is said, in the bulk run away with a little matter of seventy thousand pounds weekly, and the average run of a pantomime is about ten weeks, so the rest of the million pounds spoken of is thus accounted for.

* * *

Probably the Christmas spirit of socialism-the nearest we ever get or probably ever shall get to the ideal-will always prevail; but one wonders whether such an estrangement is not growing up between the classes in consequence of the trend of political events during the last year or two as may militate against the constant perfection of this spirit. Daily now do we hear murmurings against the aggressiveness of the Socialist party, generally cloaking itself under the name of the Labour party, and people of easy ways and thoughts, who have not been wont to bother themselves much about anything in particular, are evidently becoming disturbed at the state of things, and the danger that seems to be menacing. Previously this Socialism was tolerated, even patronised — considered as a pretty idea that need not be much thought about. And it has taken advantage of this indifference towards it to make a great advance, so that the middle classes now awake to find that all this magnificent municipalisation of things, and other like matters of which so much has been heard of late years, have been not at all for them, but in essence marks chiefly an advance of the Socialists. And now we hear much talk of the apathy of the middle classes, the classes that have generally been and must be regarded as being the backbone of the nation. Attempts are being made to stir them up, and we hear of various organisations being formed amongst

them for the better protection of their own interests and for their retaliation against the Socialism which threatens them. It is only too true that in the constant vicissitudes of political change there is but little thought ever given to the middle classes. It has always been an understood thing with statesmen that though they would grumble much when their interests were being threatened, they would more or less sullenly acquiesce in whatever any Government proposed. They have always been so good-natured! And thus it has come about that in the regulation of legislation they have been but lightly considered, while it has always of recent years been regarded as a question of paramount importance as to what the class below would think, and above all what it would do. And the further result has been that while each of the two great parties in the State in turn has more or less pandered to that class below, each has been indifferent to the middle class; and while the class below has two parties that it may threaten or cajole, two parties that take an interest in it, the middle class has none. There is no party for the middle class, and a wave of feeling seems to be rolling along towards the establishment or encouragement of a party that will be middle class. The tendency of affairs in these days is such that political seers who look far forward believe that the present arrangement of parties cannot endure much longer. There will have to be some great upheaval It was said a few years ago that there would be such an upheaval soon, and there were certain talks of coalition and the forming of a new Imperialistic party. But however important the Empire may be to the nation, you could not divide your national opinion for the purposes of legislation on party lines into Imperialistic and that which was opposed to it. Besides, Imperialistic fervour on a grand scale is, after all, a thing for special occasions, and so we hear little or nothing in these days of Imperialistic politicians, and quite nothing of an Imperialist party or section of a party. How, then, shall a middle-class party arise? It is a difficult question for anybody to answer, and it may not be for some time that any such party, developed on broad yet definite lines, for the upholding of institutions and the maintenance of the interests of the middle classes, will be established; but it is noticeable that the thoughts of many wise men in these days turn towards the principles and practices of the old Whigs. Little enough was thought of those old Whigs in the days of their decay as a party; but their virtues were great, and above all they seem now to be the men who would have been of use to a middle-class party. In these times when these 'vile Whigs,' as Dr Johnson liked to call them, are almost all things of the past, it is noticeable that no statesman has commanded greater national respect and trust—not of parties or sections but of the solid masses of the people irrespective of party—than the great Duke who has been commonly referred to as 'the last of the Whigs.'

A COMPACT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

CHAPTER III.



HE Earl had been landed. He had been very pugnacious—here the mulatto rolled his eyes in expressive confirmation—and had been conveyed with difficulty to a village not far away. He would be a valuable

hostage to his captors.

'Now I guess we'll proceed to small-arm drill,' vociferated the American with zest. He busily produced various weapons from the launch's locker. Drummond gathered that a rescue expedition was to set forth without delay.

'The boldest course is always the safest, because it's the least suspected by these Spanish niggers,' encouraged Mr Denton oracularly—he had gleams of sense at times. 'Here's your shooter, cap'n.' He thrust a rifle into Drummond's unwilling hands.

The latter drew back. For Drummond had come on a yacht-salvage job, and not to hunt the kidnappers of earls through the darkness of Cuban forests. He was about to protest this with modesty, when the girl laid a small hand on his arm.

'You will come too?' Alice Denton asked him through compressed lips. Once again man might propose, but woman disposed.

'I'll stop here,' grunted the sailor brusquely, 'and you'd best do the same.'

'Why?'

'Because you're a female, an' no good in a scrimmage. You'll only scream an' get hurt.'

She took her hand off his arm and looked at him earnestly with those grave eyes of hers under the shadowing hat.

'You are not very polite. I suppose you have not been accustomed to American girls.'

Drummond was not sure that he much desired such acquaintance.

'Lord Eastleigh and I were engaged to be married. I-I broke it off.'

Her voice sank to a whisper, and there was a short silence. A pretty red was mantling in her cheeks.

'I was—very foolish. I think I am wiser—than I used to be,' she added rather forlornly. Her expression was no longer unreadable. 'It is my doing that he is in danger here at all. So you will help me to find him now?' she pleaded with a new timidity in her voice; and as anything but assent was impossible, Drummond perforce assented—without enthusiasm.

The darkness was falling as the mulatto started to lead the way, armed with a blunderbuss which Drummond distrusted as likely to be equally fatal at both ends if fired. Mr Denton followed, bristling with weapons, and the sailor from the launch tramped stolidly behind. Drummond and the girl brought up the rear.

The mist was rising white from the hollows

of the ridges amid the high, moss-covered rocks. The faint moonlight shed queer shadows through the giant ferns and palm-trees. The footsteps of the travellers alone broke the ominous hush of the nightfall.

Once they halted for a moment while Mr Denton opened a large flask. He advised that it was sensible treatment on such an occasion to keep up the general physical tone by a judicious use of stimulants. His followers concurred.

More floundering through the forest brought the leader at length to an abrupt pause. The surrounding silence was no longer the same. A far-away murmur of voices drifted dully through the air.

Mr Denton tiptoed elaborately to the forest to reconnoitre; the others took the cover of precaution. It is by such strategical dispositions that victories are won.

In moments of tense expectancy the mind is extraordinarily open to impressions. Drummond will never forget the picture of Alice Denton's slender form silhouetted in the moon-rays. She was crouching warily behind a tree-trunk, white and beautiful. Dauntless courage, which more than matched his own, was stamped on her clear, colourless face and firm, red lips. Strain his eyes as he might, Drummond could see nothing.

A man's figure emerged, scudding furiously along the tangled forest-path. A frenzied yell of anger broke the stillness. A bullet spattered viciously among the leaves overhead. But, heedless of consequences, the girl sprang forward to meet the newcomer with a little, smothered cry.

'Alice!' cried the escaping Earl, dishevelled and astounded. 'You, dear, here!'

Her hands were outstretched towards him. She caught him to her fiercely, shook him as one shakes a naughty much-loved child, and then clung to him, solbing long, deep, breathless sobs.

A clamour arose, approaching surgingly. A little mob of men came through the trees in pursuit. Mr Denton fired carefully into the brown of them, and the uproar increased both in volume and blood-curdling noise. The mulatto discharged the blunderbuss with a fearsome boom. Both shot and targets scattered.

Denton thrust a revolver into the Earl's hand and bade him use it for his life. Its barrel at level glistened threateningly in the pale light.

'Hump it back to the shore,' shouted the American fiercely. 'I'll cover ye both.'

But with one arm in that of his girl the Earl turned to bay. 'We'll fight a rear-guard action,' he called grimly. He had once served in the local militia at York, and this was a reminiscence of training.

Another bullet came silently up out of the dark-

ness, and the sailor from the launch fell down with a flop and gurgled. Spits of flame were spurting through the bushes. With savage maledictions on all Cubans, Denton was loading and firing with rapidity and skill. The attack drew off. The pursued made a good use of the respite, and crashed eagerly through the undergrowth towards the wholesome sea.

The soul of the shindy was Caleb P. Denton. Drummond realised that under his finicking exterior was a bold and resolute man, full now of a steady, mad purpose to extricate his party from disaster. 'There's no foolin' with me when I am roused,' he remarked once in belligerent commentary on a particularly well-aimed shot at a lurking shape which dodged vainly in the distance; and as the acream of mingled pain and fury from the enemy echoed confirmation, the speaker smiled with sour vengeance.

"Tain't no time for half-measures. Spare 'em an' the glass-eyed devils will come on again thick as wipers. Reckon, though, this'll be the end of the syndicate I was for bossin',' he said.

Just as Drummond was aniffing delightedly the sweet smell of the shore the pursuers made a wild dash from an unexpected flank. Rifle and revolver cracked simultaneously. Drummond struck desperately at a man's springing form, but slipped on a patch of green slime amid the trees. He was conscious of a wild blow, of a shock of sudden sensation, and then he saw and felt no more.

'Feelin' better in that swelled knob of yours?' queried a voice at his side.

Drummond had come to himself with a jerk. He stared wonderingly at his surroundings. He was lying in a luxurious little cabin. The swish of water plashing outside against the porthole and the patter of feet on deck were evidence that he was on shipboard.

'I'm all right-I think.' Drummond sat up. His head ached dizzily.

'Nasty crack you got. Made me itch stampin' mad to see you go down. Fine healthy weight you were, too, liftin' 'board the launch,' pursued Mr Denton meditatively.

'Where am I?' demanded the invalid briefly.

'You're on the Carita. She ain't ashore; she's afloat safe enough,' Denton informed him with the air of a man resolved at length to relate the whole truth or die. A slight heave of the yacht confirmed the assertion.

'That's the ground-swell; there's dirty weather brewin'. And we're in a rare tight hole,' drawled the American, tilting his cigar to an acute angle with his nose. 'Have you a master's certificate for navigation, cap'n ?

'Yes.'

'Then you'd best take a pull at that champagne, an' get on the bridge an' take us out clear,' said the other. 'Engineer, steward, an' three hands is all we've aboard. Moorings are slipped, an' they're gettin' up steam. But the chart is plaguy difficult to understand.'

'I can steer if Captain Drummond will set the course and help me to keep on it,' said Alice Denton's quiet tones at the doorway. 'I am quite unfeminine enough, I know; I ought to have been a boy.'

'I'm glad you're not, sweetheart,' said Lord Eastleigh auddenly behind her. He kissed her unblushingly, and left a smudge of coal-dust on her smooth cheek. He was exceedingly grimy, and appeared to have risen from among the boilers.

Alice sat down on the edge of a locker in a tense attitude of protest against delay.

'So you're not hurt, miss?' queried Drummond irrelevantly.

'No; only scared-and scratched by the bushes,' she added in afterthought.

'What's the hurry?' inquired Drummond next, feeling himself tentatively all over and in no haste to bestir himself.

Mr Denton answered him with terseness: 'The weather, for one thing. An' there's a gunboat round t' other side of Santa Calda lookin' for us particular.'

This suddenly sounded serious. The events of the night-it was now morning-might be difficult to justify with ease.

'Sich of the native population of that village as weren't drilled through with bullets were roostiu' in the trees time we embarked you,' remarked Mr Denton dryly. "Twas the most heroical fight I've ever seen put up. But 'twill be a pretty tough proposition to explain to those aliens in that Federal warship. They're so blamed political in their notions. We reckoned that to steam for Jamaica was best.'

Drummond was also thinking, and his thoughts offered no encouragement to a rosy point of view. Explanation would be easier on British soil. The Earl of Eastleigh waxed impatient.

'We'll talk afterwards; let's clear now,' he cried. 'You do skipper, Drummond, like a good fellow. Alice will take the wheel for a spell; we'll stoke.'

'Has your bump of comprehension soaked that in?' asked Mr Denton anxiously. 'We want to run right out to sea.'

'All right!' said Drummond shortly. He steadied himself on his legs with an effort.

'Come on and shovel, then,' grinned his lordship to his future father-in-law. He laid a greasy hand on Mr Denton with enticing ferocity. That gentleman ground his teeth somewhat and departed with profanity to the stokehole. The way of the explorer is often very hard.

The cool, damp air on deck cleared Drummond's brain. The yacht was lying in Santa Calda Bay. A swift glance at the weather startled all his sea-

man's instincts into activity.

Seawards was a gray void out of which all light and life were being quenched by a queer haze which was rapidly thickening. The sun hung a fiery disc in the east, its rays sick and weakly. Long belts of lowering cloud were gathering in ominous density, while from the main mass jagged fringes were outstretched in sinister fantasies of shape. A sluggish swell was rolling oilily into the little bay and breaking with sullen booms on the shore-line. The Carita wallowed lifelessly to the waves. It was three bells in the forenoon watch.

The first thing was to get to sea. For a minute Drummond studied the chart closely. Alice Denton followed him into the wheelhouse, deftly connected the steam steering-gear, and grasped the spokes with firm, small fingers. She looked to the captain for orders.

'Sure you understand?' he queried bluntly.

'Yes,' she answered simply.

'Put her N.E. half E. soon as we're under way.'
He stepped out on to the bridge and rang up
'Half Speed.' The regular beat of the engines was

music in his ears.

He whistled down the speaking-tube, 'We shall need every ounce of steam-pressure you can give us directly. There's a hurricane brewing. Make all fast below, for heaven's sake! and stand by the throttle when she races.'

'Ay, ay, skipper,' came Lord Eastleigh's cheery shout of reply. 'We'll manage below here. But look after my girl on deck.'

Drummond smiled grimly. It was going to be

touch-and-go for them all.

As they rounded the headland and met the open ocean a lean, gray hull slid into view on their port beam. A long smudge of smoke seared the sky. A string of signalling-flags fluttered out impatiently from her masthead.

'If that chap thinks we are going to heave to for him now, he's mistaken,' Drummond muttered surlily.

A gun echoed distantly.

Drummond's face hardened into stern pugnacity.

He shoved the telegraph handle down to 'Full Speed'. They be runmaged in the flag locker.

Speed.' Then he rummaged in the flag locker.

Crack—shriek—splash! This time it was a shell which hurtled into the water astern, whipping the

wake of the yacht into foam.

The Carita was steaming splendidly, lurching through the welter of cross-seas. Drummond held on unwaveringly. The American gunboat was old, and foul with long cruising in the Caribbean. She was very angry.

Another projectile hooted menacingly overhead. Drummond swung himself down the bridge-ladder, along the sloppy deck, and hoisted the red ensign aft. The sharp spray was stinging in jets; the sky was blackening. Mr Denton, from the engineroom, clung to a protective ash-shoot, and beamed approval.

What are you doing there?' roared the captain.

'Guess it's as good a jumpin'-off place as any,'
was the bawled reply. 'That blamed domestic

The speaker's abuse was lost in the howl of the hurricane.

Drummond had just time to regain the bridge as the scream of the squall burst over the Carita. He darted into the wheelhouse, grasped the spokes over Alice Denton's straining hands, and side by side they faced the death that threatened.

A flash of vividest blue lightning tore through the riven clouds, and the thunder pealed with a ringing, metallic bang. Sky and sea seemed to meet in a whirl of seething darkness. A solid green wall of water roared like a cataract over the bows and swept hissing deckwards. A mighty wind whistled through the rigging. The yacht staggered in the madness of motion, buckled, squealed like a living, wounded thing in the smoking sea, and canted almost on to her beam-ends. Every loose article aboard was carried away with one ear-splitting crash. A pitiless blast of hail tore through the inky blackness, flicked on the streaming glass panes of the wheelhouse front, and swirled patteringly on the heeling steel of the deck combings. How the minutes passed Drummond never knew.

Clenched hands held the wheel steady; wild eyes peered through the driving scud. The lightning blazed incessantly, blue, green, and orange. Again and again the *Carita* shivered under the repeated blows of the gale.

Amid the screech of the storm the girl was speaking: 'Will he—Lord Eastleigh—be quite safe —below?'

'As much there as anywhere aboard,' grunted Drummond through tightened lips.

Her eyes questioned his face searchingly. 'He is —my love,' she breathed in uttermost confession.

'The twain o' ye will stick together all the closer when you're through with this,' Drummond told her with stout assurance. 'Don't talk. I'm fair busy with the helm.'

She bent over the shifting compass-card contritely.

The Carita bit her way onwards bravely. She was a handy craft, Clyde-built.

Insensibly at length the weather was moderating. The squalls were moaning less hoarsely over the dancing, white-capped waves. Drummond began to breathe more freely. They were past with the thick of it, and the sea went down with the rain, which sluiced over the yacht in angry torrents. Suddenly a blue patch widened on the far horizon, and heaven's own sunlight struggled out over the sombre gloom.

Where now was the warship? Gone!

'Twas a fair sneezer; but 'tis fizzlin' out now,' opined Mr Denton, popping up unexpectedly. He departed again in search of sustaining liquids for the engine-room staff.

Next evening the Carita sighted the friendly lighthouse on Point Morant, Jamaica. Her boats were smashed, her decks were swept, and on her smoke-stack the salt was glistening white and dry. As the glow of the sunset reddened over the sparkle of the sea, Drummond sought for the explanations he deemed his right.

'The Carita has never been ashore at all,' he observed with judicial severity.

'Not at all,' echoed her owner cheerfully.

'What am I to say to the underwriters at Lloyd's?' demanded the salvage expert with coldness. He glanced at the girl, who was leaning contentedly against the bridge-rail.

Her small brows began to pucker as if her

thoughts were painful.

'You had better tell him yourself, Alice,' suggested the Earl with magnanimity.

The lady pouted pensively. There was a

pause.

'You are not as clever as I thought, Captain Drummond,' she began. 'You haven't an idea of what is going on in other people's heads.'

This was undeniable, but not explanatory.

'Oh, I'll be open with you!' she cried, with a change to vehemence. 'I had broken off my engagement—just in a pet, you know; but I couldn't confess that outright—no girl would. I wanted to bring Lord Eastleigh back to me, and I did not know how to do it.'

'So you thought if he heard the yacht was wrecked he would come to see,' finished Drummond in sudden enlightenment. Girls were the strangest

things

'Yes; and it proved most successful,' beamed Miss Alice, unrepentant and irresistible.—'Though the first kiss you gave me, in the forest'—she swung round on the embarrassed Earl—'was a horrid scrubby one.'

The accused individual stroked his chin reflectively. Drummond recovered scent of the matter

in hand.

'To Lloyd's it was—misleading,' said the representative of that great corporation with asperity. Candour would have employed a less ambiguous word.

'Then Lloyd's is stupid!' The delinquent vindicated herself hotly.

She was hopeless, Drummond decided, half-aghas, half-annused, wholly perplexed.

'We left the yacht's captain in hospital in Havana with fever. Most of the crew deserted, and '---

'Who cut the cable?'

"Twas only a local land-line," Mr Denton interposed here; "Spanish property."

'You've no excuse,' stormed Drummond at this glad of a man on whom to vent his annoyance.

'Men fell originally by woman, and man falls by woman still,' quoted the unruffled syndicatepromotor in extenuation.

'Look here, Drummond,' chimed in the Eul 'Do you remember that compact of ours in the train at Euston?'

'Well?'

'Things must be hushed up. I will pay all the expenses incurred in sending you out here. I shall not make any claim on the insurance for the damage the yacht has sustained'—his gaze rovel regretfully over the sea-swept deck-structure. 'The consequences of your compact with me will be'—

'That the underwriters will have no liability to meet in the matter,' Drummond affirmed.

'We shall be married next month,' announced Miss Alice softly.

'I'm blind-sick of Cuban company promotin.

concluded her parent.

And therefore a telegram on the notice-board at

And therefore a telegram on the notice out a Lloyd's next day stated: 'Yacht Carita arrival at Kingston undamaged. Previous report of her stranding at Santa Calda erroneous'

'Smart chap Drummond—so reliable!' chuckled the secretary of the Salvage Association on receipt of the news. 'I should like to hear the whole story, though,' he mused.

He was a welcome guest at the wedding reception of the Earl and Countess of Eastleigh at Claridge's. But he never did hear quite all.

THE END.

WHY BOYS SHUN THE SEA-CAREER.



HAT there are weighty reasons for the decreasing supply of British merchant service officers is commencing to be generally recognised. The insufficient financial inducement a seacareer offers, and the inconsiderate

treatment received by officers and apprentices, have been made the subjects of many articles and letters which have recently appeared in the press. Yet another reason why parents who know what the life is endeavour to prevent their boys from following this profession has, however, generally been overlooked. The ordinary risks of a sea-life are, indeed, such as no high-spirited English boy would shirk; such dangers are 'all in the game.' Fathers, however, hesitate before embarking their

sons in a calling which may at any time take them to a port where yellow-fever, malaria, or smallpox is raging. It is true that business men can always be found when wanted to go to such death holds as Rio, Santos, or Guayaquil; but their employers have to pay them for the risks they take. An apprentice on a sailing-ship not only is not paid, but often has actually to pay for the privilege of being a combination of domestic, errand-boy, and outside jobber. He never knows where he may be ordered, and when he takes the risks of disgusting and loathsome diseases, does so under the same conditions as he would were he making a voyage to Australia or any other healthy country. Should he lose his health no compensation follows Small wonder, then, that parents endeavour to dissuade their boys from going to sea in the merchant service; small wonder that the supply of British-born officers is on the decrease. That these risks to health and life are not small I hope to prove by a brief account of one voyage to a pestilence-ridden hole to which many sailing-ships trade.

Some few years ago a fine little bark left Liverpool for Wellington and Dunedin. She was well manned, for it appeared probable that she would load wool for home, thus making an ideal voyage. However, from Dunedin she was ordered to Newcastle, N.S.W., to load coal for Guayaquil, in Ecuador. The voyage up till our arrival at the latter port passed as such voyages usually do. The usual modicum of gales, the inevitable shortage of food, the expected abuse of the apprentices-none were wanting. There was consequently much rejoicing when the Guayaquil pilot was received on board the day before Christmas, presaging as it did a Christmas spent in peace and quiet at anchor or beside a quay. The heat was very great; but as the little vessel glided quietly up the river the luxuriant tropical vegetation on either bank gave promise of shade and coolness when its destination was reached. Huge trees, with a foliage of a green so brilliant that the inhabitants of our more moderate climate can hardly imagine it, and a wealth of varicoloured flowers lined the river on either side. One longed to bathe in the cool-looking water, until such desire was abruptly quelled by the lazy movement of what had appeared to be a large log, sometimes followed by the opening of an immense, cruel mouth furnished with glistening teeth. The river was literally alive with alligators!

Guayaquil is situated some thirty-six miles up a river which, ten miles from its mouth, is quite fresh, and flows continuously towards the sea. It is also rich in long-extending sandbanks, which make it a matter of some difficulty to sail a ship up to the town. This, combined with the ignorance of a semi-civilised pilot, soon dispelled the dreams of a quiet Christmas in which the crew had indulged. Just before nightfall the ship grounded on a shoal, of the existence of which the pilot appeared to be totally ignorant. The evening brought some little relief from the intense heat, a thin mist rising from the marshy land and gradually enveloping the river. The refreshing coolness was delightful to every one, while the danger of the tropical evening mist was not even guessed. All Christmas was spent in endeavouring to kedge off; by evening, all efforts having failed, and the pilot, after announcing ' No puedo nada,' having gone to bed, a boat was despatched to the town for men and barges to lighten the ship. Three days after Christmas the wharf was reached. Of the sufferings from heat and the attacks of swarms of the most venomous gnats and mosquitoes in the world little need be said, for they were 'all in the game.'

The country about the city is beautiful, apparently a veritable Garden of Eden, but in reality

the home of swamps and fever. The town itself, in which fifty thousand people wallow in filth and an utter disregard of the laws of sanitation and decency, is the best possible proof of the inability of the South American to govern himself or to cultivate and develop properly the wonderful country which is his.

We found on arriving that we were not only to discharge our cargo of coal, but were to load a full cargo of ivory nuts for Hamburg. Incidentally we also learned that, as the natives would not work in the heat of the day, the crew were to discharge and load the ship, working from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., with the usual breaks of one hour for breakfast and one for dinner.

The first part of our undertaking was safely accomplished, and the health of the crew was good in spite of the heat and indifferent food. Then came the second and more trying operation. The nuts which we were to load, being almost round, shift very easily, and it was deemed necessary to build a bulkhead or wall the length of the ship to divide the cargo into two equal portions. No material for this purpose was so inexpensive as bamboo; no bamboos were so cheap as those which could be picked out of the water. What matter that they had been there for months? What matter if they were rotten, and if their smell literally invited fever? They cost next to nothing, and they were used.

Three days after the loading commenced an able seaman complained of violent pains in the head, and was taken on shore to the hospital. One of the apprentices was told off to visit him each day. While so doing he incidentally learned that cleanliness was not part of the curriculum advocated by the medical authorities of the free and enlightened republic of Ecuador. In a very few days the youngster came sadly back from his daily visit and hoisted the ensign at half-mast; the first victim of a shipowner's parsimony had gone to bear witness where there is justice for all. By this time the second officer and another man were lying in their beds in the hospital ward, praying God to spare them for the sake of their loved ones at home, whose only support they were. Yet another twentyfour hours and the officer was beyond all earthly help, while his fellow-sufferer had charged the apprentice boy with his last messages for his family in the England that he knew he would see no more. And still the remainder of the crew were working in the hold amongst the rotting and fever-giving bamboos.

The youngster had at first been rowed ashore by two men; after a few days only one man went with him to bring back the boat; finally, he sculled himself on shore, for there was no one to go with him. All hands, save the captain and the one apprentice, were down with either yellow-fever or malaria. It was not until things had reached this pass that the captain allowed the boy to cease working with the natives who had now been

engaged to finish the loading of the ship. At length the captain (who, to do him justice, had not spared himself) was taken to the hospital, and the boy was left with one man who had returned on board half-convalescent. Of seventeen men who formed the crew, eight died in the Guayaquil hospital, and two were broken wrecks who lived but a few months after reaching England. The writer was the only member of the ship's company who came through that awful time without a day's illness.

For such risks as these neither officers nor seamen are paid. Similar dangers are encoun-

tered every day by apprentice boys who can claim nothing for loss of health, who are paid nothing for their fearless, loyally given services. Is it, then, any wonder that parents who know what the profession has to offer do all in their power to dissuade their sons from going to sea? Is it any wonder that the advice of every seaman is, 'Send your boys into the army or into the Church, into the law or into business; but, as you love them, don't allow them to swell the ranks of the underpaid and shamefully treated British mercantile marine.'

MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN, M.P.

PART IX .- continued.



'Feb. 24th, 1867.

DEAR NINA,—You no doubt picture to yourself your friends looking all handsome, well dressed, and engaged in a continual round of delight, poets at our feet, painters longing to paint us. Nothing of

the sort. Half the people have colds and some influenza; and altho' the prospect of Lent has given us some parties, they have not been worth much. I went on Valentine's Day to Mr Chorley's. Only Peeresses dined, with a few men to do the agreeable. I found only the women and Chorley. Lady Molesworth in a red velvet jacket. Each of the ladies, six in number, found a Valentine upon her plate-a poem written by Chorley. He never treated me in that way. Sullivan played, and there was a whist-table. I shall always go, but people will not go to see others play at whist. About six people came in the evening. People are not easy to get; for instance, eighty folks came to me last Wednesday. They had only the free use of their tongues, and they were content. On Wednesday, 27th, I am again at home. Mrs Benzon was poorly, and Mr Frederick Lehmann writes me a note about a white tie! If he had come he would have made the acquaintance of Matthew Arnold. Dante Rossetti came early, and we had a nice long talk together. My husband was as bright as possible, and chirped about amongst the young ladies. Charles Collins is no better. He still keeps his bed. Wilkie, of course, did not come. He had dined out, and had smoked; so, altho' some men who had dined at the same house came, he did not. Saturday, 23rd, he was off to Paris. I tried to frighten him about Charles Collins, but in vain. . . . Your admirer, Mr Forster, is away at present. Macready and his wife have been at Queen's Gate House for a week, and a great bore they have been. He is grown old, fat, and stupid. Have you read Swinburne's poems? They are charming; a very few, perhaps six, not readable. One, a Ballad of

Burdens, is perhaps the finest, and a Hymn to Proserpine beyond my powers of praise.

'Yesterday was like summer; we wanted parasols, and sat without fires. To-day it rains, and is cold and dull. . . . I am sorry you do not send your two boys to some boarding-school. You make such a great sacrifice in leaving England that it is a pity to let anything interfere with your recovery. I am so nervous myself that I cannot bear the noise and restlessness of children beyond a certain time. We have had all our dresses sloped away and look like extinguishers; but I have had a short dress made. Petticoat and sleeves and upper part of body blue corded silk, then over it a short black satin skirt, the whole trimmed with black lace and bugle trimming. I assure you it looks very well indeed. I have copied out for you a list of the people who were here at my first party, and will also send you a list of the second. For small people should not attempt anything after Easter. I had the front drawing-room door taken off and a piece of net nailed across. It looked pretty and made it cool. The C.-J.* had dined at Chorley's. Millais tells me he has several pictures that will be ready for the R.A. Wilkie tells me his play Armadale will be in five acts-last a whole evening. If it is a success in Paris it will be played here in England, and how badly! How rich you and Mr Lehmann will be-you, who have always your house full, and where the wine flows like a river, must be

saving a fortune.

'I shall stop now; perhaps Browning will tell me some news. None. He talked only of what the maids call his-self... What an affair Cole, C.B., has made of the French Exhibition! You will have heard what Bismarck said, speaking of the various advantages countries had had—Russia one thing. Prussia another. He gave France the Exhibition. Mrs Cole and the Miss Coles have lodging and food provided for them by us, in fact.

^{*} Sir Alexander Cockburn.

'Your sister looked so pretty at our house!

'I am ashamed of my stupid letter, but I have done my best.—Yours aff., ANNE B. PROCTER.

'B. C. sends his love.'

'32 WEYMOUTH STREET, PORTLAND PLACE, W., Sept. 17th, 1869.

'MY DEAR NINA,—My mind is wonderfully relieved by hearing so good a report of the great Darling. I am now thinking of her hair.

'Yesterday I saw Hullah'; he has been at the Festival, Worcester, and says that it is impossible to speak too highly of A. Sullivan's Prodigal Son. It is so fresh and so full of the deepest feeling. Sims Reeves sang to perfection. It is an excellent subject. It is sure to be given in London, so let us go and hear it.

'I am reading The Vicar of Bulhampton. It is excellent, but one has read it all before. Edith and B. C. have both got very bad colds. B. C. has had a Seidlitz Powder at nine; tea, egg, and buttered toast at ten!...

'We have had such droll letters about the harmonium. Here is one. It was offered for three

pounds ten shillings:

"The Rev. Wm. Allport Leighton will be obliged by being informed whether the harmonium is in good condition, and how long has it been used? What is the very lowest price? Would a large musical box playing four tunes (in mahogany)—viz. "Here's a health," "Mad Jem," "Pray Goody," and "Rondo Italien," be taken in exchange? And who is to pay the carriage?"

'I have copied his letter exactly. No wonder my three darlings joined the Catholic Church. This is the first time anything he ever wrote was copied.

It ought to play "Foolish William."

'Yesterday we had a young friend of my girls to spend the day. She is French, and when they were children came for two shillings an hour to speak French with them. They have always looked after her a little. She is now married to an actor -has two children. He is hired at Drury Lane. They have a lodging in Alfred Place, two pair of stairs. You know what that means in London. Without meaning to complain, she gives one such dismal insights into life. The husband's health is very delicate. She said, "He is not strong. When he carries my eldest girl, two years old, the large drops pour down his face! We have such poor Cooking! He's very good, only cares for potatoes, and they never boil them enough." If it were you, you would boil them, and if it was me I would try; but what I call the half-gentlewoman is such a failure. . . .

'My love to your Frederick, and never forget that I love you. Our house looks so fresh and clean; only, tradespeople will call and lean their backs against the clean paint.—Your affectionate old admirer,

A. B. PROCTER.

'I only put A.; perhaps it is Adolphus who writes, or Arthur. Nourish the fond delusion that it is a coat without the petti.'

Here follows a letter to my father:

ESSINGTON'S HOTEL, MALVERN WELLS, August 2nd, 1870.

'MY DEAR MR LEHMANN,-I have a way of thinking of you and your dear Wife, and now in this beautiful quiet place you are more than usually in my thoughts. I know that you must be anxious about this war in which many of those you love must be engaged. I think of little else. I suppose that being so far away from the business of life fighting seems like murder. Tell me what you think about this quarrel. You perhaps do not know that my forefathers were German-I trace my descent from Scheffer the Painter, and bear his Crest, a greyhound. At the time when foreigners were persecuted in England we altered our name to Skepper. I proved my relation to the great man to the satisfaction of Watts of the British Museum. After this piece of family history you will see that I must be for Germany. How far my love for the family Lehmann completes this we will not inquire. And Nina-where is she? I pass a very quiet life here, being almost entirely out of doors. Edith is carried up on a Donkey, and the old lady is still good for six or eight miles. We have a pretty garden half-way up one of these hills, where we sit and work or read under some Cherry-trees. We rise at seven and go to bed at ten. Edith is wonderfully well, and we are counting the days that are left with great care. The Hills are beautiful and the gorse is in full bloom. The Hotel is a quiet little place; we can only receive four sets of people. We are mainly clergymen and Doctors-not your fashionable London Doctor who makes love to his patients, but the old one, who only took your money-not your heart.

'And Wilkie? No, I will not speak to you of him, because you will then revenge yourself by

writing about some wretched woman.

'On the 12th we go home. My husband is very dull; altho' he likes quiet, still he misses the small excitement my presence gives his home.

'The people here are very simple. Some complaint was made at Grt. Malvern about the small quantity of water furnished to each house, one man saying that the water cost as much as beer would. A member of the Council said what he advised was—not to dig for wells or bring some water into the town, but put your trust in Providence!

'The Princess Christian is here, and went to a Flower Show. They wished to fire some cannon or guns, but having neither, borrowed the blacksmith's anvil and beat a welcome on it.

'I shall be so much pleased if you will write me a few lines, telling me about yourself, your wife, and your children. I have been thinking of Mamie [Dickens] so much; she wrote me word they would leave Gad's Hill on the 1st.* That making a new home is dismal work. I don't think I ever can

^{*} Charles Dickens died on June 9th of this year.

make you believe how much I like my shawl. I have made many friends (enemies) unhappy and jealous.-Your grateful and affec. old friend,

'ANNE B. PROCTER.'

In the summer of 1872 the Procters rented the Vicarage at Highgate. Our own house in Southwood Lane, from which we were, however, temporarily absent, was little more than a mile away. Barry Cornwall was now eighty-five.

' August 14th, 1872. THE VICARAGE, HIGHGATE, N.W.

'MY DEAREST NINA,-I want to have a little talk with you, and altho' I have wanted that for a long while I must write to-day, because yesterday I walked to Woodlands and sat for nearly two hours in that lovely garden. As in all charming homes, "My Lady is in Scotland, Ma'am; she required a change. And my Lord is taking some German baths." It seemed to me as I sat there that life could offer nothing better than to live there. Fluff [the cat] in Edith's lap was so happy. She occasionally opened her eyes, took a look, and went off to sleep again. Edith had a large flat hat on, and it seemed as if Fluff thought it was you. Your garden is a blaze of colour. I felt sad as I sat there. It seems to me always melancholy being in a place without the friends who have made it warm and bright. Martin was most polite, and showed me round the Kitchen Garden. We looked at the Bees and the Pigs. It is a great treat to us to sit in your garden, and we shall go there very often. We took three white roses, but no beast appeared. Perhaps no beauty either. Martin showed me the young gentlemen's sitting-room-Princes' room-and yet I am wrong, for our Queen has no taste.

'My poor husband enjoys himself greatly here. He is taken out every day in a chair drawn by a Donkey, and he also sits in the garden. I forget whether you know this house. It is very comfortable, but we have frightful green papers in each room, and felt carpets—all patched! The price is eight guineas a week! We go back to Weymouth St. on the 12th Septr., and then Edith and I are going for a holiday somewhere.

'I have already had a short one—at Knebworth; but the society was not very congenial-first six women-and three men.-There was a Miss very common; all her discourse was about inferior people and things. It is curious how one vulgar person drags conversation down. Lord Lytton and Mr Forster both tried in vain to raise us, but after a little light we dropped down into dull, stupid, degrading gossip. My only happy moment was when - told Lord Lytton that people thought he ought to put clothing on the statues in the grounds ! - has given Ld. L. a lovely old white satin quilt. He had better pay for it, and not pay through his friends. I had some quiet talk with Ld. L.; but as he is deaf and wished to discuss the question of what truth there was in the report that Mr X. was a lover of Miss Y., I was nervous and afraid of being overheard.

'I have since I was here had many letters to write-one to my husband's oldest friend, a Mr Kelsall. He listened to and advised B. C. when he first published his Dramatic Scenes, the best thing I think B. C. ever did. Kelsall is now blind, and his wife wrote to beg for something to cheer his darkness. Lately has died B. C.'s first love-Jane Gape. He has dedicated his 2nd book to her, A Sicilian Story.* He had forgotten her, and would have denied the fact, only the dedication remains. I think we are more faithful. Mr Hayward has been at Lord Lytton's, and was polite enough to write and express his regrets to me for not meeting me there. Lady Molesworth came to see me to have some talk about poor Courtenay's death, but I had left Weymouth St. for this rural retreat. This garden is very pretty-we have a strong atmosphere of divinity. Bishops face you and learned D.D.'s look at your back. There is an excellent Library-all the new poets, Jean Ingelow, Trench,

'Write to me, my dear, and for once follow my example and tell me all about yourself. My best love to Frederick. - Your affect. old friend,

'ANNE B. PROCTER.

In 1874 Barry Cornwall died, at the age of eightyseven.

· October 4th, 1874.

'DEAREST NINA,-My dear husband died at a quarter past four, very quietly—in fact, he lell asleep.—Yours affectionately, ANNE B. PROCTER.'

'QUREN ANNE'S MANSIONS, S.W., February 11th, 1880.

'MY DEAREST NINA,-I had no good of you yesterday, and my cold and cough are so much worse to-day that there is no hope of my getting to Berkeley Square. I wanted to talk to you about Lady Churlotte Elliot. My husband once had some correspondence with her. She sent him her writings, and he was charmed with them. There was a notice of her in the Athenœum, and by that I learns she was Stella. I had forgotten this, but soon rubbed up my memory.

'And the dear old friends . . . one never replaces them. There is nothing like "Do you remember . . ?" As we grow older the doors close over old memories, and one has no one to talk to of those we loved.

'Did I tell you I had seen Mr Sartoris twice? We sit and talk of Byron, Shelley, and Trelawney, and we are both thinking of Her. † One feels with a man more restraint than with a woman. I have not courage enough to bring up the subject of his wife.

[†] Adelaide Kemble, the younger daughter of Charles Kemble, married Edward John Sartoris in 1843. her marriage she had gained great fame as a singer. Her delightful book, A Week in a French Country House, first appeared in the Cornhill, and was reprinted as a volume in 1867. She died in 1879.

'It was such a relief when Lady Goldsmid said to me, after some feeble efforts about the weather, "Now let us talk of Frank." . . .

'It is a curious way we live. There are people whom I hardly care for, and we meet three or four times a week, and you whom I love so dearly I so seldom see!—Yours affectionately,

'ANNE B. PROCTER.'

In 1882 we had taken Dunnichen, near Forfar, for the shooting season. My father, however, was abroad, and Mrs Procter, who was on a visit to us, thus writes to him:

DUNNICHEN, September 7th, 1882.

'MY DEAR MR LEHMANN,—It was a great disappointment to me to find that you are not coming here. I had some idea of commencing an action for "breach of promise;" but having taken Counsel's opinion, R. Lehmann, Esq., I find I have no case such as a Court would recognise, although morally I have one.

'As I have not given any fee, perhaps the said opinion is not of any value.

'It is ungrateful in me to make any complaint, for we are so happy here, and every one is so kind to us. Still, "Man never is but always to be blest."

'The weather is perfect. We sit in the garden or drive about in the Brake. I and the dear wife have long talks of "Those days that are no more," and your children look and listen to me as if I were some Antediluvian animal.

'I have many faults, but I am not ungrateful. I do not forget all you have done for me—kind welcomes, happy days, beautiful gifts—the most precious things I have I owe to you.—Your affectionate old friend,

Anne B. Procter.

'Since writing the above I have been out. Truth compels me to add the Wind is cold. It would have been nice had you come here on Monday the 11th. A. B. Procter, aged 82! I do not confess this generally.'

Mrs Procter was to live six years more, enjoying life and friendship and all her delightful memories to the last.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

OPERA AND DRAMA FOR THE DEAF.



EVERAL theatres in New York have adopted an innovation which might very advantageously be copied in other countries, since by its means the pleasures of the opera and the drama are brought to a section of

the community whose enjoyment thereof would otherwise be seriously curtailed. This is the provision of 'deaf stalls' equipped with the ingenious 'acousticon,' by means of which the deaf are enabled to hear every sound uttered on the stage. The appliance is similar in design to an ordinary telephone receiver which is held to the ear, only it is equipped with a sound magnifier which collects the sound-waves and intensifies them to such a degree as to enable them to penetrate the disabled auditory nerves. The apparatus is very neat and compact in design, the two receivers-one for each ear - being carried in a handle similar to the lorgnette, than which it is no more conspicuous. Attached to the seat is the requisite small dry battery. It must be pointed out, however, that the contrivance is only applicable to those cases of deafness in which there is no paralysis of the nerves of the ear, which malady no scientific development has yet succeeded in surmounting. A notable later application of this device is the 'dictograph,' which we described at page 700, and by means of which, strange to say, people whose deafness prevents them from listening to ordinary conversation can hear quite distinctly and easily. The 'deaf stalls' are precisely the same price as the other similar seats in the theatre, the expense of the instruments being defrayed by the management.

A COIN-COUNTING MACHINE.

Large commercial establishments and banks which have necessarily to handle a considerable number of coins per day fully realise the labour involved in counting and wrapping the various denominations in paper. Several ingenious mechanical contrivances for accomplishing this work have from time to time been evolved, but have not proved sufficiently accurate to become practically applicable. An ingenious inventor, after some five years' dogged perseverance, has at last devised a machine which will count any type of coin-gold, silver, or copper, and of any size-in consignments of fifty, and will, moreover, wrap up the same with perfect accuracy and security with the speed of five or six cashiers. It is only about the size of a typewriter, and is driven by a small electric motor of one-sixteenth horse-power. The coins are fed into a chute, and at the opposite end resolve themselves into a continuous edgewise line or roll, each coin as it falls into line recording the fact upon a dial. When the fiftieth coin has been registered the whole roll is automatically gripped, carried under a roll of paper, and strongly wrapped up, with the edges beaded over. When discharged in the wrapper the complete roll resembles a cartridge, and falls into a box, where, if desired, the name and address of the firm is imprinted upon the outside of the wrapper. Owing to the novel means of wrapping, it is impossible for a single coin to be extracted from a roll without evidence of the fact being betrayed by injury to the packing. The amount of electricity consumed in the operation of the motor amounts to about twopence or threepence per day; and as the only manual labour involved is simply the feeding of the coins into the receiving-chute, it can be manipulated by a boy or girl, while the coins are counted and wrapped and addressed at the rate of four hundred or more per minute. As a time and labour saver it is distinctly advantageous, especially in view of the fact that it works with infallible accuracy.

HARNESSING VOLCANOES.

The engineer has succeeded in harnessing the waterfall, and thus utilises for the generation of electricity the enormous horse-power formerly running to waste; but the harnessing of volcanoes for the same purpose, controlling the latent steam-energy, is a new departure. However, an engineer of Tuscany proposes to make the attempt on a large scale. He has made a close observation of the temperature of the steam issuing from the soffioni, and has found that during the past ten years or so the temperature has scarcely altered, nor has the amount of steam varied much in quantity. The steam rises thirty and occasionally ninety feet, the temperature ranging upon its emission from two hundred and fifty degrees to two hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit. He has successfully harnessed the energy for the operation of a small steam-engine, to which a dynamo was connected, and is confident of far greater achievements. He is now making endeavours to drive a turbine with the steam issuing from three large soffioni, representing an aggregate of some four thousand horse-power. It would thus seem that in the near future a new unit of energy will be created-volcanic-power.

THE SCIENTIFIC SAFE-BREAKER.

The battle for supremacy between the safe-builder and the safe-breaker continues unabated. Just as the former requisitions every latest scientific discovery in the design and construction of an absolutely burglar-proof safe by the utilisation of high steel which resists the ordinary drill, the insertion of explosives, &c., so does the astute robber press science into service for overcoming the obstacles that confront him. In Germany the security of the safe, even of the latest and most up-to-date construction, has been rudely shaken by the depredations of a scientific criminal, who is no more baffled by the latest achievements of metallurgical scientific application and the finest and hardest grades of steel than by the ordinary tin deed-box. In a recent burglary at a money-changer's office, after rigging up an improvised tent with blankets around the safe, he brought into play two cylinders of compressed oxygen and an acetylene generator charged with calcium carbide and water. With the combination of these two gases he obtained a blow-pipe flame of such intensity that the steel of which the safe was built, and which the finest drills failed to scratch, was melted as if it were lead. Considering that with the oxy-acetylene flame a temperature of some six thousand degrees

Fahrenheit is secured, the test which the steel had to resist was supreme, and naturally it collapsed. In the space of a few minutes a large hole had been cut into the safe-wall, through which the daring and ingenious burglar was able to withdraw the contents, and retreating through the hole he had made in the ceiling to effect an entry, he escaped scot-free with his booty. It is thus apparent that in order to circumvent the safe-breaker who has acquired at least a smattering of scientific knowledge some more efficacious means of safety other than mere steel will now have to be requisitioned.

TABLOID REFRIGERATING AGENTS.

The present is essentially an age of tabloids, by means of which nearly everything, from medicaments to edibles, is obtainable in small concentrated sweet-like form. But possibly the strangest application of this modern development is the production of a refrigerating agent à la tabloid. The refrigerant, the composition of which is secret, is prepared in small pastilles which emit a freezing or sterilising vapour in an airtight chamber. By this means all descriptions of perishable articlessuch as fruit, poultry, eggs, milk, meat, and so forth-may be preserved for any desired length of time as if stored in a natural ice or mechanical freezing-chamber without any deterioration or alteration of flavour. Every household can thus be equipped with an excellent means of preservation, dispensing with the necessity of ice-than which, however, it is much cheaper, while at the same time it enables sterilised preservation to be carried out in those places and climes where ice is not available. Not only is it applicable to small household requirements, but it can be employed for the largest installations where expensive and bulky refrigerating machinery is now employed. It is anticipated that this invention will work a complete revolution in the present methods of refrigention both in transport and storage.

AN AUTOMATIC BOOT-CLEANER.

The latest development of automatic devices to supersede manual labour is the mechanical shoecleaning machine. At present the amount of time, labour, and energy wasted in such establishments as hotels, boarding houses, and schools in cleaning the boots by hand is considerable, and could be far more advantageously devoted to other purposes A German firm has recently placed a machine on the market whereby the covering to our pedal extremities can be cleaned far more expeditionsly, efficiently, and cheaply than by the usual methods, while, moreover, it merely requires the attention of a boy or girl. The only manual labour necessary is to fix the boot or shoe to be cleaned, irrespective of size or shape, upon a frame. The article is then carried by an endless chain past six pairs of resilient brushes, which are continually revolving. The dirt or dust is first removed, then the cleaning medium

applied, and a brilliant shine finally imparted. With this mechanical appliance from fifty to ninety pairs of boots per hour can be cleaned. A later application of the apparatus will seriously threaten the existence of the shoeblack so familiar at the street corners in our large towns. This is an automatic machine where, by the insertion of twopence, you place your foot upon a rest and have your boots mechanically cleaned and polished in the space of about a minute. In Berlin arrangements have been completed for the installation of these machines in the principal thoroughfares throughout the city.

THE DECADENCE OF PORRIDGE.

According to a recent Scottish authority, the demand for oatmeal in a pure state—that is, as marketed from Scotland-is on the decline, and this condition of affairs is attributed to the invasion of similar articles of food in flaked, crushed, ground, or some other form from foreign countries. But the cause for this predilection is not far to seek. Scotch oatmeal, in the first place, requires very careful cooking, while the foreign cereal food facilitates this operation, a factor greatly appreciated by the housewife. Moreover, the latter is placed on the market in convenient cardboard packages, which constitute admirable receptacles from the domestic point of view both for transport and storage, while at the same time it appeals to the dealer, who finds it much more convenient to stock the article in strong sealed packages than loose in bulk, in which state it is liable to severe deterioration unless quickly disposed of. The fact has been stated by more than one medical authority, especially by the advocates of the Scottish product, that the foreign breakfast food sold in such attractive packets is an ill-defined composition. Investigation, however, shows that such is not the case, for numerous analyses have been made of these manufactured cereal breakfast foods, and for the most part they are entirely free from adulteration, and in some cases distinctly improved by the treatment to which they have been At any rate, no harmful ingredients submitted. enter into the composition. Some are made from the coarser milling products, while other brands contain certain proportions of molasses, glucose, and similar substances, which, however, are not of an injurious character. The percentage of mineral ash is sometimes found to be abnormally high; but

this result is due to the addition of salt for the improvement of the flavour, and can in no way be construed as an adulterant. To revive the interest in Scottish oatmeal the native producers should not be above taking a leaf from the practices of their foreign competitors in rendering the product more attractive to the housewife.

A NEW RAT-EXTERMINATOR.

The rat is an agricultural pest common to all countries, for it is one of the most voracious and destructive vermin known. Exterminators without fail have been devised, but none has hitherto demonstrated its capacity to accomplish the purpose for which it was evolved. A greater measure of success, however, appears to have attended the bacteriological preparation emanating from the Ratin Laboratory of London, if recent experiments afford any reliable criterion. Although the exterminating quality of this substance consists of a microbe which when ingested by the rodent sets up a virulent and contagious infection, it exercises no deleterious effect upon the larger animals. This claim is similar to that which was advanced by Dr Danysz of Paris for his method of dealing with the rabbit pest of Australia. but which apparently resulted in failure when submitted to practice. Still, the Ratin remedy appears to be attended with greater success. The substance, stored in an airtight tin, is mixed with a certain quantity of milk into a thick paste, and then small doses are wrapped in paper and distributed about the animals' runs. It is evidently very attractive to the rodents from the palatable point of view, for they eat it greedily; but the fact that they ultimately perish in their holes and crevices and yet leave no objectionable stench is one that should obviously be fully investigated before being accepted as a logical conclusion. In order to substantiate this claim incontrovertibly, a prolonged severe test should be undertaken by the Government upon similar lines to that followed in Australia in connection with the rabbit-exterminating virus. In this manner it would be possible to determine precisely whether the decomposing bodies of the dead animals exercise a deleterious influence upon mankind, as obviously they would. Should the substance prove harmless in this direction, then indeed a remarkable and efficient weapon will be available to the farmer with which to maintain his warfare against his most destructive enemy.

Volume X. of the Sixth Series of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL is now completed, price Nine Shillings.

A Title-page and Index, price One Penny, have been prepared, and may be ordered through any bookseller.

A cloth case for binding the whole of the numbers for 1907 is also ready.

Back numbers to complete sets may be had at all times.

Annual subscription, including postage to any address, either at home or abroad, 9s. 6d.

END OF THE TENTH VOLUME.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF 'CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

EVENTY-FIVE years of Chambers's Journal. These words are easily written, and it might be possible to be wilder the reader by suggesting the array of literature circulated by the Journal in all parts of the habitable globe, with the tons of paper used, and the thousands of contributions on every conceivable subject of interest. Rather would we recognise in it a living stream of instruction and entertainment which has flowed for threquarters of a century; has refreshed, stimulated, and inspired its millions of readers; and is still flowing with scarcely diminished volume. Only one surviving periodical has an equal record.

Chambers's Journal was established on 4th February 1832, a year of political ferment, when the great Reform Bill became law. Sir Walter Scott passed away at Abbotsford in the autumn of the same year, and amongst the ten or twelve persons from Edinburgh who attended his funeral were William and Robert Chambers. To the thirty-fifth number Robert Chambers contributed, by way of supplement, the fullest account of Scott's life issued up till that time. This had a circulation of over one hundred and eighty thousand copies. Newspapers were then taxed, and to those who proposed taxing Chambers's the conductors pointed out the unfairness of checking a movement by which general knowledge was disseminated among the people to an extent never before imagined; Chambers's Journal itself 'finding at the least computation two hundred thousand readers, and circulating a great deal more paper yearly than the whole newspaper press of Scotland' at that time. As A. K. H. B. once said, the Journal was read in Scotland by everybody who read anything at all.

A vast army of writers has assisted in maintaining the best traditions of Chambers's, in preserving that continuity of purpose, variety, freshness, and breadth of interest so essential in a periodical intended not merely to afford passing amusement, but to instruct and to elevate. This has been accomplished under the fostering care or active editorship of the founders, William and Robert Chambers, and their associates and successors: Mr Leitch Ritchie, Mr James Payn, and Mr Robert Chambers, junior, who was succeeded by his son, the present Editor, and grandson of Dr Robert Chambers.

In the exercise of what William Chambers has called the 'winnowing machine' much golden grain has been separated from the vast amount of chaff which inevitably floats towards every editorial sanctum. In this process it is a gratifying fact that early work of afterwards distinguished writers has been retained, such as George Meredith's 'Chillianwallah,' printed July 7, 1849; Thomas Hardy's 'How I Built Myself a House,' March 18, 1865; and Sir A. Conan Doyle's Mystery of Sassasa Valley' in 1879. It is also pleasant to think that Hugh Miller, Mary Russell Mitford, David Masson, the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman, G. Manville Fenn, T. W. Speight, W. W. Jacobs, Stanley Weyman, and Sir T. Wemyss Reid were contributors, amongst thousands of others. Amongst the novelists have been James Payn, Mayne Reid, Christie Murray, Baring-Gould, Sir Walter Besant, Mrs Oliphant, Grant Allen, E. W. Hornung, Mary Stuart Boyd, John Buchan, and John Oxenham.

The Editor believes that 'Black Flame,' by Mr Samuel Gordon, and 'The Calamity of the Polder,' by Mr Charles Edwardes, in the current issue, are no unworthy successors to the hundreds of short stories which have previously appeared; and there has seldom been a more interesting series of literary papers than Mr Lehmann's 'Memories,' bringing in as they do letters and anecdotes of Dickens, Browning, Thackeray, and others. A new serial by W. H. Fitchett, I.L.D., entitled 'A Pawn in the Game,' will commence in the part for January 1908. This writer has made this mark as editor and journalist as well as novelist. He has made the history of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries peculiarly his own, and the great historical figures and incidents and early nineteenth centuries peculiarly his own, and the great historical figures and incidents that 'instinct of Empire' which the Earl of Lytton complained was dying out. 'The Mouth: Science and Arts' has been strengthened, and care is taken to present what is fresh, original, so and important. The best traditions which have recommended Chambers's Journal to a host of readers will be maintained in the future as in the past. An indication of the programme for 1908 is given on a leaflet in the present issue.

('hambers's Journal

EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

CONTENTS.

BLACK FLAME.	By Samuel Gordon	Page	1
EVENSONG.	By J. S. REDMAYNE	11	21
THE HAUNTED 'SMOKER.'	By Edwin L. Arnold	**	22
COUSINS.	By F. C. Armstrong	**	25
'MR JAMIESON.'	By LAWRENCE B. JUPP	11	37
AUNTIE JANE.	By T. P. JOHNSTON		
THE LOCKED WING.	By KATHARINE TYNAN		
	By Mary Adamson		

CHRISTMAS 1907.

'BLACK FLAME.'

BY SAMUEL GORDON,

AUTHOR OF 'A HANDFUL OF EXOTICS,' 'UNTO EACH MAN HIS OWN,' 'THE FERRY OF FATE,' &C.

CHAPTER I.



HE morose face of old Zelig Kamnitzer grew less wrinkled and sullen as he listened to his interlocutor, and the lines of the severe mouth seemed to soften into something like an Calman air of benevolence. Schwartz saw it and took

heart, and his words came out swifter than ever. When he had quite finished, Zelig Kamnitzer drew a few heavy puffs from his pipe, and looked hard at him for some seconds.

'So you want to marry my Gnendel?' he at last summed up the young man's request.

'You have known it for a long time,' was

the eager reply.

Zelig nodded. 'And do you know what it will mean to marry my Gnendel?' he asked

'That I shall be the happiest man in the

world, Zelig.'

The old man rose with a harsh, disagreeable laugh, and strode up and down the chamber.

Calman watched him with renewed apprehension. Was Zelig going to refuse him after all? 'Perhaps I ought to impress upon you again that I can afford to marry, Zelig,' he said, a because'-

slight tremor in his voice. 'My business is growing. This week I was offered another two hundred gulden credit if I wanted it. I am thinking—I have mentioned it to you before—in a few months perhaps I shall move from Kurnick to a larger town-to Tarnow or Pschemischel . . .'

Zelig turned to him with the same disagreeable laugh as before. 'Quite right, my boy! Unpack all your greatness; dazzle me with your riches. I tell you, it doesn't want much to dazzle a pauper like me. Look'-he swept his arm round fiercely to indicate the contents of the miserable apartment—'all my worldly belongings wouldn't fetch two hundred kreutzers by auction. And my credit— I went the other night to get a tallow candle on tick, and the chandler wouldn't let me have it. What do you say to that, my boy?'
'I say that all that does not concern me,

Zelig, replied Calman. 'All I want is Gnendel -and you. You must come and live with us when we are married. You have worked enough in your time.'

Zelig's mouth was hard-set as he answered, 'Calman, you can't marry my Gnendel,

'Yes-because?'

'Because she is no fit wife for you.'

'Zelig!'

'Because she is no fit wife for any good man,' continued Zelig, watching the other, outwardly unperturbed. 'Listen, Calman! Do you know my Gnendel?'

'Of course I do,' was the vehement reply. 'Haven't I known her almost from the day I came to Kurnick? Certainly she is a little

wild and headstrong . . .'
Again Zelig's gruff, disagreeable laugh inter-

rupted him.

'A little wild and headstrong! Hark at him! You think that meets the case, my boy, do you? Well, then, let me tell you that you do not know my Gnendel. But I know herto my sorrow be it said. I say to you, Calman, that my Gnendel is not a woman but a devil. I have kept it locked up in my breast all these years, and it has made me a man of few words. I was afraid that if I made a habit of talking I might blurt it all out one day, and make myself an object of ridicule-or even pity-to all who know me. But to you I must speak, Calman, because I am an honest man, though poor. And, greatly as I would love to call you my son, I must step in between you and your evil destiny. Calman, let be. Not you! not you! Perhaps some great big brute of a man, with an iron heart and a heavy hand, who will frighten her and break her to his will; but not you, Calman. Let be, I tell you! Find some other girl for whom you are more of a match. I won't let you fall a victim to my daughter unwarned. I am an honest man, though poor.'

A deep breath, that was half apprehension and half relief, broke from Calman. He even 'Come, Zelig,' he said, essayed a laugh. 'don't make me out a poorer specimen than I

am. I shall know how to handle her.'

Zelig ignored him and continued to pace the chamber, wrapt in his own thoughts. 'Why does God take the full ears of corn from the field and leave the tares?' he said, half to himself. 'All the others have gone, and she remains. First there was Leika, so happy in her marriage. Then there was Shimmon—he went the second year he served with the soldiers. Faithful old Mindel was the last one to go. And now I have to thank God for leaving me Gnendel. But mark you, Calman!' -he turned on the other almost threateningly-'since she was left to me I mean to keep her. I won't let her go from me to spread havoc Calman, it need not have been elsewhere. like this with me. I might have been living in comfort if she had only helped me in my business. But she won't. She is idle and prodigal, and forgetful of all that beseems a Jewish daughter to be and to do. Listen! Last week I went to look for her, and where and how did I find her? Outside the town, on

the back of a colt, sitting astride like a man, with all the farm-hands making rude jests to her, and she jesting back at them. Oh, if one of the congregation had seen her then as I saw her I should have died!'

Calman paused a few moments in thought, and then he stepped resolutely up to Zelig. 'Tell me what you like, Zelig, my mind remains the same,' he said. 'No; if anything, my resolve becomes stronger. If, as you say, Gnendel is given so much to habits of wayward ness and perversity, what better than that she should be steadied down and brought to anchor by the solemn bonds of wedlock? Let her learn as soon as possible the sacred duties of Jewish matronhood. I will teach them to her. Trust me, I shall make her a good teacher, Zelig. Not by force or brute strength shall I bring these things home to her; I shall make no attempt to break her with an iron hand, but I shall bend her by infinite patience and kindliness. Believe me, Zelig, now that I know the worst of her, I shall be able to do the best for her. Leave her to me.'

Zelig blinked violently, as though he were trying to crush something between those thick eyelids of his. Then he came and laid his hand gently on the other's shoulder.

'Well, Calman, in God's name, then. With the Almighty's help all may be right. I did my duty, Calman, and warned you; but I did it with a breaking heart. After all, she is my child, and I want to see her happy; I want to see you also happy—you, Calman, whom I have always loved as a son. Yes, here's my hand on it.

The two men stood silently for a few moments, looking hard into each other's eyes. 'Where-where is Gnendel?' Calman asked

at last.

'I don't know. She went out some hours ago. But no doubt she will be here soon.

You may wait if you like.'

Calman nodded contentedly, and was about to seat himself on a chair, when his ears caught in the distance a confused noise, in which human shouts were blurred with the sound of musical instruments. The noise came nearer and nearer, until it struck even on Zelig's blunter hearing. The two of them stepped to the window.

'What can it be?' asked Zelig, puzzled. 'I think it must be the gipsy circus which the people in the town have been expecting for

the past few days,' replied Calman.
'Oh, a circus!' echoed Zelig indifferently. What were these foibles and vanities of the world to him? He was about to move away, when he stopped, held by a sudden thought

A few minutes later the van of the procession hove in sight. Swarthy men and women, tawdrily attired in make-believe splendour and hung with pinchbeck trinkets, came riding [Christmas Number.

along on gaily caparisoned horses, keeping step to the blare of unmelodious trumpets and the thud of kettle-drums. The cavalcade was flanked on either side by clowns in motley, who ran along turning grotesque somersaults. In the rear there followed a huzzaing mob of boys and girls, sprinkled with a few adults, and at the The red head of them all was-Gnendel. kerchief that had covered her head had fallen back over her shoulders; her coal-black hair had broken loose from the confining ribbon and was fluttering in the breeze like sable pennons. The gaudy sash round her waist; the bright, joyous, provocative eyes; the crimson lips, parted in a laugh and showing alabaster teeth, gave her the look of a Bacchante. Of course that was not the comparison old Zelig applied to her; he could not compare her to anything for the moment. All he could do was to ask himself, with a feeling of impotent anger, why this bold-faced hoyden had been given him for So that was why she had been a daughter. away from home all these hours! She had gone forth with the riff-raff of the town to meet these mountebanks, to join this guard of dishonour that gave them escort! And she was seventeen last birthday!

But, great as was his anger, it was yet tempered by fear. What was Calman thinking? For, despite everything, she was his child, and he wanted to see her happy, as he had saidhappy and safe in the keeping of a man who would not crush her heart with an iron hand.

And just then Calman, who had also been thinking, turned to him and made a straight answer to the other's unspoken thought: 'Zelig

yes, I am willing to take the risk.

The procession had come to a halt in front of their window. Zelig leant out and beckoned to Gnendel as soon as he caught her gaze. She seemed to hesitate an instant, and a mutinous pout puckered her mouth; but in the end she detached herself from the throng and entered the house. Zelig listened, and when he had assured himself of her approach he sat down at the table, his manner curiously firm and determined, took a sheet of parchment and pen and ink, and began to write busily. Presently Gnendel entered, shutting the door behind her, but remaining with her back close to it, without stepping farther into the room. So she stood, the rebellious pout still on her lips, without a word of greeting to either of the men, letting her glance shift composedly from her father to Calman. The latter was nervously toying with a book; Zelig continued at his parchment without looking up. So the constrained silence kept on, broken only by the scratching of Zelig's quill, until at length a huge flourish, accompanied by much spluttering of ink, signified that he had come to the end. Ponderously he rose from his chair, and, smiling somewhat awkwardly, came towards Gnendel.

1907.]

'Do you know what I have here?' he asked her, pointing to the document in his hand.

She tossed her head and shrugged her shoulders as she replied, 'How should I know,

The answer and the gesture that went with it evidently did not please Zelig, but his voice was still strangely gentle as he proceeded: 'I have here written out your engagement-contract, Gnendel. Calman has asked me to let you become his wife, and I have consented. In fact, it will please me very much. He will make you a good husband.'

'How much have you promised him for my dowry?' asked Gnendel, on whom the informa-

tion had produced no visible effect.

'Nothing. He says he does not require

any.'
'Well, then, what has he promised you?' continued Gnendel with a laugh.

'He says I may come and live with you when you are married,' replied Zelig, his fore-

head becoming clouded.

'Oh, I see! Is that what he bribed you with?' said Gnendel lightly. 'Well, tell him, father, that I can't be bought and sold like one of his earthenware pots. Luckily, I have a mouth that can say no or yes as it suits me, and this time it's no!'

'Gnendel!' exclaimed Zelig, white with

anger.
'Oh, hush, father! it's not worth while making such a noise about. It was hardly worth while calling me in for. I could as well have given my answer another time. It would have been quite the same answer, though, mind I don't want to get married. besides, just now I am very hungry.

She was moving off in the direction of the wooden larder opposite, when Zelig, with a strangled shout, sprang upon her, gripped her by the hair with one hand, and with the other, tight clenched, rained blow on blow down upon

her head and shoulders.

Gnendel stood perfectly still, offering no resistance, not even lifting an arm to protect her face against her father's violence.

'Zelig, you are mad! For God's sake let her go!' she next heard Calman cry brokenly.

And a moment later she was free, and saw Calman drag her father away and deposit him in the chair farthest from her. With blazing eyes and heaving chest she watched them. Her lips had resumed their mocking pout. But she did not go from the room. deliberate step she walked over to a corner and there huddled herself down in a heap, crouching uncannily, her face pressed into her folded arms, and her thick black mane, disordered by her father's rude handling, enveloping her like a cloak to her feet. Force of habit was too strong for her. That was how she had sulked hour after hour when she had been beaten as a child, and the days of her childhood were, after all, not so very far behind her.

The room was becoming draped in evening shadows. Gnendel, still crouching, had heard the door open and shut. That was, she presumed, when Calman took his departure. Some time afterwards-she could not tell whether it was minutes or hours-her father had got up from his chair, wheezing and groaning brokenly, and had shuffled off to the apartment in which he slept, leaving her all alone. Gnendel still made no move. She was only just beginning to be comfortable in her corner. Her father's presence had insensibly clogged her thoughts, but now they rushed on with the force and swiftness of mill-flails when the dam has been set swirling. She knew that the happenings of that day had put the climax on the long period of discontent and vague, unsatisfied longings which had crowded the brief years of her girlhood. For the first time she made a deliberate attempt to find out what had come between her and her father. For three years now this tacit hostility had been the order of the day-tacit except for the not infrequent occasions which brought it to open demonstration. Three years -yes, since her mother's last illness. It was then that she had felt the first symptoms of this own great malady of hers. It was brought on, no doubt, by those long spells of watching at her mother's sick-bed, those terrible day-and-night vigils, when she saw the beloved face become more and more wan with the grayness of the approaching shadow. Little by little, but none the less surely, an unconscious resentment had taken root in her as she compared the painwarped frame, wasting away beyond all recognition, with the still upright and sturdy figure of her father, as in seeming unconcern he went about the business of the day. Oh, how gladly would she not have given of her own flaming young life if she could have but added strength and permanence to that weakly, flickering spark! But her father-

And so her anger had sunk deeper and deeper into her heart, became chronic, became a passion, preventing her from suspecting, as she did not suspect even now, what secret and impotent agonies were masked under Zelig's hard unresponsive countenance. To Gnendel it had always seemed—and at this moment the thought came home to her more strongly than ever—that if her father had only loved her mother more truly she might have been living to that day. And obdurate natures they were, the pair of them, both father and daughter; there never had been an explanation.

With her mother's death there opened for Gnendel an era of lawlessness and revolt. Nothing in the old life remained sweet or desirable. The necessity for blunting the aching memory of her loss, the withdrawal of the kindly, beneficent control on her naturally

intractable spirit, the ever-widening breach with her father, all combined to drive her into seeking strange distractions and to reduce her mind to a state of chaotic turbulence. It was torture for her to be at home, where penury in the absence of her mother's redeeming smile had become downright starvation, where the walls were murky with cobwebs of care and the floor honeycombed with the pitfalls of cross-purposes. So she became a denizen of forest and field, making friends with wild things in whom the instincts for liberty were as strong as they were in her, taking delight in converse with rough, uncouth people, and generally losing touch with the conditions of life to which her earlier associations should have bound her. She was beginning to be whispered about in the town. The mothers in the place forbade their daughtersand their sons too, for the matter of thatto have communication with her. Gnendel laughed at all she heard and saw, and, if anything, flaunted herself more in their sight, carried her head higher, for she knew it was no crime to breathe the free air of heaven, and pitied those who were unhappy enough not to be born with the taste for it. She pitied and despised them, all of them, except perhaps-

Yes, there was Calman Schwartz. He had come to Kurnick two years ago from nowhere in particular. He had come quietly and unostentatiously, keeping in the background except for the requirements of his business, although he had plenty of inducements to step into greater prominence. For the householders with marriageable daughters soon found out that he was a steady, painstaking young man, who had made up his mind to get on in the world, and would be able to keep a wife in comfort. His shop was almost next door to Zelig's dwelling, and one evening he had strolled in casually, unceremoniously, after the manner in which acquaintances were started among people of their class. He had sat down, accepted the glass of tea and lemon Zelig had offered him, and half-an-hour later they were chatting as if they had known each other all their lives. Gnendel remembered the incident, because she had happened to be at home tinkering away at some new bit of finery, Zelig's railings at which Calman's entrance had interrupted. The visitor's unruffled calm had got on her nerves, and she had felt sorely tempted to play some prank on him, just because he looked the sort of man on whom one should not play pranks. After that they had met a great many times, in and out of the house; but they had not approached each other an inch in their mutual attitude. Calman's placid, somewhat sleepy eyes did not even flash into recognition at sight of her. And yet of late, now that she came to think of it, a look of inquiry had come into them that had robbed them of their wonted steadiness when they encountered hers. So that was what he [Christmas Number.

had been asking himself: whether he should do her the honour of making her his wife! That had been the stone he had cast into the stagnant pool he called his soul, and had ruffled its surface! Very good! And now he had fished out his stone again-he had had her answer. Gnendel laughed. After all, she had had her chance of playing her great prank on him. She would not have missed it for worlds, and certainly not for this stupid world in which

she was living now! She struggled to her feet, and in the gloom took in as much as she could of the skeleton bareness of her home. Well, to-day finished it. To-day had made history for her, had become the birthday of her new life, a full life, a merry life, with great bright patches of colour in it, with long resonances of cymbal and drum and gay pageantry to cram the hungry heart of her youth. Yes, she would go at once. What had she to wait for? Through the half-open inner door came the stertorous breathing of her father. It conveyed nothing to her-no regret, no reproach. He had never required her good-nights; he would not miss her good-morning. Noiselessly she undid the catch and stepped out into the silent street.

Immediately a figure loomed up beside her. Before she had time to be frightened she had recognised Calman. She was about to pass him without a word.

'Out so late, Gnendel?' he said quietly.

She gave a start. It was the first time he had talked to her so personally or mentioned her by her name. But she speedily brushed these considerations aside.

'What does that matter to you?' she replied coldly. 'I may go about my business whenever

I like, may I not?'

'Certainly, as long as it's business one would never like undone.'

'Insolence!' she snapped.

Calman came and deliberately put himself

in her way.

'Listen, Gnendel. I have been watching here all the time, because I had an idea that after what happened you would do something you might regret. Wait at least till you can think calmly—or at least till you are calm enough to allow me to think for you. Wait, Gnendel, I say.

'That would do you little good,' was her quick reply. 'I will never wait long enough

to say yes to becoming your wife.'

'Why not?'

'Why not?' she mocked him. 'Because you saw me beaten like a dog, and a beaten dog can never aspire to be mistress in her house.'

'You shall be in mine, Gnendel,' he said fervently.

'But I don't want to be, I tell you. Let me go.'
1907.]

'And your father, Gnendel?'

She hesitated a moment; then she turned to him with a mock-confidential air. 'You're not a bad sort, I think, and as a reward I'll let you into a secret. The real reason why I am running away is because—I like my father too well. One of these days I may do something to bring on an apoplectic fit, and that would be the end of him. I have a decided objection to being my father's murderess.

His arms fell limply to his side, and he moved away a few steps. 'Where are you going?' he asked, coming to a halt again.

'That's a matter entirely for myself.' 'Then I shall follow you,' he said resolutely.

'Oh, will you? I should advise you not to. Where I am going they keep big dogs, and they might set them on you if I give the word. And I shall give it, be sure I shall.

'I shall not molest you, only tell me where,'

he implored her.

'Well, then, to the circus.'

He gasped. 'Gnendel—you, to the gipsies?' 'Yes. Why not? They will be glad to have me. The riding-master spoke to me as I went along with the procession. He said I had only to come and they would receive me with open arms. I am going to try them. And now, please, I'm in a hurry.'

She pushed past him and hastened down the

street at the top of her speed.

Calman made no attempt to pursue her. went back into his shop and closed up for the night. On his face a smile and a frown blended curiously. It might be the expression of a man who thinks he has got rid of a great anxiety, but on second thoughts is not quite sure of it.

CHAPTER II.

UMMERS and winters—four of themhad come and gone, but Gnendel did not return. Otherwise Kurnick was still very much the Kurnick it had It still contained Calman, despite the pestering of the marriage-mongers and his resolution to remove to a larger sphere of activity. Yes, Calman Schwartz was a most excellent young man, but it was a pity he should be so obstinate. Chop and stab and break him, you couldn't get him to marry. Instead of taking to himself a nice little wife who would make his home cosy and see that he got his meals regularly, he preferred to keep house with snuffy, doddering old Zelig Kam-nitzer; and how he managed to stand the life goodness only knew. But the fact remained.

It was for two reasons that Calman had stayed on in Kurnick: one was his own, and the other was Zelig's. Zelig's reason appeared in the interview which Calman had with him some weeks after Gnendel's disappearance.

'I have a project, Zelig,' he had said.

'It's sure to be a good one.'

'That will depend on you. I want you to come and live with me.'

'Why, Calman?'

'Because, if I had married your daughter you would have made your home with us. Now that through my fault you have lost a daughter, how much more reason is there that through

me you should find a home!'

Zelig had looked at him with eyes that were clear enough in vision, and from Calman he looked to his own palsy-stricken right hand which told him that never again would he be able to write the tiny phylactery-scrolls and door-post amulets by which he had eked out his scanty livelihood. And then he thought of the bleak horror of the poorhouse, of the pauper's free seat in the synagogue, of the pauper's That free grave free grave in the cemetery. decided him. But as a last loophole from the degradation of eating a stranger's bread, he laid down his condition.

'I will do you the honour of accepting your charity, Calman,' he replied; 'but it must be here in Kurnick. I must finish my days in the place where I have tasted of my few joys and where I have been stricken with my many

sorrows.

Calman agreed to the stipulation with a readiness which greatly surprised Zelig, who of course knew of the young man's larger ambitions. Calman could not explain to him that his own reason for remaining in Kurnick was that here, after all, was the most likely place where his heart's desire would be gratified, and he would set eyes once more on Gnendel. She would come back here some day—he was sure of that. Only, he must not say so, for her name dared not be mentioned in Zelig's hearing. In those first poignant days Zelig had answered curtly and dispassionately to all inquirers, malicious and sympathetic alike, that Gnendel was dead; later on-perhaps it was a sign of incipient senility -he seemed to believe in his own fiction. He began to speak of her again to Calman of his own accord. He even spoke of her with a loving sadness, as though it were unkind to pursue her with malice in a place where it could no longer have any effect on her. Nay, he looked upon her death as a special sign of the favour in which God held him. To how many men was it given to have all their dear ones taken in advance to prepare for them a louder and a cheerier welcome in the lone, solemn spaces beyond?

Calman felt he had a great deal to make good to Zelig. All through he was haunted by a sense of personal guilt. That poor little home—however little it might have been worthy of the name, but such as it had beenit was he who had wrecked it. But morewhat had possessed him to let Gnendel go so lightly to her fate the night she disappeared? He remembered how he had lain awake for hours, the frowning smile still on his face as amusement and irritation struggled for mastery within him at her outrageous threat of joining the gipsy caravan. The only excuse he could make himself was that the very enormity of it had lulled him into a false security. How would she have the heart, the physical courage, to do such a thing? Had he dreamed she was serious he would have followed her and dragged her back even if all the bloodhounds in the world were tearing him by the throat No; he had thought she would find a shakedown with some acquaintance overnight, and in the morning return, not penitent, not aggressive, but just her usual insouciant self. But she did not return the next morning, or the next, or And even if he followed and challenged the gipsies, who had struck camp the next day, what right had he to interfere with Gnendel's movements? He could do nothing without calling in Zelig's co-operation, and that was entirely out of the question. What would Zelig say to the suggestion of receiving back into his house a daughter who had lived in the midst of a set of vagabond mountebanks? No, no; Zelig was much better off in thinking, or in pretending to think, of her as dead.

And Calman himself? In his memories of her there mingled no shadow of pique or chagrin. He thought of her mostly with a deep pity in his heart as a homeless wail, wandering blindly, helplessly through the world, and perhaps finding a little disinterested kindness here and there, but more often struggling desperately to keep a precarious foothold on slippery roads. He liked to imagine that she had found a home with some respectable family, and was doing menial work in return for food and shelter. Her white little hands-how he had loved watching those white little hands!were by now, no doubt, red and rough with toil. Poor little Gnendel! Oh, why had he

wanted to marry her?

So ran his thoughts, and therefore it was a great shock to him when something happened which fundamentally upset all his theories. One morning, on going to the post-office, he found there a registered letter addressed to Zelig Kam nitzer. He received it with a trembling hand. A strong presentiment was upon him that the letter contained something Zelig must not see. As Zelig's patron-guardian it behoved him to keep the old man safe against anything that Quickly, before he threatened him with harm. could change his mind, he tore open the envelope. Its enclosure was strange indeed. Not a word of writing—nothing but ten crisp five-gulden notes.

Calman's heart almost stopped beating. How [Christmas Number.

did these five-gulden notes accord with his supposition that Gnendel was earning her living as a household drudge? And what explanation was he to offer Zelig? Yes, it was just as well that he had opened that letter beforehand. Zelig must never know of it. He did not need the money. He had everything he wanted: the best of food and drink and clothing, and his canister was always full of tobacco for that everlasting chibouc of his. Calman made a detour to call at the local bank, where he deposited the money in Zelig's name.

He did the same with all the following missives, which now continued to arrive at almost regular intervals, always without a word of news from the sender. The only information he could glean was from the postmark. This was never the same—each letter came from a different locality, sometimes Moravia, again from Bohemia, and once even from France. Every successive remittance sent Calman into a greater panic of apprehension. How long would he be able to bear the strain of keeping the secret from Zelig? After all, it was an unpardonable theft to rob this old man of the knowledge that a child of his was still living. Calman began to see clearly that he could not go on playing this dangerous and questionable game much longer. He must take some action, and that soon. The easiest thing to be done was the most difficult: to find Gnendel, to go to her and implore her for her father's sake to give up this hide-and-seek business. There was one circumstance to favour him in the search. The last three letters had all borne the Vienna postmark. It would seem as though she had taken a more permanent abode in that city. True, Vienna was a large place, but it was not so large as the whole world, and he knew at least within what limits to make a start. He clinched his resolve one night, and the next morning he told Zelig that he would have to go away to establish commercial relations with a big firm in Vienna.

'Very well; I shall go with you,' said Zelig

promptly.

Calman was taken aback. This did not fit in at all with his arrangements. Hampered by Zelig, he would not have the freedom of movement he required for his difficult task. He argued with the old man, finding excuses and subterfuges, and disposing of Zelig's suggestion that he might do the transaction by letter as he had always done up till then. And when, in answer to Zelig's pressing question, he had to admit that he did not know how long he would be away, he saw the old face become puckered and wan, and the tears roll down the wizened cheeks.

'It's your own fault, Calman,' said Zelig. 'Why have you been so good to me? You have never let me out of your sight, you have never relaxed your watchful care for an instant,

1907.]

and I have become like a child, depending on you for everything. If you left me behind, alone, I should—I should perhaps die of fright, Calman.'

Calman saw there was no escaping the difficulty. If he wanted to go he must take Zelig with him. But that, of course, was better than not going at all. So he packed Zelig up in a great fur coat—the season was May, but it was still rather cold—and took him to Vienna second class, much as Zelig protested against the extravagance. They took up their lodgings with some relatives of Calman, so that Zelig might have company during Calman's absences instead of being left to his own devices at a hotel.

It was only when, on the morning after their arrival, Calman made his way out into the streets of the capital that he was really confronted with the vastness of his quest. He felt dazed and helpless as he stepped along, caugh. in those great eddies of humanity whirling in and out of long labyrinthine rows of sphir.x-like masonry. Yes, dumb and articulate things alike seemed unable to offer him the least assistance in his task. There was no one to ask, no one to guide him; there was nothing to be relied upon save the elusive mockery of Yet he did not feel disheartened. chance. The spring poured into his soul the elixir of hope, and in his veins glowed the buoyant promise of youth, with its eternally recuperative sense of achievement. He would find Gnendel; he was as sure of it as if he had already found

Among the innumerable posters which covered the hoardings there was one which again and again drew his attention. It showed the figure of a woman driving a team of horses, the whole sketched with a few daring lines in a subtle combination of red and black. The masterly niggardliness of means, the very incompleteness of the picture, left upon one the impression of unlimited breadth and space. The horses seemed to be thudding their way into immeasurable distances. From the woman there emanated a sense of barbaric splendour and elemental strength. She might be an oriental queen driving her triumphal chariot over the prostrate bodies of her enemies. She might be rushing on to meet the mythical sun-god in the empyrean. The legend which haloed her head, in letters drawn to the shape of forked lightning, only seemed to add to the mystery and aloofness of the picture: 'Flamme Noire!' Calman did not even know enough French to interpret the simple words.

He had already passed several of the posters—they were distributed with lavish profuseness—when one struck him again with renewed force at a corner of a broad boulevard, where he could focus it into a better perspective. He stopped, and then mechanically took a pace

backward, and then several more paces, until, without noticing it, he had stepped off the pavement and well out into the roadway. All at once there was a shout, and he felt himself violently jerked aside. When he recovered his footing and looked round, he saw he had been closely shaved by a man on horseback, who was riding by the side of an open carriage. He was a splendid-looking fellow, in the undress uniform of a Cuirassier officer, sitting his horse The carriage was going at a like a centaur. good pace and had not slowed up, and therefore Calman saw nothing of the woman in it except that she wore a red cloak and that her hair shone with a lustrous blackness. The man on horseback had caught her up, and was evidently explaining to her the nature of the accident, for he was laughingly pointing back at the poster. And then the woman slightly threw back her head and laughed as well. Probably they were laughing at the stupid country booby who had nearly got himself run over and perhaps killed in older to satisfy his curiosity at a coloured daub on a wall. Calman did not mind; it was quite a pleasure to be laughed at by two such resplendent creatures. And then suddenly a ray of intelligence flashed across his mind. The poise of the woman's head when she laughed, the lustrous black hair, the flaming red cloak! There seemed to be some vague correspondence between her and the red-and-black figure on the poster; the one appeared to be the other. And further, by some undefined association, the two referred themselves back to a common original, to a familiar intimate prototype struggling up from abysmal depths of memory. Calman shook himself awake. He was letting his imagination run away with him; he was giving himself up to absurd fantasies. He was here to look for Gnendel, and instead he had taken to weaving romances around wallposters and living apparitions in red.

But, all the same, Calman could not drive either from his mind; and when, late in the afternoon, he returned to his cousin's, the first question he asked him—he had been too shy to ask it of strangers in the street—was the meaning of the woman with the horses. His cousin, a grave, elderly man, had no clear recollection of the poster, and suggested that it might be an advertisement of a great firm of harness-makers. Or, rather, now that he came to think of it, it was an annonce of a woman who was supposed to do some wonderful things at the Hippodrome. Zelig, who had been listening, later on in the evening surprised Calman by a rather strange request.

'Calman, I want you to do me a favour.'

'Well?' asked Calman.

'Take me to the circus.'

Calman gave a little gasp, which he quickly turned into a laugh. Still, he did not quite know why there should be that note of uneasiness in his laugh. Perhaps it was due to a certain shiftiness, an air of cunning, in Zelig's manner which he did not quite understand.

'Why, Zelig,' he replied, 'that is about the last thing in the world I expected you to ask for.'

Zelig shook his head rather vehemently as he replied, 'Why not? It may seem a strange notion to you, but it has been running through my head for a long time.'

'What has, Zelig?' 'The circus, Calman. And when the circus was mentioned to-night it took me more strongly than ever. I was thinking that it was on account of some trespass I committed that God took my Gnendel away from me. You remember, Calman, the day when the gipsy circus came through the town? When I looked on those people, I hated and despised-nay, I cursed them all because my Gnendel was running at their heels. Was that their fault? I cursed something that God had willed should be. If God had not willed that there should be circuses He would not have allowed the brain of man to create them. Therefore, Calman, I want to go to such a circus to tell God that I repent of having shown contempt for what, through His wisdom, the mind of man has devised. Am I not right, Calman?

Silently Calman nodded assent. He had intended going to the circus by himself the following evening, but why should he not humour the old man? Away from the reminders of the hoardings, he saw how absurd he had been to magnify the incident of the posters. It only showed him how full he was of the object of his coming that he made even the most utter incongruities fit into the scheme of it. Zelig's motive for wishing to go to the circus was quite rational compared to his; so he would be rational too. He set himself to reduce his adventure to a more practical plan. He would give himself a fortnight for the search. He would first pursue his inquiries privately. After all, a striking-looking girl like Gnendel could not have remained altogether unnoticed, and he had a good many acquaintances in Vienna on whose co-operation he could rely. And if his own efforts proved unavailing. he would, previous to his return to Kumick, place the matter in the hands of a first-rate detective agency.

He was out and about again all the next day, and then went home to redeem his promise to Zelig. He found the old man curiously excited with the prospect of the evening's entertainment. Calman had determined that Zelig should see the show in comfort, and therefore he had booked two fauteuis parterre at one of the booking-offices in the town. He had there assured himself definitely that it was indeed the woman of the posters who was the great attraction at the circus, and he looked forward to [Christmas Number.]

seeing her with a mild sort of impatience. thus felt a correspondingly mild disappointment when, on entering the vestibule of the Hippodrome, he was faced with a placard which said that the management craved the kind indulgence of their patrons, and begged to inform them that the appearance of Mademoiselle Flamme Noire that evening would depend on circumstances as to which they were not permitted to go into detail.

The performance was nearing its close; a good many of the audience were getting ready to leave, grumbling at their ill-luck in having missed the great turn of the programme. man did not sympathise with them. A strange feeling of relief was upon him. Just this night of all nights the woman of the posters was not to appear. Was there anything of the providential about that? If he were not ashamed to admit it to himself, he would have said that, despite all his previous self-reassurances, he feared this black-and-red woman. He had escaped her tonight, and he would never come here again. He could not tell why, unless it was for the halfsuperstitious dread, into which the matter had unconsciously crystallised itself in his mind, that if he saw this woman he would never again stand face to face with Gnendel.

'Let us go, Zelig,' he said, preparing to help

the old man into his coat.

'But it's not over yet, is it?' said Zelig, a little gruffly. 'You have paid dearly enough Let us at least have our full for these seats.

money's worth.

With an indulgent shoulder-shrug, Calman seated himself again. A few minutes more or less, what did it matter? But it mattered a great deal. Almost at the same moment something occurred to galvanise the somewhat jaded interest of the audience back into full swing. Calman, looking up, saw that a box to the farthest left of him had all at once had its curtains drawn aside and had blazed into a brilliant light. He could notice now that it was surmounted by the imperial arms. Presently a group of gentlemen appeared in the box, and among them Calman recognised the young man who had nearly ridden him down the day He was now in full uniform. escorted one of his companions to the chair in the centre, and then with the others respectfully took his stand behind. A look of comprehension passed over the faces of the beholders. Why, of course, that was why Flamme Noire had been reserving herself. One of the archdukes had been expected, and she had had to wait his arrival.

Their surmise proved correct. For, a few seconds later, the great doors at the rear of the ring were flung open, and a crowd of gold-coated grooms and flunkeys sprang forward and formed themselves into a glittering avenue. And then a roar of acclaim rent the air as,

1907.]

standing high on a magnificent gray, Flamme Noire bounded into the enclosure. her way straight up to the imperial loge, she dropped a graceful curtsy, to which the distinguished visitor replied by rising and drawing himself up to the salute. The hush that followed was but an imperfect tribute to the wonderful picture the woman made. The tight-fitting robe of flaming velvet, starting low down at the shoulders and exposing the gleaming neck, indicated limbs exquisite in outline. masses of hair, clustering over the forehead and over the deep, smouldering eyes, undulated endlessly in waves of ebony black, merging in mysterious harmony with the fiery habit, and justifying by a bizarre combination of flame and gloom the contradictoriness of the name she was known by. In a slow canter she made the round of the ring in the direction of Calman and Zelig. To the renewed volleys of applause that greeted her she replied with a barely perceptible smile, her head proud and erect, as one who knows the power she wields.

Calman, seeing—and recognising—her, retained sufficient presence of mind to rise slowly and whisper into Zelig's ear, with an attempted laugh, 'Come away, Zelig. This is not for

'Not for us! Why not?' asked Zelig, lifting

himself half-way from his seat.

'There's no reason, Zelig,' said Calman hoarsely; 'but it's so late. I have some letters to write to go by to-night's post, andand I don't like watching people trying to break their necks.'

Zelig turned and had a good look at him. 'Why do you stare so? Do you see anything?' he asked, craning his neck to follow the direction of Calman's fascinated gaze. Then he gave a lurch, and the fingers of his palsied hand closed on Calman's arm with a grip which made them seem suddenly and miraculously endowed with superhuman strength.

'Calman! Calman!' he whimpered again,

'do you see anything?'

'For the love of heaven, Zelig, let us go!'

replied Calman.

The old man had tottered back into his seat. With a frantic gesture he was passing his hand to and fro before his eyes as though to chase away the mists which had gathered

'Come, Zelig,' urged Calman more fiercely. 'No, no, Calman; let me see—let me have a glimpse of her,' panted Zelig. 'She has come back from the grave, but she has left her shroud behind. Look, she is naked to the waist! My Gnendel, my child, is showing herself naked before the people, like a very wanton! For the sake of her mother, who was a good woman, give her something wherewith to clothe her

shoulders. My Gnendel! My child!' A low whistling sound from his throat cut short his gibbering speech. A storm of angry remonstrances had risen from those sitting near at the interruption. Several attendants rushed to the spot and rudely dragged Zelig to the exit. A journalist a few seats away took note of the incident. It would make good copy. What stronger testimony to the magic of Flamme Noire than this old Jew who had gone mad at sight of her? That old Jew was a far greater compliment to her than even a dozen admiring archdukes.

CHAPTER III.

ALMAN sat by the bedside of Zelig, who lay tossing in the throes of delirium. Calman had nothing else to do now. Gnendel had been found, and he could all his time to Zelig. The doctor's devote all his time to Zelig. diagnosis was that, great as the shock had been -Calman, of course, said nothing about the cause of it-no immediate danger threatened the patient in his present state of mental aberration; but he could not answer for the reaction which might set in when the old man regained his sanity. It was highly advisable that before that happened he should be taken back, by the best means possible, to familiar environments, which would do much to soften the impact of clearer and more rational impressions. Calman eagerly fell in with the suggestion. He was prepared to do everything in his power to rid his conscience of the catastrophe he had brought about. But for him Zelig would not be here, Zelig would not be raving unutterable things. It was he who had driven him mad. What a clumsy fool he was, always tinkering at the destinies of father and daughter, strangers with whom he really had no right to interfere, and always knotting the tangle more confusedly!

Sparing no expense, he had the old man transported back by easy stages to Kurnick, not leaving him for an instant, and installing himself as Zelig's nurse from the moment of their return, to the disregard of all his other affairs. He would lose a few hundred gulden as long as he saved for Zelig from the wreck of his life that one precious thing—his reason.

He succeeded at least partially.

A week later Zelig sat up and looked about him with eyes that were no longer wild and unintelligent. 'Where is Gnendel?' he asked.

Blankly Calman looked back at him, not knowing what the question meant.

'Where is Gnendel?' Zelig repeated impatiently.

'She has gone out, but she will be back soon,' Calman replied at a venture.

Zelig nodded, and with a sigh of content turned on his side and dozed off again. But

half-an-hour later he sat up a second time and put the same question.

'She has not come back yet. I expect her every moment, however,' Calman replied soothingly. He thought he had discovered the way

of dealing with Zelig now.

But this time Zelig was not satisfied with the answer. His face clouded, and he looked angry, as he used to do in the old days. 'Where can she be, the gadabout?' he exclaimed. 'Always away-always away from me, and I want her here and there and everywhere. Look, she hasn't swept the room yet; and I want her to mix some fresh ink for me-this is all clotted. I'll break every bone in her body when I get hold of her, the hussy!'

And that was how it went all day long. Zelig continued to ask for Gnendel, sometimes plaintively, sometimes grumpily, and again in a veritable access of fury. But at last he got tired of grumbling and storming, and took

matters into his own hands.

Calman, after a brief absence from the room, came upon him sitting on the edge of the bed and struggling helplessly to get into his clothes. 'What are you about, Zelig?' he cried, seriously alarmed. 'You know the doctor says you must not get up for a few days.'

'I don't care what the doctor says,' replied Zelig doggedly. 'I'm going out to find my

Gnendel.

Calman looked about him despairingly, as though to discover some way of meeting this unexpected and difficult contingency. Then an inspiration came to him. Now, since you force me to it, Zelig, I'll tell you the truth; but Gnendel will be disappointed that I did not keep the secret. It was to be a surprise to you. Gnendel has gone to Cracow, and has taken with her those two Scrolls of the Law you have not been able to sell. They are building a new synagogue there, and she thought that would be a good chance of finding a pur chaser for them. But, of course, it will take a little time. You know how they are likely to

haggle over the price.'
'Oh, indeed! So she has at last found out which side of her bread is buttered, said Zelig with a sort of sullen satisfaction. But she has been away quite long enough. Her place is here with me. I'm going to fetch

her back.'

Calman's heart heaved into his mouth. 'Oh no, Zelig, you can't do that. How can you venture to travel alone? Why, you wouldn't find the way. But if you won't mind my leaving you for a day or so, I'll go and fetch her my

self.' 'Oh, by all means. I don't care whether you go or I go; but somebody must go, grunted 'Tell her she must come back at

Calman at once set about making his arrange-[Christmas Number.

ments. He provided a trustworthy nurse for Zelig, and then packed his own portmanteau for Vienna. He must lose no time. He knew he could not be away longer than two days at the utmost. And if this thing was to be done at all, it must be done before his resolution failed him. It was a tremendous task he had undertaken, a forlorn hope, a venture doomed to certain failure from the start. Its success was discounted even more by his self-reproach for attempting to meddle again with the affairs of people to whom he had been an influence for evil all through. But the attempt, for all that, had a fascination of its own. He wanted to gauge how deep a man who intended to reach as high as he could be thrust back into the abyss of humiliation. He, the petty shopkeeper, was about to stand before a worldcelebrity, the idol of millions, and ask her to Oh yes, it should be an interestdo her duty. Oh yes, it showing problem, if nothing more.

He reached Vienna in the afternoon, made his way at once to the Hippodrome, and there, by judicious backsheesh, ascertained the address of Mademoiselle Flamme Noire. He took a fiacre and drove up to the house, which rather impressed the porter, who let him through with nothing more than a suspicious scrutiny. He had rather more difficulty with the pert housemaid who answered his ring at the door-bell on the first étage. What did he want? impossible for mademoiselle to see anybody—unless, perhaps, he was the jeweller's man.
No? If not, did he have a letter of introduction? Otherwise he had better write his business to mademoiselle. To this hailstorm of questions Calman replied by standing firm in the doorway and insisting that he must see the lady. He marvelled at his own calmness, but he felt all the time that pent up in his breast there lay a very tempest of emotions which, if once let loose, would sweep him off his feet. But he had not yet got beyond that housemaid.

'Mademoiselle knows me,' he said at last in

desperation.

'Then give me your name, and I will make

sure,' was the reply.

Here was another difficulty. Would Gnendel see him if she knew who he was? He tried to make his answer as non-committal as possible. 'Say somebody from Kurnick.'

'From where?'

'Kurnick,' repeated Calman, much louder

than he had yet spoken.

The sound of the word must have penetrated within, for just as the maid was about to close the door, leaving Calman to wait outside, there was a hasty swishing of frocks and an imperious voice said, 'One moment, Anna.'

The next moment Calman was facing Gnendel. Oh, it was Gnendel right enough, despite the magnificent draperies of her gown and the diamond bracelets sparkling on her arms.

1907.]

Without flurry or surprise, quite simple and unaffected, she held out to him a hand of

'Ah, Herr Schwartz, how nice of you to come and see me like this! I suppose you are in Vienna on business.

'Yes, on business,' replied Calman, trying to

keep an even voice.

Well, come in, and tell me all about Kurnick. How is the old place? Have they levelled up the approach to the pump, or do the women still slip on the ice in the winter and break their legs? And does Mother Krausskopf still manufacture that delicious toffee with poppyseeds on top? If I had known you were coming here I should have asked you to bring me some; I was always passionately fond of it. Now sit down here and we'll have a nice chat.'

Calman sat down on the swelling divan to which she pointed, and as in a dream looked round the beautiful apartment, so rich, dainty, rococo. He could scarcely catch his breath; he was simply overwhelmed by this magnificent woman in her magnificent setting. He felt drab and commonplace among these environments, a smudge on a beautiful picture. It was all so unreal. Presently he would wake up and find himself back in dingy Kurnick. This glorious specimen of womanhood was surely a stranger who mistook him for some one else. What had she to do with wizened, crippled old Zelig? She could be no daughter of his, or else her first question would have been concerning him.

- he began, clearing his throat. 'Gnendel'-

Or, at least—I beg your pardon.'

She clapped her hands with delight. call me that again!' she exclaimed. 'I haven't heard myself called by that name for years. It makes me feel so young again!'

'Gnendel,' Calman resumed soberly, 'my business here is about your father.'

A look of concern overspread her features. She cut short 'He's not ill—or, perhaps'the question.

'No; he is living,' he reassured her.

'I knew he was well the last time I heard of him,' she continued.

'The last time you heard of him!' Calman

echoed wonderingly.

'I made arrangements, unknown to him of course, to have news of him about once a week. I am aware that he has been living with you. I sent him those remittances so that you might not consider him a burden. I suppose you came to certain terms on the matter.

Calman made an indefinite gesture which might have meant yes or no. He was dazzled by the new light which her explanation had thrown on her attitude towards her father. So she had not forgotten the main characteristics of her race, the principal tenets of her religion. Her father was still her father to her. But there was yet one link missing in the chainwhich, however, her next words supplied.

'But, of course, I could not come back,' she said pensively. 'What would he have said to my profession? He would have cursed me, unless-perhaps-he would have preferred to kill me. No, no, I can never come back.'

'But you must come back, Gnendel,' said

Calman slowly.

She opened her great eyes in wonder, and perhaps a little vexation. 'I must, did you say, Herr Schwartz?'

'Your father saw you at the circus last

Tuesday night.'

'Wait a moment. Last Tuesday! I read somewhere that an elderly Jew had been ejected for creating a disturbance. I suppose that was my father.' She saw the confirmation of her conjecture in his face and laughed bitterly.

'Why, it's quite humorous,' she added.

'It was a terrible shock to him,' resumed Calman. 'To his old-fashioned notions you were outraging all maidenly modesty by-by your professional costume. At first I thought he had lost his reason. Now it appears he has only lost his memory. His mind has been impaired in a peculiar way. All recollection of the four years which have intervened seems to have been wiped clean off his brain. He supposes you are still at Kurnick. He thinks you have never left him.'

'Well?' she interjected curtly.

'And so he is asking for you incessantly. I have put him off as well as I could, but he will not be put off any longer. He had actually made up his mind to go and look for you himself. I thought it best to take that task on me instead.'

'And what do you expect me to do?' There

was a hard ring in her words.

'To come back and humour him in his selfdeception; to pretend, as he thinks, that nothing has happened. Unless that is done he will simply waste away with impatience. Or he may get sane, and remember the truth, and then he will die more quickly. I think you told me once,' he continued after a slight pause, which she made no move to fill, 'that you did not want your father's premature death on your That was the reason why you conscience. went away then. That is the reason why you must return now.'

She got up and went to a little side-table, took a cigarette, and lit it. She puffed at it once or twice and threw it away. Then she paced the room with short, quick strides. Calman watched her, outwardly calm, but with an inward quaking of his heart. He felt as if he had blundered into the cage of a young lioness, and had disturbed her in her sleep. She came to a sudden halt in front of him and said, 'Do you know

what you are asking of me?'

'Yes. To prolong your father's life; if not, at least to soothe his last days.

She turned away again, the same mutinous expression on her face he recollected seeing there four years ago when Zelig called her to leave the gipsy procession.

'It was very unfortunate, very unnecessary,' she said at last, standing with her back to him.

'Why did you bring my father here?

He leapt up, startled and entirely thrown off his guard. Yet why should he be surprised at her intuition? Could one be surprised at anything this wizard of a woman said or did? But if she had succeeded in seeing beneath his mask, why continue to wear a mask to himself? He would be frank.

'I gave myself many reasons for coming here,' he said; 'every reason but the true one. Well, then, I brought your father here-because

I wanted to see you.'

'You wanted to see me!' she echoed, dwelling on each word and looking hard at him.

'Yes, I wanted to see you,' he repeated, returning her gaze steadily. 'It was the craving of a man who wishes to lay the ghost that haunts him. It was very rash, very imprudent of me. Punish me for it as you think fit. But -don't let your father suffer on my account.'

'Yes, I will think out your punishment,' she said, her manner harsh and threatening. 'As for my father, I will consider that too.'

'I can give you till nine o'clock this evening,'

he said.

'You can give me?' she cried angrily.

'The train leaves at nine. I am going back by it, with or without you. I must be back at Kurnick by to-morrow morning without fail. If you wish to accompany me, be at the station in time for the train.'

Her eyes blazed at him in inarticulate anger. Nor did she have time to find speech. There were hurried steps in the antechamber, the door opened, and a man rushed in tempestuously. Calman knew him at a glance. It was the young man of the poster incident and the

imperial box.

The new-comer stopped short and looked from Gnendel to Calman, and his gaze remained fixed on the latter. 'Why, I'm blessed if this isn't the fellow I nearly sent spinning under your carriage-wheels the other day!' he said with a laugh. Then he quickly stepped up to Gnendel. 'What does he want here?, suppose he has found out who you are, and is molesting you for compensation. Been bruised, and all that sort of thing, eh? But I'll make short work of him.—Here, my man'-he held out a gold coin to Calman—'take this and buy yourself a plaster for it.'

'Herr Schwartz has not been molesting me, said Gnendel coldly. 'He is an old friend of

mine.

'Oh, indeed !- I am delighted to meet you, [Christmas Number.

Herr Schwartz.-Only, I had an idea-of course, I was quite mistaken—that you were quarrelling as I came in. But perhaps I am de tropam I?'

'That depends whether Herr Schwartz has anything else to say to me,' replied Gnendel, looking at neither of the two men.

'No, there is nothing else,' said Calman

quietly, turning to go.

Gnendel rang the bell, and the housemaid appeared to show him out. There was a tightness about his throat which prevented him from uttering the merest formula of leave-taking. On looking back for a parting glance he caught just one flash of Gnendel's eyes, which told him nothing. The only thing he was sure of was that she had wanted to get rid of him. Well, he had done his best. He could do no moreexcept wait for nine o'clock.

'That ill-mannered friend of yours is evidently a Jew,' said the young Cuirassier with a laugh.

'Why not? I am a Jewess.'
'Indeed! I thought you were a gipsy.'

'No; I did not start so high up in the social scale.' With a gesture of utter indifference she flung herself into the nearest arm-chair.

The young man, with soft, stealthy tread, came over and knelt down by her side, taking her hand and humbly looking up at her. Jewess or gipsy, you are absolutely the most wonderful woman that ever breathed,' he whispered adoringly.

'Oh, yes, we know all about that,' she said, tapping the floor impatiently with her foot.

He sprang up furiously, and strode over to the other end of the room. 'You are in one of your moods again,' he cried. 'Your friend Schwartz has evidently upset you. Here I come flying to you on wings, as it were, to give you the great news . . .'

'Great news, Benko?' she asked with a mild

show of interest.

He approached her again eagerly. great indeed. I succeeded even more than I hoped. The Archduke has asked us to lunch with him at the château. The day is not quite fixed, but he is already having a special ring built in the grounds, where you are to ride to him privately. Just think what that will mean to you! You have had many triumphs, but this '--

'Yes, it's very nice. I will consider the invitation.

He gasped. 'You will do what?'

'Yes; why not, mon cher? I will think it

over-among other things.

He laughed with genuine heartiness. a fool I am, and what an actress you are! really took me in for the moment. I know there aren't many things you hold in respect on this earth; but I presume you make an exception with archdukes, don't you? By the way, you haven't thanked me.'

1907.]

'I will do that when I have considered.'

'Very good. Since you persist in keeping up the joke I will humour you. Besides, I am rewarded already. You are having supper with me at the Belvedere to-night, aren't you?'

'I will see if it's down in my note-book.'

He repressed something which might have been an oath. 'I know it's there, because I put it down myself,' he said. 'And if you really want to please me'— he added tenderly.

'Yes, Benko?'

'Wear your chiffon velours and put my diamond aigrette in your hair.

'I may; but you know I always leave my toilet to the inspiration of the moment.

He looked at her sideways, suspiciously almost. 'You are distraite,' he said.

'Perhaps I am.'

'I had better go.'

'Perhaps you had better.'

He came close, and, taking her hand diffidently, bent low and kissed it.

She lifted her disengaged hand and lightly stroked his hair. 'You are a good boy, Benko,' she said almost softly.

He straightened himself, his face beaming with delight. 'Then at ten o'clock, outside your dressing-room,' he cried buoyantly, waving

her an airy farewell. Scarcely had the door closed behind him when she sprang up, all her abstractedness and indolence vanished. Every movement of hers showed the nervous and muscular tension of one bracing herself for a tremendous struggle. What had happened in this last hour? What had not happened? This hour was the narrow line on which both her past and her present had met, and were balancing themselves, and she had to keep them in equipoise. Compared to that, her most daring equestrian feats were mere child's-play. She clenched her hands and set her teeth to master her inward turmoil and to compel her thoughts to a more even pace. There was no time now to quarrel with the strange chance which had placed her in this dilemma. She might be angry with Calman, but how did that help her? She knew that if it had not been through Calman the news would have reached her through her own channel of information. Her friend the assistant police commissioner would have sent her word in due course. Well, and what did her father's message come to? Like a beaten dog she had been driven from her home; and now, like the same beaten dog, she was to slink back at the first She was to jeopardise her brilliant whistle. career by lingering for months, years perhaps, at the bedside of a whimsical old man who had never loved her. And the Archduke was having a special ring built for her at his château! It was really too absurd. Could she hesitate for a moment in her decision?

And yet she did hesitate. Not till it was time to dress for the performance and the subsequent supper with Benko did she become sure of herself. With defiant tread—though she did not quite know what or whom she was defying—she went to her dressing-room. She did not immediately ring for her maid. What should she wear to-night? Why not the chiffon velours and the aigrette? If she was not going to please the old man who hated her, there was no reason why she should not please the young man who loved her. She opened her wardrobe and cast a careless glance at its contents. Her gaze fell on a little parcel thrust away in a corner. On a sudden impulse she snatched it up and untied it. It contained things strangely out of keeping with the remainder of the wardrobe: a patched-up bodice and skirt, a faded red sash, and a kerchief of the same colour. They were the clothes in which she had left Kurnick. She had kept them, guarded them zealously. They were her talisman, her mascot. As long as she had them she felt her fortunes safe. Every now and then she had taken them out and gloated over them, with heart beating high, with quick-rushing thoughts of triumph and exultation. Heavens! these were what she had started the world with. To-night she knew she needed their admonition more than And yet, to-night, what was the matter with her eyes? She was suddenly viewing everything through a blur, a mist. What in the world was this-tears?

She sat down in a chair, folding the shabby finery in her lap and again hugging it close to her breast. It was to her no longer the memento of her struggles and her successes. These patched clothes spoke to her only of one thing-her dead mother. It was her mother's deft fingers that had made them, the last work they had ever done. It was her mother's honeyed voice that had wheedled from Zelig a few of the scanty gulden for which he toiled so laboriously. Could she have forgotten it? Her mother had prayed for her, and her father had worked for her. It had broken her mother's heart to see their one remaining child going about in rags. Oh, her mother! her mother! And now that same mother was watching her (Gnendel) from her place in Paradise, waiting anxiously to see how this child of hers would decide the fate of her poor, maundering old Zelig. A sob shook Gnendel, another, and then her face was buried in her hands and unresistingly she allowed the flood of tears full vent. No, no, she would not desert her father. Let the Archduke build a ring for her if he liked; he could ride in it himself. She would go.

With trembling fingers she doffed her gown. No shimmering fabrics for her to-night; no gleaming ornaments. She slipped on the patched clothes, bound round her head the

faded kerchief. As she had gone from her father, so she would go back to him. She hurried down to the sitting-room and there called the maid.

'Mademoiselle is going to a fancy dress

ball?' cried the girl, astonished.

'Yes, I may have to do some masquerading,' was the curt reply. Heavens, what a sensation she would create at the Belvedere if she appeared there like this!

She sat down and scribbled a letter, addressing it to the management of the Hippodrome.
'I want this sent off at nine o'clock,' she said to the maid, who had watched all her movements open-mouthed.

'Yes, mademoiselle.'

'And now I want you to lock up every door except the servants' rooms, and give me the keys. You will all remain in the flat till you hear from

me again.'

The girl went off to execute her orders, and Gnendel busied herself with other preparations for her journey until the maid returned with the keys. She then put on her most inconspicuous cloak, took up her satchel containing her purse, and hurried out into the street After walking a little distance she called a cab and told the man to drive by a devious route to the station. She wished no one to spy on her. She hastened into the booking-office-it was three minutes to nine-and took her ticket for Kurnick. On the platform, striding up and down with feverish steps, was Calman. exchanged no words as they met. He only looked at her and nodded. And then, still silent, they took their seats in the third-class compartment.

CHAPTER IV.

HE morning sun was already bright when Calman and Gnendel stepped out at Kurnick station. The long tedious journey had not been re lieved for them by any conversation. Wrapt in their thoughts, they had let the miles and hours crawl slowly away behind them. About three in the morning Gnendel woke up and found her head pillowed comfortably on Calman's shoulder. Without any comment she had with drawn it and sat up straight. It only reminded her of her object in travelling in this hardbenched third-class carriage when she could so easily have afforded the luxury of a wagon-lil. If she wished to play her part properly she must begin to discipline herself to the conditions of the old cheerless existence. Calman had found nothing to say to her. Questions of life and death might be a fit topic of conversation with this extraordinary woman. He had been fluent enough when he had to plead with [Christmas Number.

her on a matter wherein the great human principles were involved, but mere small-talk seemed absurd. He could not even bring himself to tell her of the pretext which he had given Zelig for her absence. Petty untruths seemed utterly incompatible with the great issue upon which she was bent. A woman such as she could hardly fail to prove equal to any and

every occasion without prompting.

They met nobody on the way to the house; the hour was still too early. The nature of her errand came home to Gnendel with more and more force as she made her way through the well-remembered places, leaving her room for no other thoughts, and scarcely allowing her to draw breath until noiselessly the two stepped into the sick-room. Zelig was dozing. At the first glance Calman noticed the change which had taken place in the old man's appearance during the short time he had been away. face had become ashen gray, and beneath the tight-drawn skin the cheek-bones stood out sharp and angular. The fingers of the one hale hand were twisting and twitching restlessly on Silently Calman motioned the counterpane. the woman who had been his locum-tenens to leave the room. Stiffly erect, her arms folded across her breast, Gnendel took her stand against the window-ledge, an unfathomable, living enigma. Calman cowered in the wickerchair by the bedside, his heart drumming within him fit to burst as he awaited the outcome of his daring experiment.

Presently Zelig opened his eyes, but only to the merest slits, and the heavily drooping lids concealed all trace of any emotion he might have felt at sight of his daughter. Then his mouth contracted and he said querulously, 'Where's my gruel, Gnendel? You know I can't eat the hard crusts with my toothless

gums.'

'It shall be ready in a few moments, father,' replied Gnendel; and without any more ado she emptied the bag of oatmeal into a saucepan and placed it on the spirit-lamp which Calman had lit for her.

'And while it's simmering you can black my The leather is already turning white, boots.

went on Zelig.

Gnendel recognised the rasping tones in which her father used to speak to her of old. Yes, there could be no doubt of it; it was as Calman had said. His memory had leapt back across the gulf of those four years, and had stopped dead on the other side. Calman quailed as, without a word, he saw her take up Zelig's boots. He hurried into the adjoining room and brought her a brush and a box of blacking. The tragic farce must be kept up; but how long would it last, and how would it end?

No sound was heard save the simmering of the saucepan and the swishing of Gnendel's brush.

1907.]

When she had finished, Zelig's voice again broke the silence. 'My praying-shawl is so dirty that people look at me in the synagogue. You must wash it at once, Gnendel.'

'Where is the wash-tub?' she asked of Cal-

man in an undertone.

'Gnendel!' he gasped.

'I shall go and find it myself,' she said, going towards the door.

'Stop, Gnendel!' cried Zelig, sitting up suddenly.

Gnendel and Calman turned to him in astonishment at the change in his voice. It was no longer the voice of a dotard, but of a man

whose thoughts ran clear and strong.

'Yes, Calman, you are right; there 's no need to go on with this play-acting,' rasped the old man. 'It's not you that have fooled me, but I who have made a fool of you. Oh, how I laughed that you, the shrewd man of business, could be hoodwinked so easily! Yes, I laughed.'

'What do you mean, Zelig?' queried Calman,

flushing and growing pale by turns.

'That I made you my cat's paw—I, half-witted old Zelig. You went to Vienna on business? God told me otherwise. I knew why you went. I made you take me to the circus because I knew who was the woman with the horses long before you did. God again told me. And then I went mad. Oh, I knew when I was mad and when I was sane. I am quite sane now, I tell you. Gnendel had gone to Cracow to sell my scrolls-my Gnendel did that? And then I sent you for her. I knew well enough that you would go to her in the unholy places where she wallowed, and that by every device of your tongue and mind you would drag her back here.'

'Why did you want to drag me back here, father?' Gnendel interposed quietly.

'Why? Because I had something to say to you, my child, before I died. I had to tell you that you have shamed me before men and before God. I should have kept knocking at my coffin-lid if these words of mine had remained unspoken.'

'Have you anything else to say, father?' she

asked, with no change of mien or tone.

'Nothing to you, my child. The rest I shall say to your mother and your sister when I meet them. I shall be able to tell them that their Gnendel is making a livelihood by showing herself before the lewd eyes of men, by drawing upon her body the evil desires of their hearts. Your brother, too, who died doing his duty to his king, as commanded by our sages, he also will be glad to have such joyous news of his sister. But, oh, my child —the strained voice broke into a whimper—'I shall pray God He should account it to you for a redeeming merit that you came back in time to hear 'Oh, not your curse, father!' came passionately from Gnendel.

There was no answer from Zelig. Clutching wildly at the air, he fell back upon the pillow, a film of white foam covering his blue lips. At the same time, with an ominous hissing, the saucepan boiled over, quenching the spirit-lamp.

Dissembling his fear, Calman bent over and listened intently for a little while; then he turned to Gnendel and said gently, 'I don't think he will need any more gruel.'

Gnendel drew a deep breath. 'He died so that I might escape his curse,' she murmured, gazing stonily in front of her. 'But I killed him after all.'

He gripped her by the arm and drew her into the next room, where, after murmuring a few words such as he thought the occasion demanded, but which she evidently did not grasp, he left her to her own company.

The first intelligence which at last filtered through her dazed mind was when, some time later, she heard through the thin walls the sounds of hushed voices and footsteps, and all the subdued commotion which are the tribute to the august presence of death. Still later Calman brought her some food, which she left untasted. There she sat, trying to think, and only tortured by the emptiness of the effort. Sometimes she felt as though her brain were harnessed to the team of fiery grays she was accustomed to drive in the ring, and they were all pulling in different directions.

After nightfall the hushed commotion began again in the death-chamber. Something was being brought in and set with a hollow thud on the floor. She knew that all the rites and usages for the decent decking of the dead were being carried out. After that Calman came again into the room and asked her if she wished to take a last look at her father. She rose at once and followed him. Yes, her father as she saw him now was worth looking at. was no longer the grim, discontented face she had known. It was a face on which the assurance of peace was written large and clear. The half-smiling mouth gave no token of reproach or accusation. No; why should it? Its sting was gone; the poison rankled elsewhere.

They buried him next day. Gnendel, according to the custom of her people, did not follow the funeral. She remained behind, seated on the mourner's stool, indifferent to and unconscious of all that went on around her. Neighbours and gossips had flocked into the room, ostensibly for the pious purpose of comforting her, but really in order to satisfy their curiosity over Zelig's runaway daughter, who had strangely come back just in time to see him die. Evidently she did not take it much to heart, for she had not shed a tear. Nor would it appear that things had gone very prosperously with her out in the world, for she had

returned with nothing but the clothes she had to her back when she left. What a warning her fate should be to all disobedient children! And now, no doubt, she intended to quarter herself on that good-natured fool of a Calman, the shameless thing! She thought she could take advantage of him as that cunning old father of hers had done. But it should not happen; if all the women in Kurnick had to band themselves together and appeal to the Government, or even to the wonder-working Rabbi of Saddogorra himself, such a scandal would not be tolerated. A girl with such flashing eyes-they flashed more than ever; did you notice it, my dear?—was a danger to the place. And Calman had to be protected against himself. Now that he had got rid of Zelig's malign influence he would probably prove more tractable to the marriage-mongers. As for Gnendel, she would be allowed to stay out the seven days of mourning, and then away with her back to the beggars and vagrants with whom she had been consorting.

Late that same day, however, something occurred which put quite a different complexion on the conjectures as to Gnendel's doings and social status during her disappearance. Half-adozen gossips were keeping her company, when suddenly the rattling of spurs and the clatter of a sabre were heard in the passage without The door opened, and Calman entered, followed by a splendid young man in an officer's uniform. Ah, quite so! Gnendel had done something and now the police had traced her, and would take her off to prison. But the officer's behaviour soon knocked that theory on the head With a cry of joy he sprang forward, plumped down on his knee, and, utterly disregarding those present, snatched up her hand and covered it with passionate kisses.

'Come away; he wants to be left alone with her,' said Calman to the gossips, a strained look on his face and a hard ring in his voice, and setting the others an example by going towards the door.

The room cleared as if by magic. It was unwise to trifle with a man in an officer's uniform, although he demeaned himself by being in love with a Gnendel.

'So you found me out, Benko! That was very clever of you, Benko,' said Gnendel, with a little laugh, and yet with slightly wrinkled

brows.

'Your maid told me that some one had come for you from Kurnick. I hurried here and asked for Herr Schwartz,' he replied eagerly. 'Oh, why did you not tell me? Why

did you not confide in me?'
'Because I preferred to keep my own
counsel,' she said, shrugging her shoulders

'But what does it matter so long as I have found you again?' he exclaimed joyously. 'You did give me a fright, though! And, oil, [Christmas Number.

the havoc you left behind! The Hippodrome directors are in despair; they are scouring the country for you; they say they must have you back by hook or by crook. Are you ready to come back with me now?

'No, I'm not quite ready, Benko.'

'Then I shall wait for you till you are. I'm not going to lose sight of you again.'

She shook her head, but said nothing.

'Oh yes, yes,' he said importunately, 'you must be back to-morrow morning. Listen, dearest. We are to lunch with the Archduke the day after to-morrow—much sooner than I expected. Isn't it glorious?'

She had closed her eyes. Was it to avoid his ardent gaze, or was she looking at things that could not be seen with the mere physical

vision ?

'But did you hear me—did you hear what I said?' he cried, puzzled by her silence.

'I heard, Benko.'

'Ah! no wonder you are overwhelmed.' He looked round him exultantly. 'So that is where you come from,' he continued. are even a greater miracle than I guessed you to be. From the hovel to the palace! And now I have something else to say—much greater news still.' His tone sank to an endearing 'There is hope for us now, dearest whisper. one. I think this will solve our difficulty; I was thinking of it coming along in the train. The Archduke is my friend. With his influence you may be received at Court. And thenand then my father could no longer object. Oh, don't think ill of him; he can't forget that the blood of the Poniatowskis flows in his veins. Dearest, dearest, will you love me a little when you are my wife? Oh, speak, speak! Don't torture me so !'

'Benko, I can't give you any answer now.'

'No, no, of course not. How can I expect it? Your father died only yesterday, as I have just heard. You are upset, unstrung. I shall wait. Perhaps there may be a decent hotel in this place. If not, I shall sleep in the

'But you must not stay here in Kurnick.

You must go back at once.

He looked at her suspiciously. 'I don't know what you mean,' he began. 'I don't know myself. But do as I tell you.' 'I don't

'Then I suppose I must,' he said with a sigh

of resignation.

'Good boy, Benko!'

'Oh, don't say that,' he burst out; 'it almost

sounds like "good dog."

'There are hundreds of men who would have been satisfied even with that,' she said in a matter-of-fact way which robbed the remark of any tinge of vanity.

'I know,' was the sullen reply.

'And now I want you to promise me something, Benko.'
1907.]

'Promise you-what?' he asked cautiously.

'To tell no one where I am to be foundnot till I choose to come from my hiding-place

of my own accord.'

'Oh, I'll keep quiet enough,' he assured her with alacrity. 'Do you think I want the others to come buzzing round you when I have to stay away? And when you come back—well, it'll be only another one of Flamme Noire's escapades. You know people forgive you everything. And the Archduke on top of it! What an advertisement! The very pavement stones will talk of you.

'They may, Benko-they may.

'I may stay a little now, eh?' he asked with childish wistfulness. He was, after all, little

more than a boy.

'No; you must leave Kurnick at once, as I have said,' she replied firmly. 'If there is no train due get a horse to the next station, and let the train catch you up there.' Her hand went to her throat as though she were struggling with her breath.

'You-you frighten me,' he said.

'I am a little bit frightened myself, Benko,' she said with a queer laugh. 'But I shall be all right again presently. Now, go, please.'

'I'll send you a reminder about the Arch-

duke to morrow,' he said.

'It's unnecessary, Benko.'

salute, he clattered out of the room.

'I should think it was.' He laughed heartily, his assurance fully restored.

She held out her hand, and he snatched it hungrily to his lips; then, with a stiff military

'Good boy! good boy!' Gnendel murmured to herself, her lips moving automatically. The words seemed the mechanical refrain to some forgotten song. They might have applied to anything and anybody—not merely to Benko. Of Benko it was only necessary to remember that he had obtained for her the favour of an archduke, and that through him she, the daughter of a poor Jewish scribe, might marry into a princely family. Benko's father would be got to give his consent. There was only one little hitch in it all: how was she going to obtain her own father's consent? Perhaps Calman could help her to that. Calman had engineered this whole business; he was a wise and shrewd young man, although he had allowed himself to be taken in by an old dotard. She would ask him at once. She would call him. No, on second thoughts she would not. She was rather curious to see how he would behave under the anomalous and difficult circumstances which had brought her to accept his hospitality forto him at least-an indefinite time. But was it less indefinite to her? She had certain data to go by. If she wished to pay the proper tribute of respect to her father's memory, as enjoined by her faith, she must stay here for the seven days of mourning, sitting idle and inactive, and refraining from everything that per-

tained to her usual occupation.

Seven days! And meanwhile Benko was waiting, the Archduke was waiting, the whole world was waiting for her. It was ridiculous. Of what avail was all the knowledge she had gained during those broad, adventurous years, the enlargement of her spirit, the clarifying of her reason, if she could not now shake herself free of the trammels of these old-world, timeworn superstitions? No one could say that she had not done her best to redeem her fault, whatever that fault might have been. She had done what she had been asked to do. She had hurried to her father's deathbed regardless of all consequences. She had found it not a sanctuary where she might expiate her trespass, but a trap in which her conscience was to be snared. And it was only by the merest accident that they had not succeeded. Well, they could take to themselves for it whatever credit they She herself had not come off so badly either in the deal. They might take from her her peace of mind, her chance of atonement, but they could not rob her of Benko and the Archduke.

She did not see Calman again till he came to tell her that supper was ready. He did not look at her as he spoke. His eyes were on the ground. Oh, what a difference from her bold-faced, high-spirited young Cuirassier!

'I am leaving here to-morrow morning,' she said to him, after having curtly refused his

invitation to the meal.

'Quite so,' he replied, nodding in a matterof-fact way.

'I am glad my arrangements meet your views,' she said with somewhat superfluous sarcasm.

'Why shouldn't they?' he asked, quite un-'They give me all the time I require for saying to you what I have to say—with your permission, of course, he added with an ungainly bow.

What! you have something to say to me,

Herr Schwartz?'

'I want to ask your pardon for all the annoyance I have caused you. It was quite unintentional.'

'That goes without saying.'

'It might have gone without doing. All my other failures should have warned me that they

could only culminate in a great fiasco.

'Oh, there you are quite wrong, Herr Schwartz. The fiasco was by no means a foregone conclusion. You see, there is the law of contraries, if you know what I mean by that. At any rate, you deserve every credit for your perseverance.'

He would have given years of his life to know how much of irony there was in her words. From her face he could gather nothing.

It was a mask.

'Still,' she continued lightly, 'if you really think you have done me an injury, and insist !

on making me reparation, you might do it by helping me out of a quandary.'

'Willingly.'

'I want you to help me to conjecture what my father would have said if old Prince Poniatowski had come to him and begged of him to do him the honour of allowing me to marry his son.'

He was quite prepared for such a question. He was prepared for it when Benko came into his shop and asked him where he could find Mademoiselle Flamme Noire. Smart young cavalry officers did not lose their way into Kurnick without very good reason for it.

'What your father would have said to your marrying a Gentile?' he repeated significantly.

'Yes, a Gentile-even a prince,' she prompted him impatiently.

'I think your father would not have said

more—than he did not say.'

She bit her lip meditatively. 'I see,' she said finally. 'You put it very well—quite delicately, in fact. You are cleverer than I thought. I am surprised you made all those mistakes.'

A wave of anger drove the blood to his face. Why should he stand here and allow himself to be tormented by this creature without a heart? She should see she was presuming too much on her power. He would make an end of it.

Before you go, there is just one small matter of business I wish to settle with you,' he said

coldly.

'A matter of business? Oh, the funeral

expenses?'

'Not at all. I have to give you something which belonged to your father. One moment, please.' He dived into his coat and drew out a leather pocket-book. From it he took some papers. She watched him curiously. 'Here are the vouchers for all the remittances you sent him, and which I saved up for him at the bank—twelve hundred and fifty gulden. I should think there must be another sixty gulden or so for interest. Take it. The money is twice your own, once because you have earned it, and again because you inherit it.'

'Why didn't you put it to the use for which I intended it?' she asked, taking a pace or two

away from him.

Because his care and maintenance was to me a labour of love, and I could easily afford

'You mean you don't like keeping money which was earned by—by drawing upon one's person the evil desires of men.'

'That seems to have been your father's view,

he said quietly.

'But not yours? Oh, how brave and pious of you to tell lies through a dead man's mouth!'

She flung the words at him in a positive transport of fury. He looked nonplussed at [Christmas Number.

This was very strange. Since when had he acquired the power of making her angry? She might mock him. Yes, that was natural. But upbraid him? He felt himself growing A sudden sense of masterfulness came over him. It gave him the courage, which otherwise he never would have gained, of doing the boldest deed he had ever done in his life. Yes, why should he not, at the eleventh hour, strike at least one blow for himself?

'There is only one other thing,' he said; but for all his vaunted courage his voice shook

perceptibly.

'What! only one other thing?' she echoed, having apparently regained her self-possession.

'I thought you might like to take away with

you some memento of your father.'

'Yes, I should,' she said instantly. pick out something from his belongings.

He drew himself up and looked straight into

her eyes.

'If I were sure you would not misunderstand

my meaning I would make a suggestion.'

'Oh, don't trouble about that, Herr Schwartz,' she said almost flippantly; 'the time for misunderstandings between us has passed. speak too openly to each other. Now, what do you suggest I should choose?'

He quickly stepped over to a little iron safe in the corner of the room, unlocked it, and took from it a folded document. He came back and

held it out to her.

'Perhaps you will like this. It's the last thing your father's hand ever penned. He became paralysed two or three days later.'

She had snatched it from him, and was examining it. She had not been taught the cursive Hebrew letters in which it was written, and therefore could not read it. And yet it seemed to her as if she ought to know what it 'Will you read it for me?' she asked.

'There's no need to do that. It's simply the betrothal contract between you and me which he wrote the day you went away. had fluttered to the ground unnoticed, and I

took the liberty of appropriating it.'

For a few moments she toyed with the paper, holding it with both hands. Every instant he But she did expected she would tear it across. not tear it. She folded it up again, looking at him calmly with her large, fathomless eyes.

'So you think I should take this, Herr Schwartz? It's curious. The clothes in which I came here are my mother's last handiwork, and this— Very well. I am much obliged to you for your suggestion.' She paused and allowed a smile to flit across her lips. 'But, really, Herr Schwartz, you are developing all sorts of unsuspected attributes. Now, would anybody have ever taken you for a humourist?

He scowled, not so much with anger against her as against himself for the feeling of vanquishment which had come over him. What,

1907.]

She indeed, was the good of fighting her? always got the better.

'Shall I send your supper in here?' was all he could say as he turned to leave the room. 'Pray, don't trouble, Herr Schwartz.

see this bowl of milk and bread is still untouched. I sha'n't need anything else to-night.' Once alone again she looked at her watch.

It was half-past nine—rather later than she thought-just about the time, to the minute almost, when she should have made her appearance in the ring at the Hippodrome. How far off and shadowy it all seemed, as if it had never The lamp on the table flared with a wan, ghost-like flame. Gradually all the noises without hushed one by one as the little town settled itself down to sleep. Gnendel, stretched on the makeshift bed into which the sofa had been converted for her, wondered when she would fall asleep. Upon her was a paradoxic feeling of apathy and restlessness. She wished that one of her beautiful grays were champing outside, ready saddled for a furious gallop across the darkened fields, and yet it seemed to her that her fingers had lost the strength to manipulate the reins. They were only just strong enough to hold—— What was it they were clutching so tightly? Oh, how stupid of her! She was still retaining the paper Calman had given her, the last manuscript on which her father had exercised the skill which had brought him so little joy and profit. She wondered how her life would have shaped if she had allowed herself to be bound by this contract. Perhaps it was due to the hushed quietude and homeliness of her surroundings, but the idea did not seem to her so very repugnant. Her heart suddenly felt empty and chill. It was as though a great fire, hollow and undermined by long burning, had all at once settled down into cold gray ashes. Yes, her spirit had flamed with a fierce blaze for four years, which seemed four centuries. Was it possible it had burned itself dead?

No, not quite dead, for among the dun cinders one spark gleamed brightly; but only just one spark, and therefore she must husband it, cherish it, fan it into some great significance. What should it mean to her: Benko, her ambition, her future? No; all these seemed insufficient. What, then-what else was left in her life, into which she might construe it? Ah, she had it! It should mean to her the desire to do something by which she would please her father. The thought was no accident, not even an inspiration. It was the inevitable upshot of the sequence of ideas which had burrowed their way through her mind from the moment she had stepped into her father's death-chamber. That was the secret undertone to which her whole soul had vibrated ever since. It had brought that strange note of discord and hesitation into her talk with Benko, had made her

irresolute and difficult, and like to one groping the way blindly along tortuous paths. But now she could walk straight, her goal was fair in view. The loyalty she had not shown her father in life she must show him in death. The desire waxed into a passionate craving. That, and something else-which had not yet shaped itself quite so clearly—goaded her up from her couch. It was long past midnight now. The sky was paling in the east. Through the thin partition wall came to her the snore of the old woman whom Calman had installed as chaperon in the house. It reminded her of her father's laboured breathing the night she had run away. From all sides her father called to her. She was glad the looking-glass was overhung with the white linen sheet, as was customary in a house of mourning, else she was sure it would have mirrored back on her not her own pallid countenance but the shrivelled old face which only smiled when death would no longer let it frown. She began to understand. That was why her father had died so quickly. He knew he would wield greater power over her dead than living. She shivered. Something icy cold seemed passing across her heart. Surely that was her father's palsied hand. Then the touch became warmer, softer, more caressing. It melted the glacial surface of her soul; it loosened the frozen fountains of her eyes. But she speedily checked her tears. They were too dangerous. One never knew what they might wash away-perhaps the better part of one's self. Who could tell?

She threw herself on the bed and fell into a troubled sleep. She could not have slept long, for when she woke the morning was quite young yet, and the thread of her thoughts showed no break anywhere. It was still her father who dominated her mind. No; if anything, he had become more paramount. The daylight showed her her course stretching more clearly before her. Then came the first sounds of the waking world to claim her attention. From the courtyard below uprose indications of much bustle and commotion. She stepped to the window to find out the cause of it. She saw half-a-dozen men unloading a huge dray. Among them was Calman in his shirt-sleeves. He had just shouldered a large case of pottery and was carrying it indoors. The prosperous merchant working like one of his hired navvies, instead of standing by with his hands in his pockets, as he well might, and idly superintending the others! What was there in the spectacle that it should touch her so to the quick? That heavy case of goods personified to her the determined attempt of a strong man to crush down his heart-ache. That she had made his heart ache, that she still made it ache, was plain enough to her from the love he had lavished on her helpless father, from the flimsy, ungrounded hope which had driven him in

search of her. And most of all from this paper, which he had treasured all these years, and now had given up to her as the most precious keepsake he could think of her taking along with her. A strong man indeed! One of the men who did the world's work, and did it well; one of the men who counted, a solid unit of the rank and file, not a mere inflated figurehead. It was good to ask favours of such a man. And she had to ask him the greatest favour of all: to help her in her desperate desire to win from her dead father the grace she could never achieve in his life.

She remained at the window, seeking to attract his gaze. But he did not look up, although he surely must have known she was there. Much better so. Before such self-respect it was easy to humble one's self.

'Herr Schwartz!' she called to him.

He came at once. Before entering the room he had put his coat on, just as Benko would have done. 'There is a train at midday,' he informed her without waiting for her to speak. 'Thank you.' Her quiet tone made him look sharply at her.

'Are you ill?' he asked.

'I have had a rather restless night.'

'Oh, you will be able to sleep in the train.' 'I am not sure that I shall go by this train.'

'No? There is no other till midnight. She made a sound that was suspiciously like the swallowing of a sob. 'It will depend on you whether I go at all.'

He gave a forced laugh. 'I see; now it's

your turn to be witty, he said.

She shook her head vehemently. 'I am not jesting. I swear it. I don't want to go back to the circus. Answer me, Calman, do you want this contract to hold good between us?

He fell back before the paper she held out to him as before the sharp point of a dagger. Now he was on the alert again. So she had not finished with him yet? She did not want to go back to the circus? His thoughts reverted to the tremendous scene in which she had been the principal figure. To forgo such triumphs, to step down from such heights to the groundlings-if that was what she meant-

'It would be more than human,' he said at

last in answer to his own thoughts. 'It is more than human,' she replied brokenly. 'It is no earthly consideration that has brought me to this resolve. My fate is now in hands which have more than mortal powers. Oh Calman! I have thought it all out thoroughly in the long, lonely hours I have spent in this My father's curse was unspoken in life, but it still tarries on his dead lips. The hammer is suspended in mid-air. The moment I go back to the old life it will come crashing down on me. I can see him watching me pityingly with those grim eyes of his, waiting for what he knows is going to happen. And I am still so [Christmas Number.

young, Calman, I don't want to die yet. I dare not ride any more. I know the next time I drive my team through the ring I shall fall, and they will batter my brains out with their hoofs. And I am still so young! I don't want to die yet!'

Her words had given him time to recover himself.

'This is only a mood of yours; it will pass,' he said gently.

'No, Calman, it will not pass. My cowardice has become too deeply ingrained in my soul.'

He was silent for a few moments. Then he said almost brusquely, 'Is that quite fair to me? You want to marry me because you are afraid?'

'Oh, don't think of it in that way!' she entreated him. 'There is in this more than fear. Have I not played with my life each time I made my bow to the shouts of the applauding mob? And I will do it again if you force me to it, Calman. I can die, but that will not set me right with my father, or with God, will it? No, Calman; I want to live, because I'm not yet fit to face my father. The only one that can make me fit is you. And knowing the hard task I set you, shall I not do my best to make it easier for you? This fear of mine may

turn to anything; you can make it what you like. The root of it is love; why should not the flower of it be love? Only tie me to you, hold me fast, guard me against myself. Oh! don't refuse. You gave me the right to speak to you like this.'

to you like this.'
'Yes, I brought you back here,' he said with

a break in his voice.

'No, that's not the reason. Do you remember you asked me to think out a punishment for you?'

. 'A punishment?' he stammered.

'Yes. What greater punishment can there be for a man than to marry a woman who killed her own father?'

He stepped close to her, all his soul in his eyes, and scrutinised her face in silence.

With quick intuition she put her hand to her heart. There was a faint blush in her cheeks. 'I know what you are asking,' she whispered. 'Thank you for not putting your question into words. You shall have a straight answer, Calman. I have been tempted more than falls to the lot of most women; but I have not forgotten that I am a daughter of Israel. Are you content?'

And his trembling lips, as they sought hers, made eloquent reply.

EVENSONG.

SUNSET and close of day
Bid us to rest;
You last long ling'ring ray
Fades in the west.

O'er the warm afterglow Shades gently creep; Rough places soften so— Just ere we sleep! Chords that the Day struck strong, Fainter now grow; Nature's kind evensong Falls sweet and low!

Voices from 'far away'
Echoed are borne,
Crooning the songs that they
Keep for the Morn!

Close tired eyes awhile,
Strain them no more;
Vain thou'lt not look for smile—
When Night is o'er!
J. S. REDMAYNE.

THE HAUNTED 'SMOKER.'

By EDWIN L. ARNOLD,

AUTHOR OF 'IYVINDA,' 'PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN,' &C.



DOUBT if I have ever been in a more antiquated compartment of a railway carriage than that which was coupled on to the 'down express' Little Mudburgh Junction on the night of this story, with myself in sole possession of

Nominally a first-class, a its dim interior. slight, stale odour about the cushions would have suggested mildew to some nostrils and tobacco to others. Indifferently padded, lit with a dim oil-lamp in the centre of the roof, an indefinable air of age pervaded its narrow windows, low arched ceiling, and badly fitting doors. This coach, as our grandfathers would have called it, had brought myself up from the far byways of a Midland shire; and for some unknown reason the authorities at Mudburgh, instead of making me change into the big London express which came flashing and roaring into the junction a few minutes after us, hitched my decrepit old conveyance on to the fast train; and through the black hours that followed we clattered and rattled south, every spring and joint in the 'smoker' seeming to bemoan the swiftness of modern

Still, the carriage was good enough as long as it held together during the journey; and it was pleasant, as an Englishman always thinks, to be alone. So I snuggled into my corner on starting, with my wraps well tucked in against a cold and chilly night, though a dry one; and even before we left the junction was dozing off into a half-sleep, across which moving lights and sounds outside merely seemed like parts of an indistinct dream.

Whether it was the stale pork-pie—that horrible confection dear to refreshment contractors—I had eaten half-an-hour before, or what else, I know not; but it is certain that my dreams gradually grew more and more sombre, till to my fancies the bath-buns in their bag by my side turned to gold. And as I put my hand over them, in uneasy avarice, all the air seemed full of hungry eyes, and the darkness, which the flickering lamp did so little to dispel, deepened round a form from which a ghostly hand came forth and gripped me by the throat, while the night turned cold and heavy with that presence; and, wrestling with the invisible thing, with a cry and a

start I awoke gladly to find myself alone

again.

But was I alone? As I roused and stretched, cursing as I did so the man who first packed stale pork into staler pie-crust for the ruin of human sleep, I looked round, and was startled to see another passenger in the carriage-a man with his chin sunk upon his chest, and occupying the opposite far-corner seat. His entrance had been quite unobserved, and my first thought took the form of a hope that I had not been making a fool of myself. It flashed upon me that indigestion promotes snoring. Perhaps I had been kicking or talking foolishly as I dozed! What a bore he must have thought

With an apologetic cough to imply I, the sleeper, was awake, and would be more careful in future, I reached out for an illustrated magazine, meaning to offer it to the new-comer, and at the same time taking another glance at him. He was a curious-looking individual; and a vague, unaccountable feeling of chilly alarm crept over me as I gazed awhile. There was an indescribable appearance of limpness in his every limb; his hands lay palm upwards at his sides; his hair hung in dank, wet tags across a face that looked extraordinarily pallid in the oil-light; and he was dressed-that was the strangest thing of all-in tight trousers, under a blue cloth coat with gold buttons, such as old men still sometimes wore in the middle of last century! Yes, he was miserably, horribly limp; he looked as a drowned man might who had been propped up there upon the cushions, and I stared with still increasing apprehension while the black night whirled by outside, and the wind whistled through the ill-made window-framing like a gale in the shrouds of a ship. And as I stared like that, mile after mile, I remembered with a foclish, growing terror that an hour would elapse before we reached our next stopping place, and that that wretched old carriage had been built in the days before communication with the guard was thought of.

At last I could bear it no longer. The air of the compartment seemed absolutely freezing and the silence of the uncanny, hatless indi-

vidual opposite was horrible. 'Sir,' I said, desperately holding out a late edition, 'would you care to see a paper-or I have several here. a magazine perhaps? [Christmas Number.

And then my tongue forgot its office, and I shrank into my corner; for, as though roused from lethargy by a familiar sound, the being suddenly tossed his arms aloft in a fierce pantomime of despair, and went—there in his corner, all by himself, in grim, dreadful silence—through all the choking struggles and contortions of a man who drowns.

Then he started to his feet, and I saw he was wet, dripping wet, while a faint odour of seaweed and slime from a sea-bottom appeared to emanate from him. But all this was as nothing compared to the shock which followed when in a moment that midnight passenger turned upon me a face handsome in its way, but ghost-white and dead-obviously, palpably dead—a dreadful face of contending emotion, amongst which fear and rage predominated, with two eyes shining in it that burned with a light utterly out of keeping with the pallor of

lips and cheek.

I scarcely think I was frightened—the feeling was more of intense fascination; and when the presence-looking over and through me as though I were the immaterial essence and did not exist to its perception—commenced to move hastily up and down the footway of the carriage, I drew in my knees and made myself as small as I presume any one would have done in like circumstances. To and fro that grim passenger went, his bygone clothing clinging to him in sodden dampness, chattering as he moved, and carrying here and there a horrible chilliness which was not of the night outside, and a rank, fishy smell infinitely appalling. Then presently he stopped with a jerk at the far window, which happened to be half-open, and put his head out. I shall never forget the expression that shone under the water-soaked pallor of that face as the light of a chance wayside station flashed upon it. Then in he came again; and now, after appearing to ponder a minute, during which the evil smelling water collected in a pool about his feet, he began feeling over the stuffed backs of the seats first on one side and then on the other, down to where I was sitting. It was with a faint, shrinking feeling I saw those dead, outstretched fingers coming slowly but steadily my way, and then they were close by-only a foot from my face. The curious thing, however, was that their owner did not see me; I felt it then instinctively, and I am equally sure of it now. Thus, when those clammy hands were just about to touch me I did the most natural thing under the circumstances: throwing away my wraps, I dodged down, and slipped on to the opposite seat, whence—with a beating heart, I confessa retreat was effected to the opposite corner of the carriage.

Then happened a singular incident. After regarding intently the very corner where I had only a moment before been sitting, the stranger

1907.]

suddenly pulled away the lining in the upper corner, and exposed behind it another and far older quilting, threadbare and yellow with age. Of this, too, he tore down a foot or so, and with extraordinary eagerness thrust his right arm into the dark recess in the backing of the seat. What would he draw out? His own eagerness infected me, and I craned anxiously forward, clutching the arm-rests, as slowly the ghost-hand came back from the hollow and dragged with it into the yellow light an old, faded leather wallet !

There was something of the fond mother dandling a recovered child, and something of the hungry wolf gloating over a prey, in the way the shadow fondled that faded leather! He played with, hugged, and chuckled over it in choking ecstasy, minute following minute in swift sequence till I thought he would never have done. How long he might have gone on gloating and fingering the wallet it is impossible to say; but suddenly the apparition raised his head, listening eagerly for a moment; then up he sprang, thrust the wallet back into the recess, closed the opening by some unearthly jugglery, and with a horrible, wailing, spluttering cry that rings in my ear to this moment, swung round and sank down and down, struggling and choking, through the green water that swept before my vision; down until I saw him at my feet on a sea-bottom writhing helplessly; saw the lifebreath leave him in an ascending string of silver bubbles; saw the little crabs run across the smooth bottom, and the deep sea-sand spurt and smoke as his convulsive fingers clutched wildly into it. Then everything became hazy. With a shudder I hid my eyes in my hand, and remained in dreadful thought till a gruff but friendly voice exclaimed in my ear, 'Tickets, please! Sorry to wake you, sir; but I must see your ticket!'

Perhaps I need not say I changed carriage with promptitude and decision at that welcome stopping-place; and there, I thought at the moment, the matter would end. But more was still to come. At the terminal station next morning I made a note of the number of the haunted compartment as a matter of curiosity, and then in the vortex of London existence tried to forget all about the matter. Yet it would not leave me; and a month afterwards, happening to be at the station on my way north again for two days, I spoke to the chief superintendent -a good fellow, as most of them are—and telling him part of my story, at which he, of course, laughed, got him to look up the history of laughed, got how to moker, in his ledgers. We that ancient 'smoker' in his ledgers. traced it back and back through an illimitable series of small repairs into the dawn of railway enterprise.

Well, said the inspector as he turned the last folio, 'nothing here, you see! Yes,

though, there is—a pencilled note entered soon after the first running of the carriage.' cleaning his glasses, he tilted the book and read out, "This was the compartment in which Mr Beamish was murdered in 1850; but no official entry of the fact is to be made. -By Order."'

'Where is the carriage now?' I asked after a

moment's expressive pause.

'Working on the east branch line, I fancy, sir,' answered the official, looking at me with a new but dubious kind of respect.

'Can you have it brought down here by the time I return—in two days?' I asked.

'Yes,' he answered, becoming more and more astonished as he thought the matter over. 'Against regulations, perhaps, sir, to order rolling stock about for private passengers; but this is curious—most curious. The compartment will be here awaiting you when you return.

Need I say that if I had before failed to shake off the remembrance of that strange evening, it held me with a grip of iron now? In the big town to which I went, directly a spare moment came I drove to a library and had down a bound volume of the Times for the year in which that faded, pencilled note had said the crime was committed. And Fate itself seemed hurrying me to a solution of my speculations. On the opening page a paragraph caught and riveted my attention instantly. It was a short one, but how strangely it fitted in with the rest of the chapter !-

'MURDER OF MR BEAMISH.-A singular sequel has occurred to this now famous crime in the death by drowning of the undoubted assassin. The victim, a diamond merchant, was, as fully reported in these columns at the time, done to death nearly a month ago in a first-class compartment of a main-line train, and the valuables he had with him, amounting to nearly sixty thousand pounds presumably, carried off by the murderer. The latter made good his escape at the moment, but last week it was ascertained that he was leaving England by the French packet. On the detectives attempting to arrest him just as the vessel was starting, the villain-who was a young and active man-broke away and leapt overboard

with the apparent intention of swimming ashore. A considerable sea was running, however; and even before a boat could be launched he was seen to throw up his arms and sink. Not a trace of the stolen property was found amongst his baggage, and its hiding-place is, and may remain for ever, a complete mystery.

Then back south a few hours later, to find my friend the superintendent almost as interested as myself, and No. B, 8492, its last journey done, awaiting examination in the neighbouring engine-sheds. To the official I showed a copy of the paragraph from the Times, and told the whole of my story. An hour later, with the stationmaster, a gentleman from Scotland Yard, and a carpenter, we went to the sheds.

The mere sight and musty smell of the old carriage brought up the recollection of that midnight ride so clearly that it was only with hesitation I could bring myself to enter. But presently we scrambled in, and I told them just what I had seen, and the strange corroboration their own books and the newspaper file had lent me. 'Quick,' I said to the carpenter; 'down with the lining here in this corner, and you will find another yellowish one under it' Down came the padding amid clouds of dust, and there, sure enough, was the faded backing I had seen before. Down with that next, man,' I cried; 'there is a hollow behind!' The frieze was torn aside, and there was the hollow at last, black and plain. 'Now, sir,' I said to the stationmaster, put your hand into that recess, and if you do not find something there I am a dreamer, and will never touch pork-pie again.'

Very slowly and cautiously the head official thrust down his arm and felt about. We watched his face with desperate interest, saw its doubt change to interest, the interest to hesitation, and hesitation to sudden satisfaction, and the next minute, with an exclamation of wonder, he dragged into daylight the long-hidden wallet, bearing its burden of notes and gems which I had been the means of so strangely recovering long after its story and that of the crime it was associated with had passed out of living

memory.

COUSINS.

By F. C. ARMSTRONG, AUTHOR OF 'TWO LETTERS,' &C.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG COUSIN.



MAN and woman in a garden. The situation is old as Eden, albeit social conventions have altered the environment. In this case Adam and Eve were young and comely-the man a well-set-up figure in the undress uniform of a naval lieu-

tenant, and the girl wore a lilac print frock, with a little sailor hat tilted over her eyes.

They were busily picking raspberries.

'Well, it is provoking!' she was saying, and her voice was very sweet and tunable, with the soft ring of the South upon her tongue. 'It's just horrid that you are ordered off so suddenly! You won't be able to help me any more with the raspberries.'

'Is that your only regret, Jessie?' asked the

young man in an aggrieved tone.

'It's the practical point of view,' she replied lightly. 'You sailor-men have such dexterous use of your fingers that you can put your hand to anything, and you have saved me a lot of fag.' She laughed, and the laugh was as sweet as the voice, while both voice and laughter suited the fair young face, with its flying dimples and soft gray eyes.

'And you won't miss me in any other way?'

the young man responded.

'I wouldn't say that, O Son of my Uncle!' she rejoined. 'I sha'n't be able to take any more delightful expeditions across the bay. Aunt Sophie has implicit confidence in you, and none at all in Peter Branaghan.

'I wonder'-there was a puzzled knot on his brow—'I wonder if you remember what I said

to you last night, Jessie.'

You said a great deal last night. Most of

it was nonsense.

'Not a solitary word.' He leaned towards her and took hold of her arm. 'I meant every word of it, and a great deal more besides.

'Oh! just look what you've done—spilt the whole of that big cabbage-leaf of raspberries!'

she cried.

Her light laugh vexed him. 'That's no answer,' he said with a touch of irritation. the raspberries lie; there are heaps beside.'

'You forget that those poor raspberries represent current coin of the realm, Basil,' she 1907.]

cried, as she stooped to pick up the crimson fruit. 'I am bound to have those twenty-four pints of fresh fruit on board the Admiral's ship by sundown. They mean ices for the dinner-party this evening.

'You sell my aunt's fruit?' cried the young

man in surprise. 'I had no idea'-

'My dear Basil, you don't know everything. We have to make the garden pay for itself, and we can do that, and something over, even if we are the Lady of the Manor, and a very great personage besides, O Son of my Uncle! Since Sir Francis was gathered to his fathers, and Sir Philip reigns in his stead, we are driven very close to the edge-so close, indeed, that it is only by much good management we avoid going over altogether.'

'I had no idea,' he faltered. 'My uncle's widow has been so hospitable, everything looks prosperous, and I always heard there was a

great deal of money in her family.'

'So there is, but it isn't well divided. It is all in the hands of one hard old woman, who will leave it away from Aunt Sophie. I mean Miss

Anne Hamilton of Fairy Mount.

'Let me help you,' he was grovelling on the earth, picking up the fallen berries with a light, swift touch, until they were all safely restored to the leaf. 'I thought you were gathering them for tea,' he said.

'If you look round on the walk you will see a tin can that holds twelve quarts standing there,' she replied. 'It is almost full, and must go off the moment it will not hold any more. Peter will row across with it, and bring me back eight shillings current coin, whereof the messenger shall receive his sixpence.' She laughed. 'Respect my business qualities, Cousin Basil.' She laughed gaily as she looked up into his face.

But he was not laughing, not even smiling. His face was troubled. 'Can't you be serious

for a moment?' he asked.

'Not I. I couldn't be serious—that is, if you are going to talk nonsense, Basil,' she added. 'Didn't I tell you last night I wouldn't listen to any folly? And I won'tthere now!'

'But what I have to say is not nonsense,

'Then the folly would be with me did I listen to you,' she cried.

'Jessie, I know you like me,' he said im-

petuously.

'I do indeed, Basil, like you very much—in "a cousinly way," of course, even if the cousinship is the merest figment and fiction of a tie. You are the nephew of Sir Francis's first wife, and I the niece of his second. Isn't that the fact?'

'Something like it,' he rejoined, with a little smile; 'but we are cousins all the same, although

not within the forbidden degrees.'

'Very much within the forbidden degrees,' she cried. 'Don't I know your story-how you were done out of your patrimony, and left with nothing but your profession and a few hundreds beside? Poverty, especially in your class, is the worst foe a man can encounter. It's hateful, horrible, disgusting, and I won't drag you into it. No, not under any circumstances. I tell you so once for all; and now, trouble me no more.' She was deeply, painfully in earnest; her face glowed like a rose; her eyes were on fire. 'And then, when aunt has been so good to me, how could I be so mean as to entrap her husband's favourite nephew into an entanglement that would most certainly turn into a clog to hang round his neck and ruin his career? Basil, I couldn't be so horribly ungrateful.'

'It was all my own doing, Jessie,' he said with a deep vibration in his voice. 'Ever since the time when I came to Kilronan after uncle's death, and saw the way you took things in hand, and pulled them through, I said to myself, "Here's a girl to make a man's life what it ought to be." I'm not one of those fellows who go in for the "clinging" lot. I want a woman to help me, a woman I can rely upon, and that's what you are, dear.

'Basil, I tell you it can't be-can never be, she said, her colour dying down. 'I'll be poor all my life; but I won't make you any poorer than you are. You are bound to rise in your profession. I'll never be a weight to hold you

back.'

She fussed over the closing of the can, and then, trying to be matter-of-fact, she cried, 'Here is "something attempted, something done," like the village blacksmith of the song. Now, I'll summon Peter and speed him on his way.' She put her hand to her waistbelt and drew from thence a little silver whistle.

Before she could put it to her lips the young man had caught her in his arms and kissed her. 'I'll never give you up, no matter what you say,' he said, still holding her fast.

But, red as a rose, she sprang away from him. 'Come back when I inherit old Anne Hamilton's thousands,' she cried. 'Possibly I'll give you a different answer then.'

'I'll come back in any case, and force you to marry me,' he cried, as he went swiftly down the path to the sea.

She heard the gate clang behind him, and then she sat down on the path beside the can of raspberries and cried a little. She knew how much of her life went with that young man, in his well-fitting uniform.

Her tears did not last very long; they were but a passing shower. She put her silver toy to her lips and whistled long and loud. In response to her call a shambling, rough-headed figure appeared from a distant gate, and blundered towards her.

'Get out the boat, and row these raspberries across to the flagship,' she said. 'You will receive eight shillings from the steward, and you will bring the money straight back

He was a big, loosely built fellow, with wandering blue eyes under his shock of sunburnt hair. He looked vacantly into her face.

To the big ship?' he said thickly.
'Have I not told you? Be a good boy, Peter, and take care of the money. Come back soon. Her ladyship will want you by and-by.'

He lifted the heavy can as if it had been a feather, as he looked intently into her

'Who made you cry?' he said quickly. 'If it was any one but Herself I'll go an' bate them.'

'I'm not crying,' she returned with an impatient movement. 'Go and get the boat.' 'Yourself won't be comin'?' he asked as he moved off.

'No, no! Hurry! hurry!' she cried, and he shambled away towards the path to the water's

Maybe you hurted yourself wid the can?'

he called back over his shoulder.

'No-yes! Hurry with the fruit. Ask the steward if he'll want any more to-morrow,' she called after him.

'It'll rain to-morrow,' he returned, standing still on the path and casting his wandering eyes

to the zenith.

'Run along!' she called impatiently, and the rough figure vanished through what they called

the sea-gate of the garden.

She lingered in the fresh, sweet air until all traces of tears had left her cheeks, and then she took a path leading away from the sea, to emerge upon a tangle of roses run wild, which was known in old times as 'My Lady's Paradise at Kilronan Castle. Like the gardens, the old castellated house was run to seed; but it was a fine house for all its decayed condition. Since Jessie Hamilton had taken things in hand about the old place she had contrived to do much. She found treasures in the gardens [Christmas Number.

27 COUSINS.

which had been neglected for many years—treasures of old herbaceous flowering plants which the whirligig of fashion had brought to the front again. She discovered that daffodils were as remunerative as cabbages, if not far more so; and that violets could be made to bloom in season and out with a little care. Her neighbours looked on with scornful surprise while she made money out of the garden and the poultry-yard. I am not sure that they did not think her 'mean' for her pains; but she knew that she made her dear old protectress more comfortable, and that she filled her own empty days with everchanging interests; and, being quite satisfied with herself, cared but little for the trend of public opinion.

Looking back from the steps of the hall door, she saw the bright bay spread below, a shining expanse of fretted silver in the sunlight, with its background of purple mountains, and the great ships riding at anchor. Her eyes filled. One ship was to carry the best of her life away into the Unknown before the sun touched those giant peaks again. But she dashed those tell-tale drops aside. Aunt Sophie must not

see their traces.

She went hurriedly through the great flagged hall and down a passage to the door of the smallest of three drawing-rooms, the room used by Lady Young, in which the old lady was now seated before a little tea-table set out with rare old Irish silver and china that was fired in the eighteenth century.

'I thought you were never coming,' said the trim old lady, looking up from her cup.

kept you so late?'

'Those raspberries for the Admiral. I picked

twenty-four pounds.

'All by yourself?' queried the old dame, with a sharp glance.

'Basil helped me,' she replied, helping herself

to a scone.

'Basil!' She was a very brisk old lady, with eyes bright as a blackbird's, and a quick, sharp way of looking at you. 'Is he not coming to tea?'

'No; he went back to the ship. They are to sail to-morrow,' Jessie said, occupied with her

But he hasn't come to say good-bye!' cried Lady Young.

'He was in a hurry.' Jessie spoke with a slight hesitation. Yet he had time to help you with those

raspberries!'

'He-yes, but- Oh, Aunt Sophie! he talked a great deal of nonsense, and-I didn't ask him to stay.'

'Humph! Making love to you, I suppose? Very sensible on his part, when neither of you

has a penny!

'So I told him, and he went away.' The

1907.]

lump was rising in her throat once more, but she would not suffer the tears to come. Her aunt was not very tolerant of such weakness; therefore it behoved her to

be strong.

'You know he was done out of his moneyseventy-three thousand pounds-by that old rascal Carr, who played ducks and drakes with his fortune while he was a minor. It couldn't have been honestly done. No, no! Nothing could persuade me that it was on the straight. Banks that went smash, and securities that ran away. Tush, tush! A good deal of my own cash went in the same way, and old Carr retired upon three thousand a year. Tut, tut! Never tell me that everything was straight. One of the lot flourished, how-ever—your cousin, Anne Hamilton of Fairy Mount.

'She is my cousin, isn't she, Aunt Sophie?'

Bless the child, yes! Your mother and she were full first-cousins; but she is no relation of mine. I come in on the father's side. Although they owned the same name, your father and mother were not related. Hamilton is a generic name in Ireland.

'I told Basil I would marry him when I was as rich as my miser-cousin,' Jessie said with a pitiful little laugh. 'Which meant

never.'

'I knew her when she wasn't a miser,' said Lady Young. 'She is my senior by a dozen years, and I was but a child when she was frequently at my father's place. Then she had a terrible disappointment which soured her, and turned her against her relations in Cork. has made a cousin on her mother's side her heir-Philip De Courcy, who married one of the Dublin beauties, a pretty, brainless thing, with no more heart than the-dustbin. Philip's in Parliament; that is why Anne made him her heir. She thinks he'll get a title. Ho, ho! You are the nearest relation the old woman has, but you won't get a ha'p'orth from her. Amy De Courcy has won the soft side of her hard old heart, and she'll have the diamonds and pearls and lace and everything. Have you finished your tea? I want to drive round to Mrs Daly's; she is to give me a pen of Buff Orpingtons; we haven't got into a good strain of them yet. Will you come?'

But Jessie begged off. There were more raspberries to be gathered, she said; so Lady Young drove out in her donkey-chaise alone, with Hughie, Peter Branaghan's clever little brother, to act as running footman. Jessie went back to cry out her cry amongst the rasp-

berry-canes.

It was growing dusky twilight when Lady Young returned. 'I heard some news,' she said. 'Nancy Hamilton is dying—dead by this time, I expect; and Amy De Courcy is in possession at Fairy Mount.'

'Then,' said Jessie very quietly, 'Basil need never come back. The conditions cannot be fulfilled.'

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD COUSIN.

N the big four-post bed lay Anne Hamilton, drifting down to death. The dingy canopies and curtains had been looped back for air; but the room was darkened,

and the oppressive gloom lay like a nightmare upon the pretty, frivolous woman who sat near one of the windows keeping watch with an old and faithful servant, but bored to death, and feeling in the worst of tempers. Miss Anne took an unconscionable time in dying.

Fairy Mount, at the best, was a depressing place. Mrs De Courcy hated her duty-visits there, and this was the worst of all. But her husband had insisted upon her presence in the

house.

'The servants are all right,' he said, 'but then one never knows what a swift temptation may do, and the house is full of valuables. I can't go-I am tied here for the present; but of course I'll run down for the funeral.'

So here sat the little lady, yawning her pretty jaws almost to dislocation, and feeling ex-

ceedingly sorry for herself.

The old woman who kept company with the prospective mistress of Fairy Mount whispered an occasional remark.

'She won't last until mornin', ma'am,' she said. 'It's far through she is this minute, the crater!'

'She is quite unconscious?' queried Mrs De Courcy.

'Augh, sure, 'tis as good as dead she is. Sorra word will she ever spake again. Lord help her!' replied the woman.

'I suppose her diamonds are somewhere in

the room?' Mrs De Courcy inquired.

'She keeps them in the "borrow" beyant,' said the woman, in her subdued voice, as she jerked her thumb in the direction of a fine old Sheraton cabinet in a corner by one of the windows.

'I think I'll have a look at them,' said Amy

De Courcy, and she rose to her feet.

Mary Doyle, the old retainer, looked anxiously towards the bed.

'Faix, I wouldn't touch one o' them until the breath was out o' her,' she said. wouldn't be lucky, like.'

'Oh, but I call that nonsense,' answered the lady, who was longing for a sight of the jewels with which she hoped to dazzle and astonish the eyes of her devoted-and envious-friends and acquaintances during the ensuing 'season'

in Dublin. 'The poor old thing is quite unconscious. She will never know.

Mary Doyle shook her head as she heard the key turn in the lock. 'I wouldn't lay a finger on one o' them for the life o' me,' she muttered. 'But, sure, it's little any o' them think o' a ha'p'orth but what they'll get through her death. The Lord save us!'

Muttering a prayer, she went to the bedside and looked at her dying mistress. Her white face lay amongst her pillows, with eyes that seemed already darkened with the dread shadow. Her wrinkled hands lay supine upon the coverlet. She was breathing heavily. Mary shook her head.

The little lady stood by the bureau and put aside the window-curtain, thereby admitting a streak of sunshine into the room. Mary extended a prohibitive hand, which she waved 'Why, she is quite unconscious,' she 'She neither sees nor hears.' said.

The key made a grating noise as it turned in the lock. Mrs De Courcy let down the front flap of the bureau. 'I suppose the diamonds are in this little central cabinet?' she said as Mary drew nearer, as if fascinated by her boldness.

The central division had a key of its own, which took some time to find amongst its neighbours on the ring; and, when it was found, there was a trick in the lock which required time to master. At last, with a loud tick-tock, it gave way, and the little door opened.

Mrs De Courcy uttered a cry of delight, for the gems exceeded her most vivid imagination. Resting upon faded cotton-wool lay a lovely string of pure white diamonds, perfect in colour and flashing from a hundred facets. Beside the necklace there were sprays for the hair, brooches, pins, and ring after ring—a treasure of brilliants such as she had never dreamed of possessing. And in another division of the inner cabinet there were pearls, amethysts, turquoise ornaments, necklaces, ear-rings-every imaginable trinket that a woman fond of adorning herself had gathered together in the course of a long life.

'Oh, they are quite beautiful—far finer than I expected!' cried the little lady. 'Really, I never dreamed of having such splendid

things.'

Mary Doyle looked on with wondering eyes. 'Sure an' I never seen the like,' she said in hushed, awe-stricken tones, as Mrs De Courcy tried the glittering chain round her neck, placed the exquisite sprays against her pretty hair, and put some of the rings upon her fingers. 'They say the mistress had lace that was worth more than them jewels,' she said beautiful of the said be said breathlessly; 'but I don't know how that could be.

Mrs De Courcy divested herself of the diamonds, and turned to the huge, old-fashioned [Christmas Number.

wardrobe which occupied the other corner between the window and the door.

'Lace is very valuable, Mary,' she said, 'and I'm sure Miss Anne had only the best.' put the key into the ornamental brass-work of 'I quite expect to find treasures the lock. here also,' she said.

The great wardrobe was piled with parcels done up in every possible shade of paper, faded blue, and white that had turned brown with age. Also, some wisps of what had been old tissuepaper, now frayed into ragged fragments like ancient cobwebs; but each little package contained its share of Miss Anne's treasures of old

Mrs Doyle could scarcely understand the value of the delicate morsels laid out before her as Mrs De Courcy untied the queer little packages one by one, and went into raptures over their contents. At last a larger bundle fell from its hiding-place.

'I'll take my livin' oath that's the dress she had made for the weddin' that never came 'It was sixty off,' Mary whispered shrilly. year ago, an' she was full sure Lord Crookhaven was goin' to marry her. Didn't me mother tell

me about it many a time?'

Amy De Courcy unbound the faded ribbons which secured the parcel, and, with a cry of delight, shook out the exquisite web of delicately tinted lace which it contained. had mellowed its colour into a softened ivorywhite; its perfect texture made it fall into the most ideal folds as the little woman held it high in air. She was almost speechless with admiration. 'I never saw anything more lovely—never. I'll wear it at the first drawing-room of the season!' she cried when she could find voice. 'It shall be mounted over the very richest cream satin. I'll have it done in Paris. They know how to treat lace there. With those diamonds reset, and this lace on my dress, I'll be the talk of Dublin for the whole year-every one dying of envy '-

Put that lace back!

From whence had that dreadful voice come? Did it drop from the ceiling or rise from beneath her feet? Who had spoken?

Mary Doyle fell upon her knees and prayed

Again that awful voice rang through the room: 'Put down that lace. How dare you, you thief!-you robber!-you-you-ghoul, feasting upon the dead! Put everything back where you found it, and get out of my house this moment. Out, I say! Go!'

Still holding the web of delicate lace in her trembling hands, Amy De Courcy faced the gibbering figure in the bed. Miss Anne had raised herself amongst her pillows, and was sitting straight up in bed, her ghost-like hand extended towards her cousin's wife, her

1907.]

eyes glittering with an almost unearthly light, her toothless mouth working convulsively, while a stormy red was gathering upon her cheeks.

'You, there—Mary Doyle—turn her out!' the voice went on. 'Put all my things back. Lock them up, and give me my keys. Put that woman out! Never let her enter the house again-never!'

Mrs De Courcy dropped the lace in a sheeny

mass and fled.

Miss Anne uttered a grunt of satisfaction. Lock the door on her, Mary Doyle. Lock the

door, I tell you!'

Trembling in every limb, the old servant hastened to obey the mistress so strangely recalled to life; and when she had turned the key in the door she bethought her of a bottle of Miss Anne's own peculiar claret, which had been brought to the room for the refreshment of the visitor. Miss Anne gulped down a big wine-glassful which her faithful maid brought to her, and with renewed vigour issued still further directions.

'Put everything just as it was,' she cried. 'Now, the keys—the keys; and go downstairs and hunt that woman out of my house, quickquick! She'll never stand under its roof again

-no, nor her husband either. Go!'

Mary's old hands fumbled sorely in her task, but at length it was accomplished, and the ponderous wardrobe doors safely shut upon the treasures which were the joy of their poor owner's heart. Then, still 'all throughother,' as she expressed it, she descended the stairs to see the rest of her mistress's commands duly executed.

Mrs De Courcy left the house before the going down of the sun. What had called the old woman's stormy spirit back from the dread confines and restored it to the battered tenement which had clothed it for more than eighty years? Who can tell? Perhaps she had not been so low or so near the dark gate as those round her imagined, or perhaps a flash of her old unsubdued temper had so wrought upon the poor body as to recall its failing powers and endue them with renewed vitality at the sight of the havoc wrought amongst her cherished treasures by ruthless hands. By whatever spell her spirit had been called back, she was very much alive now, and ready to live another life in the spirit which she had brought back from

the Borderland. Mary Doyle sent for the doctor.

'Sure, 'tis a miracle was wrought,' she said as she related what had taken place. 'Just a miracle—her lyin' for death one minute, an' up as strong as ever she was the next.

'Miss Anne has a great amount of vitality in her battered old body,' said the man of medi-cine. 'She must have been only in a state of coma, and the opening of her treasures roused her. I suppose the lock clicked, or something --eh?'

Mary said she thought it had. 'But it was a sore day for Mr Philip,' she added mournfully -'a sore day.

Philip De Courcy had very little welcome for his wife when she returned to her pretty home in Clyde Road, that most beautiful of outlets

from the dear old city of Dublin.

'You've made a nice mess of it, my dear,' he 'Why couldn't you have waited? said dryly. She wouldn't have lasted long; and after all'— he shrugged his shoulders—'you have done for yourself now. Miss Anne will never forgive you.'

'But, Philip, you can make it all right with her. You haven't offended her. She can't alter her will, let what will come to pass. She has no one else to whom she could leave her money, has she?' Mrs Amy was very penitent

and tearful.

Her husband laughed. 'There are dozens of charities,' he said; 'and, by Jove! there's Jessie.'

'Jessie! Who is Jessie?' asked the little

lady.

'Jessie is Jessie Hamilton, whose mother was Anne's first cousin, a girl who has lived for a year or two with old Lady Young, companion or something of that sort. Quite an insignificant girl.'

'Miss Anne would never leave her money to a person of that description,' cried Mrs De

'Well, no matter to whom she leaves it, it won't be to either you or me,' said her husband in an aggrieved tone; 'I'm quite prepared to take my oath upon that point. Your little bit of "previousness" has cost me dear.'

She knew by his voice how very deeply he had been wounded by the untoward circumstance, for which she alone was to blame. She availed herself of the woman's ultimate resource. She began to cry.

'But, Philip, she appeared to be dead to all intents and purposes,' she sobbed. Mary said so.'

Philip De Courcy had all a man's horror of He threw down his morning paper and

started to his feet.

'There isn't any use in crying over it,' he said sharply. 'Tears won't mend matters. Miss Anne isn't the person to be softened by oceans of them, nor is she likely to forget what has taken place. However, I'll take no notice of it, but go and visit her when I'm at Castle Falcon for the Twelfth. Maybe she'll see me, and be talked round. Don't cry, Amy, it won't help us a bit.'

But when Philip De Courcy reached the gates of Fairy Mount about a fortnight later he found them closed in his face. Moreover, his host, Mrs Daly's husband, informed him that Gerard

Carr, the son and successor of the very prosperous John Carr who had 'managed' Basil Moultrie's affairs during his minority, and profited thereby, had been several times to see the old lady. 'Looks like a rearrangement of her affairs, my boy,' he said. 'Old Lady Young is dining here this evening; she and my wife are as thick as thieves over their poultry-yards. Ask her about Miss Anne.'

But De Courcy carefully avoided the subject.

CHAPTER III.

DEVELOPMENTS.

OW, a most unprofitable bit of the Young property which lay between the foothills of the great mountains and the sea had suddenly grown into a popular

A low stretch of sandhills-chiefly inresort habited by rats, which had exterminated a flourishing rabbit-warren-under the hands of skilled labourers became a much-frequented and popular golf-links and a source of revenue to its mistress. To these breezy downs did the gilded youth of the neighbouring naval station much resort, as did also most of the local inhabitants who could afford to expend their leisure hours in the fascinating game-that game which, to those who yield themselves to its charms, becomes an all-absorbing passion.

No one denied the beauty and perfection of the Kilronan Links. The 'greens' were all that man could desire, or woman either; for many fair ladies found that golf was an entrancing game when once you could manage to hit the ball, that it was splendid exercise, and, best of all (from one point of view), it brought young

people together!

'To be sure,' said Mary Doyle, who was an inveterate gossip, 'wasn't it on them sandy hills that they're calling links, an' beetlin' them balls about on them all day, that Miss Susy Daly met her man, an' had him married before you could say "Jack Robinson"? Didn't I see them stravaigin' over them heights an' hollows day in, day out, even when it was peltin' an' pourin' hail an' snow; an' Miss Susy wid a drab on the tail o' her gown a foot deep? It was sore work she had to get him, but she done it, so she did.'

'Tush!' said Miss Anne, who was now completely restored to her usual condition of chronic invalidism, 'I saw golf played in Scotland years ago; but girls weren't in it then, and men were quite infatuated over the game. Does Jessie Hamilton spend much of her time on the

links?' 'Well, ma'am, to tell you the livin' truth, I never seen her there except by a time when she an' the ould lady would be givin' tea at [Christmas Number.

the wee house they call the Pavilion. No, ma'am; Miss Jessie does have her hands too full o' work at the castle, wid her vi'lets an' her chickens an' the eggs she packs an' sends off—maybe twenty dozen in a week. Och, she's the crater that never is a day idle, but works for that ould lady as if she was her own daughter, so she does.'

'Humph!' said Miss Anne.

'Jessie, who was the man that hung after you all the afternoon?' demanded Lady Young as she and her companion returned from the links, where the old lady had been dispensing hospitality to the club. 'I didn't admire him. Did you?'

'Not particularly, Aunt Sophie, but he could

talk. His name is Carr.'

'Carr! Not old John Carr's son?' The old

woman turned sharply upon the girl.

'I really did not go far enough with the acquaintance to find out whose son he was,' laughed Jessie. 'But he spoke as if he knew every one in the neighbourhood, and I thought him amusing.'

'He's no beauty,' remarked Lady Young.
'I have a prejudice in favour of good

looks.'

'Have you? It's a matter of perfect indifference to me whether a man is or is not good-looking when I find him pleasant to talk to and easy to get on with,' Jessie answered. 'Mr Carr seemed both one and the other.'

A few days later Jessie was walking home from the village. A man rode by, drew rein, dismounted, and approached her. 'So glad to meet you, Miss Hamilton,' he said. 'I consider myself most fortunate.'

'Mr Carr!' cried the girl, who had a very misleading trick of changing colour on the slightest provocation. 'I did not know you were in the neighbourhood.'

'I happen to have business in the town,' he said. 'I'm engaged at the Petty Sessions.'

'Oh, you belong to the law, then?' Jessie had quietly shaken hands with him, and was standing on the footway, while the man, who was faultlessly got up in riding-dress, remained in the road, holding his horse's bridle.

He gave his shoulders a little shrug. 'Unfortunately I do,' he said. 'It does not often

lead me to such pleasant paths.'

She laughed. 'I thought the road very unpleasant,' she cried gaily. 'If you have any influence over the local council, please call their attention to the condition of the pathways.'

'I haven't,' he returned, in the same gay tone as her own. 'And the local council occupies itself too much with politics to mind the condition of the footpaths. You live near here?'

'Yes, of course. I thought every one knew 1907.]

that I live at Kilronan with Lady Young,' she cried.

'Ah, true; but, you see, I'm quite a stranger

here, and know so little.'

She looked into his face from under the long eyelashes which were such a beautiful finish to her expressive eyes. 'It struck me the other day that you know a great deal about us all,' she said slyly.

He laughed. 'But although I may know a great deal about the everyday lot, I may not possess the most valuable knowledge of —of—all,' he said with a curious little embarrassment in his voice that was pleasant after a fashion.

(T 3-

'I don't know why my place of abode should be catalogued as "valuable knowledge," she laughed. 'There isn't anything very precious about it—or me, as far as that goes. Do you make a long stay here, Mr Carr?'

'Not as long as I could wish,' he returned, 'for the links are the best in the county. I shall join the Kilronan Club—in fact, I was just riding round to Castle Falcon to ask Valentine

Daly about it.'

'Mr Daly would be glad to enroll a new member,' she said. 'We like entertaining strangers.'

'Ah, then, you are a member of the club,

Miss Hamilton?'

'Officially; but I never had a golf-club in my hand save once, and then I made a fool of myself.'

'That isn't possible,' he said, drawing a step

nearer to her.

'Oh, but it was very possible. Jack Daly undertook to teach me the game, so I put myself in his hands. He proceeded to make a delightful little mud-pie on the green in front of the Pavilion, upon the top of which he set a dear little white ball. Then he put an implement into my hands, and showed me how to grasp it in the orthodox fashion. I was to what he called "approach"—no, "address"—the ball; you see, I'm not "up" in golfing terms—forgive me, I was going to say slang.' And she laughed gaily. 'Oh, I was very docile. I did "address" the ball—in fact, I talked to it—and then I made a swing. Poof! I thought I had sent that ball flying; but there it sat on its little mound perfectly unconcerned. No, I'll never make another effort; one failure is enough for me.'

'But Jack Daly is only a beginner himself a mere schoolboy. You should have a better instructor,' he said—'some one who knows

how.'

'I'm quite satisfied with Jack—we are great chums; but I don't want to yield my soul to the fascinations of golf. I haven't time.'

'You must have plenty of spare time on your hands, Miss Hamilton.'

'Never was there so great a mistake,' she

'I'm busy from morning to night. laughed. You would be amazed at the multiplicity of duties that crowd upon me. I couldn't be

happy unless I had plenty to do.'

His eyes expressed more than his tongue. 'You are a rare development of your sex,' he said, with a certain ring in his voice which brought another flying tinge of colour to her face.

'Oh, I don't know,' she returned. 'There are plenty of women-workers in the world.'

She moved on as she spoke.

He followed. 'My way leads past the Kilronan gates,' he said. 'May I go so far

in your company?'

'Isn't the king's highway free to us all?' she laughed back; but she was beginning to feel uncomfortable, she scarcely knew why.
'To me it is the queen's road,' he said

lightly.

He talked, and talked well, as they went along. Nevertheless, Jessie was glad when she reached the old gate with its rusty ironwork, and the picturesque lodge with its broken porch and sagging thatch.

'I am sorry we have reached the limit,' her companion said as he held her hand for an 'I only hope I shall be as fortunate instant.

another day.'

She muttered something; but in her heart she resolved that she would find out the days when the Sessions were going on in the little town, and keep strictly to the garden at such

Later there was another field-day at the links, Mrs Daly being hostess. Jessie felt slightly relieved when she noted that Carr was not present. But another person was there who soon contrived to be introduced to hera man who persistently stayed by her side all the afternoon.

'Jessie, what attraction have you for the law?' demanded pleasant Mrs Daly, who was a light-hearted matron, upon whom the cares of life sat very easily. 'It was the senior partner a month ago, and now it is the

junior.'

'But I don't in the least understand you,' the girl answered. 'Who is this Mr Calgey? He doesn't strike me as being particularly charming. Good-natured, and perhaps some people would call him good-looking; but-he's a little slangy, isn't he?'

'I can't say I admire him,' laughed Mrs 'I thought you knew that he is Gerard Carr's partner-Carr & Calgey, the

solicitors.

'Oh,' cried Jessie, 'is Mr Carr son of the John Carr Aunt Sophie has some reason for disliking?'

'He is, and present head of the firm; but he bears a very different reputation from his father, whom your aunt has exceedingly good reasons for disliking. He is a most respectable young man, and rather popular. By the way, he is agent, or something, for old Nancy Hamilton, whose almost miraculous recovery from the very jaws of death has been a month's wonder to the whole county. Mary Doyle said it was a real miracle.'

'We heard the news, and sent to inquire, but all we were told was that Miss Anne was as well as ever. We don't visit her,

you know.'

'Queer old woman! There has always been some mystery about her,' said Mrs Daly. 'Philip De Courcy never mentioned her name while he was with us, although his wife was in the room when the resuscitation Mary Doyle said she was horribly took place. frightened.'
'Poor old lady!' Jessie said compassionately.

'I wonder why she was recalled to life. She

has not much to live for.'

'Nothing but her money. Good gracious!' cried the good lady, 'here is Admiral Henshaw and half-a-dozen of the new arrivals. Do come and help me to entertain them; those girls of mine are scattered all over the links. I hope the Octopus men will be as popular as the Trident lot. Have you heard from your cousin since he left?

Rushing off on hospitable cares intent, Mrs Daly did not wait for an answer to her question. Yes, Jessie had heard from Basil; but no one

had seen that letter.

The winter which came upon the heels of that pleasant autumn was more than usually trying. Dr Hervey ordered Lady Young to a drier climate than her native South, as her rheumatism increased hourly; therefore, much against her will, the old lady and her niece crossed the Channel and settled in Bournemouth before the spring set in with its wonted rigour.

'Aunt Sophie, who do you think escorted me home from the Pavilion?' Jessie was looking very fair and sweet, albeit there was a certain wistfulness in her deep-gray eyes at times, which her aunt did not fail to observe.

'Am I a witch, my dear, that I should know what is occurring half a mile off?' demanded the old lady, who greatly enjoyed her pleasant

days by the quiet sea.

Well, some one I never expected to meet

here,' Jessie returned. 'Mr Carr. 'Whom do you say?' demanded the old lady.

'Mr Carr, from Cork?' 'Even so. I met him as I went through the gardens, and he insisted upon seeing me

home. 'Jessie, what brings him here?' demanded

Lady Young.

'How can I tell?' laughed the girl. 'Hewell, he talked a great deal of nonsense—about [Christmas Number.

Ireland seeming a desolation, and that sort of rubbish; and I laughed it off. I didn't ask him to come in, as he seemed to expect. Aunt Sophie, was I right or wrong?'

The old lady mused a moment or two.

'He's a very steady and prosperous young man, Jessie,' she said slowly.

'Is he, Aunt Sophie?

'He was not responsible for his father's faults,' Lady Young went on.

'I suppose not.'

'Humph!' Lady Young mused for a little, while the girl flitted hither and thither through the room, and rang for tea.

'It wasn't a bit nice in the gardens to-day.' Her niece was pouring out tea as she spoke. 'There was quite a cold wind.'

'Was there?' Lady Young seemed abstracted. 'But there are daffodils in flower already. I wonder how my poor dears are looking at Kilronan.'

'Scarcely over the ground yet, I should say. Aunt Sophie took her tea-cup from the girl's

hand and looked her full in the face. Jessie laughed under the scrutiny. see anything strange about me, Aunt Sophie?'

she asked.

'Well, candidly, I do,' Lady Young returned. 'You are not quite what you were a year ago. But I think you are improved; yes, decidedly

Thanks for your flattering observation.' The girl laughed. 'You were always a favourable

critic.' 'You are a very pretty girl, Jessie, and I

don't wonder-in a way.'

'What excites your qualified surprise, my dear?' Jessie smiled upon her aunt with much affection in her eyes.

'I don't wonder that man has followed you here,' she said brusquely. 'He has eyes in his head, and good taste.'

'Aunt Sophie!'

I conclude that this young man told you— or implied, if he had not the hardihood to speak out-that he had followed you?'

Jessie blushed crimson. 'I didn't believe

him,' she said.

'But a man will do such a thing if he takes a fancy,' said Lady Young.

'Fancy!' cried the girl contemptuously. 'A

fancy!'

'Fancy is the beginning of something more,' returned the wiser woman. 'My dear, don't you know your future is, to say the least of it, problematic?'

'My future is very much in my own hands.

I can make a fight for it, aunt.

Lady Young shook her head. 'All very well when you are young, and able to fight for it, Jessie,' she said. 'But afterwards, when powers begin to fail, when one grows too old to bear the stress and strain, my girl.'

1907.]

Jessie threw back her head. 'Like the girl in the song, "I may die ere I live to be old,"' she said. 'Time enough to think of that for many a day to come.'

Lady Young shook her head. 'Time slips away like water. We never know when 'she stopped short. 'I'm thinking of myself, There won't be anything for you when Tessie.

I go, my dear.'

COUSINS.

'There will always be my will to work and my capacity for earning, dear,' the girl replied. 'If you mean that I should secure my future by a good marriage, No! and No! a thousand times over-that is my answer.' drawn her slim figure to its fullest height. Her face was pale; her eyes were on fire. Better the hardest work that ever woman put her hands to than a marriage based upon such a mean foundation. Aunt Sophie, how could you, of all the women under the sun, propose such a thing?

'Because it was just what I did myself,' replied the old lady. 'And it turned out exceedingly well.'

'Aunt Sophie!'

'Yes, my dear, I married Sir Francis without caring for him, and-what was worse-having cared for another man from the time I was a girl, younger than you are yourself. It was an impossible business from first to last; but I threw my youth away because of it; and then, on second—or twenty-second—thoughts, I married, and was quietly and soberly happy and content. Sir Francis was very good to me.

'But I couldn't! I couldn't!' Jessie threw herself into a chair and hid her face. 'Oh,

I couldn't!'

'Well, well, my dear, not this man, perhaps, but some other, by-and-by, when the glamour has passed away. Meantime, if you should meet the man Carr again just be civil to him, and if you like to bid him come and see me I won't object. He is, after all, a neighbour, and we Irish like to be neighbourly.'

The sound of a motor-car stopping at the door, and of a thundering ring of the bell, cut short the lady's hospitable instruc-

tions.

'Visitors for the parlour floor,' said Jessie, glad of the break in a conversation that was distasteful for many reasons.

But, to the utter amazement of both ladies, the door was thrown open, and the prim maid announced pompously, 'Sir Philip Young! Mr Carr!

Lady Young was on her feet to greet her stepson with a welcome in which cordiality and frigidity were blended. Relations between them had been somewhat strained for a considerable time.

But Sir Philip was effusive. He had only just heard that his father's widow was staying here. Nice place, wasn't it? Just the right distance from town to allow a fellow to motor down for the week-end. Didn't Miss Hamilton like it? Good music, and plenty of it. Nice little theatre, eh? By the way, there was something good to-night. Wouldn't it be jolly to dine at his hotel-they did you well thererippingly, by Jove!-dine with him, and see the play which had had such a tearing success in town? Just the four of them. Carr was at the same place.—Weren't they well done for,

The new acquaintance was rather mute and meek in the presence of his client, but he contrived to seat himself close to Jessie, and talked to her until Philip Young cut in and chattered so glibly that she could scarcely follow his outpourings.

Carr moved away and began a very polite

conversation with Lady Young.

'Only heard yesterday from old Carr—you knew him in Ireland, he says-that you and the dowager were over here, so I tooled down this morning. Often do it, you know. My motor's a jewel—finest one on the road—rippin' she is. You must come for a run with me, Miss Hamilton. We're cousins, you know. Jove! I ought to call you Jessie at once. Queer thing I never met you before! Come now, we'll be pals at once, and no humbug over it, eh?'

He was by no means a beauty, this young man who had driven so close a bargain with his stepmother as to leave her the very barest pittance for her support-Kilronan had been settled upon her at her marriage; but he was pleasant, cheerful, determined to please, and Jessie found herself laughing with him and at ease in his company.

'Jessie Hamilton, what's the meaning of all this?'

It was a week after the invasion of their quiet lodgings by this whirlwind of a young man who pursued them with attentions—of course all under cover of doing his duty by his stepmother. Carr held on, now and then contriving to get a moment in which he could speak to the girl, who, to avoid him, let herself slip more and more into the company of the other. There could be little doubt of Sir Philip's intentions. From the first he had taken no pains to conceal his admiration for the girl, whose very existence he had hitherto ignored. Lady Young looked on in amazement. Jessie had always been charming, the sweetest girl she knew, and as good and unselfish as she was fair to see. But how had these men discovered it so quickly? That was the mystery.

'Jessie, I don't understand it at all,' she went on. 'You have not changed; you are just the same. A year ago, two years ago, you were

as pretty and as good as you are at this moment; but—I'm amazed! Indeed I am.'

'Mr Carr proposed to me this morning in the gardens,' said Jessie meekly.

'He did! Well?' demanded the old lady. 'I sent him away as gently as I could-told him I never meant to leave you.'

'But I must leave you soon, dear?' said the

old lady tenderly. 'What then?'

'Time enough to think about that' Jessie was on her knees at the old lady's side and holding her aunt in her arms. 'You will stay with me many a year to come.'

Lady Young kissed her. 'Well, well, who

knows? How did he take your answer?'

'Not at all as I expected,' she returned. 'He actually implied a threat. Said he could undo what he had done. I didn't understand.'
'Humph!' said Lady Young. 'Phil will be

here with the motor presently. Suppose he

makes you an offer also?'

'Nonsense, aunty,' cried the girl. 'The thing is out of the question; but, dear, why can't we go home and get out of all this worry, not to mention the east winds, which are getting upon every one's nerves? Janey Daly tells me that Kilronan is looking sweet just now.'

'Philip would be a brilliant match for you,

Tessie.

'I don't mean to marry any one,' cried the girl. 'Why worry me with such impossible things? No; I want to go back to Kilronan and my flowers, not to mention the dear chicks, the ducklings, and the little pigs. Oh aunty, let us go home!'

'If Philip makes you an offer you would do

well to consider it, my child.'

'My dear, he won't make it. He hasn't a notion of it. Do say I may wire to old Branaghan. We can leave to-morrow.

Lady Young pondered. 'Life is expensive over here,' she said slowly, 'and I do feel the east winds. Also, the chickens are a responsibility. Susan has no proper ideas about those Buff Orpingtons.'

'Oh aunty! of course we must go back, if it were only on account of the Buff Orpingtons,' cried Jessie, and she at once wrote out a

telegram.

On her way to the post-office she met Sir Philip Young. The dreaded moment came and went. Also, the young man went away in a rage. 'Hang it all!' he muttered. 'But suppose she had accepted, and I found out that Calgey had made a mistake, that would be a jolly hole to have put one's self into!'

Jessie Hamilton had thrown open the wide French window of the morning-room. Kilronan was looking its best, with all the sweet freshness of early spring tinting the woods with many shades of green, and the early sunshine making 'Isn't it nice to be glories upon the bay. [Christmas Number.

Her aunt was at her side in a moment. 'Why, there's a woman on the car!' she cried—'an old woman! Mary Doyle! Can it be any message from Anne Hamilton?'

They heard the crunching of wheels upon the gravel-path, the loud clanging of the hall-door bell, voices, hurrying feet; and then Calgey, the junior partner in the firm of Carr & Calgey, was bowing to the two startled women; while Mary Doyle, with her face wrinkled up between smiles and tears, was pushing into the room behind him.

'You will excuse my intrusion, Lady Young,' the man said, as he bowed low. 'My errand is urgent, and, possibly, not an unpleasant one. Miss Anne Hamilton died in the night. As I happened to be in the neighbourhood, Mrs Doyle at once communicated with me. I hastened to convey to you the news of her demise.'

'But—does it concern us?' asked Lady Young, as she stood, trembling a little, looking at the man in startled surprise.

'It concerns your niece, Miss Hamilton,' he said, bowing towards that amazed young person, who still stood by the window.

This abrupt intrusion could not possibly be any affair of hers. She started now when her name was mentioned—started still more when the man bowed to her.

'Perhaps you may be surprised to hear that the lady so recently deceased has, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, left all her fortune to you?'

For a moment Jessie was almost transfixed with amazement.

Lady Young uttered a cry, and sat down very suddenly on the couch.

'It is not possible!' stammered the heiress.
'She never saw me.'

'Troth an' it is possible, an' it's the livin' truth,' cried Mary Doyle, unable to restrain 1907.]

herself. 'Mr De Courcy was to have all an' everything, an' would have had it this blessed minute only that his wife was that much o' a fool to count her chickens before they were out o' the shell, an' take possession o' Miss Anne's diamonds before the life was out o' herself. It was a bad day for you, Mrs De Courcy, but a real good one for the darlin' young lady that has the good word o' every one.'

35

'But I do not understand,' faltered the heiress.
'I never expected'——

'Augh, sure none o' us did, an' sorra one o' us knew who was to come in over us until Mr Calgey there tould us in the parlour, afther we found the poor soul lyin' could an' stiff in he bed this mornin' at seven o'clock, an' had him sent for, to the town where he was stoppin' for the Quarter Sessions. Sure, an' we just give a cheer when we heard it was yourself, an' no one knowin' a word but himself there an' Mr Gerard Carr that drawed out the will.' Mary Doyle was tearful with her congratulations, as she wrung the girl's hand and almost prostrated herself at her feet.

'One other person knew,' Mr Calgey said modestly. 'I did not think it would be a very great breach of confidence if I told Sir Philip, who is practically head of your family, Lady Young. I happened to meet him in London some little time ago, when I was in town upon railway business. He was the only person outside the firm who was aware of the young lady's expectations.'

He wondered why aunt and niece exchanged a meaning glance, and why both ladies tried to conceal the smiles which flitted over their faces.

'Possibly you encountered my partner in Bournemouth,' Calgey said, with a ray of light breaking upon him. 'I did not myself know he was there until I had a rather perplexing telegram from him a few days ago—a telegram which, by the way, alluded to Miss Anne Hamilton.'

With a start Jessie remembered the veiled threat which Carr had uttered after receiving an answer unfavourable to his hopes.

'I think it would be wise of you to take possession of your property at Fairy Mount as soon as you conveniently can,' said the lawyer. 'The house is full of valuables, and there is the funeral to be arranged.'

'Yes, yes, my dear child, you had better go at once,' cried Lady Young. 'Mr Calgey will, I am sure, give you his valuable assistance.'

The young man blushed deeply as he bowed to the old lady. 'I could not presume to offer my services had my partner been in the country,' he said.

'I would very much rather have my affairs in your hands than those of your partner,' cried Jessie, smiling upon him. It was a fair inheritance to which gentle Jessie Hamilton succeeded when she entered into possession of Fairy Mount and all it contained. In the course of her long and penurious life Miss Anne Hamilton had contrived to more than double the fortune bequeathed to her in her youth; therefore, Jessie found herself at the head of a very considerable estate. In fact, at a bound she had become the richest young woman in the district.

'And Gerard Carr knew you were an heiress!' cried Lady Young when, for a wonder, she and

her niece were left to themselves.

'So did Sir Philip,' answered the girl. 'I was perfectly certain that neither of those men cared a pin about me; but I couldn't understand why they both wanted to marry me. Oh, Aunt Sophie! is it any wonder that I have a very bad opinion of mankind in general?'

'But there are glorious exceptions, Jessie!'

cried the dear old lady.

'There are indeed,' answered the girl, while her face glowed like one of her own June roses.

For it was June now, and a message had sped in a flash of fire under the sea. It was Lady Young who despatched it, for, she said, life was very uncertain, and she wanted to see the young people happy before her turn came to lay it down. Even now, as the girl stood by the window of the morning-room and looked out over the sparkling bay, she knew that some one was on his way—some one who was the exception to all the men in the world.

'If it hadn't been for the contrariness of that old woman, who persistently did the wrong thing all her life long, Jessie Hamilton would never have touched a ha'penny of her money,' said Gerard Carr to his partner with a growl. 'I wouldn't have named her as heir at all, only for the off-chance '—

'An off-chance you never had, my dear fellow.' Calgey could afford to take a high hand with his partner: had not Jessie Hamilton committed her very lucrative business into his hands? 'She has been engaged to her cousin, Basil Moultrie, for years.'

'Basil Moultrie! The Navy chap? Why,

he hasn't a farthing in the world.'

'But she has heaps of them; and he must one loyal heart in which have something, because he had some thouther future and be content.

sands to settle upon her,' returned Calgey. 'I drew up the deed.'

'There now, I tell you, had I come back in time I would have made that old woman alter her will. I meant to do it if Phil Young had been successful.' Gerard Carr was too angry to conceal the truth.

His partner looked at him in surprise. 'Philip Young! Do you mean to say he

made up to Miss Jessie?' he cried.

'He did. Dashed down from London in his motor, and cut in; but he went back rather crestfallen. I didn't think of it at the time, but possibly he knew'—

'I told him,' Calgey said quietly. 'I thought it would be a very good thing for the Young property, and I knew I hadn't a chance myself.'

His partner swore at him for a fool. 'She never would have looked at you,' he said con-

temptuously.

"I wasn't such a fool as to think I had a chance from the first time I spoke to her,' the other returned quietly. 'And Peter Branaghan said something about the cousin which gave me a clue. I'm satisfied with my part of the business, and I'm very glad the money has gone in the right direction. She'll make the best use of it, and be a very happy woman. She richly deserves it—that's all I can say.'

Carr looked keenly at him. 'Pon my soul, I think you were gone about her yourself,' he

said sarcastically.

'I confess that I never met a more charming or unselfish girl in my life,' the other man replied, 'and I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I feel honoured by the confidence she has reposed in me, and shall make it the business of my life to prove worthy of it.'

Carr growled something about not being up

to such high-falutin notions, by Jove!

And the partners soon afterwards dissolved a union which had become irksome to one of them.

There was sunshine over all the land on the day when bells were ringing and flowers strewn before the feet of two happy people who stepped out of the little church at Kilronan one day in September. For the message which had flown under the sea had brought back the true lover to his lady, and Jessie Moultrie, looking into her husband's eyes, felt that her world held one loyal heart in which she could confide her future and be content.

'MR JAMIESON.'

BY LAWRENCE B. JUPP.

CHAPTER I.



N the early evening of a blusterous day in October of the year 1750, Colonel James Seton of Newlands Hall, near Mildrum, in the county of Northumberland, paced the floor of his library in considerable perturbation of spirit. Every now and

of spirit. Every now and again he consulted his watch impatiently, and when the quaint Dutch clock upon the overmantel struck six strokes he started as guiltily as a school-urchin detected in a forbidden orchard.

'He should be here by this time,' he muttered, plucking with nervous fingers at his tawny moustache, flecked in places with thin gray threads. 'Hark! What is that?'

He paused in his perambulations, and leant forward in the attitude of one who listens intently. Night was closing in fast. The wind came rushing down from the Cheviot Hills, raving through the walled policy, scattering the hectic leaves, setting the tall elms aswing, soughing through the dusky fir-trees with the murmur of an unquiet sea, rattling the sealed casements of the house, and rumbling drearily in the tall chimneys.

'I thought I heard the trampling of horses' hoofs,' said Colonel Seton. 'It must have

been my fancy.'

He took another turn or two across the room, then stood stock-still again. Somewhere overhead a window slammed noisily, and there was a tinkle of broken glass. The door opened, letting in a current of keen air.

'Mr Jamieson and Captain Long, sir,'

announced Rob, the old butler.

Colonel Seton gave a little cry. 'At last!' he said. 'Welcome, your Royal Highness, to the home of one of your humblest He bent and kissed the hand servants!' of a tall, elegantly formed young man, very plainly habited, who wore no ornament save a brooch in his cravat containing the miniature of a lovely girl set about with

The new-comer shot a half-scared, halfwhimsical glance at the serving-man. have dispensed with our titles for the present, Colonel Seton,' he said, speaking with a slightly foreign accent; 'plain Mr Jamieson will suit the occasion admirably.'

1907.]

The colonel smiled. 'You cannot think, sir, that I would allow any but those devoted to your House to be in attendance upon your person. This is my butler, Robert Duff, who was sergeant in my company on the day of

Drummossie.

The Prince stretched out his hand to the old "Tis more of a pain than a pleasure for me to see my faithful friends now, he said with a sigh, 'when I think of all they have gone through on my behalf, and the perils they run in sheltering me from the malice of my enemies.-You and Captain Long are acquainted, colonel.'

The two men gripped hands.

'See that dinner is served within half-an-hour, Rob,' said Colonel Seton .- 'Now, gentlemen, I will show you the poor accommodation I am able to offer; but first, by your leave, we will take a dram together. Mr Jamieson, Captain Long, "The happy day of the Restoration, and may it soon dawn in all its splendour!"

The Prince laughed. 'That is better-you have got my name, I see.' And they clinked

glasses.

A few minutes later the three men stood together in a wide room furnished with heavy antique fittings. A wood-fire burnt cheerily on the hearth, and candles set in silver sconces gleamed from the panelled walls.

A tall, fair girl, with eager, expectant face, rose from a carved walnut-wood settee to greet them as they entered. Her eyes shone, and her bosom rose and fell beneath the white cockade she wore on her dress. She came forward impulsively.

'Gentlemen, I think that you have both met

my daughter before,' said Colonel Seton.

She swept the floor with a curtsy, then sank upon one knee, and with her lips just touched the hand the Prince extended.

'Nay, fair Mistress Alison,' he said, raising her gently, 'the days of Holyrood are past. am no longer Regent for a royal father, but a poor fugitive who steals from place to place like a hunted fox from cover to cover. Tis I should kiss your hand in token of the homage of a grateful heart that is thrice blessed in that it can still count upon the love and service of a few tried and faithful friends.

'Sir,' she said, and a wave of colour mantled her beautiful face, 'the Setons are ever loyal to their God and King. Shall we refuse you in the day of your distress the honour we so gladly gave you in the hour of your prosperity?'

'That time shall come again,' said Captain Long. 'There is a cloud gathering, no bigger than a man's hand at this present; but there are not lacking those who prophesy that it shall grow and grow until the tempest breaks and the usurper of Hanover is swept back into the obscurity from whence he emerged.'

The Prince smiled sadly. 'No, my good friends,' said he; 'that hope is past. My mission has failed. To-morrow I embark in a vessel which even now awaits me at Berwick.

This is my farewell.

'Your Royal Highness,' cried Colonel Seton, greatly moved, 'will take back into exile with

you the hearts of a host of loving friends.'
The young man pressed his hand. 'It is all over. Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle,' he said, and shrugged his shoulders.

'Dinner is served.' Old Rob stood on the

'No man is altogether unhappy who is certain of his dinner,' quoth the Prince as he passed from the room with Alison Seton on his arm.

An observer could not have failed to be struck by the strong resemblance which existed between the two. Equal in height, both slimly yet perfectly proportioned, the same blue eyes and brown, wavy hair, they might easily have been mistaken for twin brother and sister.

The dinner went off merrily enough. There

was no hint of sadness in the air.

After Alison had retired conversation was free and unrestrained. Rob Duff waited at table and kept a watchful eye that no man's glass stood empty. Mr Jamieson pledged his host, Colonel Seton pledged Mr Jamieson, Captain Long drank to them both until his round, red face rivalled the crimson of the fullbosomed roses which drooped languidly over the rim of a great porcelain bowl set on the window-seat. The subdued light fell upon massy silver and white damask napery.

The Prince pushed back his chair and sighed contentedly. His hand shook somewhat as he took his wine. 'Egad, Seton,' he said, 'this is better than the days when I wandered with O'Neal across barren Benbecula, and from cave to hovel in those dreary Western Isles.' He paused and emptied his glass. 'I had word when in London that my fair deliverer, Miss Macdonald, is on the eve of her marriage with

Kingsburgh's eldest son. Is that so?'

"Tis to take place next month," replied Colonel Seton. "The lass deserves a worthy husband, and such an one no doubt young Kingsburgh will prove.'

Charles Edward drummed upon the table

with his fingers.

'She is a very fine lassie,' he said. remember well the first time I saw her. 'Twas !

in a cottage on Benbecula. The second time, I was cooking a sheep's liver in a hut by the seashore when she and Lady Clanranald walked in. Gad's life! I thought at first they were the soldier-bodies; my heart was in my mouth, and in swallowing it I quite lost my appetite for the liver.' He laughed, and his eyes watered 'What's this? Punch?' he asked, as old Rob set a steaming bowl upon the table.

'Yes, your Royal Highness,' replied Colonel 'We will drink to our next meeting, Seton.

and brighter days in store.'
'With all my heart,' said the young man, and

stretched out his hand.

He had the brimming glass to his lips, when there came a thundering at the front door of the house which woke reverberating echoes in long corridors and dim, silent rooms.

The three men started to their feet and gazed blankly at one another. Colonel Seton turned pale beneath his tan. 'Who can it

be?' he said in a hoarse whisper.

He had hardly uttered the words when the old butler burst into the room, and close behind him came Alison Seton with wideopen, affrighted eyes and heaving bosom.

'The soldiers!' she panted.

They are all round the house!'

'God save us! We are undone!' moaned Rob.

Captain Long fumbled at his sword-hilt His usually rubicund face was of an ashygray hue; he opened his mouth as if to speak, but no words came.

'Impossible,' cried Colonel Seton sharply.

Oragoons! Why, where would they come 'Dragoons! from? Sheer nonsense! You must be dream ing, Alison.'

Again the imperative summons rang out

harshly.

Charles Stuart, his features unmoved, took snuff. He was the only person present who preserved a due composure. 'Quite like old days,' he said calmly. 'I wonder who in the devil's name put the hounds on the scent.'

Suddenly Alison uttered a cry of joy. She measured the Prince with her eyes, then

whispered in her father's ear.

'By Gad,' he cried, 'the lass is right! Tis a bare chance, but the only one.-Rob, open the door, and be as leisurely as you can about it. When you have done so, see to it that the horses are put into the travelling-chaise, and tell Allan to be on the alert.

He drew the Prince and Captain Long aside

and spoke a few hurried words.

The former gave a low laugh. 'Once more a woman's wit!' he cried.—' Miss Seton, you are a woman's wit! he cried.—'Miss Seton, you are my preserver!' He bent his knee and raised her fingers to !" her fingers to his lips.

'Quick! quick!' she cried, and, seizing him by the hand, half-led, half-dragged him from the

[Christmas Number.

Barely had the door closed behind them when loud voices and the tramping of heavy feet were heard in the entrance-hall.

Colonel Seton took Captain Long by the arm and pushed him into a chair. 'Brace yourself, man,' he said savagely. 'Put off that

hang-dog air and all will yet be well.'

The door reopened, and two men attired in the uniform of the King's Dragoons, and wrapped about in drenched and bemired

cloaks, entered the room.

The taller of the twain made Colonel Seton a curt little bow. 'Colonel Seton, I believe?' he said brusquely. 'I cannot congratulate you upon your servants, sir. We have been hammering at your doors loud enough to raise the dead for the last ten minutes.

Colonel Seton rose from the table. 'I am at a loss to account for this apparently un-

warranted intrusion, sir,' he said coldly.

The dragoon laughed. 'Warrant enough,' he replied. 'I am Captain Mansell, very This is my subormuch at your service. dinate officer, Cornet Ellis. We have received information that the Chevalier Douglas, the Young Pretender—or, if you will, Charles Edward Stuart—is at the present moment an inmate of this house. I must be so troublesome as to request the immediate custody of his person.

Colonel Seton smiled blandly. 'I am afraid there is some mistake, he said. 'So far as I am aware the unfortunate party you refer to is in France. But I am very pleased to welcome any gentleman who rides on His Majesty's service. May I have the honour of introducing Captain Long, a near neighbour of mine who has been dining here with his daughter? I regret that they were just on the point of leaving when you arrived.

The dragoon bowed stiffly. 'It is no use, sir,' he said, turning to Colonel Seton. bandying words is a mere waste of time.'

The door opened, and Alison Seton entered the room in travelling attire. Close behind her came the Prince. Colonel Seton uttered a

badly stifled execration.

Captain Mansell smiled evilly. 'I lament having to perform a painful duty in the presence of a lady, he said, making the girl a low bow. Then, swinging round on the Prince, he laid a hand upon his arm. 'Charles Edward Stuart,' he said, 'you must be so good as to consider yourself my prisoner.'

The young man shook the soldier's hand off

contemptuously.

'My name is Jamieson, sir,' he said. 'You give far too exalted a title to a mere cadet

of Royal Écossais.

'Indeed, sir,' retorted Captain Mansell with a sneer, 'I believe I am not mistaken in identifying the two as one and the same He stamped his foot upon the floor, person.' 1907.]

and immediately half-a-dozen dragoons came clanking into the room, with old Rob hovering anxiously in their rear.

'S' wounds, 'tis quite monstrous!' cried Colonel Seton. 'Captain Mansell, you shall answer to me for this.—Long, my dear fellow, you and Alison are best out of this very discreditable affair.—Is Captain Long's carriage ready?' This to the butler.

'Yes, sir, it is in waiting now,' replied Rob.

'I presume, sir, you have no authority to detain all my guests, said the colonel. 'Perhaps you will be good enough to give orders that Captain Long and his daughter may be allowed to break through your infernal cordon.

'With all the pleasure in the world,' said the dragoon, with a smile of undisguised triumph. 'I am only sorry that I shall not have the pleasure of their further acquaintance. 'Tis a

rough night for travelling, though.

'Many thanks for your consideration, sir. We have but the matter of a short mile to go,'

said Captain Long dryly.

'Well, so much the better for you and your cattle,' replied the other. 'I wish I could say the same. - Here, Johnson, see that this gentleman's carriage is allowed to pass without challenge.'

The fellow saluted.

Colonel Seton shook hands in a somewhat agitated manner with Alison and her adopted father, and they quitted the room with the sergeant at their heels.

CHAPTER II.

OW, sir, said the Prince, turning to Captain Mansell, 'if you are sufficiently at liberty, perhaps you will be so obliging as to explain the meaning of this foolery.

You will learn that quite soon enough for your health's sake, sir,' replied the officer.—
'How far is it to Berwick, colonel? We have

ridden post-haste from Rothbury.

'You are not acquainted with the district,

then?' asked Colonel Seton.

'No, thank the Lord!' replied the other. Before yesterday I had never been nearer this God-forsaken country than Prestonpans.' He paused, looked foolish, and bit his lip.

The Prince smiled mockingly. 'You have excellent reasons for remembering that place, doubtless, he said.

Colonel Seton intervened hastily. 'Berwick is twelve miles of rough travelling from my house, he said. It is a wicked night for riding. Had you not best remain here until morning? Everything I have is very much at the disposal of you and your men. Hark to the wind and rain!'

A sudden squall swept down from the hills, so that the building shook to its very founda-

Captain Mansell took his chin in his hand and turned to the cornet. 'I think we might risk it, Ellis,' he said. 'We could get away at dawn. The prisoner will be safe locked in a room together with a strong guard.

The cornet, a man of few words, nodded.

'Very well,' said Colonel Seton; 'that is settled, then. Your troopers shall be accommodated below stairs. I have no doubt,' he continued in a lower tone, 'that you will allow this unfortunate young man the privacy of his chamber without quartering these rough fellows upon him.'

The captain laughed. 'That's a good one,' he said; 'and have him slip betwixt my fingers? No, no, sir. He shall be kept under the strictest surveillance until I hand him over to the Berwick

authorities, I assure you.'

'Well, you have no objection to my accompanying him as far as his room, I suppose?'

urged the colonel.

'None at all,' replied Captain Mansell.-'Now, Johnson, bring with you three men; and, mind, I shall hold you responsible for the safe keeping of the prisoner. The guard is to be relieved every two hours.—Come, colonel, I must see Mr Jamieson'—this with a goodhumoured sneer-'into his quarters.-Are you ready, Ellis?—Then hey for supper and that bowl of punch that smells so invitingly!'

The Prince suffered his captors to close All his about him without remonstrance. assumption of debonair light-heartedness had left him, and he gnawed his lip in gloomy

The apartment was situated high up in an old turret. It was spacious and airy, but nothing lacking wings could have made an exit save by way of the door. A bright fire burnt on the hearth. Captain Mansell poked his nose into every corner. He was in great feather, what with his capture and perhaps the near prospect of supper and a bowl of punch.

'There are no priest-holes or such-like bedevilments here, are there?' he asked at

length.

The colonel shrugged his shoulders. 'No,' he said; ''tis as good Protestant a chamber as any in the land—not as much as a mouse-hole,

if you'll believe me.'

The dragoon laughed uproariously. all,' he said, 'I don't see why the poor fellow shouldn't be alone if he prefers his own company. 'Twill be his last night in comfort for some considerable time, I expect, even should he manage to cheat the headsman.—Here, Johnson, take your men outside, mount guard at the door, and don't let the key leave your breeches-pocket until I ask

you for it .- Will that satisfy you, sir?' This to the colonel.

The latter hardly dared speak for fear lest his tones should betray his joy. 'It is an act of courtesy, sir, for which both I and my friend are grateful, he managed to blurt out. He took the Prince's hand in his. 'I grieve that this unfortunate contretemps has happened beneath my roof, Mr Jamieson,' he said; 'but only time is needed to convince this gentleman of a very regrettable error.'

'That's right; keep it up. I like to see a joke well carried through,' said Captain Mansell with a would-be cunning leer. 'Now, sir, I'm horribly hungry .- Pleasant dreams, Mr Jamie-

son.'

The two dragoon officers and their host trooped off down the wide staircase, and the key was turned upon the luckless Stuart.

The supper proved excellent. The captain talked and jested incessantly; his subordinate spoke very little, but to make amends he ate and drank a great deal. Colonel Seton bore himself with a dignified courtesy, although his eyes twinkled with a malicious merriment. Old Rob was assiduous in his attentions, and the wine circulated freely.

Below stairs such of the troopers as were off duty drank and smoked about a blazing fire, and thanked their lucky stars that they were not splashing along the twelve miles of muddy road that led to the ancient town of Berwick-upon-

Tweed.

Over a freshly brewed bowl of punch, Captain Mansell called upon his companions to make a night of it, and laughed the idea of sleep to scorn. The cornet had his own ideas upon the subject, however, and was soon snoring blissfully upon a settee what time his superior and Colonel Seton engaged in a quiet game of piquet. From cards they passed to dice. The captain won at piquet; the captain won at hazard. The colonel's smile was sphinx-like. It was his business to keep the dragoon in good humour-how better than by letting him win his money, if you please?

At dawn the wind dropped and the rain ceased. A gray, ghastly gleam crept into the room through the chinks of the closed shutters subduing the light of the guttering candles and glinting on the pile of gold at the captain's

elbow.

'Gad!' cried that worthy, 'I had no idea of the time. We must be getting to saddle. I'll give you your revenge at our next merry meeting, colonel.'

'A moment,' replied the other. 'Double or quits that you don't get Charles Edward Stuart

as far as Berwick to-day.

Captain Mansell gave him a quick, suspicious 'Excuse me for two minutes,' he said, and lurched from the room. Presently he returned. 'Done,' he cried; 'I take you!' [Christmas Number.

The colonel laughed, and picked his teeth with a gold toothpick. The dragoon turned to his still peacefully slumbering comrade and shook him roughly by the shoulder. 'Get the men together, Ellis,' he said. 'We ride at once.'

Rubbing his eyes and yawning cavernously,

the cornet rose and quitted the room.

'We must drink a stirrup-cup together,' said the colonel.—'Here, Rob!'

The old serving-man entered with red and sleepless eyes.

Bring two or three bottles of claret.'

'And a tass of brandy for me,' put in the 'I' faith, my head is spinning like an urchin's top! Nothing like a dram of real old brandy to steady one's nerves. But first I must see if your good friend Mr Jamieson is bestirring himself, colonel. By the way,' he added with a laugh, as he swept his winnings into his pocket, 'you shall hear from me at Berwick, but you might just as well pay up the double now. It was a fool's wager, sir, if you will forgive my bluntness of speech.

'There is an old proverb concerning the premature counting of unhatched chickens, Captain Mansell,' replied Colonel Seton dryly. With your leave I will accompany you up-

stairs.'

'By all means,' said the other; 'it is your house, sir, and you have given us most hospitable entertainment. I can only regret that my duty renders it imperative for me to rob you of your guest; but 'tis the fortune of war.'

The colonel smiled serenely. Outside the prisoner's room the guard came to the salute as their officer approached on somewhat unsteady

'Open the door, Johnson,' said Captain

Mansell.

The sergeant obeyed, then fell back with a muttered oath. The captain stood transfixed,

with dropped jaw and protruding eyes.

'I trust that you will forgive the intrusion, Alison,' said her father apologetically; 'but it seems Captain Mansell is looking for a certain Mr Jamieson, and he would take no denial.—I have the honour of presenting my daughter, sir.'

'S' blood!' cried the bewildered dragoon, 'where is the prisoner? What devil's pranks are these?—Johnson, I will break you for this neglect of duty; by heaven, I will! Sir,' stammered the crestfallen sergeant,

'the key has never left my pocket.'

Captain Mansell strode forward and caught

the girl roughly by the arm.

'You jade!' he cried, hoarse with passion; then his eye fell upon a little heap of masculine clothing flung in disorder on the floor, and he stood mute and gaping

Alison shook herself free from his hold and

1907.1

confronted him with a contemptuous smile upon her lips.

'If you ride, captain,' said Colonel Seton suavely, 'you may reach Berwick in time to wave your friend Mr Jamieson and his friend They sail early this Captain Long adieu. morning for France, I believe.

The dragoon swung round on him, his brow

purple with rage.

'You shall take his place, sir,' he cried furi-'Within two hours I will have you ously. under lock and key in Berwick jail.'

Colonel Seton tugged at his moustache, an

amused twinkle in his gray eyes.

'I should advise you to hush it up if you can,' he said sympathetically. 'The whole story is fair absurd-not creditable by any means. You will be the laughing-stock of His Majesty's forces. Still, if you insist, I have no option but to obey. I think I see the faces of certain high-placed personages when they learn that Captain Mansell of the Royal Dragoons spent the night dicing with a poor country gentleman, while Charles Edward Stuart'-

'Enough, sir,' stuttered the luckless captain. 'It was clever roguery, I don't deny; but they laugh longest who laugh last.—Johnson, get the men together.—Curse you! We may yet tread on this masquerading trickster's

corns.

He blundered heavily down the broad staircase, closely followed by Colonel Seton. As they reached the hall the latter spoke.

'I must trouble you for fifty-one guineas and odd shillings, sir,' he said airily, 'the amount

of the bet in question.'

Captain Mansell plunged his hand into his pocket and sent a veritable shower of gold pieces scattering over the oak flooring. lips were flecked with foam. He spat out a volley of foul oaths.

'They would sully the hands of an officer and a gentleman, you bogus colonel, you!' he cried, half-inarticulate with shame and anger .- 'Ellis, have you mustered, or are the swine too drunk

to climb into saddle?

The cornet gave his shoulders a barely per-

'We are waiting, sir.'

ceptible shrug. 'We are waiting, sir.'
'A moment, Captain Mansell, if you please,'
said the colonel. 'I could overlook your impertinence to myself as the mere childish spleen of an outwitted and (if I may be pardoned) halfwitted booby. But you have dared to lay your hand upon a lady in my presence, and that lady my daughter. If this gentleman will be so obliging as to accompany us, there is a secluded alley within my shrubbery where we may discuss the matter at further length and without fear of interruption.'

Captain Mansell went white beneath his tan, and took his under lip between his teeth.

'I am on duty, sir,' he stammered. 'As a soldier you should know that I am bound to reach Berwick without delay. Any other time you will find me very much at your service.'

'A bogus colonel I think you said, sir,' replied the other with a glance of mingled amusement and disgust. 'Also, your duty did not prevent your losing a night in dicing with such an undesirable character.—Mr Ellis, I wish you good-morning, sir, and a more reputable associate.'

A table near the door was set out with wine. The colonel poured himself out a glass of claret. 'A ton plus grand courage, monsieur,' he

said, and made a little mocking bow.

Choking with fury and white to the lips, Captain Mansell clapped his hand to his sword-hilt, then, thinking better of the business, swung round on his heel, and so out of the house.

The cornet turned to Colonel Seton. 'Sir,' he said, 'I am not responsible for this man's conduct, but I will see to it that he has

his deserts. You yourself have my sincerest regrets.'

He strode clanking off, and heaved himself into his saddle. There came a sharp word of command, the rattle of accourtements, and then the trampling of horses' hoofs down the long avenue sodden with fallen leaves. The colonel turned and found his daughter at his elbow. She was very pale, and trembled like a tall white lily shaken by the wind. He took her in his arms.

'Alison,' he said, 'you have saved not only the Prince but the cause itself. Heaven knows you have made James Seton a proud man this day!'

With a sudden swift impulse she tore the white cockade from the bosom of her dres and flung it from her across the hall. 'Pray God I may never set eyes on his face again!' she cried, and fell in tears upon her father's shoulder.

AUNTIE JANE.

AUNTIE JANE is nice as can be, Pleasant to hear and pretty to see; She never was wed, but I hear them say She was to have been long years away. Something happened; she bears a pain Still in her heart, poor Auntie Jane!

Auntie Jane is kind to all,
Ever ready at each one's call.
She reads and sings and plays and talks,
And takes us the happiest summer walks,
Or romps in the schoolroom if it rain.
A lot of nice games knows Auntie Jane.

If ever we happen to be in a scrape She is the one to help us escape. Mother was angry, and father wroth; Auntie contrived to soothe them both The day that I banged the schoolroom pane. A blessed peacemaker is Auntie Jane.

If ever we're sick she comes to our bed, Pats the pillows beneath our head, Sits by our bedside all the night Knitting her sock by the candlelight, And fetches us nicely round again. The best of all nurses is Auntie Jane.

When I am a man, and earn my bread,
She is the wife I mean to wed;
But when I tell her she only laughs,
Crumples me up in her arms, and chaffs;
And that anybody can see quite plain
Is very unkind of Auntie Jane.

T. P. JOHNSTON.

[Christmas Number.

THE LOCKED WING.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

AUTHOR OF 'THE HANDSOME BRANDONS,' 'A FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE,' &C.



I was a whimsy of the Judge's to go back to his native wilds every year for a holiday, and that was a sore trial to madam his wife; what with the horrible long coach-journey, and the packet (that, if the winds were contrary, might be blown about

for a week between the two coasts), it was an ordeal for the poor lady. And afterwards there were two months among savages—'Not a creature fit to speak to, my dear'—with all manner of inconveniences of living, while madam's friends were enjoying themselves at the Wells or by the sea, and meeting hosts of fashionable acquaintances.

It gave madam the spleen; but, as she explained to her friends, she did not oppose the Judge's will, 'else, my dear, he might be monster enough to buy a house in that wild country,' where there were palaces to be had dirt cheap; and then madam would have to

retire there when the Judge was grown too old for the Bench.

It chanced one summer that, to the Judge's much perturbation of mind, the great house at Inch, which he had inhabited summer after summer until he had come to look upon it as his own, was taken over by the family to whom it belonged, who had grown tired of being absentees, as they call it in those parts.

For a little while madam hoped that she was to have a summer in England, but the hope was cruelly shattered. The Judge remembered Lismore, a huge place on the cliff, overlooking the sea. It belonged to the widow of a bishop, an impoverished lady, and it was to let, if any

one could be found to take it.

Why, it was a thousand times worse than Inch. There, at least, things were in some sort of repair. Madam had never visited Mrs Verschoyle, the bishop's widow, but she knew what she should find: leagues of empty, echoing rooms and corridors which had been stripped of their furniture, acres of broken windows, worm-eaten draperies, damp walls, rats in the wainscotting—in fact, all sorts of horrors.

'La!' she said to the Judge; 'why, I shall die of the damp and the loneliness. The place would give any one the vapours.'

'Not you, Clarissa,' the Judge replied carelessly. 'You know you are as strong as a 1907.] horse, and only carry hysterical water about with you because it is the fashion.'

It was true enough that madam never knew what it was to suffer from an ache or pain, that she had the appetite of a fox-hunter, and slept the sleep of a young child; but she did not like to hear it from the Judge's lips. The Judge was always so sympathetic with other ladies when they ailed or pretended to! It was all very fine for the Judge. He fished and shot and rode and walked all day, and enjoyed himself at night over the card-table, where the Abbé Murphy (a charming man who had been educated abroad) and Mr Neville, the parson, made up the rubber. Madam was often bored to extinction. The abbé was vastly polite, but his habit of snuff-taking was disagreeable to madam. And Mr Neville was stupid, knew no world but this narrow and dull one. Madam yawned behind her fan while he talked with her.

The widow of the bishop was a little, soft, pretty person, who pleased the Judge at first sight. In the interview they had concerning Lismore they talked more of the lady's sorrow than they did of practical things, with the result that the Judge agreed to pay far more for the place than it was worth. Madam sniffed over the arrangement when she was told of it. 'Without doubt,' she said, 'the bishop's widow was a pretty, not to say designing, person.'

She was hardly prepared for the extent of Lismore, although she had seen it standing up naked on the cliffs above the sea. What she had not bargained for was the sunk story, which, with three floors above, made the house four-storied. The main body of the house was of red brick, and the odd feature of it was that the wings on either side were stuccoed white.

'What a great, lumbering barrack of a place!' she said. 'How are we to keep it in use, even when we have visitors? And, la! yonder wing is not lighted at all; all the windows are blind.'

'It is lit from the other side, which overlooks the sea,' the Judge said. He was standing by the coach door waiting patiently for madam to alight. 'But you need not trouble about it, my dear. All that wing is locked. The poor soul has put away her treasures there.'

'No doubt,' snapped madam, 'and left us

nothing but worthless rubbish of chairs and tables to live among for three months.'

The Judge said nothing; and madam, bridling, walked into the house, followed by her niece, Arabella Romney, a cold and proud beauty, who relished no more than madam being banished to these wilds.

But, whatever Mrs Verschoyle had stored away in the locked wing, madam had nothing to complain of on the score of the furniture that had been left for their use. Every room, indeed, was full of beautiful and valuable furniture, that overflowed into the corridors. Such tall, graceful cupboards, such chairs and tables, such gilt mirrors, such gilt and brocade sofas and fauteuils, were not to be bettered in the finest houses of madam's friends. walls were covered with pictures of value. Judge had made the Grand Tour, and was a connoisseur of pictures. There were valuable old china and plate and bric-à-brac. Madam wondered at Mrs Verschoyle for not selling it, since she was poor; having no clue to the state of mind which makes a descendant of an old, proud race cling as fondly to the inanimate things which had belonged to it as though they were flesh and blood.

Miss Romney was as much bored as her There was not a soul in the place fit to speak to, she declared; and she gave herself very haughty airs when the abbé and Mr Neville came to dinner, which were quite thrown away on those simple gentlemen.

She displayed little interest in anythingin the beautiful old house, the delightful overgrown garden, the wonderful scenery, the kindly, primitive people. But then it was her way not to be interested. It would be another matter when her sister Primrose came. Primrose was the Judge's delight. She was so fresh, so fair, so simple and unworldly. When Primrose came she and the Judge were going to have rare times together!

Just one little interest developed in Arabella's mind during the first week at Lismore. came into the room overlooking the sea which madam had taken for her boudoir, with a beautiful piece of Sèvres china in her hands.

'Look!' she said, 'it is from Madam There is much more Verschoyle's china-closet. where that comes from. There it lies for the rats and the spiders to enjoy. There are cups there would drive them wild in St James's. Supposing we make use of it while we are here! But, la! what would be the good of it, seeing there is never a soul but the priest and the parson to visit us?'

'But how did you come by this, Arabella?' madam asked, her eyes gloating on the piece. 'I have never seen anything so perfect.'

'Why, a window of the closet looks into the kitchen, and a pane is broken. Jessamy, my maid, brought me there to peep. She is a | curious thing. By reaching it is possible to fetch out a whole shelf of the china.

'The Judge would never hear of it,' said 'Put this back where you found it, Arabella, and bid Jessamy keep her fingers from touching. Mrs Gloag had better cover the window with a sheet of stout paper.'

Madam always brought her own servants with her on these expeditions, else she declared she could not live in such barbarous surroundings. So, from Mrs Gloag the housekeeper to Smutts the scullery-wench, they all came trooping over in the Judge's train, to their dissatisfaction and scarcely less so to his. They wanted to go to Bath or the Wells, where the manners and society of the servants' hall were scarcely less genteel than the life upstairs; while the Judge desired a simple life, with a few barefooted girls to clean the house and wait table, and the daughter of the woman who had been cook for his mother long ago to send him up simple fare.

After that it became an obsession to Arabella to wonder what beautiful things the locked rooms might hide. She would have picked a lock, or at least procured its picking, if she had dared; but the Judge had odd ideas about certain things, and madam and Arabella knew him too well to do anything which he might

consider dishonourable.

The thing was put out of Arabella's head by

a very unexpected happening.

The Judge brought home a young gentleman to dinner one evening. He was handsome and ingenuous. He stared at Arabella at their first introduction as though her beauty dazed him, which was mightily pleasing to the young lady. He wore a sailor's uniform and he was brown and sunburnt as became that profession. He had white teeth and a pleasing smile, and he carried himself with a diffidence which pleased both the ladies and the Judge.

He was Lieutenant John Stafford of His Majesty's Navy; and at the moment he was engaged, to his great disgust, in doing the inglorious work of the Revenue, when he ought to have been with that glorious man of war,

Admiral Nelson, in Egypt.

It seemed that from time immemorial French wines and brandies, and foreign silks and laces, and other such matters, had been smuggled ashore at this part of the coast, eventually to find their way to London. The inhabitants of the villages round about were in league with the smugglers. So also, if you could believe it, were the few gentlefolk in these parts. The smugglers had gone on so long with impunity that it might have lasted for ever; but some thing had wakened the Revenue to a sense of its duty. It had placed a gunboat off the coast, with Lieutenant John Stafford in command. He had been there some six months without result. The smugglers had always managed to [Christmas Number.

get their cargo ashore somewhere just before the gunboat made its appearance. It was most discouraging, said the young man. times he had thought to catch them, and they

had always eluded him.

'These are very lawless parts,' said madam, who had a jugged hare as pièce de résistance for The hare was poached, of course, as were a brace of grouse which would precede the hare; and madam, or Sarah Gloag for her, had bought them for a song. The Judge would have had fits if he had known of it; but, 'La!' said madam, 'you can't tell the gentlemen

everything.

For a few days Lieutenant Stafford sunned himself in Arabella's smiles. It was so long since the young gentleman had known female society that it was delightful to have to dance attendance when he was off duty on Arabella and her aunt. The Judge had taken a great fancy to him for a straight, manly fellow, and was rather distressed at his being the victim of Arabella's bow and arrow. Arabella was a hard-hearted coquette, and had not so long since sent a simple boy to destruction by her wiles, a matter which had made a little scandal at the time and had greatly worried the Judge. However, he took heart of grace.

'Wait till my pet Primrose comes,' he said to himself; 'Primrose, sweet as her name. If I know anything of the lad, he will desert the proud, flaunting Peony for the modest Prim-

1907.]

His anticipations were fulfilled. The young gentleman fell a victim at first sight to Primrose, who was like her name, with her soft, pale cheeks and her golden head. She was wearing a pink frock with a white muslin kerchief about the neck; and when he looked at her she was as pink as her frock. He looked once, and he looked again; and he looked no more at Mistress Arabella, who was deeply chagrined at his desertion, although she had it in her mind only to play with him and leave him. A plain officer in the King's Navy was not to be thought of as a serious lover. Yet there was not another beau in the country-side, and it was intolerable to the proud beauty that he should have been carried off from her by her little country sister.

The Judge looked on at the love-affair which he had prophesied with a feeling as though he were young again. When he was alone he jingled the seals of his fob and smiled pleasantly to himself. He had been afraid that when Primrose came to town from the old rectory in Warwickshire, which was a fragrant place in his thoughts, she might be carried off by some fine gentleman of the town, and, being my Lady This or the Countess of That, become spoilt and a worldling. Not like her sister-oh no! she could never be like Arabella, who took after her mother's family, while pretty Primrose favoured her father's. But he might lose her; she might become a flower of the parterre instead of his little wild flower.

Now he would marry her to the young sailor; and there would be always a place for him by the fire when he had a desire to avoid the somewhat overpowering splendours with which madam surrounded him. They would make up to him for his childlessness. The Judge was very tender in his thoughts of dear Jasper, his brother, Primrose's father, who, like himself, had made a not altogether congenial marriage. Primrose's son should carry on the name. When the Judge was away from his professional duties he delighted in day-dreaming.

Primrose heard in time of the locked wing and the treasures the wing was supposed to It stirred her imagination but little. contain. She had other things to think of at the moment. But before she slept that first night at Lismore a thought of the solitudes on the other side of the wall came to her with a slight suggestion of

fear.

They had put her at the extreme end of a long corridor which ran the full length of the house, and was only stopped by the oak door sunk deep in its arch of stone which led to the locked wing. Her room was next to the locked wing, and she was the only one on that floor, for the servants slept on the upper floor, and madam and Arabella between them had taken the principal rooms, which lay on the floor beneath.

Little Mistress Primrose had not thought to be afraid. She had good country health and a harmless country conscience; and she would not have feared the least bit in the world to be out in the fields and woods at night, so long as she did not encounter man there, but only

the kindly creatures.

Yet the thought of the empty rooms had a terror for her-not sufficient to keep her awake, however. She slept soundly for some hours; but she must have had a horrid nightmare, for she awoke trembling and crying out as the gray was about to give way to the golden and rosy dawn.

She knew there had been a great tumult and commotion in her dream, and that it was something that went on in the locked wing. Even when she was awake and knew the sun would soon be on her window and on the glittering sea outside, she yet quaked with fear; she longed to get up and seek comfort from some one, but she felt as though something would seize her if she stirred. While she lay in the unreasonableness of fear the clock in the courtyard above the stables clanged out three strokes.

So it was morning, and the ghosts were all gone back to their shadows, and the cocks were crowing. There was not a sound now but the stir of the sea and the crowing of cocks and the crying of sea-gulls. And soon the living people would be about.

She slipped out of bed with a beating heart, impelled to seek for society and comfort. With a fearful glance at the door of the locked wing, she sped along the corridor, where the shadows were retiring into corners and trooping away before the cheerful lances of the dawn. She dared not look behind her as she went flying along in her white, beribboned night-rail, a little ghost herself.

She opened her sister's door without knocking

and crept in beside her in bed.

Arabella pushed her away angrily. She had been awakened from a delicious slumber, and her sister was cold. She would hardly listen to

Primrose's story.

'Mercy me!' she said, 'what is all this? Ghosts in the locked wing! What a farrago of nonsense! 'Tis what the kitchen-wenches are saying, and grumbling that they must remain. If they have it from thee, sister, they will pack off in a body and we shall have only the savages of these parts to attend us.'

With contempt and anger she drove Primrose from her. There was nothing for the girl to do but to return to her apartment; but not to sleep. She dressed herself with trembling fingers, and when she was dressed stole down through the silent house, took the bars off the door, and slipped out into the delicious morning. She was not afraid, with the good sun warming all the world and the sea-wind in her face.

As she was running along the cliff-path, so glad to have escaped from the terror of the house, she ran straight into the arms of Lieutenant Jack Stafford. He had come ashore from the gunboat, and was, like a foolish and romantic boy, on his way to gaze on the house that held his beloved, when, to his amazement,

she came tripping down the path.

They held hands a second, and then she broke into a confused account of how she had been desperately frightened, and did not dare remain in the house. As she talked the memory of her terrors returned to her, and suddenly she burst into tears. In a second she was in his arms, being caressed and comforted with a greater kindness than she had thought possible in a man.

Her sobs relaxed on his breast, and he soothed her out of her fears, bidding her to remember that she was in her lover's arms. After a time he led her back towards the house, and stood watching her while she entered it. It would never do to have the tongues of scandal say that Mistress Primrose stole out at daybreak to meet a lover, although she would not have thought of it; but the man was wiser.

She was not afraid now, with the exquisiteness of her lover's first kisses and caresses about her. She was glad there was no one to see her as she stole along the corridors, now flooded with the morning sun, to her room, where she lay smiling and blushing till the servants were about the house and she might reasonably make her appearance. Her fears had fled away. How silly she had been to be frightened by a nightmare! No wonder Arabella had been vexed with her. But how he had comforted her! There had never been any one so deliciously kind.

If she sometimes quaked at night when she found herself alone in her room, she was so exquisitely happy that her golden thoughts sufficed to drive out the fear; and in time, since she had no more nightmares, she forgot, or only remembered to smile at, her folly.

The Judge had taken the young couple under his protection, so it was useless for madam to cry out on such a pauper marriage, or for Arabella to direct wounding remarks at her young sister. To be sure, 'love in a cottage' would do very well for Primrose, when it would have been a horror for Arabella, who still looked to make a great match, although she had been a toast for some seasons now.

The one thing that hurt Primrose was that Arabella was so disagreeable to Lieutenant Stafford. She did not often address him, but she never failed to ask, in her shrill, affected voice, 'Well, sir, and what news of the

smugglers?'

At the question the young man would turn red and bite his lip. His failing to catch the smugglers was a sore point with him. Time after time he had been misled by false information. Time after time he had given chase to the smugglers, only to lose them and their cargo in the impenetrable shadows of the cliffs and the winding creeks that led inland. They ran their contraband goods ashore in the very teeth of the gunboat, and were off, showing a clean pair of heels. Or—the whole countryside was in league with the smugglers-he would receive information that a cargo would be run ashore at a certain point on a certain night, and would lie in wait, only for nothing to happen; and he would learn later that he had been on a false scent, and that the smugglers had really landed their cargo somewhere else while he was engaged in the useless watching.

The wearing game of hide-and-seek, the consciousness of being fooled and outwitted, the knowledge that promotion would pass over his head if he should fail in this enterprise, was the canker in the rose of his love. Therefore he winced, although he tried to carry it off bravely when Arabella asked him, 'What news of the smugglers?' Therefore he grew darkly red when she suggested, with light malice, that a lover within reach of his mistress was not the best person to be sent to catch the smugglers.

The Judge was as anxious that he should succeed as the young man himself. When he IChristmas Number.

got back to town he would have interest enough to advance Lieutenant Stafford; but he did not want to make interest for a failure. He did not want his Primrose to marry a man who had failed. And he was fond of the lad. He did not know any man among the fine gentlemen to whom he would have given his little Prim as cheerfully.

The Judge stayed late that year, although madam moped and Arabella sulked and the servants were in rebellion. He stayed late because he hoped that Lieutenant Stafford would do something; and, in order to save him distraction for the last few weeks of their stay at Lismore, Mistress Primrose had been packed off on a visit to some old friends of the Judge

and her father in Dublin.

The nights were very dark when Primrose came back in time for the packing-up. nights were dark, and it was mild October weather; and madam was eager to be gone before the equinoctial gales, now somewhat overdue, should arrive.

It came to the last night but one. Primrose and Stafford had seen little of each other, for he was making a determined effort to capture the smugglers, and he gave neither his men nor himself any rest. And this last night, when he was full of furious energy, he slipped on the cliff-path below Lismore, fell a few feet on to a dangerous ledge, and was discovered there, helpless, with a broken leg, just about the time when he ought to have been lying in wait below Cooldhu cliffs, on which Lismore stood. Time after time the smugglers had seemed to disappear into the great cliff-face. Somewhere, not far from Cooldhu, they must have their secret landing-place and their secret way of reaching the world above.

It was low-tide about the middle of the night, and there would be no moon. It was the very night for the smugglers. And here was Jack Stafford disabled, lying in the library at Lismore on a sofa near the fire, groaning in spirit even while the Judge did his best to

cheer him up.

The household had retired for quite a long time, but still the Judge sat up talking with his guest, now and again throwing a log of ship's timber on the fire. He had an idea that when he left the young gentleman to himself the blue devils would come to take his piace; so he sat on, and they talked of many things, and the Judge tried to console him for his failure so far to capture the smugglers, and to cheer him up with hopes for the future, although in his own heart he was perplexed about what ought to be done with the boy. What good would he be to himself or any one lying there with a broken leg when they had all gone back to London? And the thought of poor Prim's distress at the accident touched the Judge in his softest place.

Prim meanwhile was sound asleep, after many 1907.]

tears, oblivious at last of her lover's accident, and the parting that was so near, and all other painful and disagreeable things. But suddenly she awoke in the thick darkness to a wild terror and a babel of noise. She could not tell exactly what it was like, that noise. She said afterwards that it sounded as though giants were dragging forest trees over mountains. noise seemed all about her. There were voices too-low, muttering voices. Suddenly the clock in the courtyard above the stables struck three o'clock, and she remembered. It was not the first time. That was no nightmare. The terrible noises were in the locked wing !

She sprang out of bed in wild terror. She did not dare lie on there with only the wall between her and she knew not what. Supposing the noise were to pass the door of the locked wing! Supposing her own door were to

open-and-

She was out of bed, and flying, flying, barefooted, with but a shawl she had caught up about her-flying silently, with Fear at her heels. Suppose the door of the locked wing should open behind her and they should pursue her! She slipped on one of the stairs, and her heart almost stopped beating. Down, down, past the rooms where madam and Arabella slept soundly. She was on her way to her lover-who was not to be moved from the library for the night-to her lover, and the Judge, who had sat up with him and would be sitting up with him still. She was too distraught to think of appearances, proprieties, anything.

She launched herself like a mad thing into the room where the two men sat talking in low tones. She flew straight to her lover and dropped beside his couch, unable at first to speak. It was the most overmastering terror, she said afterwards, as though she had stepped over the borders of a soft, comfortable world

into one full of horror and dread.

After a little she was able to tell her tale. The Judge listened with an air of tender incredulity, humouring his pet. But John Stafford broke out into a shout.

'Open the locked wing, sir,' he said, 'and we shall find those barrels of wine, and bales of silks, and rolls of laces, and cases of sweet waters. They have some way of reaching Lismore. I ought to have thought of it before. And Madam Verschoyle is in league with them, like every man, woman, and child in this confounded place.

It was as he said. The locked wing was a storehouse for the smugglers. Instead of the beautiful old furniture, the chandeliers, the tapestries, the pictures, the rich carpets, the mirrors and gilding madam and Mistress Arabella had imagined, the great rooms were heaped with barrels and packing-cases and such dull-looking matters.

There was a secret way from a little beach

below the cliffs to Lismore House, hidden except at very low-tide. It was easy to see that the way had been in constant use.

There was a fine haul of contraband goods for His Majesty's Government; but, more than that, there was found wedged among some beautiful laces a packet of documents which proved of great importance to His Majesty and his advisers, for they were not yet done with plots to bring in the descendant of the Stuarts as king of these realms. And it was a great thing for many people that the packet never reached those for whom it was intended, for His Majesty was clement, and by that clemency won over many from what was indeed a lost cause.

The Judge would always have it that Madam Verschoyle was a Jacobite agent. However that was, the lady stoutly denied any knowledge of the smugglers or their plans, although the evidence was all against her.

But Lieutenant Jack Stafford got his captaincy, and in due time much greater promotion. He had no more hunting after smugglers, of which fact he confessed he was glad, for he had no mind to the work. And presently the time came when—madam being called to the reward of her virtues, and Mistress Arabella married to an elderly peer with a bad reputation—the Judge and Commodore John Stafford and Mrs Stafford returned to the wild country of the Judge's love, where he had acquired an estate, and spent the evening of his days in happiness with those he called his son and daughter.

Rumour had it that in time both the Judge and the Commodore were no better than their neighbours, and winked at and even profited by the doings of the smugglers. But that their friends on this side of the water were loath to believe.

THE OLD HOME HEARTH.

AN EXILE'S SONG.

OH, the sunshine's blithe and bonny in this land of bush and veldt,
And it's nothing else but sunshine that I see;
But my heart knows one snug island where my childhood's days have dwelt,
And it's Memory's sun that lights that land for me.
Oh, the flicker of the log on the old Home Hearth!
Oh, the faces it has lit for me!
Is there a joy so sweet
As at twilight tryst to meet
The dear ones 'neath the old roof-tree?

There are sunny hearts around me in my land of exile here,
There are tender words of welcome where I stray;
But they know not twilit evenings with the hearts I hold most dear,
In a land of mist and mem'ry far away.
Oh, the flicker of the log on the old Home Hearth!
Oh, the faces it has lit for me!
Is there a joy so sweet
As at twilight tryst to meet
The dear ones 'neath the old roof-tree?

But the log shall never flicker as it did for me of yore,
Nor the ruddy embers quite so warmly glow;
For some have crept out darkly by the dusky shadowed door,
And my heart is fain to ask them where they go.
Oh, the flicker of the log on the old Home Hearth!
Oh, the faces once it lit for me!
Oh, twilight hour so sweet
When our tryst was still complete
Round the hearthstone 'neath the old roof-tree!

MARY ADAMSON.

